American Voices

The people who call the United States home are diverse in their histories and experiences. Is there such a thing as a "correct" way to be "American"?

Discuss It  Is being “American” a matter of geography or choice?
Write your response before sharing your ideas.
**UNIT 1**

**UNIT INTRODUCTION**

**ESSENTIAL QUESTION:**
What does it mean to be “American”?

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<td>POETRY COLLECTION</td>
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<td>Morning Talk</td>
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<td>Roberta Hill Whiteman</td>
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<td>Immigrant Picnic</td>
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<td>Gregory Djanikian</td>
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<td>Rights in America</td>
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<td>BBC</td>
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**PERFORMANCE TASK**

**WRITING FOCUS:**
Write a Nonfiction Narrative

**PERFORMANCE TASK**

**SPEAKING AND LISTENING FOCUS:**
Present a Nonfiction Narrative

**PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT PREP**

Review Evidence for a Nonfiction Narrative

**PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT**

**Narrative: Nonfiction Narrative and Interpretive Reading**

**PROMPT:**
How is an American identity created?
Unit Goals

Throughout this unit, you will deepen your understanding of what it means to be “American” by reading, writing, speaking, presenting, and listening. These goals will help you succeed on the Unit Performance-Based Assessment.

Rate how well you meet these goals right now. You will revisit your ratings later when you reflect on your growth during this unit.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCALE</th>
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<tr>
<td>NOT AT ALL WELL</td>
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<td>NOT VERY WELL</td>
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<td>VERY WELL</td>
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<td>EXTREMELY WELL</td>
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**READING GOALS**

- Evaluate written narratives by analyzing how authors sequence and describe experiences and events.
- Expand your knowledge and use of academic and concept vocabulary.

**WRITING AND RESEARCH GOALS**

- Write a nonfiction narrative in which you develop characters and events using specific details and descriptions.
- Conduct research projects of various lengths to explore a topic and clarify meaning.

**LANGUAGE GOAL**

- Correctly use exposition and dialogue to convey meaning and add variety and interest to your writing and presentations.

**SPEAKING AND LISTENING GOALS**

- Collaborate with your team to build on the ideas of others, develop consensus, and communicate.
- Integrate audio, visuals, and text in presentations.
Academic Vocabulary: Narrative Writing

Academic terms appear in all subjects and can help you read, write, and discuss with more precision. Here are five academic words that will be useful to you in this unit as you analyze and write narratives.

Complete the chart.
1. Review each word, its root, and the mentor sentences.
2. Use the information and your own knowledge to predict the meaning of each word.
3. For each word, list at least two related words.
4. Refer to a dictionary or other resources if needed.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>MENTOR SENTENCES</th>
<th>PREDICT MEANING</th>
<th>RELATED WORDS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>conflict</td>
<td>1. Alice and Nora resolved their <em>conflict</em> by sharing the toy they both wanted.</td>
<td></td>
<td>inflect, afflict</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. In the story I’m writing, I want the <em>conflict</em> to resolve happily.</td>
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<tr>
<td>description</td>
<td>1. Pat Mora’s skill with <em>description</em> is one reason her poems are so good.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. Your comedy routine will be funnier if you include detailed <em>description</em> of the scene.</td>
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<tr>
<td>dialogue</td>
<td>1. Milton has memorized every word of <em>dialogue</em> in the film and will gladly recite it.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. Greta enjoys writing fiction but has a hard time making <em>dialogue</em> sound realistic.</td>
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<tr>
<td>exposition</td>
<td>1. The story contains very little <em>exposition</em>, so it took me awhile to figure out the characters’ relationships.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2. Kennedy’s essay about American identity is a well-organized <em>exposition</em> of important ideas.</td>
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<tr>
<td>sequence</td>
<td>1. A movie director may plan a scene by breaking it into a sequence of separate shots.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. After Anika finished the experiment, she explained the sequence of steps she had followed.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
After dinner my older brother liked to play the guitar. He preferred the music he heard on the radio, but he played the traditional songs for Mama. She enjoyed things that reminded her of home. Her eyes hurt and her fingers would get sore from long hours of work as a seamstress. I remember washing dishes while Pedrito sang: “And seeing myself so lonely and sad like a leaf in the wind, I want to cry . . . from this feeling.”

He sang in Spanish, which is how the lyrics were written. That song is more than 100 years old now. Mama learned it when she was a girl.

Papa tried to nudge Mama out of her nostalgia sometimes. He would answer her in English when she spoke to him in Spanish. His English was not very good at first, but he worked at it until it got better.

Mama usually answered him in Spanish. They would go back and forth in either language, talking about work or homesickness or family. Pedrito or I would occasionally correct them or help them finish their sentences in English. Papa would thank us. Mama would just smile and shake her head. But she always repeated the words we
had helped her with. In time her English got better too, but she was far more at ease in her native tongue.

I was seven years old when we came to the United States. Pedrito was 11. Papa was a carpenter who also knew a little about plumbing and electricity. From an early age, my brother and I learned how to take care of ourselves in our new home. Our parents worked long hours, and they counted on us to be independent.

At first we were almost like guides for Mama and Papa. In big busy places, like the mall or the registry of motor vehicles, they felt uncomfortable, if not overwhelmed. It was easier for us to adjust to environments that were fast-paced and not always friendly. I felt protective of my parents and also proud of how quickly I learned my way around.

It would hurt my feelings to see the way some people looked at us. For a while, on Sundays and holidays we would wear our best clothes from home. Before long, we learned to wear casual clothes almost all the time, like most people in this country do. And after a while, our parents became more at ease in stores or government offices. They relaxed a little, I suppose, and we attracted less attention.

Mama and Papa live with Pedrito now, in a two-family home outside of Houston. Pedrito is now known as Peter. He runs a construction business that employs 14 men and women.

Papa is in his seventies now. Pedrito would like for him to slow down a little and enjoy retirement, but Papa says that Mama wouldn’t want him sitting around the house getting in her way. He rises at dawn almost every day and goes to work with Pedrito, building houses.

I am a teacher. This summer I will be taking my son, Michael, to visit his grandparents. He is twelve. He wants to learn to play the guitar. I want Mama and his Uncle Peter to teach him a few of the good old songs.
Summary

Write a summary of “Music for My Mother.” A summary is a concise, complete, and accurate overview of a text. It should not include a statement of your opinion or an analysis.

Launch Activity

**Conduct a Small-Group Discussion** Consider this question: In what ways can music or other creative expression bring people together or, perhaps, separate them?

- Record your feelings on the question and explain your thinking.

- Gather in small groups to discuss different examples of creative expression—such as a song, poem, game, or piece of art—you learned with family or friends, at school, or during another experience. As a group, choose an example that you agree either brings people together or separates them from others.

- Gather the small groups and have a representative from each one describe the example they have chosen.

- As a class, discuss the examples. Would each one help to bring people of different backgrounds together or to keep them separated?
**QuickWrite**

Consider class discussions, presentations, the video, and the Launch Text as you think about the prompt. Record your first thoughts here.

**PROMPT:** How is an “American” identity created?

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**EVIDENCE LOG FOR AMERICAN VOICES**

Review your QuickWrite. Summarize your thoughts in one sentence to record in your Evidence Log. Then, record textual details or evidence from “Music for My Mother” that support your thinking.

Prepare for the Performance-Based Assessment at the end of the unit by completing the Evidence Log after each selection.

**Tool Kit**

Evidence Log Model

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONNECTION TO PROMPT</th>
<th>TEXT EVIDENCE/DETAILS</th>
<th>ADDITIONAL NOTES/IDEAS</th>
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</table>

How does this text change or add to my thinking? 

**Date:** ____________
ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it mean to be “American”?

America has been described as a “melting pot” of people from different places and cultures—but is that description accurate? Does American identity represent a “melting” or merging of cultures? Or is it more like a salad in which the separate ingredients are still visible? You will work with your whole class to explore the concept of American identity. The selections you are going to read present different perspectives on what it means to be “American.”

Whole-Class Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work in large-group environments.

Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work with your whole class. Add ideas of your own for each step. Get ready to use these strategies during Whole-Class Learning.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Listen actively</td>
<td>• Eliminate distractions. For example, put your cell phone away.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Keep your eyes on the speaker.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clarify by asking questions</td>
<td>• If you’re confused, other people probably are, too. Ask a question to help your whole class.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• If you see that you are guessing, ask a question instead.</td>
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<td>Monitor understanding</td>
<td>• Notice what information you already know and be ready to build on it.</td>
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<td>• Ask for help if you are struggling.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interact and share ideas</td>
<td>• Share your ideas and answer questions, even if you are unsure.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Build on the ideas of others by adding details or making a connection.</td>
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</table>
ANCHOR TEXT: ESSAY

A Quilt of a Country
Anna Quindlen

In the aftermath of the terror attacks of September 11, 2001, a journalist emphasizes the importance of diversity.

ANCHOR TEXT: ESSAY

The Immigrant Contribution
from A Nation of Immigrants
John F. Kennedy

Before he was president of the United States, John F. Kennedy described how the American way of life has been created by the efforts of immigrants.

ANCHOR TEXT: SHORT STORY

American History
Judith Ortiz Cofer

A girl faces challenges at school and at home on the day that President Kennedy is assassinated.

PERFORMANCE TASK

WRITING FOCUS

Write a Nonfiction Narrative

All three Whole-Class readings deal with issues of cultural diversity and citizenship in the United States. After reading, you will write your own nonfiction narrative about the topic of American identity.
Comparing Texts
In this lesson, you will read and compare the essay “A Quilt of a Country” and the essay “The Immigrant Contribution.” First, complete the first-read and close-read activities for “A Quilt of a Country.” The work you do on this selection will help prepare you for the comparing task.

A Quilt of a Country

Concept Vocabulary
You will encounter the following words as you read “A Quilt of a Country.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank them each on a scale of 1 (most familiar) to 6 (least familiar).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>disparate</td>
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<tr>
<td>discordant</td>
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<td>pluralistic</td>
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<tr>
<td>interwoven</td>
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<tr>
<td>diversity</td>
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<td>coalescing</td>
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After completing the first read, return to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read NONFICTION
Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

Tool Kit
First-Read Guide and Model Annotation

STANDARDS
RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
BACKGROUND
This essay was published in Newsweek magazine about two weeks after the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. In New York City, almost 3,000 people were killed when hijackers crashed two airliners into the World Trade Center. In Washington, D.C., 224 people were killed when a hijacked jet crashed into the Pentagon. On hijacked United Airlines Flight 93, passengers tried to regain control of the plane. All 44 people on board died when the aircraft crashed in a field near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.

Amercia is an improbable idea. A mongrel nation built of ever-changing disparate parts, it is held together by a notion, the notion that all men are created equal, though everyone knows that most men consider themselves better than someone. “Of all the
nations in the world, the United States was built in nobody’s image,” the historian Daniel Boorstin wrote. That’s because it was built of bits and pieces that seem **discordant**, like the crazy quilts that have been one of its great folk-art forms, velvet and calico\(^1\) and checks and brocades.\(^2\) Out of many, one. That is the ideal.

The reality is often quite different, a great national striving consisting frequently of failure. Many of the oft-told stories of the most **pluralistic** nation on earth are stories not of tolerance, but of bigotry. Slavery and sweatshops, the burning of crosses and the ostracism of the other. Children learn in social-studies class and in the news of the lynching of blacks, the denial of rights to women, the murders of gay men. It is difficult to know how to convince them that this amounts to “crown thy good with brotherhood,” that amid all the failures is something spectacularly successful. Perhaps they understand it at this moment, when enormous tragedy, as it so often does, demands a time of reflection on enormous blessings.

This is a nation founded on a conundrum, what Mario Cuomo\(^3\) has characterized as “community added to individualism.” These two are our defining ideals; they are also in constant conflict. Historians today bemoan the ascendancy of a kind of prideful apartheid\(^4\) in America, saying that the clinging to ethnicity, in background and custom, has undermined the concept of unity. These historians must have forgotten the past, or have gilded it. The New York of my children is no more Balkanized,\(^5\) probably less so, than the Philadelphia of my father, in which Jewish boys would walk several blocks out of their way to avoid the Irish divide of Chester Avenue. (I was the product of a mixed marriage, across barely bridgeable lines: an Italian girl, an Irish boy. How quaint it seems now, how incendiary then.) The Brooklyn of Francie Nolan’s famous tree,\(^6\) the Newark of which Portnoy complained,\(^7\) even the uninflected WASP\(^8\) suburbs of Cheever’s\(^9\) characters: they are ghettos, pure and simple. Do the Cambodians and the Mexicans in California coexist less easily today than did the Irish and Italians of Massachusetts a century ago? You know the answer.

What is the point of this splintered whole? What is the point of a nation in which Arab cabbies chauffeur Jewish passengers through the streets of New York—and in which Jewish cabbies chauffeur Arab passengers, too, and yet speak in theory of hatred, one for the other? What is the point of a nation in which one part seems to be

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1. **calico** *n.* printed cotton cloth
2. **brocades** *n.* fabrics with raised patterns in gold or silver.
3. **Mario Cuomo** politician and former New York governor.
4. **apartheid** *(uh PAHR tyd)* *n.* system of racial segregation and discrimination.
5. **Balkanized** *adj.* broken up into smaller, often hostile groups.
6. **Nolan’s famous tree** . . . reference to Betty Smith's novel *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.*
7. **the Newark of which Portnoy complained** . . . reference to Philip Roth's novel *Portnoy's Complaint.*
8. **WASP** short for white Anglo-Saxon Protestant; typically refers to a member of the dominant and most privileged class of people in the United States.
9. **Cheever’s** reference to John Cheever, an American novelist and short story writer.
always on the verge of fisticuffs with another, blacks and whites, gays and straights, left and right, Pole and Chinese and Puerto Rican and Slovenian? Other countries with such divisions have in fact divided into new nations with new names, but not this one, impossibly interwoven even in its hostilities.

Once these disparate parts were held together by a common enemy, by the fault lines of world wars and the electrified fence of communism. With the end of the cold war there was the creeping concern that without a focus for hatred and distrust, a sense of national identity would evaporate, that the left side of the hyphen—African-American, Mexican-American, Irish-American—would overwhelm the right. And slow-growing domestic traumas like economic unrest and increasing crime seemed more likely to emphasize division than community. Today the citizens of the United States have come together once more because of armed conflict and enemy attack. Terrorism has led to devastation—and unity.

Yet even in 1994, the overwhelming majority of those surveyed by the National Opinion Research Center agreed with this statement: “The U.S. is a unique country that stands for something special in the world.” One of the things that it stands for is this vexing notion that a great nation can consist entirely of refugees from other nations, that people of different, even warring religions and cultures can live, if not side by side, then on either side of the country’s Chester Avenues. Faced with this diversity there is little point in trying to isolate anything remotely resembling a national character, but there are two strains of behavior that, however tenuously, abet the concept of unity.

There is that Calvinist lens undercurrent in the American psyche that loves the difficult, the demanding, that sees mastering the impossible, whether it be prairie or subway, as a test of character, and so glories in the struggle of this fractured coalescing. And there is a grudging fairness among the citizens of the United States that eventually leads most to admit that, no matter what the English-only advocates try to suggest, the new immigrants are not so different from our own parents or grandparents. Leonel Castillo, former director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service and himself the grandson of Mexican immigrants, once told the writer Studs Terkel proudly, “The old neighborhood Ma-Pa stores are still around. They are not Italian or Jewish or Eastern European any more. Ma and Pa are now Korean, Vietnamese, Iraqi, Jordanian, Latin American. They live in the store. They work seven days a week. Their kids are doing well in school. They’re making it. Sound familiar?”

Tolerance is the word used most often when this kind of coexistence succeeds, but tolerance is a vanilla-pudding word, standing for little more than the allowance of letting others live

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10. **Calvinist** adj. related to Calvinism, a set of Christian beliefs based on the teachings of John Calvin that stresses God’s power, the moral weakness of humans, the idea that one’s destiny is set and unchangeable.
unremarked and unmolested. Pride seems excessive, given the American willingness to endlessly complain about them, them being whoever is new, different, unknown or currently under suspicion. But patriotism is partly taking pride in this unlikely ability to throw all of us together in a country that across its length and breadth is as different as a dozen countries, and still be able to call it by one name. When photographs of the faces of all those who died in the World Trade Center destruction are assembled in one place, it will be possible to trace in the skin color, the shape of the eyes and the noses, the texture of the hair, a map of the world. These are the representatives of a mongrel nation that somehow, at times like this, has one spirit. Like many improbable ideas, when it actually works, it’s a wonder.

“A Quilt of a Country” © 2001 by Anna Quindlen. Used by Permission. All rights reserved.
Comprehension Check
Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. According to Quindlen, what familiar object serves as an ideal representation of America?

2. According to Quindlen, how have people’s attitudes about her being a product of a mixed marriage changed over time?

3. What does Quindlen think unified America’s diverse ethnic groups before the end of the cold war?

4. According to Quindlen, how have other countries often handled deep ethnic divisions?

5. According to the former head of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, how are today’s neighborhood stores similar to and different from the old neighborhood stores?

6. **Notebook** Write a summary of “A Quilt of a Country” to confirm your understanding of the essay.

RESEARCH

**Research to Clarify** Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an idea expressed in the essay?

**Research to Explore** Choose something that interests you from the text, and formulate a research question.
Close Read the Text

1. The model, from paragraph 5 of the essay, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

   **ANNOTATE:** These phrases make comparisons between people’s emotions and physical barriers placed by warring nations.

   **QUESTION:** Why does the author use these comparisons?

   **CONCLUDE:** The comparisons create a sense of danger and clarify the idea of a “common enemy.”

   Once these disparate parts were held together by a common enemy, by the fault lines of world wars and the electrified fence of communism. With the end of the cold war there was the creeping concern that without a focus for hatred and distrust, a sense of national identity would evaporate, that the left side of the hyphen—African-American, Mexican-American, Irish-American—would overwhelm the right.

2. For more practice, go back into the text, and complete the close-read notes.

3. Revisit a section of the text you found important during your first read. Read this section closely, and **annotate** what you notice. Ask yourself **questions** such as “Why did the author choose these words?” What can you **conclude**?

   **Annotate:** Once these disparate parts were held together by a common enemy, by the fault lines of world wars and the electrified fence of communism.

   **Question:** What do these words suggest about the nature of the problem?

   **Conclude:** “Creeping” suggests that the problem grew slowly and secretly. “Evaporate” adds that it was hidden and not immediately noticed.

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**Analyse the Text**

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) **Analyze** Explain Mario Cuomo’s conundrum. (b) How does this detail contribute to the development of Quindlen’s ideas?

2. (a) **Generalize** Why is Quindlen reluctant to define “anything remotely resembling a national character”? (b) **Connect** What qualities does she propose are essentially American? Explain.

3. (a) **Deduce** At the end of paragraph 3, Quindlen says, “You know the answer.” Explain what that answer is. (b) **Interpret** Why do you think she leaves that answer open-ended?

4. **Essential Question:** *What does it mean to be “American”??* What have you learned about American identity from reading this essay?
Analyze Craft and Structure

Purpose and Rhetoric An author’s purpose is his or her reason for writing. The four general purposes for writing are to inform, to persuade, to entertain, and to reflect. Writers also have specific purposes for writing that vary with the topic and occasion. A writer may want to explain a particular event or reach a special audience. Those intentions shape the choices the writer makes, including those of structure and rhetoric, or language devices.

Anna Quindlen organizes this essay around a central analogy—a comparison of two unlike things that works to clarify an idea. Quindlen was moved to write this essay shortly after the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Consider how her purpose and use of analogy reflect the concerns of that moment in history.

Practice

Notebook Respond to these questions.
1. (a) Identify three details in the first paragraph that support Quindlen’s idea that America is a mash-up of different cultures. (b) According to Quindlen, what “notion” unites American culture into a single whole?
2. For Quindlen, why does the idea of a crazy quilt capture a tension at the heart of American culture?
3. (a) Use the chart to explain how each passage adds to Quindlen’s analogy of the crazy quilt. (b) Select a fourth passage from the essay that you think belongs on the chart. Explain your choice.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PARAGRAPH</th>
<th>PASSAGE</th>
<th>HOW IT DEVELOPS THE ANALOGY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Many of the oft-told stories . . . ostracism of the other.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Other countries with such . . . even in its hostilities.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>When photographs of the faces . . . a map of the world.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

4. Why might the analogy of a quilt have seemed fitting at a time that the nation was suffering from a great trauma? Explain.
Concept Vocabulary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>disparate</th>
<th>pluralistic</th>
<th>diversity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>discordant</td>
<td>interwoven</td>
<td>coalescing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Why These Words? These concept words convey unity and fragmentation. For example, at the beginning of the first paragraph, the author describes America as “a mongrel nation built of ever-changing disparate parts.” The word mongrel, a mixed-breed dog, reinforces the idea of disparate elements that come together to form a unique whole.

1. Which concept vocabulary words contribute to the idea of unity, and which contribute to the idea of fragmentation?

2. What other words in the selection connect to the concepts of unity and fragmentation?

Practice

Notebook The concept vocabulary words appear in “A Quilt of a Country.”

1. Use the concept vocabulary words to complete the paragraph.

   America is a _____ society, a nation in which groups of people from many _____ backgrounds come together to live. The members of these groups often raise their voices in disagreement, but their _____ opinions are essential to our democracy. Despite the great _____ of America’s population, Americans find ways to bridge their differences, usually by _____ around important social, economic, or political principles. Indeed, the strength of our nation seems to originate from the _____ strands that create its fabric.

2. Write the context clues that help you determine the correct words.

Word Study

Latin prefix: dis- The prefix dis- shows negation or expresses the idea of being apart or away. In the word discordant, dis- combines with the Latin root -cord-, meaning “heart.” Over time, the word became associated with music that was harsh or out of tune. Today, discordant is often used to describe anything that is out of place.

1. Write another word you know that begins with the prefix dis-. Explain how the prefix helps you understand the meaning of the word.

2. Reread paragraph 5 of “A Quilt of a Country.” Mark a word (other than disparate) that begins with the prefix dis-. Write a definition for the word.
Author’s Style

**Word Choice**  Fiction writers and poets are not the only ones who choose words carefully. Nonfiction writers like Anna Quindlen also use vivid language, or strong, precise words, to bring ideas to life and to communicate them forcefully. Strong verbs and precise adjectives make informational writing more interesting and convincing.

| Ordinary adjective: We sailed through the rough water. |
| Precise adjective: We sailed through the churning water. |
| Ordinary verb: I fell into the hole. |
| Strong verb: I tumbled into the hole. |

**Read It**

Read the passages from “A Quilt of a Country” and identify the precise adjectives and strong verbs in each one. Then, rewrite each passage, changing the vivid word choices to ordinary ones. Explain how Quindlen’s original word choices contribute to the accuracy and liveliness of her writing. Use the chart to record your answers.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASSAGE</th>
<th>PRECISE ADJECTIVE OR STRONG VERB</th>
<th>REWRITE</th>
<th>EFFECT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What is the point of this splintered whole? (paragraph 4)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historians today bemoan . . . (paragraph 3)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>. . . but tolerance is a vanilla-pudding word . . . (paragraph 8)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And there is a grudging fairness among the citizens of the United States . . . (paragraph 7)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Write It**

**Notebook**  Revise each sentence by replacing verbs or adjectives with stronger, more vivid word choices.

1. The crowd yelled at the player after the game.
2. Eloise was happy when she got her driver's license.
3. The campers carried their gear through the tall grass.
4. The garbage smelled bad after it was in the sun.
Comparing Texts
You will now read “The Immigrant Contribution,” which is a chapter from *A Nation of Immigrants*. First, complete the first-read and close-read activities. Then, compare the author’s purpose and use of persuasive techniques in “A Quilt of a Country” with those of “The Immigrant Contribution.”

The Immigrant Contribution

Concept Vocabulary
You will encounter the following words as you read “The Immigrant Contribution.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (6).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>descendants</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>minority</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>naturalization</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>factions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>assimilation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark any changes to your original rankings.

First Read NONFICTION
Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

About the Author
Born into a family of politicians, John F. Kennedy (1917–1963) did not take schooling seriously and was known as a trickster in the classroom. In his junior year at Harvard University, he developed an interest in political philosophy and became more studious. After school, he served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. In 1961, he became the thirty-fifth president of the United States. Tragically, Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas.

Tool Kit
First-Read Guide and Model Annotation

STANDARDS
RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
The Immigrant Contribution

from

A Nation of Immigrants

John F. Kennedy

BACKGROUND

John F. Kennedy wrote the book from which this excerpt was taken when he was a United States senator. He was a prominent supporter of immigrant rights, and ran for president on a platform that included the extension of those rights. He opposed legal distinctions between native-born and naturalized citizens, stating, “There is no place for second-class citizenship in America.” He greatly influenced and inspired the immigration reforms of the late twentieth century.

Oscar Handlin has said, “Once I thought to write a history of the immigrants in America. Then I discovered that the immigrants were American history.” In the same sense, we cannot really speak of a particular “immigrant contribution” to America because all Americans have been immigrants or the descendants of immigrants;

NOTES

descendants (dih SEHN duhnts) n. people who are the offspring of an ancestor
even the Indians, as mentioned before, migrated to the American continent. We can only speak of people whose roots in America are older or newer. Yet each wave of immigration left its own imprint on American society; each made its distinctive “contribution” to the building of the nation and the evolution of American life. Indeed, if, as some of the older immigrants like to do, we were to restrict the definition of immigrants to the 42 million people who came to the United States after the Declaration of Independence, we would have to conclude that our history and our society would have been vastly different if they all had stayed at home.

As we have seen, people migrated to the United States for a variety of reasons. But nearly all shared two great hopes: the hope for personal freedom and the hope for economic opportunity. In consequence, the impact of immigration has been broadly to confirm the impulses in American life demanding more political liberty and more economic growth.

So, of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, eighteen were of non-English stock and eight were first-generation immigrants. Two immigrants—the West Indian Alexander Hamilton, who was Washington’s Secretary of the Treasury, and the Swiss Albert Gallatin, who held the same office under Jefferson—established the financial policies of the young republic. A German farmer wrote home from Missouri in 1834,

If you wish to see our whole family living in . . . a country where freedom of speech obtains, where no spies are eavesdropping, where no simpletons criticize your every word and seek to detect therein a venom that might endanger the life of the state, the church and the home, in short, if you wish to be really happy and independent, then come here.

Every ethnic minority, in seeking its own freedom, helped strengthen the fabric of liberty in American life.

Similarly, every aspect of the American economy has profited from the contributions of immigrants. We all know, of course, about the spectacular immigrant successes: the men who came from foreign lands, sought their fortunes in the United States and made striking contributions, industrial and scientific, not only to their chosen country but to the entire world. In 1953 the President’s Commission on Immigration and Naturalization mentioned the following:

Industrialists: Andrew Carnegie (Scot), in the steel industry; John Jacob Astor (German), in the fur trade; Michael Cudahy (Irish), of the meat-packing industry; the Du Ponts (French), of the munitions and chemical industry; Charles L. Fleischmann (Hungarian), of the yeast business; David Sarnoff (Russian), of the radio industry; and William S. Knudsen (Danish), of the automobile industry.

Scientists and inventors: Among those whose genius has benefited the United States are Albert Einstein (German), in physics; Michael
Pupin (Serbian), in electricity; Enrico Fermi (Italian) in atomic research; John Ericsson (Swedish), who invented the ironclad ship and the screw propeller; Giuseppe Bellanca (Italian) and Igor Sikorsky (Russian), who made outstanding contributions to airplane development; John A. Udden (Swedish), who was responsible for opening the Texas oil fields; Lucas P. Kyrides (Greek), industrial chemistry; David Thomas (Welsh), who invented the hot blast furnace; Alexander Graham Bell (Scot), who invented the telephone; Conrad Hubert (Russian), who invented the flashlight; and Ottmar Mergenthaler (German), who invented the linotype machine.

But the anonymous immigrant played his indispensable role too. Between 1880 and 1920 America became the industrial and agricultural giant of the world as well as the world’s leading creditor nation. This could not have been done without the hard labor, the technical skills and the entrepreneurial ability of the 23.5 million people who came to America in this period.

1. linotype machine printing machine that sets type in whole lines, instead of letter by letter, in order to print faster.
2. creditor nation country that owes less money to other countries than other countries owe to it.
3. entrepreneurial (on truh pruh NUR ee uhl) adj. related to being an entrepreneur, or someone who starts a business and is willing to risk loss in order to make money.
Significant as the immigrant role was in politics and in the economy, the immigrant contribution to the professions and the arts was perhaps even greater. Charles O. Paullin’s analysis of the Dictionary of American Biography shows that, of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century figures, 20 percent of the businessmen, 20 percent of the scholars and scientists, 23 percent of the painters, 24 percent of the engineers, 28 percent of the architects, 29 percent of the clergymen, 46 percent of the musicians and 61 percent of the actors were of foreign birth—a remarkable measure of the impact of immigration on American culture. And not only have many American writers and artists themselves been immigrants or the children of immigrants, but immigration has provided American literature with one of its major themes.

Perhaps the most pervasive influence of immigration is to be found in the innumerable details of life and the customs and habits brought by millions of people who never became famous. This impact was felt from the bottom up, and these contributions to American institutions may be the ones which most intimately affect the lives of all Americans.

In the area of religion, all the major American faiths were brought to this country from abroad. The multiplicity of sects established the American tradition of religious pluralism and assured to all the freedom of worship and separation of church and state pledged in the Bill of Rights.

So, too, in the very way we speak, immigration has altered American life. In greatly enriching the American vocabulary, it has been a major force in establishing “the American language,” which, as H. L. Mencken demonstrated thirty years ago, had diverged materially from the mother tongue as spoken in Britain. Even the American dinner table has felt the impact. One writer has suggested that “typical American menus” might include some of the following dishes: “Irish stew, chop suey, goulash, chile con carne, ravioli, knackwurst mit sauerkraut, Yorkshire pudding, Welsh rarebit, borscht, gefilte fish, Spanish omelet, caviar, mayonnaise, antipasto, baumkuchen, English muffins, Gruyère cheese, Danish pastry, Canadian bacon, hot tamales, wiener schnitzel, petits fours, spumone, bouillabaisse, maté, scones, Turkish coffee, minestrone, filet mignon.”

Immigration plainly was not always a happy experience. It was hard on the newcomers, and hard as well on the communities to which they came. When poor, ill-educated and frightened people disembarked in a strange land, they often fell prey to native racketeers, unscrupulous businessmen and cynical politicians. Boss Tweed said, characteristically, in defense of his own depredations in New York in the 1870’s, “This population is too hopelessly split into races and factions to govern it under universal suffrage,” except by bribery of patronage, or corruption.

4. depredations (dehp ruh DAY shuhnz) n. acts of plundering or robbery.
5. universal suffrage right to vote for all adults
But the very problems of adjustment and assimilation presented a challenge to the American idea—a challenge which subjected that idea to stern testing and eventually brought out the best qualities in American society. Thus the public school became a powerful means of preparing the newcomers for American life. The ideal of the “melting pot” symbolized the process of blending many strains into a single nationality, and we have come to realize in modern times that the “melting pot” need not mean the end of particular ethnic identities or traditions. Only in the case of the Negro has the melting pot failed to bring a minority into the full stream of American life. Today we are belatedly, but resolutely, engaged in ending this condition of national exclusion and shame and abolishing forever the concept of second-class citizenship in the United States.

Sociologists call the process of the melting pot “social mobility.” One of America’s characteristics has always been the lack of a rigid class structure. It has traditionally been possible for people to move up the social and economic scale. Even if one did not succeed in moving up oneself, there was always the hope that one’s children would. Immigration is by definition a gesture of faith in social mobility. It is the expression in action of a positive belief in the possibility of a better life. It has thus contributed greatly to developing the spirit of personal betterment in American society and to strengthening the national confidence in change and the future. Such confidence, when widely shared, sets the national tone. The opportunities that America offered made the dream real, at least for a good many; but the dream itself was in large part the product of millions of plain people beginning a new life in the conviction that life could indeed be better, and each new wave of immigration rekindled the dream.

This is the spirit which so impressed Alexis de Tocqueville, and which he called the spirit of equality. Equality in America has never meant literal equality of condition or capacity; there will always be inequalities in character and ability in any society. Equality has meant rather that, in the words of the Declaration of Independence, “all men are created equal . . . [and] are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights”; it has meant that in a democratic society there should be no inequalities in opportunities or in freedoms. The American philosophy of equality has released the energy of the people, built the economy, subdued the continent, shaped and reshaped the structure of government, and animated the American attitude toward the world outside.

The *continuous* immigration of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was thus central to the whole American faith. It gave every old American a standard by which to judge how far he had come and every new American a realization of how far he might go. It reminded every American, old and new, that change is the essence of life, and that American society is a process, not a conclusion. The abundant resources of this land provided the foundation for a great nation. But only people could make the opportunity a reality. Immigration provided the human resources. More than that, it infused the nation with a commitment to far horizons and new frontiers, and thereby kept the pioneer spirit of American life, the spirit of equality and of hope, always alive and strong. “We are the heirs of all time,” wrote Herman Melville, “and with all nations we divide our inheritance.”
Comprehension Check
Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. According to Kennedy, why is it impossible to speak about a particular “immigrant contribution” to the United States?

2. What does Kennedy state are the two main reasons immigrants come to the United States?

3. List five areas in which Kennedy says immigrants have made important contributions to American society.

4. In the case of which minority does Kennedy say the “melting pot” has failed?

5. According to Kennedy, what qualities in American culture impressed Alexis de Tocqueville?


RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the essay?

Research to Explore Choose one of the immigrant industrialists, scientists, or inventors that Kennedy mentions. Conduct research to learn more about this figure.
Close Read the Text

1. The model, from paragraph 5 of the essay, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

We all know, of course, about the spectacular immigrant successes: the men who came from foreign lands, sought their fortunes in the United States and made striking contributions, industrial and scientific, not only to their chosen country but to the entire world.

**ANNOTATE:** These words refer to knowledge that “we all” have in common.

**QUESTION:** Why does the writer make this reference?

**CONCLUDE:** The reference adds to a sense that the writer and the reader are part of one community.

**ANNOTATE:** These verbs all have the same subject, who, which refers to “the men.”

**QUESTION:** What is the effect of this string of related verbs and objects?

**CONCLUDE:** This construction creates a strong sense of forward progress, emphasizing how each action leads to the next.

2. For more practice, go back into the selection, and complete the close-read notes.

3. Revisit a section of the selection you found important during your first read. Read this section closely, and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions such as “Why did the author choose these words?” What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. **Analyze** Does Oscar Hanlin’s statement support or refute Kennedy’s main idea as it is expressed in the first paragraph of this selection? Explain.

2. (a) What information does Kennedy provide about the immigrant status of some of the signers of the Declaration of Independence? (b) **Analyze** How does this information connect to his earlier point about all Americans?

3. (a) According to Kennedy, what did the idea of the “melting pot” once mean? (b) **Infer** For Kennedy, how has that ideal changed in modern times? Explain.

4. **Essential Question:** What does it mean to be “American”? What have you learned about the nature of American identity from reading this essay?
Analyze Craft and Structure

Purpose and Persuasion An author’s purpose is his or her reason for writing. A writer may want to inform or explain, to persuade, to entertain, or to reflect. Writers may also have more than one purpose for creating a particular text. For example, a writer may want to inform readers about a topic while also persuading them to see something in a new way. Those purposes direct the writer’s choices, including the types of persuasive appeals, or methods of informing and convincing readers, to use. There are three main types of persuasive appeals:

- **Appeals to Authority**: the statements of experts on the topic.
- **Appeals to Reason**: logical arguments based on verifiable evidence, such as facts or data.
- **Appeals to Emotion**: statements intended to affect readers’ feelings about a subject. These statements may include charged language—words with strong positive or negative associations.

In this essay, John F. Kennedy uses all three types of appeal to great effect. As you read, think about Kennedy’s purpose for writing. Ask yourself, “Why does the writer include this information?”

### Practice

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. Use the chart to record at least two examples of each of the persuasive techniques Kennedy uses in this essay. Explain in what ways each example makes Kennedy’s ideas more or less convincing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PERSUASIVE TECHNIQUE</th>
<th>EXAMPLES FROM THE TEXT</th>
<th>EFFECTIVE OR INEFFECTIVE?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Appeal to Authority</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appeal to Emotion, including charged language</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appeal to Reason</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. **(a)** Which technique does Kennedy use the most? Explain. **(b)** Why do you think he emphasizes this technique over the others? Explain.

3. Which type of persuasive technique do you find most effective in this essay? Why?
Concept Vocabulary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>descendants</th>
<th>minority</th>
<th>factions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>stock</td>
<td>naturalization</td>
<td>assimilation</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Why These Words? These concept words are related to populations and group identities. For example, in the first paragraph of the selection, John F. Kennedy asserts that “all Americans have been immigrants or descendants of immigrants.” The word *descendants* refers to the offspring of immigrants.

1. Select two concept vocabulary words other than *descendants*. How does each word relate to ideas about populations and group identities? Explain.

2. What other words in the selection connect to the concepts of populations and group identities?

Practice

**Notebook** The concept vocabulary words appear in “The Immigrant Contribution.” Tell whether each sentence does or does not make sense. Explain your reasoning.

1. Over time, the opinions of certain *factions* may become more popular.
2. American citizens returning from Europe must go through a process of *naturalization*.
3. The U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights were intended to protect the rights of all American citizens, including those from a *minority* background.
4. Some immigrants may prefer *assimilation* as a way of preserving their cultures of origin.
5. Some historians believe that Native Americans were originally of *Asian* *stock*.
6. Many third-generation Americans are *descendants* of several different ethnic groups.

Word Study

**Latin root: -nat-** The Latin root -nat- means “birth” or “to be born.” The root appears in many common words related to populations and group identities.

1. Write a definition of the word *naturalization* that demonstrates your understanding of how the Latin root -nat- contributes to its meaning.

2. Reread paragraphs 13 and 14 of “The Immigrant Contribution.” Mark two other words that contain the Latin root -nat-. Write a definition for each word.
Conventions

Sentence Structure  Sentences can be classified by the number of independent and dependent clauses they contain. An independent clause has a subject and verb and can stand alone as a complete thought. A dependent, or subordinate, clause also has a subject and verb, but it cannot stand alone as a complete thought. A dependent clause begins either with a subordinating conjunction, such as when, although, because, or while, or with a relative pronoun, such as who, whose, which, or that.

This chart shows the four basic sentence structures. Independent clauses are underlined once, and dependent clauses are underlined twice.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SENTENCE STRUCTURE</th>
<th>ELEMENTS</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>simple</td>
<td>a single independent clause</td>
<td>Anand saw the audience for the first time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>compound</td>
<td>two or more independent clauses, joined either by a comma and a coordinating conjunction or by a semicolon</td>
<td>The lights came on, and Anand saw the audience for the first time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>complex</td>
<td>one independent clause and one or more dependent clauses</td>
<td>When the lights came on, Anand saw the audience for the first time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>compound-complex</td>
<td>two or more independent clauses and one or more dependent clauses</td>
<td>When the lights came on, Anand saw the audience for the first time, and he waved to his parents, who were sitting in the front row.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Read It

Label each of these sentences from “The Immigrant Contribution” simple, compound, complex, or compound-complex.

1. This impact was felt from the bottom up, and these contributions to American institutions may be the ones which most intimately affect the lives of all Americans.

2. Immigration provided the human resources.

3. Equality in America has never meant literal equality of condition or capacity; there will always be inequalities in character and ability in any society.

4. We can only speak of people whose roots in America are older or newer.

Write It

Notebook  Write a paragraph containing a simple sentence, a compound sentence, a complex sentence, and a compound-complex sentence.
Writing to Compare

You have read two essays that discuss American cultural diversity. Deepen your understanding of both texts by comparing each writer’s diction. **Diction** is a writer’s way of using language to create a unique voice.

**Assignment**

**Diction** is a writer’s choice and arrangement of words and phrases.

- Diction may be formal, informal, ordinary, technical, sophisticated, down-to-earth, old-fashioned, modern, or even slangy.
- The types of diction an author uses reflect the readers, or **audience**, for whom he or she is writing. A writer’s diction also reveals his or her **tone**, or attitude.

The essays by Quindlen and Kennedy share a topic, but are very different in diction and tone. Write an **essay** in which you consider how diction and tone reflect each author’s purpose, audience, and message.

**Prewriting**

**Analyze the Texts** Scan the two texts, and choose two passages from each one that you think use especially interesting language. Describe the type of diction each passage displays. You may use the following categories or add categories of your own. Note that writers may use more than one type of diction in a single passage.

Informal / Formal / Poetic / Ordinary / Sophisticated / Slangy
Technical / Scientific / Concrete / Abstract

**Gather your observations in the chart.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASSAGES</th>
<th>TYPE(S) OF DICTION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Quilt of a Country</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Immigrant Contribution</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>1.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>2.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. For each passage in your chart, explain the tone the diction creates.
2. How does each author’s diction and tone reflect his or her purpose for writing and the audience he or she is trying to reach?
Drafting

Identify Passages and Ideas Use your Prewriting notes to identify passages to use as examples in your essay. Make sure each passage clearly displays an aspect of Quindlen’s or Kennedy’s diction that you think offers a clear difference or a clear similarity. Identify the passages, and note the idea you will use each one to support.

Example Passage: __________________________________________________
Point It Will Support:

Example Passage: __________________________________________________
Point It Will Support:

Example Passage: __________________________________________________
Point It Will Support:

Example Passage: __________________________________________________
Point It Will Support:

Write a Thesis In one sentence, state the central idea you will explore in your essay. As you write, feel free to modify this statement to reflect changes to your ideas.

Central Idea/Thesis: ________________________________________________

Organize Ideas Make some organizational decisions before you begin to write. Consider using one of these two structures:

• Grouping Ideas: discuss all the similarities in the diction and tone of the two essays and then all of the differences
• Grouping Texts: discuss the diction and tone of one essay and then the diction and tone of the other essay

Elaborate With Examples Start with a statement, and then add examples.

Statement: Some writers use concrete diction to clarify abstract ideas.

With Example: Some writers use concrete diction to clarify abstract ideas. For example, when discussing conflicts in American culture, Quindlen uses concrete terms such as “slavery and sweatshops.”

Review, Revise, and Edit

Once you are done drafting, review your essay. Because your essay is about multiple subjects—the diction and tone of two different texts—clarity and balance are critical. If you see an imbalance or unclear statements, add more analysis, detail, or examples.
### American History

#### Concept Vocabulary

You will encounter the following words as you read “American History.” Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (6).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>anticipated</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>infatuated</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>enthralled</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>devoted</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>elation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>impulse</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After completing the first read, return to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Make changes to your original rankings as needed.

#### First Read FICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

1. **NOTICE** whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.
2. **ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.
3. **CONNECT** ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.
4. **RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check and by writing a brief summary of the selection.

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### About the Author

**Judith Ortiz Cofer** (1952–2016) spent her childhood in two different cultures. Born in Puerto Rico, she moved with her parents to Paterson, New Jersey, when she was very young. She grew up mostly in Paterson, but she also spent time in Puerto Rico with her abuela (grandmother). It was from her grandmother that Ortiz Cofer learned the art of storytelling. In her own work, Ortiz Cofer teaches readers about the richness and difficulty of coming of age in two cultures at once.

### Tool Kit

First-Read Guide and Model Annotation

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**STANDARDS**

**RL.9–10.10** By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
BACKGROUND
On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was shot and killed in Dallas, Texas, and the United States was plunged into mourning. Most people who lived through that time can still remember where they were when they heard the news. Kennedy’s assassination and the nation’s grief defined a generation. Key events in this story take place on that fateful day.

I once read in a “Ripley’s Believe It or Not” column that Paterson, New Jersey, is the place where the Straight and Narrow (streets) intersect. The Puerto Rican tenement known as El Building was one block up from Straight. It was, in fact, the corner of Straight and Market; not “at” the corner, but the corner. At almost any hour of the day, El Building was like a monstrous jukebox, blasting out salsas from open windows as the residents, mostly new immigrants just up from the island, tried to drown out whatever they were currently enduring with loud music. But the day President Kennedy was shot there was a profound silence in El Building; even the abusive tongues of viragoes, the cursing of the unemployed, and the screeching of

1. salsas (SAHL suhz) songs written in a particular Latin American musical style.
2. viragoes (vih RAH gohz) fierce, irritable women with loud voices.
small children had been somehow muted. President Kennedy was a saint to these people. In fact, soon his photograph would be hung alongside the Sacred Heart and over the spiritist altars that many women kept in their apartments. He would become part of the hierarchy of martyrs they prayed to for favors that only one who had died for a cause would understand.

On the day that President Kennedy was shot, my ninth grade class had been out in the fenced playground of Public School Number 13. We had been given “free” exercise time and had been ordered by our P.E. teacher, Mr. DePalma, to “keep moving.” That meant that the girls should jump rope and the boys toss basketballs through a hoop at the far end of the yard. He in the meantime would “keep an eye” on us from just inside the building.

It was a cold gray day in Paterson. The kind that warns of early snow. I was miserable, since I had forgotten my gloves, and my knuckles were turning red and raw from the jump rope. I was also taking a lot of abuse from the black girls for not turning the rope hard and fast enough for them.

“Hey, Skinny Bones, pump it, girl. Ain’t you got no energy today?” Gail, the biggest of the black girls had the other end of the rope, yelled, “Didn’t you eat your rice and beans and pork chops for breakfast today?”

The other girls picked up the “pork chops” and made it into a refrain: “pork chop, pork chop, did you eat your pork chop?” They entered the double ropes in pairs and exited without tripping or missing a beat. I felt a burning on my cheeks and then my glasses fogged up so that I could not manage to coordinate the jump rope with Gail. The chill was doing to me what it always did; entering my bones, making me cry, humiliating me. I hated the city, especially in winter. I hated Public School Number 13. I hated my skinny flat-chested body, and I envied the black girls who could jump rope so fast that their legs became a blur. They always seemed to be warm while I froze.

There was only one source of beauty and light for me that school year. The only thing I had anticipated at the start of the semester. That was seeing Eugene. In August, Eugene and his family had moved into the only house on the block that had a yard and trees. I could see his place from my window in El Building. In fact, if I sat on the fire escape I was literally suspended above Eugene’s backyard. It was my favorite spot to read my library books in the summer. Until that August the house had been occupied by an old Jewish couple. Over the years I had become part of their family, without their knowing it, of course. I had a view of their kitchen and their backyard, and though I could not hear what they said, I knew when they were arguing, when one of them was sick, and many other things. I knew all this by watching them at meal times. I could see their kitchen table, the sink, and the stove. During good times, he
sat at the table and read his newspapers while she fixed the meals. If they argued, he would leave and the old woman would sit and stare at nothing for a long time. When one of them was sick, the other would come and get things from the kitchen and carry them out on a tray. The old man had died in June. The last week of school I had not seen him at the table at all. Then one day I saw that there was a crowd in the kitchen. The old woman had finally emerged from the house on the arm of a stocky, middle-aged woman, whom I had seen there a few times before, maybe her daughter. Then a man had carried out suitcases. The house had stood empty for weeks. I had had to resist the temptation to climb down into the yard and water the flowers the old lady had taken such good care of.

By the time Eugene’s family moved in, the yard was a tangled mass of weeds. The father had spent several days mowing, and when he finished, from where I sat, I didn’t see the red, yellow, and purple clusters that meant flowers to me. I didn’t see this family sit down at the kitchen table together. It was just the mother, a red-headed tall woman who wore a white uniform—a nurse’s, I guessed it was; the father was gone before I got up in the morning and was never there at dinner time. I only saw him on weekends when they sometimes sat on lawn chairs under the oak tree, each hidden behind a section of the newspaper; and there was Eugene. He was tall and blond, and he wore glasses. I liked him right away because he sat at the kitchen table and read books for hours. That summer, before we had even spoken one word to each other, I kept him company on my fire escape.

Once school started I looked for him in all my classes, but P.S. 13 was a huge, overpopulated place and it took me days and many discreet questions to discover that Eugene was in honors classes for all his subjects; classes that were not open to me because English was not my first language, though I was a straight A student. After much maneuvering, I managed “to run into him” in the hallway where his locker was—on the other side of the building from mine—and in study hall at the library where he first seemed to notice me, but did not speak; and finally, on the way home after school one day when I decided to approach him directly, though my stomach was doing somersaults.

I was ready for rejection, snobbery, the worst. But when I came up to him, practically panting in my nervousness, and blurted out: “You’re Eugene. Right?” he smiled, pushed his glasses up on his nose, and nodded. I saw then that he was blushing deeply. Eugene liked me, but he was shy.
Eugene moved into that house that I noticed that El Building blocked most of the sun, and that the only spot that got a little sunlight during the day was the tiny square of earth the old woman had planted with flowers.

I did not tell Eugene that I could see inside his kitchen from my bedroom. I felt dishonest, but I liked my secret sharing of his evenings, especially now that I knew what he was reading since we chose our books together at the school library.

One day my mother came into my room as I was sitting on the window-sill staring out. In her abrupt way she said: “Elena, you are acting ‘moony.’” Enamorada\(^3\) was what she really said, that is—like a girl stupidly infatuated. Since I had turned fourteen my mother had been more vigilant than ever. She acted as if I was going to go crazy or explode or something if she didn’t watch me and nag me all the time about being a señorita\(^4\) now. She kept talking about virtue, morality, and other subjects that did not interest me in the least. My mother was unhappy in Paterson, but my father had a good job at the bluejeans factory in Passaic and soon, he kept assuring us, we would be moving to our own house there. Every Sunday we drove out to the suburbs of Paterson, Clifton, and Passaic, out to where people mowed grass on Sundays in the summer, and where children made snowmen in the winter from pure white snow, not like the gray slush of Paterson which seemed to fall from the sky in that hue.

I had learned to listen to my parents’ dreams, which were spoken in Spanish, as fairy tales, like the stories about life in the island paradise of Puerto Rico before I was born. I had been to the island once as a little girl, to grandmother’s funeral, and all I remembered was wailing women in black, my mother becoming hysterical and being given a pill that made her sleep two days, and me feeling lost in a crowd of strangers all claiming to be my aunts, uncles, and cousins. I had actually been glad to return to the city. We had not been back there since then, though my parents talked constantly about buying a house on the beach someday, retiring on the island—that was a common topic among the residents of El Building. As for me, I was going to go to college and become a teacher.

But after meeting Eugene I began to think of the present more than of the future. What I wanted now was to enter that house I had watched for so many years. I wanted to see the other rooms where the old people had lived, and where the boy spent his time. Most of all, I wanted to sit at the kitchen table with Eugene like two adults, like the old man and his wife had done, maybe drink some coffee and talk about books. I had started reading Gone with the Wind. I was enthralled by it, with the daring and the passion of the beautiful girl living in a mansion, and with her devoted parents and the slaves who did everything for them. I didn’t believe such a world had ever really existed, and I wanted to ask Eugene some questions since he and his

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3. Enamorada (ay nah moh RAH dah) Spanish for “enamored; lovesick.”
4. señorita (seh nyoh REE tah) Spanish for “young lady.”
parents, he had told me, had come up from Georgia, the same place where the novel was set. His father worked for a company that had transferred him to Paterson. His mother was very unhappy, Eugene said, in his beautiful voice that rose and fell over words in a strange, lilting way. The kids at school called him “the hick” and made fun of the way he talked. I knew I was his only friend so far, and I liked that, though I felt sad for him sometimes. “Skinny Bones” and the “Hick” was what they called us at school when we were seen together.

The day Mr. DePalma came out into the cold and asked us to line up in front of him was the day that President Kennedy was shot. Mr. DePalma, a short, muscular man with slicked-down black hair, was the science teacher, P.E. coach, and disciplinarian at P.S. 13. He was the teacher to whose homeroom you got assigned if you were a troublemaker, and the man called out to break up playground fights, and to escort violently angry teenagers to the office. And Mr. DePalma was the man who called your parents in for “a conference.”

That day, he stood in front of two rows of mostly black and Puerto Rican kids, brittle from their efforts to “keep moving” on a November day that was turning bitter cold. Mr. DePalma, to our complete shock, was crying. Not just silent adult tears, but really sobbing. There were a few titters from the back of the line where I stood shivering.

“Listen,” Mr. DePalma raised his arms over his head as if he were about to conduct an orchestra. His voice broke, and he covered his face with his hands. His barrel chest was heaving. Someone giggled behind me.

“Listen,” he repeated, “something awful has happened.” A strange gurgling came from his throat, and he turned around and spat on the cement behind him.

“Gross,” someone said, and there was a lot of laughter.
“The President is dead, you idiots. I should have known that wouldn’t mean anything to a bunch of losers like you kids. Go home.” He was shrieking now. No one moved for a minute or two, but then a big girl let out a “Yeah!” and ran to get her books piled up with the others against the brick wall of the school building. The others followed in a mad scramble to get to their things before somebody caught on. It was still an hour to the dismissal bell.

A little scared, I headed for El Building. There was an eerie feeling on the streets. I looked into Mario’s drugstore, a favorite hangout for the high school crowd, but there were only a couple of old Jewish men at the soda-bar talking with the short order cook in tones that sounded almost angry, but they were keeping their voices low. Even the traffic on one of the busiest intersections in Paterson—Straight Street and Park Avenue—seemed to be moving slower. There were no horns blasting that day. At El Building, the usual little group of unemployed men were not hanging out on the front stoop making it difficult for women to enter the front door. No music spilled out from open doors in the hallway. When I walked into our apartment, I found my mother sitting in front of the grainy picture of the television set.

She looked up at me with a tear-streaked face and just said: “Dios mio,” turning back to the set as if it were pulling at her eyes. I went into my room.

Though I wanted to feel the right thing about President Kennedy’s death, I could not fight the feeling of elation that stirred in my chest.

Today was the day I was to visit Eugene in his house. He had asked me to come over after school to study for an American history test with him. We had also planned to walk to the public library together. I looked down into his yard. The oak tree was bare of leaves and the ground looked gray with ice. The light through the large kitchen window of his house told me that El Building blocked the sun to such an extent that they had to turn lights on in the middle of the day. I felt ashamed about it. But the white kitchen table with the lamp hanging just above it looked cozy and inviting. I would soon sit there, across from Eugene, and I would tell him about my perch just above his house. Maybe I should.

In the next thirty minutes I changed clothes, put on a little pink lipstick, and got my books together. Then I went in to tell my mother that I was going to a friend’s house to study. I did not expect her reaction.

“You are going out today?” The way she said “today” sounded as if a storm warning had been issued.

5. **Dios mio** (DEE ohs MEE oh) Spanish for “My God!”
Before I could answer, she came toward me and held my elbows as I clutched my books.

“Hija,⁶ the President has been killed. We must show respect. He was a great man. Come to church with me tonight.”

She tried to embrace me, but my books were in the way. My first impulse was to comfort her, she seemed so distraught, but I had to meet Eugene in fifteen minutes.

“I have a test to study for, Mama. I will be home by eight.”

“You are forgetting who you are, Niña. I have seen you staring down at that boy’s house. You are heading for humiliation and pain.” My mother said this in Spanish and in a resigned tone that surprised me, as if she had no intention of stopping me from “heading for humiliation and pain.” I started for the door. She sat in front of the TV holding a white handkerchief to her face.

I walked out to the street and around the chainlink fence that separated El Building from Eugene’s house. The yard was neatly edged around the little walk that led to the door. It always amazed me how Paterson, the inner core of the city, had no apparent logic to its architecture. Small, neat, single residences like this one could be found right next to huge, dilapidated apartment buildings like El Building. My guess was that the little houses had been there first, then the immigrants had come in droves, and the monstrosities had been raised for them—the Italians, the Irish, the Jews, and now us, the Puerto Ricans and the blacks. The door was painted a deep green: verde, the color of hope, I had heard my mother say it: Verde-Esperanza.⁸

I knocked softly. A few suspenseful moments later the door opened just a crack. The red, swollen face of a woman appeared. She had a halo of red hair floating over a delicate ivory face—the face of a doll—with freckles on the nose. Her smudged eye make-up made her look unreal to me, like a mannequin seen through a warped store window.

“What do you want?” Her voice was tiny and sweet-sounding, like a little girl’s, but her tone was not friendly.

“I’m Eugene’s friend. He asked me over. To study.” I thrust out my books, a silly gesture that embarrassed me almost immediately.

“You live there?” She pointed up to El Building, which looked particularly ugly, like a gray prison with its many dirty windows and rusty fire escapes. The woman had stepped halfway out and I could see that she wore a white nurse’s uniform with St. Joseph’s Hospital on the name tag.

“Yes. I do.”

She looked intently at me for a couple of heartbeats, then said as if to herself, “I don’t know how you people do it.” Then directly to me: “Listen. Honey. Eugene doesn’t want to study with you. He is a smart

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⁶ Hija (EE hah) Spanish for “daughter.”
⁷ Niña (NEE nyah) Spanish for “child,” used here as an endearment.
⁸ Verde-Esperanza (vehr day ehs pay RAHN sah) Spanish for “green-hope.”
boy. Doesn’t need help. You understand me. I am truly sorry if he told you you could come over. He cannot study with you. It’s nothing personal. You understand? We won’t be in this place much longer, no need for him to get close to people—it’ll just make it harder for him later. Run back home now.”

I couldn’t move. I just stood there in shock at hearing these things said to me in such a honey-drenched voice. I had never heard an accent like hers, except for Eugene’s softer version. It was as if she were singing me a little song.

“What’s wrong? Didn’t you hear what I said?” She seemed very angry, and I finally snapped out of my trance. I turned away from the green door, and heard her close it gently.

Our apartment was empty when I got home. My mother was in someone else’s kitchen, seeking the solace she needed. Father would come in from his late shift at midnight. I would hear them talking softly in the kitchen for hours that night. They would not discuss their dreams for the future, or life in Puerto Rico, as they often did; that night they would talk sadly about the young widow and her two children, as if they were family. For the next few days, we would observe luto in our apartment; that is, we would practice restraint and silence—no loud music or laughter. Some of the women of El Building would wear black for weeks.

That night, I lay in my bed trying to feel the right thing for our dead President. But the tears that came up from a deep source inside me were strictly for me. When my mother came to the door, I pretended to be sleeping. Sometime during the night, I saw from my bed the streetlight come on. It had a pink halo around it. I went to my window and pressed my face to the cool glass. Looking up at the light I could see the white snow falling like a lace veil over its face. I did not look down to see it turning gray as it touched the ground below.

9. luto (LOO toh) Spanish for “mourning.”
Comprehension Check
Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. On what memorable day in history does this story take place?

2. How does the narrator first become aware of Eugene?

3. Why does the narrator like Eugene even before she meets him?

4. According to her mother, how does Elena seem to feel about Eugene?

5. How does Eugene’s mother react to Elena’s visit?

6. Notebook Write a summary of “American History.”

RESEARCH
Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interested you, and formulate a research question.
Close Read the Text

1. The model, from paragraph 1 of the story, shows two sample annotations, along with questions and conclusions. Close read the passage and find another detail to annotate. Then, write a question and your conclusion.

   **ANNOTATE:** This clause includes strong, emotionally charged language.
   **QUESTION:** What do these words suggest about the nature of life in El Building?
   **CONCLUDE:** Whatever and currently suggest that the people had many different problems, while the word enduring suggests that they faced long-term struggles with no easy solutions.

   At almost any hour of the day, El Building was like a monstrous jukebox, blasting out salsas from open windows as the residents, mostly new immigrants just up from the island, tried to drown out whatever they were currently enduring with loud music.

   **ANNOTATE:** These two words are especially colorful.
   **QUESTION:** What picture of El Building is the narrator painting with these word choices?
   **CONCLUDE:** Monstrous suggests El Building is large, strange, and dangerous. Blasting suggests loudness and aggression. It is a big, fierce place.

2. For more practice, go back into the selection, and complete the close-read notes.

3. Revisit a section of the text you found important during your first read. Read this section closely, and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions such as “Why did the author make this choice?” What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

- **Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. **Compare and Contrast** Explain the contrast in Elena’s feelings toward her own home and Eugene’s house. Cite descriptive details that reflect these feelings.

2. **Analyze** In what ways does this story reflect social issues facing America in the 1960s? Consider descriptions of Elena’s school and neighborhood, as well as Eugene’s mother’s reaction to Elena.

3. (a) What subject is Elena planning to study with Eugene?  
   (b) **Interpret** What other reasons might Ortiz Cofer have for calling this story “American History”?

4. **Essential Question:** What does it mean to be “American”? What have you learned about American identity from reading this selection?
Analyze Craft and Structure

**Narrative Structure** Every story is driven by a **conflict**, or struggle between opposing forces. Characters in stories may face two different types of conflict—internal and external.

- In an **internal conflict**, a character grapples with his or her own beliefs, values, needs, or desires. For example, a character may know something is wrong but still be pulled to do it.
- In an **external conflict**, a character struggles against an outside force. This force may be another character, nature, or society. For example, a character trying to survive a hurricane at sea is experiencing an external conflict.

A character’s efforts to resolve, or fix, a conflict form the basis for the plot of a story. In “American History,” the main character, Elena, experiences both internal and external conflicts.

**Practice**

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) What is the main conflict in this story? (b) Is that main conflict primarily external or internal? Explain.

2. Use the chart to identify conflicts Elena faces in addition to the main conflict.
   For each conflict you note, identify at least one story detail that supports your answer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELENA VS. AN OUTSIDE FORCE</th>
<th>ELENA VS. HERSELF</th>
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3. (a) In the last scene of the story, why does Elena say that her tears are just for herself? (b) In what ways does the assassination of the president both add to and minimize the importance of Elena’s suffering? Explain.
Concept Vocabulary

| anticipated | enthralled | elation |
| infatuated  | devoted    | impulse |

Why These Words? The six concept vocabulary words from the text all involve having a fascination with or an attraction to something. For example, Elena is *enthralled* by the book *Gone With the Wind*. She is captivated by the story, which is set in a romantic and tragic place.

1. How do the vocabulary words help the writer describe characters’ emotions?

2. Find two other words in the selection that describe a strong emotion.

Practice

Notebook  The concept vocabulary words appear in “American History.”

1. Use each concept vocabulary word in a sentence that demonstrates its meaning.

2. Rewrite each sentence using a synonym for the concept vocabulary word. How does the replacement change the meaning of the sentence?

Word Study

Cognates When two words in different languages share a common origin, they are called **cognates**. Often, they are spelled and pronounced similarly in the two languages and still share a common meaning. Recognizing when two words are cognates can help you determine an unfamiliar word’s meaning. If you know Spanish, for example, you can quickly guess the meanings of the English words *bicycle* and *paradise* from knowing their Spanish cognates: *bicicleta* and *paraíso*.

1. For each Spanish word in the chart, write its English cognate. Then, write the meaning the pair of cognates shares.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SPANISH WORD</th>
<th>ENGLISH COGNATE</th>
<th>MEANING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>anticipación</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pasión</td>
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2. Look back at paragraph 11 of “American History.” What English word is a cognate of the Spanish word *enamorada*? Write the word and its definition. Consult a bilingual dictionary if necessary.
Conventions

Types of Phrases A preposition is a word such as of, in, to, for or with that relates a noun or a pronoun to another word in the sentence. A prepositional phrase is a group of words that begins with a preposition and ends with a noun or pronoun, called the object of the preposition.

When a prepositional phrase modifies a noun or a pronoun, by telling what kind or which one, it is an adjective phrase. When it modifies a verb, an adjective, or an adverb, by pointing out where, why, when, in what way, or to what extent, it is an adverb phrase. In the chart, the prepositional phrases are italicized, and the words they modify are underlined.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SENTENCE</th>
<th>TYPE OF PHRASE</th>
<th>HOW PHRASE FUNCTIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Let's take a picture of the Eiffel Tower.</td>
<td>adjective phrase</td>
<td>tells what kind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The snowball on the table melted.</td>
<td>adjective phrase</td>
<td>tells which one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I left my wallet in the car.</td>
<td>adverb phrase</td>
<td>tells where</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The other team played with more skill.</td>
<td>adverb phrase</td>
<td>tells in what way</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Read It

1. Mark every prepositional phrase in each of these sentences. Then, indicate whether each phrase is an adjective phrase or an adverb phrase.
   a. Elena’s mother was unhappy in Paterson.
   b. When Elena sat on the fire escape, she was above Eugene’s backyard.
   c. The boys tossed basketballs through a hoop in the yard.

2. Reread paragraph 29 of “American History.” Mark one adjective phrase and one adverb phrase. Then, note which word each phrase modifies.

Write It

Notebook Add either an adjective phrase or an adverb phrase to each sentence. Label each phrase you add.

Example
We drove.
We drove to the suburbs. (adverb phrase)
We drove to the suburbs of Paterson and Clifton. (adjective phrase)

1. Elena observed Eugene.
2. I could see the snow falling like a lace veil.
Writing to Sources

A story can be a way of exploring and even of explaining a topic. The conflicts a writer chooses to address in a work of fiction often reflect issues people encounter in real life. The resolutions to those conflicts may suggest authentic solutions.

Assignment
Consider the conflicts Elena faces in “American History” and the choices she makes as she faces them. Ask yourself whether she could have made different choices and whether those other options might have had a better or, perhaps, a worse result. Then, write an alternative ending to the story. Start your ending after Elena knocks on Eugene’s door. Consider how you will either resolve or leave open the main conflicts Elena faces in the story.

- Your new ending should flow logically from the story’s earlier events.
- Your new ending should be consistent with your understanding of the characters.
- Your new ending should either provide a resolution to the conflict or demonstrate a realization Elena experiences.

Vocabulary and Conventions Connection Consider including several concept vocabulary words in your alternative ending. Also, consider using prepositional phrases to make your writing more precise.

| anticipated | enthralled | elation |
| infatuated  | devoted    | impulse |

Reflect on Your Writing
After you have written your alternative ending, answer these questions.

1. How did you make your portrayal of the characters consistent with the earlier part of the story? Explain.

2. Did you include any prepositional phrases in your writing? If so, how did they help you be more descriptive or precise?

3. Why These Words? Which words in your writing do you feel are especially effective in portraying characters’ thoughts or feelings? List a few of these words.

4. Essential Question: What does it mean to be “American”? What have you learned about American identity from reading this selection?
Speaking and Listening

**Assignment**
Write and present a monologue from the point of view of a character in “American History” other than Elena. A monologue is an uninterrupted speech often used in drama. It is delivered by one character to an audience of silent listeners and allows the character to present his or her version of events. For example, your monologue may present Eugene’s thoughts and feelings after his mother sends Elena away.

1. **Choose a Character** Other than Elena, which character in the story would have something interesting and important to say? When choosing your character, consider the following elements:
   - the character’s knowledge, attitude, and feelings about the story’s events
   - the character’s relationship to Elena and connection to the main events of the story

2. **Plan and Write** Brainstorm for ideas, perceptions, experiences, and thoughts your chosen character would have and might want to explain to others. Then, write your monologue.
   - Adopt the character’s point of view and write using first-person pronouns—I, me, us, and we.
   - Create an authentic voice by working to “hear” the character’s voice in your head as you write. Include details that show how he or she sees the setting, events, and other characters.
   - Remember that your character’s knowledge is limited. Include only what he or she actually knows about the events of the story.

3. **Prepare and Deliver** Practice your delivery before you present to the class.
   - Speak clearly without rushing.
   - Employ body language and gestures to add drama or create emphasis. Try to be true to the type of movements or speech patterns your character would use.
   - Vary your speech cadence and emphasis to express your character’s ideas.

4. **Evaluate** Use the evaluation guide to evaluate your classmates’ monologues.

**MONOLOGUE EVALUATION GUIDE**
Rate each item on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 5 (demonstrated) for each speaker.

- [ ] The speaker spoke clearly and effectively.
- [ ] The monologue sounded authentic and accurately reflected the story’s setting and events.
- [ ] The speaker varied tone and cadence to enhance meaning.
- [ ] The speaker’s body language helped express ideas.

**Evidence Log**
Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “American History.”
Write a Nonfiction Narrative

You’ve read an essay, an excerpt from a nonfiction book, and a short story that deal with issues of American identity. In “A Quilt of a Country,” written shortly after September 11, 2001, author Anna Quindlen explores how well the United States holds “the many” together as one. In the “The Immigrant Contribution,” published in 1958, then-Senator John F. Kennedy explains how immigrants have contributed to the country. Finally, in “American History,” the narrator describes how a personal experience of discrimination overshadowed her grief on the day in 1963, when President Kennedy was assassinated.

Assignment

Think about how the authors of “A Quilt of a Country,” “The Immigrant Contribution,” and “American History” explore American identity. Consider how the idea of American identity has changed over time. Then, use your own experience, or that of someone you know or have studied, to write a brief narrative that explores this question:

How does your generation define what it means to be an American today?

Elements of a Nonfiction Narrative

A nonfiction narrative is a true story, a series of events that occurred in real life rather than in an author’s imagination. A nonfiction narrative describes real experiences or events along with reflections on those experiences. An effective nonfiction narrative includes these elements:

- a clearly described situation or problem
- a well-structured, logical sequence of events
- details that show time and place
- effective story elements such as dialogue, description, and reflection
- a reflective conclusion
- your thoughts, feelings, or views about the significance of events
- correct grammar

Model Narrative

For a model of a well-crafted narrative, see the Launch Text, “Music for My Mother.”

Challenge yourself to find all of the elements of an effective narrative in the text. You will have the opportunity to review these elements as you start to write your own narrative.

As you consider how to capture an aspect of today’s American identity in a story, it can help to imagine your narrative being included in a time capsule. Ask yourself: What would you want a future American to know about Americans today?
Prewriting / Planning

Choose an Event to Explore  Now that you have read the selections and thought about American identity, think of a true story that captures something unique about American identity today. It could have happened to you or someone you know—or to someone you have only heard or read about. Write a sentence describing the experience.

Experience: ____________________________________________________________

Structure the Sequence  Create a detailed record of the sequence of events, or the events in the order that they happened, by filling out the chart below. Each event should be a part of an overall narrative that captures what it means to be an American today.

Event 1: ____________________________________________________________
Event 2: ____________________________________________________________
Event 3: ____________________________________________________________
Event 4: ____________________________________________________________

Gather Details  Before you draft, gather details about people, places, and actions that will bring them to life for readers. Include the following:

- descriptive words and phrases that show how different people look and speak
- precise language about how people behave
- sensory details—words that appeal to the senses of sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing—about key places

Using strong details adds interest and depth to your writing. For example, in the Launch Text, the writer uses lyrics of a specific song her brother sang for their mother.

I remember washing dishes while Pedrito sang: “And seeing myself so lonely and sad like a leaf in the wind, I want to cry . . . from this feeling.”

—“Music for My Mother”

Develop Situation and Point of View  Use remaining time to figure out how to describe the central situation or problem memorably. Sharpen your description by emphasizing key conflicts or describing how an important moment felt. Your narrative will be even more memorable if it conveys strong points of view. For added depth, you can take a step back and consider how other people might have perceived the same events as well.
Drafting

**Organize Your Narrative** Most narratives describe events in *chronological* order, or the sequence in which they occurred. They also center on a *conflict*, or problem, that is somehow resolved. As the conflict develops, the tension should increase until it reaches its *climax*, or point of greatest intensity. After that, the tension should decrease as you move toward the ending, or *resolution*. Use a basic narrative structure like the one shown here.

![Narrative Structure Diagram]

**Use Narrative Techniques** Once you have established the basic narrative structure, you can consider using narrative techniques to add interest. For example, you might jump back in time with a *flashback* to add a memory that will give readers insight into a person’s thinking. Alternatively, you could jump forward in time and add a *flash-forward*. Finally, you could add a *subplot*, a minor narrative that sheds light on the main story.

Whatever you choose to do, make sure that the events you describe are true and tie together into a story that makes sense as whole, so readers will be able to follow along. Notice that the Launch Text actually starts *in medias res*—in the middle of the story, chronologically—and then goes backward then forward in time. Readers are still able to follow the sequence of events.

**First event described (“middle” of story):** The author’s brother Pedrito is singing a traditional Spanish song because his mother misses life in her native country.

**Second event described (“beginning” of story):** The family arrives in the United States, and the parents have a more difficult time adjusting than the children have.

**Third event described (“end” of story):** Everyone has fully adjusted to life in the United States. Both children have successful careers, and the parents live with Pedrito.

**Write a First Draft** Consider the narrative techniques you plan to include in your story, and write a first draft. Remember to introduce a clear situation in the exposition and use descriptive details as you write about characters and places. Also be sure to include your own thoughts and feelings as you describe events and what they show about this generation of Americans.

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**STANDARDS**

- **W.9–10.3.b** Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, description, reflection, and multiple plot lines, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.
- **W.9–10.3.c** Use a variety of techniques to sequence events so that they build on one another to create a coherent whole.
Exposition and Dialogue

Exposition In every narrative, certain elements need to be established, including the setting, the characters, and the situation. As you begin your narrative, think about showing the reader your story, instead of just telling it. Give clues instead of always stating information. When readers have to figure small things out, they become more involved in the story.

TELL IT
I was in the desert and it was morning. My brother and sister were with me. We had our bikes and we were going to ride. We were being careful because riding in the desert can be dangerous.

SHOW IT
The sun was just rising, throwing golden light over the miles of sand in front of us. My brother Gio checked our bikes one last time for any problems. My sister Lisa was on her cell phone, giving our parents our exact location. Just in case.

Dialogue It’s not always necessary to include dialogue in a narrative, but it can often bring a story to life. What happens if we add dialogue to the exposition above?

The sun was rising, throwing golden light over the miles of sand in front of us.

“Bikes are ready,” said my brother Gio. “I checked everything. Twice.”
“Cool,” I said. “Don’t want a breakdown.”
“Mom and Dad have our coordinates,” said my sister Lisa, putting her cell phone back into her pack.

If you want your dialogue to sound real, you need to write the way people actually talk. Try listening to people talking in the lunchroom or after school. These are some of the things you may notice:

• short, incomplete sentences
• slang and other informal word choices
• repetition

Pacing Both description and dialogue can dramatically affect the pacing, or speed, of a story. For example, a large amount of description can slow down the pace, while short bursts of clipped dialogue can speed it up. Good writers read over their narratives, deciding when they want a reader to slow down and enjoy a description or deciding when to speed up and allow readers to get caught up in an exciting event.

Write It As you write your narrative, use these techniques: tell instead of show, use realistic dialogue, and vary your pacing.

ESSENTIAL QUESTION: What does it mean to be “American”?

STANDARDS

W.9-10.3.b Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, description, reflection, and multiple plot lines, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.
Revising

Evaluating Your Draft

Use the following checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your first draft. Then, use your evaluation and the instruction on this page to guide your revision.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FOCUS AND ORGANIZATION</th>
<th>EVIDENCE AND ELABORATION</th>
<th>CONVENTIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Provides an introduction to a real situation and develops a narrative.</td>
<td>Includes interesting exposition that shows as well as tells the reader.</td>
<td>Follows the norms and conventions of a nonfiction narrative, especially in structure and in the punctuation of dialogue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduces the key people involved in the narrative.</td>
<td>Uses various techniques to create natural-sounding dialogue.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relates a problem or conflict.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Provides a smooth progression of events.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concludes with a reflection on the significance of events.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Revising for Focus and Organization

**Conclusion** Reread your narrative, paying attention to how the conclusion works with the rest of the piece. Do you include reflections on the significance of events? Do you consider whether Americans from different time periods see American identity differently? When you are finished considering these questions, revise your conclusion to make it more meaningful to readers. End your narrative with a reflection, an observation, or an insight that ties the story to the theme of American identity today.

Revising for Evidence and Elaboration

**Exposition** Go to the beginning of your narrative, where you establish the setting, key people, and situation. Have you done all you can to make the exposition interesting to the reader by showing these elements and leaving details for the reader to infer? Put a star next to passages that feel insubstantial or do not give readers enough of a feel for what an experience was like. Then, go back into these passages, and find precise words or phrases that describe thoughts or physical sensations.

**Dialogue** Look over the dialogue you have included in your narrative. Does it sound like real people talking? Can you improve it by shortening sentences or using more casual language? Look for other places in your narrative where dialogue might bring your story to life.

WORD NETWORK

Include interesting words from your Word Network in your narrative.

STANDARDS

**W 9–10.3.d** Use precise words and phrases, telling details, and sensory language to convey a vivid picture of the experiences, events, setting, and/or characters.

**W.9–10.3.e** Provide a conclusion that follows from and reflects on what is experienced, observed, or resolved over the course of the narrative.
Editing and Proofreading

**Edit for Conventions** Reread your draft for accuracy and consistency. Correct errors in grammar and word usage. Check your narrative to make sure you have used commas correctly in compound and complex sentences.

**Proofread for Accuracy** Read your draft carefully, looking for errors in spelling and punctuation. Double-check the capitalization of names and places. Common nouns name general categories and are lowercase. Proper nouns name specific people, places, or things and are capitalized.

Publishing and Presenting

Create a final version of your narrative. Share it with a small group so that your classmates can read it and make comments. In turn, review and comment on your classmates’ work. Together, determine what your different narratives convey about Americans today. Listen and respond respectfully to comments about your work.

Reflecting

Think about what you learned while writing your narrative. What techniques did you learn that you could use when writing another nonfiction narrative? How might you make your main point clearer? For example, you might write more reflections on why the events of the narrative were important.

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**PEER REVIEW**

Exchange narratives with a classmate. Use the checklist to evaluate your classmate’s narrative and provide supportive feedback.

1. Is the exposition clear?
   - [ ] yes
   - [ ] no
   - If no, explain what confused you.

2. Are the events sequenced logically?
   - [ ] yes
   - [ ] no
   - If no, what about the sequence did not work?

3. Does the author include thoughts, feelings, and reflections?
   - [ ] yes
   - [ ] no
   - If no, write a brief note explaining what you thought was missing.

4. What is the strongest part of your classmate’s narrative? Why?
   - [ ]
   - [ ]
   - [ ]

---

Performance Task: Write a Nonfiction Narrative 57
ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

**What does it mean to be “American”**?

What is it like to build a new life in America? And what happens when newcomers are greeted with confusion or suspicion rather than welcome? The selections you will read present different perspectives on the experience of becoming American. You will work in a group to continue your exploration of American identity.

**Small-Group Learning Strategies**

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work with others.

Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work in teams. Add ideas of your own for each step. Use these strategies during Small-Group Learning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Prepare       | - Complete your assignments so that you are prepared for group work.  
- Organize your thinking so that you can contribute to your group’s discussion.  
| Participate fully | - Make eye contact to signal that you are listening and taking in what is being said.  
- Use text evidence when making a point.  
| Support others | - Build off ideas from others in your group.  
- Invite others who have not yet spoken to join the discussion.  
| Clarify        | - Paraphrase the ideas of others to ensure that your understanding is correct.  
- Ask follow-up questions.  
|
NOVEL EXCERPT

Rules of the Game
from The Joy Luck Club
Amy Tan

Can a young immigrant girl living in San Francisco’s Chinatown learn the strategies that make a great chess player?

MEDIA: BLOG POST

The Writing on the Wall
Camille Dungy

Hundreds of poems are etched into the walls of a detention center in the middle of San Francisco Bay. Who left them there, and why?

MEMOIR

With a Little Help From My Friends
from Funny in Farsi
Firoozeh Dumas

What is it like to move from Iran to America—from one world to another?

POETRY COLLECTION

Morning Talk  Roberta Hill Whiteman

Immigrant Picnic  Gregory Djanikian

What makes us feel that we belong—or don’t belong—to a place?

PERFORMANCE TASK

SPRINGING AND LISTENING FOCUS

Present a Nonfiction Narrative

The Small-Group readings explore issues relating to cultural diversity and citizenship in the United States. After reading, your group will produce a podcast that includes a narrative on the topic of American identity.
Working as a Team

1. **Take a Position** In your group, discuss the following question:
   
   Which do you think would be easier, immigrating to America from another country, or emigrating from America to another country?
   
   As you take turns sharing your positions, be sure to provide reasons for your choice. After all group members have shared, discuss some of the political and social realities that could make such transitions challenging.

2. **List Your Rules** As a group, decide on the rules that you will follow as you work together. Samples are provided; add two more of your own. As you work together, you may add or revise rules based on your experience together.
   
   - Everyone should participate in group discussions.
   - Build upon each other’s ideas.
   
   - ________________________________
   
   - ________________________________

3. **Apply the Rules** Share what you have learned about American identity. Make sure each person in the group contributes. Take notes and be prepared to share with the class one thing that you heard from another member of your group.

4. **Name Your Group** Choose a name that reflects the unit topic.
   
   Our group’s name: ________________________________

5. **Create a Communication Plan** Decide how you want to communicate with one another. For example, you might use online collaboration tools, email, or instant messaging.
   
   Our group’s decision: ________________________________
   
   ________________________________
Making a Schedule

First, find out the due dates for the Small-Group activities. Then, preview the texts and activities with your group and make a schedule for completing the tasks.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SELECTION</th>
<th>ACTIVITIES</th>
<th>DUE DATE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rules of the Game</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Writing on the Wall</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With a Little Help From My Friends</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Talk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immigrant Picnic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Working on Group Projects

As your group works together, you’ll find it more effective if each person has a specific role. Different projects require different roles. Before beginning a project, discuss the necessary roles, and choose one for each group member. Some possible roles are listed here. Add your own ideas to the list.

- **Project Manager:** monitors the schedule and keeps everyone on task
- **Researcher:** organizes information-gathering activities
- **Recorder:** takes notes during group meetings
Rules of the Game

Concept Vocabulary
As you perform your first read of “Rules of the Game,” you will encounter these words.

- deftly
- relented
- plotted
- concessions

Context Clues To infer the meaning of an unfamiliar word, look to its context—the words and sentences that surround it.

Example: The emergency exit doors were clearly marked to allow for rapid and safe evacuation from the building.

Explanation: The underlined context clues provide hints that an evacuation is a fast exit from a dangerous situation.

Example: The simulation of the crash seemed so life-like, it was a relief to discover that it was not real.

Explanation: The underlined context clues help you infer that the word simulation refers to something that is not real, but is an enactment of events.

Apply your knowledge of context clues and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read. Confirm your definitions using a print or online dictionary.

First Read FICTION
Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.

- NOTICE whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.
- ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.
- CONNECT ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.
- RESPOND by completing the Comprehension Check and by writing a brief summary of the selection.

STANDARDS

RL.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4.a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.
Chess is a game of strategy that has gained world-wide popularity. Winning a game of chess requires capturing the opposing king piece, using your own pieces. Chess organizations record the rankings of players. The most successful players are called grand masters.

I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength. It was a strategy for winning arguments, respect from others, and eventually, though neither of us knew it at the time, chess games.

“Bite back your tongue,” scolded my mother when I cried loudly, yanking her hand toward the store that sold bags of salted plums. At home, she said, “Wise guy, he not go against wind. In Chinese we say, Come from South, blow with wind—poom!—North will follow. Strongest wind cannot be seen.”

The next week I bit back my tongue as we entered the store with the forbidden candies. When my mother finished her shopping, she quietly plucked a small bag of plums from the rack and put it on the counter with the rest of the items.

* * *

Amy Tan

Rules of the Game

from

The Joy Luck Club

Amy Tan
My mother imparted her daily truths so she could help my older brothers and me rise above our circumstances. We lived in San Francisco’s Chinatown. Like most of the other Chinese children who played in the back alleys of restaurants and curio shops, I didn’t think we were poor. My bowl was always full, three five-course meals every day, beginning with a soup full of mysterious things I didn’t want to know the names of.

We lived on Waverly Place, in a warm, clean, two-bedroom flat that sat above a small Chinese bakery specializing in steamed pastries and dim sum. In the early morning, when the alley was still quiet, I could smell fragrant red beans as they were cooked down to a pasty sweetness. By daybreak, our flat was heavy with the odor of fried sesame balls and sweet curried chicken crescents. From my bed, I would listen as my father got ready for work, then locked the door behind him, one-two-three clicks.

At the end of our two-block alley was a small sandlot playground with swings and slides well-shined down the middle with use. The play area was bordered by wood-slat benches where old-country people sat cracking roasted watermelon seeds with their golden teeth and scattering the husks to an impatient gathering of gurgling pigeons. The best playground, however, was the dark alley itself. It was crammed with daily mysteries and adventures. My brothers and I would peer into the medicinal herb shop, watching old Li dole out onto a stiff sheet of white paper the right amount of insect shells, saffron-colored seeds, and pungent leaves for his ailing customers. It was said that he once cured a woman dying of an ancestral curse that had eluded the best of American doctors. Next to the pharmacy was a printer who specialized in gold-embossed wedding invitations and festive red banners.

Farther down the street was Ping Yuen Fish Market. The front window displayed a tank crowded with doomed fish and turtles struggling to gain footing on the slimy green-tiled sides. A hand-written sign informed tourists, “Within this store, is all for food, not for pet.” Inside, the butchers with their bloodstained white smocks deftly gutted the fish while customers cried out their orders and shouted, “Give me your freshest,” to which the butchers always protested, “All are freshest.” On less crowded market days, we would inspect the crates of live frogs and crabs which we were warned not to poke, boxes of dried cuttlefish, and row upon row of iced prawns, squid, and slippery fish. The sanddabs made me shiver each time; their eyes lay on one flattened side and reminded me of my mother’s story of a careless girl who ran into a crowded street and was crushed by a cab. “Was smash flat,” reported my mother.

At the corner of the alley was Hong Sing’s, a four-table café with a recessed stairwell in front that led to a door marked “Tradesmen.” My brothers and I believed the bad people emerged from this door

Mark context clues or indicate another strategy you used that helped you determine meaning.

deftly (DEHFT lee) adv.
MEANING:

1. dim sum small dishes of traditional Chinese foods meant to be shared.
at night. Tourists never went to Hong Sing’s, since the menu was
printed only in Chinese. A Caucasian man with a big camera once
posed me and my playmates in front of the restaurant. He had us
move to the side of the picture window so the photo would capture
the roasted duck with its head dangling from a juice-covered rope.
After he took the picture, I told him he should go into Hong Sing’s
and eat dinner. When he smiled and asked me what they served, I
shouted, “Guts and duck’s feet and octopus gizzards!” Then I ran off
with my friends, shrieking with laughter as we scampered across the
alley and hid in the entryway grotto of the China Gem Company, my
heart pounding with hope that he would chase us.

My mother named me after the street that we lived on: Waverly
Place Jong, my official name for important American documents. But
my family called me Meimei, “Little Sister.” I was the youngest, the
only daughter. Each morning before school, my mother would twist
and yank on my thick black hair until she had formed two tightly
wound pigtails. One day, as she struggled to weave a hard-toothed
comb through my disobedient hair, I had a sly thought.

I asked her, “Ma, what is Chinese torture?” My mother shook her
head. A bobby pin was wedged between her lips. She wetted her
palm and smoothed the hair above my ear, then pushed the pin in so
that it nicked sharply against my scalp.

“Who say this word?” she asked without a trace of knowing how
wicked I was being. I shrugged my shoulders and said, “Some boy in
my class said Chinese people do Chinese torture.”

“My older brother Vincent was the one who actually got the chess
set. We had gone to the annual Christmas party held at the First
Chinese Baptist Church at the end of the alley. The missionary ladies
had put together a Santa bag of gifts donated by members of another
church. None of the gifts had names on them. There were separate
sacks for boys and girls of different ages.

One of the Chinese parishioners had donned a Santa Claus costume
and a stiff paper beard with cotton balls glued to it. I think the only
children who thought he was the real thing were too young to know
that Santa Claus was not Chinese. When my turn came up, the Santa
man asked me how old I was. I thought it was a trick question; I was
seven according to the American formula and eight by the Chinese
calendar. I said I was born on March 17, 1951. That seemed to satisfy
him. He then solemnly asked if I had been a very, very good girl this
year and did I believe in Jesus Christ and obey my parents. I knew the
only answer to that. I nodded back with equal solemnity.
Having watched the other children opening their gifts, I already knew that the big gifts were not necessarily the nicest ones. One girl my age got a large coloring book of biblical characters, while a less greedy girl who selected a smaller box received a glass vial of lavender toilet water. The sound of the box was also important. A ten-year-old boy had chosen a box that jangled when he shook it. It was a tin globe of the world with a slit for inserting money. He must have thought it was full of dimes and nickels, because when he saw that it had just ten pennies, his face fell with such undisguised disappointment that his mother slapped the side of his head and led him out of the church hall, apologizing to the crowd for her son who had such bad manners he couldn’t appreciate such a fine gift.

As I peered into the sack, I quickly fingered the remaining presents, testing their weight, imagining what they contained. I chose a heavy, compact one that was wrapped in shiny silver foil and a red satin ribbon. It was a twelve-pack of Life Savers and I spent the rest of the party arranging and rearranging the candy tubes in the order of my favorites. My brother Winston chose wisely as well. His present turned out to be a box of intricate plastic parts; the instructions on the box proclaimed that when they were properly assembled he would have an authentic miniature replica of a World War II submarine.

Vincent got the chess set, which would have been a very decent present to get at a church Christmas party, except it was obviously used and, as we discovered later, it was missing a black pawn and a white knight. My mother graciously thanked the unknown benefactor, saying, “Too good. Cost too much.” At which point, an old lady with fine white, wispy hair nodded toward our family and said with a whistling whisper, “Merry, merry Christmas.”

When we got home, my mother told Vincent to throw the chess set away. “She not want it. We not want it,” she said, tossing her head stiffly to the side with a tight, proud smile. My brothers had deaf ears. They were already lining up the chess pieces and reading from the dog-eared instruction book.

As I peered into the sack, I quickly fingered the remaining presents, testing their weight, imagining what they contained.

* * *

I watched Vincent and Winston play during Christmas week. The chess board seemed to hold elaborate secrets waiting to be untangled. The chessmen were more powerful than Old Li’s magic herbs that cured ancestral curses. And my brothers wore such serious faces that I was sure something was at stake that was greater than avoiding the tradesmen’s door to Hong Sing’s.

“Let me! Let me!” I begged between games when one brother or the other would sit back with a deep sigh of relief and victory,
the other annoyed, unable to let go of the outcome. Vincent at first refused to let me play, but when I offered my Life Savers as replacements for the buttons that filled in for the missing pieces, he **relented**. He chose the flavors: wild cherry for the black pawn and peppermint for the white knight. Winner could eat both.

As our mother sprinkled flour and rolled out small doughy circles for the steamed dumplings that would be our dinner that night, Vincent explained the rules, pointing to each piece. “You have sixteen pieces and so do I. One king and queen, two bishops, two knights, two castles, and eight pawns. The pawns can only move forward one step, except on the first move. Then they can move two. But they can only take men by moving crossways like this, except in the beginning, when you can move ahead and take another pawn.”

“Why?” I asked as I moved my pawn. “Why can’t they move more steps?”

“Because they’re pawns,” he said.

“But why do they go crossways to take other men. Why aren’t there any women and children?”

“Why is the sky blue? Why must you always ask stupid questions?” asked Vincent. “This is a game. These are the rules. I didn’t make them up. See. Here. In the book.” He jabbed a page with a pawn in his hand. “Pawn. P-A-W-N. Pawn. Read it yourself.”

My mother patted the flour off her hands. “Let me see book,” she said quietly. She scanned the pages quickly, not reading the foreign English symbols, seeming to search deliberately for nothing in particular.

“This American rules,” she concluded at last. “Every time people come out from foreign country, must know rules. You not know, judge say, Too bad, go back. They not telling you why so you can use their way go forward. They say, Don’t know why, you find out yourself. But they knowing all the time. Better you take it, find out why yourself.” She tossed her head back with a satisfied smile.

I found out about all the whys later. I read the rules and looked up all the big words in a dictionary. I borrowed books from the Chinatown library. I studied each chess piece, trying to absorb the power each contained.

I learned about opening moves and why it’s important to control the center early on; the shortest distance between two points is straight down the middle. I learned about the middle game and why tactics between two adversaries are like clashing ideas; the one who plays better has the clearest plans for both attacking and getting out of traps. I learned why it is essential in the endgame\(^2\) to have foresight, a mathematical understanding of all possible moves, and patience; all weaknesses and advantages become evident to a strong adversary and are obscured to a tiring opponent. I discovered that

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2. **endgame** final stage of a chess game, when few pieces remain.
for the whole game one must gather invisible strengths and see the endgame before the game begins.

I also found out why I should never reveal “why” to others. A little knowledge withheld is a great advantage one should store for future use. That is the power of chess. It is a game of secrets in which one must show and never tell.

I loved the secrets I found within the sixty-four black and white squares. I carefully drew a handmade chessboard and pinned it to the wall next to my bed, where at night I would stare for hours at imaginary battles. Soon I no longer lost any games or Life Savers, but I lost my adversaries. Winston and Vincent decided they were more interested in roaming the streets after school in their Hopalong Cassidy cowboy hats.

On a cold spring afternoon, while walking home from school, I detoured through the playground at the end of our alley. I saw a group of old men, two seated across a folding table playing a game of chess, others smoking pipes, eating peanuts, and watching. I ran home and grabbed Vincent’s chess set, which was bound in a cardboard box with rubber bands. I also carefully selected two prized rolls of Life Savers. I came back to the park and approached a man who was observing the game.

“Want to play?” I asked him. His face widened with surprise and he grinned as he looked at the box under my arm. “Little sister, been a long time since I play with dolls,” he said, smiling benevolently. I quickly put the box down next to him on the bench and displayed my retort.

Lau Po, as he allowed me to call him, turned out to be a much better player than my brothers. I lost many games and many Life Savers. But over the weeks, with each diminishing roll of candies, I added new secrets. Lau Po gave me the names. The Double Attack from the East and West Shores. Throwing Stones on the Drowning Man. The Sudden Meeting of the Clan. The Surprise from the Sleeping Guard. The Humble Servant Who Kills the King. Sand in the Eyes of Advancing Forces. A Double Killing Without Blood.

There were also the fine points of chess etiquette. Keep captured men in neat rows, as well-tended prisoners. Never announce “Check” with vanity, lest someone with an unseen sword slit your throat. Never hurl pieces into the sandbox after you have lost a game, because then you must find them again, by yourself, after apologizing to all around you. By the end of the summer, Lau Po had taught me all he knew, and I had become a better chess player.

A small weekend crowd of Chinese people and tourists would gather as I played and defeated my opponents one by one. My mother would join the crowds during these outdoor exhibition games. She sat proudly on the bench, telling my admirers with proper Chinese humility, “Is luck.”
A man who watched me play in the park suggested that my mother allow me to play in local chess tournaments. My mother smiled graciously, an answer that meant nothing. I desperately wanted to go, but I bit back my tongue. I knew she would not let me play among strangers. So as we walked home I said in a small voice that I didn’t want to play in the local tournament. They would have American rules. If I lost, I would bring shame on my family.

“Is shame you fall down nobody push you,” said my mother.

During my first tournament, my mother sat with me in the front row as I waited for my turn. I frequently bounced my legs to unstick them from the cold metal seat of the folding chair. When my name was called, I leapt up. My mother unwrapped something in her lap. It was her chang, a small tablet of red jade which held the sun’s fire. “Is luck,” she whispered, and tucked it into my dress pocket. I turned to my opponent, a fifteen-year-old boy from Oakland. He looked at me, wrinkling his nose.

As I began to play, the boy disappeared, the color ran out of the room, and I saw only my white pieces and his black ones waiting on the other side. A light wind began blowing past my ears. It whispered secrets only I could hear.

“Blow from the South,” it murmured. “The wind leaves no trail.” I saw a clear path, the traps to avoid. The crowd rustled. “Shhh! Shhh!” said the corners of the room. The wind blew stronger. “Throw sand from the East to distract him.” The knight came forward ready for the sacrifice. The wind hissed, louder and louder. “Blow, blow, blow. He cannot see. He is blind now. Make him lean away from the wind so he is easier to knock down.”
“Check,” I said, as the wind roared with laughter. The wind died down to little puffs, my own breath.

* * *

My mother placed my first trophy next to a new plastic chess set that the neighborhood Tao society had given to me. As she wiped each piece with a soft cloth, she said, “Next time win more, lose less.” “Ma, it’s not how many pieces you lose,” I said. “Sometimes you need to lose pieces to get ahead.”

“Better to lose less, see if you really need.”

At the next tournament, I won again, but it was my mother who wore the triumphant grin.

“Lost eight piece this time. Last time was eleven. What I tell you? Better off lose less!” I was annoyed, but I couldn’t say anything.

I attended more tournaments, each one farther away from home. I won all games, in all divisions. The Chinese bakery downstairs from our flat displayed my growing collection of trophies in its window, amidst the dust-covered cakes that were never picked up. The day after I won an important regional tournament, the window encased a fresh sheet cake with whipped-cream frosting and red script saying, “Congratulations, Waverly Jong, Chinatown Chess Champion.”

Soon after that, a flower shop, headstone engraver, and funeral parlor offered to sponsor me in national tournaments. That’s when my mother decided I no longer had to do the dishes. Winston and Vincent had to do my chores.

“Why does she get to play and we do all the work,” complained Vincent.

“Is new American rules,” said my mother. “Meimei play, squeeze all her brains out for win chess. You play, worth squeeze towel.”

By my ninth birthday, I was a national chess champion. I was still some 429 points away from grand-master status, but I was touted as the Great American Hope, a child prodigy and a girl to boot. They ran a photo of me in Life magazine next to a quote in which Bobby Fischer said, “There will never be a woman grand master.” “Your move, Bobby,” said the caption.

The day they took the magazine picture I wore neatly plaited braids clipped with plastic barrettes trimmed with rhinestones. I was playing in a large high school auditorium that echoed with phlegmy coughs and the squeaky rubber knobs of chair legs sliding across freshly waxed wooden floors. Seated across from me was an American man, about the same age as Lau Po, maybe fifty. I remember that his sweaty brow seemed to weep at my every move. He wore a dark, malodorous suit. One of his pockets was stuffed with

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3. **Check** term in chess meaning a player’s king is in danger.
a great white kerchief on which he wiped his palm before sweeping
his hand over the chosen chess piece with great flourish.

In my crisp pink-and-white dress with scratchy lace at the neck,
one of two my mother had sewn for these special occasions, I would
clap my hands under my chin, the delicate points of my elbows
poised lightly on the table in the manner my mother had shown
me for posing for the press. I would swing my patent leather shoes
back and forth like an impatient child riding on a school bus. Then I
would pause, suck in my lips, twirl my chosen piece in midair as if
undecided, and then firmly plant it in its new threatening place, with
a triumphant smile thrown back at my opponent for good measure.

* * *

I no longer played in the alley of Waverly Place. I never visited
the playground where the pigeons and old men gathered. I went
to school, then directly home to learn new chess secrets, cleverly
concealed advantages, more escape routes.

But I found it difficult to concentrate at home. My mother had a
habit of standing over me while I plotted out my games. I think she
thought of herself as my protective ally. Her lips would be sealed
tight, and after each move I made, a soft “Hmmmmph” would escape
from her nose.

“Ma, I can’t practice when you stand there like that,” I said one
day. She retreated to the kitchen and made loud noises with the pots
and pans. When the crashing stopped, I could see out of the corner of
my eye that she was standing in the doorway. “Hmmmph!” Only this
one came out of her tight throat.

My parents made many concessions to allow me to practice. One
time I complained that the bedroom I shared was so noisy that I
couldn’t think. Thereafter, my brothers slept in a bed in the living
room facing the street. I said I couldn’t finish my rice; my head didn’t work right
when my stomach was too full. I left the table with half-finished bowls and nobody
complained. But there was one duty I

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One day, after we left a shop I said under my breath, “I wish you
wouldn’t do that, telling everybody I’m your daughter.” My mother
stopped walking. Crowds of people with heavy bags pushed past us
on the sidewalk, bumping into first one shoulder, then another.
“Aiii-ya. So shame be with mother?” She grasped my hand even tighter as she glared at me.

I looked down. “It’s not that, it’s just so obvious. It’s just so embarrassing.”

“Embarrass you be my daughter?” Her voice was cracking with anger.

“That’s not what I meant. That’s not what I said.”

“What you say?”

I knew it was a mistake to say anything more, but I heard my voice speaking. “Why do you have to use me to show off? If you want to show off, then why don’t you learn to play chess.”

My mother’s eyes turned into dangerous black slits. She had no words for me, just sharp silence.

I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears. I jerked my hand out of my mother’s tight grasp and spun around, knocking into an old woman. Her bag of groceries spilled to the ground.

“Aii-ya! Stupid girl!” my mother and the woman cried. Oranges and tin cans careened down the sidewalk. As my mother stooped to help the old woman pick up the escaping food, I took off.

I raced down the street, dashing between people, not looking back as my mother screamed shrilly, “Meimei! Meimei!” I fled down an alley, past dark curtained shops and merchants washing the grime off their windows. I sped into the sunlight, into a large street crowded with tourists examining trinkets and souvenirs. I ducked into another dark alley, down another street, up another alley. I ran until it hurt and I realized I had nowhere to go, that I was not running from anything. The alleys contained no escape routes.

My breath came out like angry smoke. It was cold. I sat down on an upturned plastic pail next to a stack of empty boxes, cupping my chin with my hands, thinking hard. I imagined my mother, first walking briskly down one street or another looking for me, then giving up and returning home to await my arrival. After two hours, I stood up on creaking legs and slowly walked home.

The alley was quiet and I could see the yellow lights shining from our flat like two tiger’s eyes in the night. I climbed the sixteen steps to the door, advancing quietly up each so as not to make any warning sounds. I turned the knob; the door was locked. I heard a chair moving, quick steps, the locks turning—click! click! click!—and then the door opened.

“About time you got home,” said Vincent. “Boy, are you in trouble.”

He slid back to the dinner table. On a platter were the remains of a large fish, its fleshy head still connected to bones swimming upstream in vain escape. Standing there waiting for my punishment, I heard my mother speak in a dry voice.

“We not concerning this girl. This girl not have concerning for us.”

Nobody looked at me. Bone chopsticks clinked against the insides of bowls being emptied into hungry mouths.
I walked into my room, closed the door, and lay down on my bed. The room was dark, the ceiling filled with shadows from the dinnertime lights of neighboring flats.

In my head, I saw a chessboard with sixty-four black and white squares. Opposite me was my opponent, two angry black slits. She wore a triumphant smile. “Strongest wind cannot be seen,” she said.

Her black men advanced across the plane, slowly marching to each successive level as a single unit. My white pieces screamed as they scurried and fell off the board one by one. As her men drew closer to my edge, I felt myself growing light. I rose up into the air and flew out the window. Higher and higher, above the alley, over the tops of tiled roofs, where I was gathered up by the wind and pushed up toward the night sky until everything below me disappeared and I was alone.

I closed my eyes and pondered my next move.

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Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. How does Waverly first obtain a chess set?

2. What advice does Waverly’s mother give her about finding out “why” important things are done?

3. Why does Waverly become angry with her mother at the market?

4. Notebook Write a summary of the story to check your understanding.

RESEARCH

Research to Explore Choose an aspect of the story to research. For example, you may want to learn more about chess or San Francisco’s Chinatown.
Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?

**Analyze the Text**

**Notebook** Complete the activities.

1. **Review and Clarify** With your group, reread paragraphs 1–3 and 76–77 of “Rules of the Game.” What does the image of the “strongest wind” represent to you? Why does Tan return to the “strongest wind” image at the end of the story? Explain.

2. **Present and Discuss** Now, work with your group to share other key passages from the story. Discuss parts of the text that you found to be most meaningful, as well as questions you asked and the conclusions you reached as a result of reading those passages.

3. **Essential Question:** *What does it mean to be “American”?* What has this selection taught you about American identity? Discuss this idea with your group.

**Concept Vocabulary**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>deftly</th>
<th>relented</th>
<th>plotted</th>
<th>concessions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Why These Words?** The four concept vocabulary words are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas, and add another word that fits the category.

**Practice**

**Notebook** Use a dictionary to confirm the definitions for the concept vocabulary words. Then, write a sentence using each of the words. How did the concept vocabulary words make your sentences more vivid?

**Word Study**

**Connotation and Denotation** The **denotation** of a word is its literal dictionary definition. The same word may also have a **connotation**, a suggested meaning that evokes either positive or negative feelings. In “Rules of the Game,” for example, Waverly is described as **plotting** out her games. The word **plotting** has overtones of a dark conspiracy. Its connotation is more negative than the neutral word **planning**. Find two other words in the text, and describe their connotative meanings.
Analyze Craft and Structure

**Complex Characters** In the best stories, the main characters are interesting and **complex**, or well-rounded. You can identify complex characters in the following ways:

- They show multiple or even contradictory **traits**, or qualities.
- They struggle with conflicting **motivations**, or reasons for acting as they do.
- They change or learn something important by the end of the story.

**Characters Advance Plot** As characters interact with one another and struggle to overcome problems, their choices move the story along. A character’s action—or decision **not** to take action—can lead to new plot developments and may intensify the conflict, heightening tension or suspense in the story.

**Characters Develop Theme** A character’s struggles with a conflict can teach a general lesson. In this way, characters help develop a story’s **theme**—the central insight that it conveys. As you read a short story, pay close attention to the ways that characters change and to the lessons that they learn. These details will point you toward the story’s theme.

Find your own examples in “Rules of the Game” where the author builds characters. Identify each character’s traits, motivations, and actions, and interpret how these details help to establish theme.

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**Practice**

**Notebook** Work with your group to complete the following activities.

1. Use the chart to identify at least two conflicts Waverly and her mother face. For each conflict, explain how the character responds and the reasons for her responses.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHARACTER</th>
<th>CONFLICTS</th>
<th>CHARACTER’S RESPONSE</th>
<th>CHARACTER’S MOTIVATIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Waverly</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Jong</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. *(a)* Cite at least two ways in which Waverly’s actions or reactions change the situation and move the plot forward. *(b)* Do the same for Mrs. Jong.

3. Do Waverly and Mrs. Jong change or grow as a result of their experiences? If so, in what ways? If not, why?

4. *(a)* What central ideas do Waverly and her mother’s conflict emphasize? *(b)* What insights about life or the human condition does the story express?
Conventions

Participles and Participle Phrases A participle is a verb form that acts as an adjective. The present participle of a verb ends in -ing (frightening, entertaining). The past participle of a regular verb ends in -ed (frightened, entertained). The past participle of an irregular verb may have any of a variety of endings, such as -t (burnt) or -en (written).

A participial phrase consists of a participle and its objects, complements, or modifiers, all acting together as an adjective. A participial phrase may either precede or follow the word it modifies.

In the chart, participles are italicized, participial phrases are highlighted, and the nouns or pronouns they modify are underlined.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SENTENCE</th>
<th>HOW PHRASE FUNCTIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Exhausted by the arduous climb, we rested by the side of the trail.</td>
<td>modifies the subject</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The movers carefully unloaded the van packed with antiques.</td>
<td>modifies the direct object</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosa handed the woman wearing the gray suit her application.</td>
<td>modifies the indirect object</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The hallways were clogged with students going to class.</td>
<td>modifies the object of the preposition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Pace is a scientist known for her work in aeronautics.</td>
<td>modifies the subject complement</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Read It

Work individually. Mark the participial phrase in each of these sentences from “Rules of the Game,” and write the word it modifies. When you have finished, compare your responses with those of your team.

1. We lived on Waverly Place, in a warm, clean, two-bedroom flat that sat above a small Chinese bakery specializing in steamed pastries and dim sum.

2. “Little sister, been a long time since I play with dolls,” he said, smiling benevolently.

3. I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears.

4. Her black men advanced across the plane, slowly marching to each successive level as a single unit.

Write It

Notebook Work individually. Write a short paragraph about “Rules of the Game,” using two participial phrases. Mark the participial phrases, and identify the words they are modifying.
Assignments

With your group, present a scene that further develops characters and events Amy Tan describes in "Rules of the Game." Assign roles to members of your group, rehearse, and then perform your scene in front of the class. You may develop one of the following options or pick an alternative your group prefers.

- Waverly confronts her mother about what happened on the street.
- Waverly meets Bobby Fischer after he says there will never be a female grand master.
- Waverly and Lau Po have a phone conversation in which she thanks him for influencing her and tells him about an achievement that he inspired.

Project Plan

Make a list of tasks that your group will need to carry out. Write a script for your scene, and obtain any props you may need.

Practice

Practice your scene before you present it to your class. Include the following performance techniques to achieve the desired effect.

- Speak clearly and comfortably without rushing.
- Use your voice in a way that reflects your character’s emotions and situation. Vary your tone and pitch and avoid speaking in a flat, monotonous style.
- Make sure your body language is appropriate for the character and is neither too limited nor too exaggerated.

Evaluate Scenes

Use a presentation evaluation guide like the one shown to analyze your classmates’ scenes.

EVIDENCE LOG

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from "Rules of the Game."

STANDARDS

SL.9–10.4b Plan, memorize, and present a recitation that conveys the meaning of the selection and includes appropriate performance techniques to achieve the desired aesthetic effect.
About the Author

Camille Dungy (b. 1972) often moved during her childhood because her father taught medicine at different schools around the country. Dungy studied English at Stanford University and became a poet and professor. Her poems have been published widely and have won several awards. Her interest in social issues and nature led her to edit a collection of African American poets and their writings on nature.

The Writing on the Wall

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of “The Writing on the Wall,” you will encounter these words.

- memento
- composed
- inscribed

Context Clues If these words are unfamiliar to you, try using context clues. There are various types of context clues that you may encounter.

- Similarity of Ideas: The ineffective laws revealed the futility of the fight against oppression.
- Restatement of Ideas: Once the rations were apportioned, the men had to live on their share of the food.
- Contrast of Ideas: Once the refugees emigrated from their war-torn country, they settled in a new home in a peaceful land.

Apply your knowledge of context clues and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Review NONFICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4.a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or a phrase.
BACKGROUND

Between 1882 and 1943, the United States severely restricted the number of immigrants from Asia who were allowed to enter the country. Many people wanted to move from Asia to America, and many whose families had come to the United States before 1882 wanted to visit China and then return to the United States. As a result of the restrictions, many travelers between Asia and the United States encountered delays and difficulties.

1. “Over a hundred poems are on the walls. Looking at them, they are all pining at the delayed progress. What can one sad person say to another? Unfortunate travelers everywhere wish to commiserate . . .”

(Island: Poetry and History of Chinese Immigrants on Angel Island, 1910–1940, Eds Him Mark Lai, Genny Lim, and Judy Yung)

Imagine you have traveled on a ship from China to America. Imagine it is sometime between 1910 and 1940, and you may or may not know the man who you will call your father when you arrive in the new country whose language you likely do not know. Imagine that when you arrive you are not admitted to the country you’ve traveled so far and paid so dearly to reach, but instead you are taken to an island in the middle of one of the world’s 10 largest bays. It’s called Angel Island, but you may not know that. All you might know is that you have been ushered into a room filled with perhaps

1. pining v. wasting away, as if in ill health.
250 other men. You will not know that men from as many as 80 other countries have suffered the same fate as you, but you will know that the women and small children are kept in another building, that the Asian men are separated from the European men, that the European men received comparably better treatment than the Asian men, and that though you can see Oakland through the window of the wooden building you do not know if you will ever walk its streets. The air on the island is by turns foggy and cool and salty and warm. There are moss roses and fragrant stands of eucalyptus. You might call it beautiful, but you are a detainee, not a vacationer, and you are very far from any place that you could call home. Imagine if, in these circumstances, lying in bunks stacked three high and 6 deep, you glanced at the wooden walls around you and saw poems.

“On a long voyage I traveled across the sea.
Feeding on wind and sleeping on dew, I tasted hardships.
Even though Su Wu was detained among the barbarians,
he would one day return home.
When he encountered a snow storm, Wengong sighed,
thinking of bygone years.
In days of old, heroes underwent many ordeals.
I am, in the end, a man whose goal is unfulfilled.
Let this be an expression of the torment which fills my belly.
Leave this as a memento to encourage fellow souls.”

Imagine you saw not just one poem written on or etched into the walls, but hundreds. Imagine nearly every inch of available wall space was taken up by a poem, and there was only a little space left. Imagine you were one of the most educated men in your village, the man on whom several families had penned their hopes. Imagine you had little but a knife or a pen and your calligraphy was beautiful. Would you take the opportunity to add a new poem to that wall?

“. . . Do not treat these words as idle words.
Why not let them deport you back to China?
You will find some work and endure to earn a couple of meals.”

What I am describing is not fantasy. What I am describing was the reality for hundreds of Chinese immigrants who sought entry into America through the immigration station in the San Francisco Bay. If an immigrant’s papers were in order, they could go straight away into their new lives in America. But if there were health concerns or irregularities with papers, if the would-be immigrant suffered the fate of so many as a result of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, they were sent to a detention center on Angel Island, in the middle of the Bay. Held there for 2 days, 2 weeks, 2 months, and in one case as long as 2 years, many of these would-be immigrants took to writing on the walls.
These were not just idle scribbles. The Chinese immigrants, in particular, raised with a tradition of public poetry, composed carefully crafted verses that drew on Classical traditions, forms, and allusions. There is often little way to know whether a poem was written in 1910 or 1935, the poems these men wrote would stand the test of time.

“The insects chirp outside the four walls.
The inmates often sigh.
Thinking of affairs back home,
Unconscious tears wet my lapel.”

The poem above may well reference a poem written in the 6th century AD. The first poem I copied references a poet who wrote in the 8th century AD. The poets held at the Angel Island Immigration Station were partaking of a centuries-old tradition, creating a camaraderie far beyond the confines of the walls they found themselves isolated inside. Likely separated from friends and family by thousands of miles and piles of bureaucracy, these writers turned to the ancient tradition of public poetry to reconstruct their sense of self.

“The west wind ruffles my thin gauze clothing.
On the hill sits a tall building with a room of wooden planks.
I wish I could travel on a cloud far away, reunite my wife and son.
When the moonlight shines on me alone, the night seems even longer.
At the head of the bed there is wine and my heart is constantly drunk.
There is no flower beneath my pillow and my dreams are not sweet.
To whom can I confide my innermost feelings?
I rely solely on close friends to relieve my loneliness.”

Here is a picture of San Francisco State University Professor Charles Egan pointing at the poem quoted above. Here we are, at least 60 years after this poem was penned, with a man from a different country, reading this lonely man’s words and sharing them with people who have come to read them.

In the early 1940s the administration building of the Angel Island Immigration burned, and the facilities were turned over to the Army for the war.

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2. **lapel** (luh PEHL) n. fold of the front of a coat underneath the collar.
3. **camaraderie** (kom uh ROD uh ree) n. friendship or fellowship
4. **bureaucracy** (byu ROK ruh see) n. inflexible routines related to government.
effort. The buildings were painted again, and after the war the barracks were deserted for years. Eventually derelict, there was talk of selling the whole island off as Army surplus. There was talk of letting local fire departments use all the island’s buildings for practice. (This was the fate of several of the Julia Morgan designed employee cottages), but for the male detainee’s barracks, poetry once again came to save the day.

Look at this picture and notice how difficult it might be to spot the poetry.

Park superintendent Roy McNamee shines a light on a poem written on a wall of the barracks.

If you didn’t know what you were looking for, you might miss it entirely. I’m reminded of a Lucille Clifton poem, “mulberry fields,” in which she talks about a similar problem.

“They say that the rocks were shaped
some of them scratched with triangles and other forms they
must have been trying to invent some new language they say”

In the case of the Angel Island Detention Center, as in the case of the Clifton poem, the language, actually “marked an old tongue.” But it was years before many people recognized what was being said and why it mattered.

Or, I should say in the case of the detention center that it was years before anyone who was not being directly addressed recognized the language and understood why it mattered. Because so many of the poets actually spoke to each other in their “posts,” we know that the poems mattered to the people to whom they were addressed at the time. Eventually someone else saw the value as well. Someone walked through the detention center and recognized the language, recognized the poems on the wall, the hundreds of poems that documented the lives of nearly 175,000 people. Once the need inscribed on those walls was translated, efforts began to preserve the detention center and to give the Angel Island Detention Center a place of honor in a newly created State Park. Now this world
history record is preserved and available for viewing. Scholars are researching the poems, and people and poets like me, who need to believe in the power of poetry to speak beyond the here and now, can stand in front of those walls and understand the power of poetry: to calm, to communicate, to commiserate, and to conserve.

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. Who was sent to Angel Island and under what circumstances?

2. Why were the poems inscribed on the walls at Angel Island so hard to see?

3. According to the writer, how will preservation of the Angel Island Detention Center poetry benefit her as a poet?

4. Notebooks Write a summary of the text to confirm your understanding.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the blog post?

Research to Explore Further explore an aspect of the text that you find interesting. For example, you might want to learn more about the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882.
Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?

Analyze the Text

**Notebook** Complete the activities.

1. **Review and Clarify** With your group, reread the poem in paragraph 3 of the selection. How do you interpret this poem? How does the speaker compare with the heroes of the past?

2. **Present and Discuss** Now, work with your group to share the passages from the text that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you notice in the text, the questions you asked, and the conclusions you reached.

3. **Essential Question:** What **does it mean to be** “American”? What have you learned about American identity from reading this text? Discuss with your group.

**Concept Vocabulary**

**memento** | **composed** | **inscribed**

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas, and add another word that fits the category.

Practice

**Notebook** Use a print or online dictionary to confirm the definitions of the three concept vocabulary words. Write a sentence using each of the words. How did the concept vocabulary words make your sentences more vivid? Discuss.

**Word Study**

**Latin Root:** -**mem**- The word *memento* comes from Latin and contains the root -**mem**-, which means “to remember.” In fact, the word *remember* itself was also formed from this root. Identify two other words that were formed from the root -**mem**-. Write the words and their definitions.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Informative Text Many blog posts, including “The Writing on the Wall,” are essentially essays that are posted online. Like all effective essays, this blog post expresses a central idea, the main idea the author wants readers to understand. The author develops and refines the central idea by explaining it and making connections to other, related ideas. Pieces of information that illustrate, expand on, or prove an author’s ideas are called supporting details. These are some types of supporting details:

- **Facts**: information that can be proved true
- **Statistics**: numbers used to compare groups of people or things
- **Examples**: specific cases of a general concept
- **Descriptions**: details that tell what something looks like, feels like, and so on
- **Reasons**: logical claims that justify a belief
- **Expert opinions**: comments of people with special knowledge

An essay may not include every type of supporting detail, but most writers try to include a variety. Doing so makes a text more interesting and convincing.

Practice

Work individually to complete the activities. Then, discuss your responses with your group.

1. (a) At what point in “The Writing on the Wall” does Dungy state her central idea?

   (b) In your own words, restate that idea.

2. Use the chart to identify one or more examples from the text of each type of detail listed. Explain how the detail develops or refines the central idea.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUPPORTING DETAIL</th>
<th>HOW IT DEVELOPS OR REFINES CENTRAL IDEA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Description</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Example</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fact</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reasons</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Author’s Style

**Word Choice** Both poems and prose are enhanced by the use of sound devices, such as **alliteration**, **assonance**, and **consonance**. The use of sound devices may emphasize meaning, create a particular mood, or express **tone**—the author’s attitude toward the subject or audience.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOUND DEVICE</th>
<th>DEFINITION</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>alliteration</td>
<td>repetition of first consonant sound in stressed syllables of consecutive or nearby words</td>
<td>• <em>The snake sneak</em>ed past the <em>snail</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>assonance</td>
<td>repetition of vowel sounds within consecutive or nearby words</td>
<td>• <em>The green lea</em>aves fluttered in the <em>breeze</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>consonance</td>
<td>repetition of internal or ending consonant sounds within consecutive or nearby words</td>
<td>• <em>The king sang a rous</em>ing song.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Read It**

Work individually. Find examples of alliteration, assonance, and consonance in “The Writing on the Wall.” You may consider both Dungy’s prose and the poetry examples she cites. Then, discuss with your group how each example emphasizes meaning or helps to convey a specific tone.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOUND DEVICE</th>
<th>EXAMPLE FROM “THE WRITING ON THE WALL”</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>alliteration</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>assonance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>consonance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Write It**

**Notebook** Write a paragraph in which you use one example each of alliteration, assonance, and consonance.
Research

Assignment
With your group, conduct research using a variety of sources and prepare a digital presentation. Gather relevant visual evidence to strengthen your presentation. Choose from the following topics:

- **Angel Island** Research the Angel Island Immigration Station. Find maps, photos, records, blueprints, and other items to give your audience an understanding of exactly where the station was and what it was like. Make sure your presentation addresses questions such as: Who exactly was brought to Angel Island? Were all inmates immigrants? Where were the groups (Europeans, women and children, Asians) each housed and under what conditions did they live?

- **Poetry** The poems of Angel Island are said to follow the classic style of well-known Chinese poets. Research one or two of these poets and compare their work with that of one of the poets on Angel Island. Classic poets to investigate include Li Bai, Tu Fu, and Wang Wei.

- **Chinese Immigration** Research Chinese immigration to the United States from 1910 to 1940. How many Chinese immigrants arrived? What were the common reasons that most of these immigrants came to San Francisco? How did their motivations and expectations influence the poetry at Angel Island?

**Finding Materials** Your presentation may include photos, video, and audio as well as text. Use the Internet and other sources to obtain these materials.

**Presentation Plan** Work with your group to plan your presentation. Try out different approaches and ideas. Take notes to mark down which ideas work best. Use the chart to plan your presentation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VISUALS</th>
<th>NOTES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VISUAL 1:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VISUAL 2:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VISUAL 3:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VISUAL 4:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
About the Author

Firoozeh Dumas (b. 1966) split her childhood between Iran, the country of her birth, and California. Her father loved to tell stories of his life, and she decided to tell stories, too. She originally wrote her first book, Funny in Farsi, for her children. It was published in 2003 and became a bestseller. Today, Dumas travels throughout the world spreading a message of humor and shared humanity.

With a Little Help From My Friends

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of “With a Little Help From My Friends,” you will encounter these words.

- proximity
- correspondents
- interpreter

Base Words

If these words are unfamiliar to you, see whether they contain a base word you know. Use your knowledge of the “inside” word, along with context, to determine the meaning. Here is an example of how to apply the strategy.

Unfamiliar Word: translation

Familiar “Inside” Word: translate, with meanings including “convert words from one language to another language”

Context: The translation of the German author’s novel sold very well throughout the United States.

Conclusion: Translation is being used as a noun. It must mean “a work which has been translated, or converted from one language to another.”

Apply your knowledge of base words and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read NONFICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.

STANDARDS

RI.9–10.10 By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literary nonfiction in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4.a Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.
Once known as Persia, Iran is an oil-rich country in the Middle East. In 1953, the United States had helped to remove Iran’s government and to place a Shah, or king, in power. In 1972, when this excerpt begins, the Iranian government was still a monarchy led by the Shah. However, seven years later, during the Iranian Revolution of 1979, the country would undergo the political upheaval the author refers to in her first sentence. The Shah would be overthrown and replaced with a government that was unfriendly to the United States. Many Americans returned the hostility.

I was lucky to have come to America years before the political upheaval in Iran. The Americans we encountered were kind and curious, unafraid to ask questions and willing to listen. As soon as I spoke enough English to communicate, I found myself being interviewed nonstop by children and adults alike. My life became one long-running Oprah show, minus the free luxury accommodations in Chicago, and Oprah.

On the topic of Iran, American minds were tabulae rasae. Judging from the questions asked, it was clear that most Americans in 1972 had never heard of Iran. We did our best to educate. “You know Asia? Well, you go south at the Soviet Union and there we are.” Or we’d try

1. tabulae rasae (TAB yuh lee RAY see) n. blank slates, or minds free from preconceived ideas.
to be more bucolic, mentioning being south of the beautiful Caspian Sea, “where the famous caviar comes from.” Most people in Whittier did not know about the famous caviar and once we explained what it was, they’d scrunch up their faces. “Fish eggs?” they would say. “Gross.” We tried mentioning our proximity to Afghanistan or Iraq, but it was no use. Having exhausted our geographical clues, we would say, “You’ve heard of India, Japan, or China? We’re on the same continent.”

We had always known that ours is a small country and that America is very big. But even as a seven-year-old, I was surprised that so many Americans had never noticed us on the map. Perhaps it’s like driving a Yugo and realizing that the eighteen-wheeler can’t see you.

In Iran, geography is a requirement in every grade. Since the government issues textbooks, every student studies the same material in the same grade. In first-grade geography, I had to learn the shape of Iran and the location of its capital, Tehran. I had to memorize that we shared borders with Turkey, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iraq, and the USSR. I also knew that I lived on the continent of Asia.

None of the kids in Whittier, a city an hour outside of Los Angeles, ever asked me about geography. They wanted to know about more important things, such as camels. How many did we own back home? What did we feed them? Was it a bumpy ride? I always disappointed them by admitting that I had never seen a camel in my entire life. And as far as a ride goes, our Chevrolet was rather smooth. They reacted as if I had told them that there really was a person in the Mickey Mouse costume.

We were also asked about electricity, tents, and the Sahara. Once again, we disappointed, admitting that we had electricity, that we did not own a tent, and that the Sahara was on another continent. Intent to remedy the image of our homeland as backward, my father took it upon himself to enlighten Americans whenever possible. Any unsuspecting American who asked my father a question received, as a bonus, a lecture on the successful history of the petroleum industry in Iran. As my father droned on, I watched the faces of these kind Americans, who were undoubtedly making mental notes never to talk to a foreigner again.

My family and I wondered why Americans had such a mistaken image of Iran. We were offered a clue one day by a neighbor, who told us that he knew about Iran because he had seen Lawrence of Arabia. Whoever Lawrence was, we had never heard of him, we said. My father then explained that Iranians are an Indo-European people; we are not Arabs. We do, however, have two things in common with Saudi Arabia, he continued: “Islam and petroleum.” “Now, I

2. Yugo (YOO goh) small car manufactured in Yugoslavia.
3. USSR Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, name for a former country composed of 15 states, including Russia, that disbanded in 1991.
4. Lawrence of Arabia movie made in 1962 about a military officer in the Arabian Peninsula during World War I.
won’t bore you with religion,” he said, “but let me tell you about the petroleum industry.”

Another neighbor, a kindly old lady who taught me how to take care of indoor plants, asked whether we had many cats back home. My father, with his uncanny ability to forge friendships, said, “We don’t keep pets in our homes. They are dirty.” “But your cats are so beautiful!” our neighbor said. We had no idea what she was talking about. Seeing our puzzled expressions, she showed us a picture of a beautiful, longhaired cat. “It’s a Persian cat,” she said. That was news to us; the only cats we had ever seen back home were the mangy strays that ate scraps behind people’s houses. From that day, when I told people I was from Iran, I added “where Persian cats come from.” That impressed them.

I tried my best to be a worthy representative of my homeland, but, like a Hollywood celebrity relentlessly pursued by paparazzi, I sometimes got tired of the questions. I, however, never punched anybody with my fists; I used words. One boy at school had a habit of asking me particularly stupid questions. One day he inquired about camels, again. This time, perhaps foreshadowing a vocation in storytelling, I told him that, yes, we had camels, a one-hump and a two-hump. The one-hump belonged to my parents and the two-hump was our family station wagon. His eyes widened.

“Where do you keep them?” he asked.

“In the garage, of course,” I told him.

Having heard what he wanted to hear, he ran off to share his knowledge with the rest of the kids on the playground. He was very angry once he realized that I had fooled him, but at least he never asked me another question.

Often kids tried to be funny by chanting, “I ran to I-ran, I ran to I-ran.” The correct pronunciation, I always informed them, is “Ee-rahn.” “I ran” is a sentence, I told them, as in “I ran away from my geography lesson.”

Older boys often asked me to teach them “some bad words in your language.” At first, I politely refused. My refusal merely increased their determination, so I solved the problem by teaching them phrases like man kharam, which means “I’m an idiot.” I told them that what I was teaching them was so nasty that they would have to promise never to repeat it to anyone. They would then spend all of recess running around yelling, “I’m an idiot! I’m an idiot!” I never told them the truth. I figured that someday, somebody would.

But almost every person who asked us a question asked with kindness. Questions were often followed by suggestions of places to visit in California. At school, the same children who inquired about camels also shared their food with me. “I bet you’ve never tried an Oreo! Have one,” or “My mom just baked these peanut butter cookies and she sent you one.” Kids invited me to their houses to show me what their rooms looked like. On Halloween, one family brought over a costume, knowing that I would surely be the only
kid in the Halloween parade without one. If someone had been able to encapsulate the kindness of these second-graders in pill form, the pills would undoubtedly put many war correspondents out of business.

After almost two years in Whittier, my father’s assignment was completed and we had to return home. The last month of our stay, I attended one slumber party after another, all thrown in my honor. This avalanche of kindness did not make our impending departure any easier. Everyone wanted to know when we would come back to America. We had no answer, but we invited them all to visit us in Iran. I knew no one would ever take us up on our offer, because Iran was off the radar screen for most people. My friends considered visiting their grandmothers in Oregon to be a long trip, so visiting me in Iran was like taking a left turn at the next moon. It wasn’t going to happen. I didn’t know then that I would indeed be returning to America about two years later.

Between frenzied shopping trips to Sears to buy presents for our relatives back home, my mother spent her last few weeks giving gifts to our American friends. I had wondered why my mother had brought so many Persian handicrafts with her; now I knew. Everyone, from my teachers to the crossing guard to the Brownie leader to the neighbors, received something. “Dees eez from my county-ree. Es-pay-shay-ley for you,” she would explain. These handicrafts, which probably turned up in garage sales the following year, were received with tears and promises to write.

My mother was particularly sad to return to Iran. I had always assumed that she would be relieved to return to her family and to a land where she spoke the language and didn’t need me to act as her interpreter. But I realized later that even though my mother could not understand anything the crossing guard, Mrs. Popkin, said, she understood that this woman looked out for me. And she understood her smiles. Even though my mother never attended a Brownie meeting, she knew that the leader, Carrie’s mom, opened up her home to us every week and led us through all kinds of projects. No one paid her for this. And my mother knew that when it had been my turn to bring snacks for the class, one of the moms had stepped in and baked cupcakes. My best friend Connie’s older sister, Michele, had tried to teach me to ride a bike, and Heather’s mom, although single with two daughters, had hosted me overnight more times than I can remember. Even though I had been the beneficiary of all the attention, my mother, watching silently from a distance, had also felt the warmth of generosity and kindness. It was hard to leave.

When my parents and I get together today, we often talk about our first year in America. Even though thirty years have passed, our memories have not faded. We remember the kindness more than ever, knowing that our relatives who immigrated to this country after the Iranian Revolution did not encounter the same America. They saw
Americans who had bumper stickers on their cars that read “Iranians: Go Home” or “We Play Cowboys and Iranians.” The Americans they met rarely invited them to their houses. These Americans felt that they knew all about Iran and its people, and they had no questions, just opinions. My relatives did not think Americans were very kind.

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. How did most Americans treat Dumas and her family during their first year in the United States?

2. What surprised the young Dumas about Americans’ knowledge of geography?

3. What joke did Dumas play on boys who pestered her to teach them bad words in her native language?

4. According to Dumas, how did things change for Iranian immigrants to the United States after the Iranian Revolution?

5. Notebook Write a summary of the selection.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the memoir?

Research to Explore Choose something from the text that interested you, and formulate a research question.
Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. **Annotate** details that you notice. What **questions** do you have? What can you **conclude**?

**TIP**
**GROUP DISCUSSION**
If you do not fully understand a classmate’s comment, don’t hesitate to ask for clarification. Use a friendly and respectful tone when you ask.

**Analyze the Text**

**Notebook** Complete the activities.

1. **Review and Clarify** With your group, reread paragraphs 18–19 of “With a Little Help From My Friends.” What change in the attitude of Americans toward Iran did Dumas see in a few short years? How did Dumas feel about the change, and were her feelings justified?

2. **Present and Discuss** Now, work with your group to share the passages from the text that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you notice in the text, the questions you asked, and the conclusions you reached.

3. **Essential Question:** What does it mean to be “American”? What has this selection taught you about American identity? Discuss with your group.

**LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT**

**Concept Vocabulary**

| proximity | correspondents | interpreter |

**Why These Words?** The three concept vocabulary words are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas, and add another word that fits the category.

**Practice**

**Notebook** Use a print or online dictionary to confirm the definitions of the three concept vocabulary words. Write a sentence using each of the words. How did they make your sentences more vivid? Discuss.

**Word Study**

**Latin Prefix: inter-** The Latin prefix *inter-* begins the word *interpreter*, means “between” or “among.” For instance, an *international* agreement is an agreement between or among different nations.

Reread paragraph 1 of “With a Little Help From My Friends.” Mark the word that begins with the prefix *inter-*. Write the word here, and explain how the prefix *inter-* contributes to its meaning.
Analyze Craft and Structure

**Literary Nonfiction** *Autobiographical writing* is any type of nonfiction in which an author tells his or her own story. A full autobiography usually covers the author’s entire life or a large span of time. A *memoir*, by contrast, is a limited kind of autobiographical writing that focuses on one period or aspect of the writer’s life. Memoirs share these elements:

- written in first person, using the pronouns *I*, *me*, *we*, and *us*
- written in story form; may read like a work of fiction
- expresses the writer’s attitude and insights

Memoirs often show how the writer’s personal life intersects the **social and historical context**, or the circumstances of the time and place in which the story occurs. Aspects of the context include politics, language, values, beliefs, foods, customs, and traditions. In this memoir, Dumas expresses insights about the social and historical context of her childhood.

**Practice**

Work independently. Use the chart to identify details from the memoir that show each aspect of the social and historical context. Add a fifth category of your own. Then, discuss with your group how Dumas uses each detail to support an insight.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ASPECT OF THE CONTEXT</th>
<th>TEXTUAL DETAIL(S)</th>
<th>DUMAS’S INSIGHT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Politics</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foods</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Values or Beliefs</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Author’s Style

Humor Language that is used imaginatively rather than literally is called *figurative language*. Writers often use figurative language to make their ideas more vivid and rich. As figurative language involves surprising contrasts, writers also use it to make their writing funny. In this memoir, Dumas uses three types of figurative language—metaphor, simile, and hyperbole—to add zest and humor to her story.

A *metaphor* compares by describing one thing as if it were another.  
**Example:** My chores were a mountain waiting to be climbed.

A *simile* uses the word *like* or *as* to compare two unlike items.  
**Example:** Gerald is like a pesky housefly that keeps coming around again and again.

Hyperbole is a deliberate, extreme exaggeration.  
**Example:** The cake was ten stories tall.

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Read It

On your own, identify each type of figurative language from “With a Little Help From My Friends.” Then, share your work with your group.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EXAMPLE FROM THE TEXT</th>
<th>TYPE OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE</th>
<th>EFFECT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My life became one long-running Oprah show, minus the free luxury accommodations in Chicago, and Oprah. (paragraph 1)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I tried my best to be a worthy representative of my homeland, but, like a Hollywood celebrity relentlessly pursued by paparazzi, I sometimes got tired of the questions. (paragraph 9)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This avalanche of kindness did not make our impending departure any easier. (paragraph 16)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If someone had been able to encapsulate the kindness of these second-graders in pill form, the pills would undoubtedly put many war correspondents out of business. (paragraph 15)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Write It

**Notebook** Write a paragraph describing daily events in your school. Use at least one metaphor, simile, and hyperbole.
Writing to Sources

**Assignment**

Write an essay in which you interpret an important detail or quotation from the selection. Explain what the quote you chose means and how it adds to the portrait Dumas paints of herself as a child, her family, and their relationship to their community in California.

With your group, choose one of the following quotations:

- “After almost two years in Whittier, my father’s assignment was completed and we had to return home. The last month of our stay, I attended one slumber party after another, all thrown in my honor.”

- “They wanted to know about more important things, such as camels. How many did we own back home? What did we feed them? Was it a bumpy ride?”

- “We remember the kindness more than ever, knowing that our relatives who immigrated to this country after the Iranian Revolution did not encounter the same America.”

**Writing Plan**  Consider the steps of the writing process—planning/prewriting, drafting, revising, and editing. Discuss options for organizing the work of group writing. For example, you may plan and prewrite as a group, but then have one person draft the essay, another revise it, and another edit. Alternatively, you may choose to have all group members write first drafts and then organize the various versions into a single, finished piece. Find the best way to make sure that all group members contribute equally and that you create a polished essay.

As a group, choose the quote you will write about. Then, brainstorm for ideas you will include in your essay. Use the chart to record your notes.

**Brainstorming and Discussion Notes**

Chosen Quote: __________________________

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHAT THE QUOTE SHOWS ABOUT...</th>
<th>EXPLANATION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dumas as a child:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dumas’s parents:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The relationship of Dumas and her family to their community in California:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EVIDENCE LOG**

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “With a Little Help From My Friends.”

**STANDARDS**

W.9–10.2 Write informative/explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information through the selection, organization, and analysis of relevant content.

W.9–10.2b Develop the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples.
POETRY COLLECTION

Morning Talk

Immigrant Picnic

Concept Vocabulary
As you perform your first read, you will encounter these words.

chirruped  teased  pipes

Context Clues  To find the meaning of unfamiliar words, look for context clues, or other words and phrases in nearby text. There are several different types of context clues.

Definition: The word is clearly defined in the text.
Example: Rick was surprised that he liked ornithology so much. He did not expect the study of birds to be so interesting.

Contrast: A word or phrase signaling a contrast appears near the word.
Example: Simone’s room is pristine, but Olivia’s room is disorganized and messy.

Synonym: A word with a similar meaning appears nearby.
Example: It is a pleasure to teach these students because they are so insightful and perceptive.

Apply your knowledge of context clues and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read POETRY
Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.

STANDARDS
RL.9–10.10  By the end of grade 9, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 9–10 text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.9–10.4  Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on grades 9–10 reading and content, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.
About the Poets

**Roberta Hill Whiteman** (b. 1947) is a nationally recognized poet, scholar, and member of the Oneida Nation of Wisconsin. Born in Baraboo, Wisconsin, Hill holds an MFA in Creative Writing and a PhD in American Studies. Her doctoral dissertation centered on her grandmother, and inspiration, Dr. Lillie Rose Minoka, one of the first Native American physicians. Hill’s work draws on her experience as a Native American woman and on Oneida history. In addition to two critically acclaimed poetry collections, she has written a biography of her grandmother.

**Gregory Djanikian** (b. 1949) moved from his birthplace of Alexandria, Egypt, to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, when he was eight years old. He became interested in writing poetry while studying English at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now Director of Creative Writing at his alma mater. He has published six volumes of poetry, which often deal with family, culture, and the ways immigrants to America enrich the English language. He believes that “poetry is a communication between people on the most intense level, even if it’s only between two people—writer and reader.”

Backgrounds

**Morning Talk**

The songbird commonly referred to as the North American “robin” is actually a thrush. It was named “robin” by the Europeans who settled the Americas because it looks like the European robin. The two birds are not actually related. These facts play a key role in this poem.

**Immigrant Picnic**

This poem is full of wordplay, including puns and malapropisms, that is both funny and pointed. *Puns* are jokes that play on differences in the meanings of words with similar sounds. *Malapropisms* involve the mistaken use of a wrong word that shares similar pronunciation with the right word—for example, “a hypodermic question,” rather than “a hypothetical question.”
Morning Talk

Roberta Hill Whiteman
“Hi, guy,” said I to a robin
perched on a pole in the middle
of the garden. Pink and yellow
firecracker zinnias, rough green
leaves of broccoli,
and deep red tomatoes on dying stems
frame his still presence.

“I’ve heard you’re not
THE REAL ROBIN. Bird watchers have
agreed,” I said. “THE REAL ROBIN
lives in England. They claim
you are misnamed and that we ought
to call you ‘a red-breasted thrush’
because you are
indigenous.”

He fluffed up. “Am I not
jis ko ko?”* he cried, “that persistent
warrior who carries warmth
northward every spring?”
He seemed so young, his red belly
a bit light and his wings, still
faded brown. He watched me
untangling the hose to water squash.

“Look who’s talking!” he chirruped.

“Your people didn’t come
from Europe or even India.
The turtles say you’re a relative
to red clay on this great island.”
Drops of crystal water
sparkled on the squash.

“Indigenous!” he teased
as he flew by.

* jis ko ko (jihs koh koh) Iroquoian name for “robin.”
Immigrant Picnic

Gregory Djanikian
It’s the Fourth of July, the flags are painting the town, the plastic forks and knives are laid out like a parade.

And I’m grilling, I’ve got my apron, I’ve got potato salad, macaroni, relish, I’ve got a hat shaped like the state of Pennsylvania.

I ask my father what’s his pleasure and he says, “Hot dog, medium rare,” and then, “Hamburger, sure, what’s the big difference,” as if he’s really asking.

I put on hamburgers and hot dogs, slice up the sour pickles and Bermudas, uncap the condiments. The paper napkins are fluttering away like lost messages.

“You’re running around,” my mother says, “like a chicken with its head loose.”

“Ma,” I say, “you mean cut off, loose and cut off being as far apart as, say, son and daughter.”

She gives me a quizzical look as though I’ve been caught in some impropriety.

“I love you and your sister just the same,” she says, “Sure,” my grandmother pipes in, “you’re both our children, so why worry?”

That’s not the point I begin telling them, and I’m comparing words to fish now, like the ones in the sea at Port Said, or like birds among the date palms by the Nile, unrepentantly elusive, wild

---

1. Bermudas sweet onions grown on the island of Bermuda.
2. Port Said (sah EED) city in northeast Egypt.
3. Nile river in northeast Africa, considered the longest in the world.
“Sonia,” my father says to my mother,  
“What the hell is he talking about?”

“He’s on a ball,” my mother says.

“That’s roll!” I say, throwing up my hands,  
“as in hot dog, hamburger, dinner roll...”

“And what about roll out the barrels?” my mother asks,  
and my father claps his hands, “Why sure,” he says,  
“let’s have some fun,” and launches  
into a polka, twirling my mother  
around and around like the happiest top,  
and my uncle is shaking his head, saying  
“You could grow nuts listening to us,”

and I’m thinking of pistachios in the Sinai,  
burgeoning without end,  
pecans in the South, the jumbled  
flavor of them suddenly in my mouth,  
wordless, confusing,  
crowding out everything else.

4. Sinai (SY ny) triangular peninsula in Egypt.
Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

MORNING TALK
1. According to the speaker, what have bird watchers agreed?

2. According to the robin, where did the speaker’s people come from?

IMMIGRANT PICNIC
1. On what day does the picnic take place?

2. What type of food is the speaker thinking of at the end of the poem?

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from one of the poems. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you found shed light on an aspect of the poem?

Research to Explore These poems may spark your curiosity to learn more. Briefly research a topic that interests you. You may want to share what you discover with your group.
Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Annotate details that you notice. What questions do you have? What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

Notebook Complete the activities.

1. Review and Clarify With your group, reread lines 45–50 of “Immigrant Picnic.” What recognition is the poet making when he compares words to nuts? Explain.

2. Present and Discuss Share with your group the passages from the texts that you found important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you noticed in the text, the questions you asked, and the conclusions you reached.

3. Essential Question: What does it mean to be “American”? What have these poems taught you about American identity? Discuss this question with your group.

Concept Vocabulary

chirruped teased pipes

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas, and add another word that fits the category.

Practice

Notebook Use a dictionary to confirm the definitions of the three concept vocabulary words. Write a sentence using each of the words. Be sure to use context clues that hint at each word’s meaning.

Word Study

Multiple-Meaning Words Some words in English have multiple meanings, or more than one distinct definition. For example, the word pipes, which appears in “Immigrant Picnic,” has several different meanings. Write the meaning of pipes as the poet uses it. Then, write another definition of the word. Finally, find two other multiple-meaning words. Write down the words and two of their definitions.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Poetic Structures  The basic structures of poetry are lines and stanzas. A line is a group of words arranged in a row. A line of poetry may break, or end, in different ways.

- An end-stopped line is one in which both the grammatical structure and sense are complete at the end of the line. It may include punctuation, such as a comma or period. Example: *How do I love thee?/ Let me count the ways.*

- A run-on, or enjambed, line is one in which both the grammatical structure and sense continue past the end of the line. Example: *I love thee to the depth and breadth and height / My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight / For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.*

A stanza is a group of lines, usually separated from other stanzas by space. Like a paragraph in prose, a stanza often expresses a single idea. The ways in which a poet organizes a poem into lines and stanzas affects how a poem looks and sounds and even what it means.

Practice

Working on your own, use the chart to analyze the stanzas and line breaks in these poems. Record and share your observations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MORNING TALK</th>
<th>IMMIGRANT PICNIC</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Summarize the action of each stanza.</td>
<td>Which stanzas set the scene? Explain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What type of line breaks appear in stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 5? Explain.</td>
<td>In which stanza does the first incorrect use of an English expression appear? How does the stanza length change? Why?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How do the line breaks in stanza 4 differ from those in the rest of the poem? Why?</td>
<td>How do the last lines of stanzas 11 and 12 break? How do the line breaks reinforce the actions and feelings that are expressed?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Author’s Style

Word Choice  Poets may draw on informal types of language to make scenes, settings, and characters come alive. **Idioms** are informal expressions in which the literal meanings of the words do not add up to the actual meaning. For example, the idiom “raining cats and dogs” does not mean cats and dogs are falling from the sky. It means it is raining very hard. In “Immigrant Picnic,” the speaker’s family members attempt to use idioms in their new language. Their mistakes create humor and are an important part of the poem.

Examples of Common English Idioms

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SENTENCE</th>
<th>MEANING OF THE IDIOM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grilling hot dogs and hamburgers is not <strong>rocket science</strong>.</td>
<td>Grilling is not very difficult.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First they told him he wasn’t born here; then to <strong>add insult to injury</strong>, they told him he wasn’t really a robin.</td>
<td>They made the situation worse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When it comes to understanding what <strong>indigenous</strong> means, they completely <strong>missed the boat</strong>.</td>
<td>They failed to understand.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Read It

Work individually. Use this chart to define idioms that are either used or referred to in the poems. If the idiom is not used correctly, correct it. Then, rewrite the idiom in formal language that means the same thing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IDIOM</th>
<th>CORRECTION IF NEEDED</th>
<th>REWRITE IN FORMAL LANGUAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Look who’s talking! (from “Morning Talk”)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the flags / are painting the town (from “Immigrant Picnic”)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>like a chicken with its head loose (from “Immigrant Picnic”)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He’s on a ball. (from “Immigrant Picnic”)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Write It

**Notebook**  Write at least three idioms with which you are familiar. Explain what each one means. Then, use each idiom in a sentence.
Speaking and Listening

Assignment
With your group, organize a panel discussion to discuss the poems. Panel members should ask and answer questions to clarify and politely challenge one another’s ideas. Choose one of the following topics:

- **Poetry Comparison** Compare and contrast the two poems. Discuss the attitudes of the speakers, each poet’s use of language, and the message or insight each poem conveys. Which poem is more positive in its message?

- **Poetry Ranking** Rate the two poems on a scale of 1 to 5, with 1 being ineffective and 5 being extremely effective. Then, share your ratings, and discuss your reasons for making them.

- **Poetry Definition** What is a poem? Is it simply a string of words set up in lines and stanzas, or is there more to it? Propose and discuss various definitions of poetry, using the two poems as examples.

Discussion Plan
Once the group has chosen the focus for the panel discussion, work individually to gather ideas about the topic and the poems that you would like to work into the conversation. Jot down your ideas in the chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>POEM</th>
<th>INSIGHTS TO SHARE</th>
<th>SPECIFIC PASSAGES TO CITE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Morning Talk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immigrant Picnic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Participation Plan
As you participate in the panel discussion, do not read your notes aloud, but use them to remind yourself of insights you had earlier. Speak clearly, using language that is appropriate for an academic setting. Make sure you understand one another’s points by summarizing them before contributing your own ideas. Ask follow-up questions respectfully.

Evidence Log
Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “Morning Talk” and “Immigrant Picnic.”

Standards

- **SL.9–10.1.c** Propel conversations by posing and responding to questions that relate the current discussion to broader themes or larger ideas; actively incorporate others into the discussion; and clarify, verify, or challenge ideas and conclusions.

- **SL.9–10.1.d** Respond thoughtfully to diverse perspectives, summarize points of agreement and disagreement, and, when warranted, qualify or justify their own views and understanding and make new connections in light of the evidence and reasoning presented.
Performance Task: Speaking and Listening Focus

Produce a Podcast

Assignment
You have read about immigrants’ experiences as they strove to adjust to the United States. Work with your group to develop a podcast that addresses this question:

How do the realities of immigrants’ experiences reflect or fail to reflect American ideals?

Plan With Your Group

Analyze the Text  With your group, discuss the types of experiences that new immigrants to the United States have. Consider new immigrants’ social interactions, their efforts to acquire a new language, and the economic challenges they face. Use the chart to list your ideas. First, discuss how you would define American ideals. Then, for each selection, identify key immigrant experiences and whether or not they reflect American ideals, such as fairness and equality of opportunity.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>KEY EXPERIENCES / AMERICAN IDEALS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Rules of the Game</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Writing on the Wall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With a Little Help From My Friends</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Talk</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immigrant Picnic</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gather Evidence and Media Examples  Identify specific examples from the selections to support your group’s claims. Then, brainstorm ideas for types of media you can use to illustrate or elaborate on each example. Consider having group members research various aspects of the immigrant experience and integrate their findings into the podcast. Group members could also conduct interviews with former or current immigrants about American ideals and their experiences, then select clips to include in the podcast.
Organize Your Ideas Use the Podcast Script chart to organize the script for your podcast presentation. Assign roles for each part of the podcast that you plan to present. Note when each segment will begin, and record what the speaker will say. Plan where audio clips and music will be used.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PODCAST SCRIPT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Audio</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Script</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speaker 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speaker 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speaker 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Rehearse With Your Group

Practice With Your Group As you run through rehearsals, use this checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your podcast.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENT</th>
<th>USE OF MEDIA</th>
<th>PRESENTATION TECHNIQUES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The podcast has a clear introduction, explaining the focus of the story.</td>
<td>The media support the main points.</td>
<td>Media are audible.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The podcast presents a clear story and point of view.</td>
<td>The media communicate key ideas.</td>
<td>Transitions between speakers’ segments and other audio clips are smooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main ideas are supported with evidence from the texts.</td>
<td>Media are used evenly throughout the podcast.</td>
<td>Each speaker speaks clearly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equipment functions properly.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fine-Tune the Content To make your podcast stronger, review each speaker’s segment to make sure it supports the group’s response to the question about American ideals and the immigrant experience. Be sure that group members touch on aspects of the immigrant experience they encountered in the literature they read in this unit, as well as in their research and interviews. Check with your group to identify key points that are not clear. Find another way to word these ideas.

Improve Your Use of Media Review all audio clips and sound effects to make sure they communicate key ideas and help create a cohesive story. Ensure that the equipment is working properly.

Present and Evaluate
When you present as a group, be sure that each member has taken into account each of the checklist items. As you listen to other groups, evaluate how well they meet the checklist.
OVERVIEW: INDEPENDENT LEARNING

ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

What does it mean to be “American”?

Being an American is different for everyone. In this section, you will complete your study of American identity by exploring an additional selection related to the topic. You’ll then share what you learn with classmates. To choose a text, follow these steps.

Look Back  Think about the selections you have already studied. What more do you want to know about the topic of American identity?

Look Ahead  Preview the selections by reading the descriptions. Which one seems most interesting and appealing to you?

Look Inside  Take a few minutes to scan the text you chose. Choose a different one if this text doesn’t meet your needs.

Independent Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will need to rely on yourself to learn and work on your own. Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them during Independent Learning. Add ideas of your own for each category.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Create a schedule</td>
<td>• Understand your goals and deadlines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make a plan for what to do each day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Practice what you have learned</td>
<td>• Use first-read and close-read strategies to deepen your understanding.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Evaluate the usefulness of the evidence to help you understand the topic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Consider the quality and reliability of the source.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take notes</td>
<td>• Record important ideas and information.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Review your notes before preparing to share with a group.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Choose one selection. Selections are available online only.

| MEMOIR | from *When I Was Puerto Rican*  
| Esmeralda Santiago | When a young Puerto Rican girl moves to New York and achieves her dreams, does she become a different person? |

| AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY | *Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America*  
| Diane Tsai | How long, and how much commitment, does it take before a new immigrant can feel American? |

| POETRY | *The New Colossus*  
| Emma Lazarus | What does the Statue of Liberty really stand for? |

| POETRY | *Legal Alien*  
| Pat Mora | How does someone move through the world with dual identities? |

| MEDIA: VIDEO | *Grace Abbott and the Fight for Immigrant Rights in America*  
| BBC | This video asks the question: What does it mean to be a citizen? Is it simply that you live in a particular place? |

| PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT PREP | *Review Evidence for a Nonfiction Narrative*  
| | Complete your Evidence Log for the unit by evaluating what you’ve learned and synthesizing the information you’ve recorded. |
First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

- **NOTICE** new information or ideas you learn about the unit topic as you first read this text.
- **ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.
- **CONNECT** ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.
- **RESPOND** by writing a brief summary of the selection.

**STANDARD**

**Anchor Reading Standard 10** Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ____________________________

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Close Read the Text</th>
<th>Analyze the Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections</td>
<td>Think about the author’s choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you</td>
<td>included in the text. Select one, and record your thoughts about what this choice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>conclude? Write down your ideas.</td>
<td>conveys.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.

<p>| |</p>
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</table>

STANDARD

Anchor Reading Standard 10 Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.
The High School of Performing Arts in New York City, now the Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts, was the first public school in the nation for students with unique performing arts talents. It served as the inspiration for the 1980 movie *Fame* and its 2009 remake. Auditions for acceptance into the school are highly competitive and rigorous.

While Francisco was still alive, we had moved to Ellery Street. That meant I had to change schools, so Mami walked me to P.S. 33, where I would attend ninth grade. The first week I was there I was given a series of tests that showed that even though I couldn’t speak English very well, I read and wrote it at the tenth-grade level. So they put me in 9-3, with the smart kids.

One morning, Mr. Barone, a guidance counselor, called me to his office. He was short, with a big head and large hazel eyes under shapely eyebrows. His nose was long and round at the tip. He dressed in browns and yellows and often perched his tortoiseshell glasses on his forehead, as if he had another set of eyes up there.

“So,” he pushed his glasses up, “what do you want to be when you grow up?”

**About the Author**

Author, essayist, and screenwriter Esmeralda Santiago (b. 1948) grew up as the oldest of eleven siblings. When she was thirteen, her family moved to New York City from Puerto Rico, and her mother supported the family on her own. Santiago went on to attend Harvard University and later founded an award-winning film and media production company.
“I don’t know.”

He shuffled through some papers. “Let’s see here . . . you’re fourteen, is that right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you’ve never thought about what you want to be?”

When I was very young, I wanted to be a jíbara. When I was older, I wanted to be a cartographer, then a topographer. But since we’d come to Brooklyn, I’d not thought about the future much.

“No, sir.”

He pulled his glasses down to where they belonged and shuffled through the papers again.

“Do you have any hobbies?” I didn’t know what he meant. “Hobbies, hobbies,” he flailed his hands, as if he were juggling, “things you like to do after school.”

“Ah, yes.” I tried to imagine what I did at home that might qualify as a hobby. “I like to read.”

He seemed disappointed. “Yes, we know that about you.” He pulled out a paper and stared at it. “One of the tests we gave you was an aptitude test. It tells us what kinds of things you might be good at. The tests show that you would be good at helping people. Do you like to help people?”

I was afraid to contradict the tests. “Yes, sir.”

“There’s a high school we can send you where you can study biology and chemistry which will prepare you for a career in nursing.”

I screwed up my face. He consulted the papers again. “You would also do well in communications. Teaching maybe.”

I remembered Miss Brown standing in front of a classroom full of rowdy teenagers, some of them taller than she was.

“I don’t like to teach.”

Mr. Barone pushed his glasses up again and leaned over the stack of papers on his desk. “Why don’t you think about it and get back to me,” he said, closing the folder with my name across the top. He put his hand flat on it, as if squeezing something out. “You’re a smart girl, Esmeralda. Let’s try to get you into an academic school so that you have a shot at college.”

On the way home, I walked with another new ninth grader, Yolanda. She had been in New York for three years but knew as little English as I did. We spoke in Spanglish, a combination of English and Spanish in which we hopped from one language to the other depending on which word came first.

1. jíbara (HEE vah rah) n. person who lives in Puerto Rico’s countryside.
2. cartographer (kahr TOG ruh fuhr) n. person who makes maps.
3. topographer (tuh POG ruh fuhr) n. person who makes maps that show the height and shape of the land.
“Te preguntó el Mr. Barone, you know, lo que querías hacer when you grow up?” I asked.

“Sí, pero, I didn’t know. ¿Y tú?”

“You tampoco. He said, que I like to help people. Pero, you know, a mí no me gusta mucho la gente.” When she heard me say I didn’t like people much, Yolanda looked at me from the corner of her eye, waiting to become the exception.

By the time I said it, she had dashed up the stairs of her building. She didn’t wave as she ducked in, and the next day she wasn’t friendly. I walked around the rest of the day in embarrassed isolation, knowing that somehow I had given myself away to the only friend I’d made at Junior High School 33. I had to either take back my words or live with the consequences of stating what was becoming the truth. I’d never said that to anyone, not even to myself. It was an added weight, but I wasn’t about to trade it for companionship.

A few days later, Mr. Barone called me back to his office.

“Well?” Tiny green flecks burned around the black pupils of his hazel eyes.

The night before, Mami had called us into the living room. On the television “fifty of America’s most beautiful girls” paraded in ruffled tulle dresses before a tinsel waterfall.

“Aren’t they lovely?” Mami murmured, as the girls, escorted by boys in uniform, floated by the camera, twirled, and disappeared behind a screen to the strains of a waltz and an announcer’s dramatic voice calling their names, ages, and states. Mami sat mesmerized through the whole pageant.

“I’d like to be a model,” I said to Mr. Barone.

He stared at me, pulled his glasses down from his forehead, looked at the papers inside the folder with my name on it, and glared. “A model?” His voice was gruff, as if he were more comfortable yelling at people than talking to them.

“I want to be on television.”

“Oh, then you want to be an actress,” in a tone that said this was only a slight improvement over my first career choice. We stared at one another for a few seconds. He pushed his glasses up to his forehead again and reached for a book on the shelf in back of him. “I only know of one school that trains actresses, but we’ve never sent them a student from here.”

Performing Arts, the write-up said, was an academic, as opposed to a vocational, public school that trained students wishing to pursue a career in theater, music, and dance.

“It says here that you have to audition.” He stood up and held the book closer to the faint gray light coming through the narrow

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4. vocational adj: related to training for a career.
window high on his wall. “Have you ever performed in front of an audience?”

“I was announcer in my school show in Puerto Rico,” I said.

“And I recite poetry. There, not here.”

He closed the book and held it against his chest. His right index finger thumped a rhythm on his lower lip. “Let me call them and find out exactly what you need to do. Then we can talk some more.”

I left his office strangely happy, confident that something good had just happened, not knowing exactly what.

“I’m not afraid . . . I’m not afraid . . . I’m not afraid.” Every day I walked home from school repeating those words. The broad streets and sidewalks that had impressed me so on the first day we had arrived had become as familiar as the dirt road from Macún to the highway. Only my curiosity about the people who lived behind these walls ended where the façades of the buildings opened into dark hallways or locked doors. Nothing good, I imagined, could be happening inside if so many locks had to be breached to go in or step out.

It was on these tense walks home from school that I decided I had to get out of Brooklyn. Mami had chosen this as our home, and just like every other time we’d moved, I’d had to go along with her because I was a child who had no choice. But I wasn’t willing to go along with her on this one.

“How can people live like this?” I shrieked once, desperate to run across a field, to feel grass under my feet instead of pavement.

“Like what?” Mami asked, looking around our apartment, the kitchen and living room crisscrossed with sagging lines of drying diapers and bedclothes.

“Everyone on top of each other. No room to do anything. No air.”

“Do you want to go back to Macún, to live like savages, with no electricity, no toilets . . .”

“At least you could step outside every day without somebody trying to kill you.”

“Ay, Negi, stop exaggerating!”

“I hate my life!” I yelled.

“That’s not true. I’m not afraid!” she yelled back.

Until Mr. Barone showed me the listing for Performing Arts High School, I hadn’t known what to do.

“The auditions are in less than a month. You have to learn a monologue,⁵ which you will perform in front of a panel. If you do well, and your grades here are good, you might get into the school.”

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⁵ monologue (MON uh lawg) n. a long speech given by a character in a story, movie, or play.
Mr. Barone took charge of preparing me for my audition to Performing Arts. He selected a speech from *The Silver Cord*, a play by Sidney Howard, first performed in 1926, but whose action took place in a New York drawing room circa 1905.

“Mr. Gatti, the English teacher,” he said, “will coach you . . . And Mrs. Johnson will talk to you about what to wear and things like that.”

I was to play Christina, a young married woman confronting her mother-in-law. I learned the monologue phonetically\(^6\) from Mr. Gatti. It opened with “You belong to a type that’s very common in this country, Mrs. Phelps—a type of self-centered, self-pitying, son-devouring tigress, with unmentionable proclivities\(^7\) suppressed on the side.”

“We don’t have time to study the meaning of every word,” Mr. Gatti said. “Just make sure you pronounce every word correctly.”

Mrs. Johnson, who taught Home Economics, called me to her office.

“Is that how you enter a room?” she asked the minute I came in. “Try again, only this time, don’t barge in. Step in slowly, head up, back straight, a nice smile on your face. That’s it.” I took a deep breath and waited. “Now sit. No, not like that. Don’t just plop down. Float down to the chair with your knees together.” She demonstrated, and I copied her. “That’s better. What do you do with your hands? No, don’t hold your chin like that; it’s not

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6. **phonetically** (foh NEHT uh klee) *adv.* related to the sound, not the spelling, of words.
7. **proclivities** (proh KLIHV uh teez) *n.* tendencies.
ladylike. Put your hands on your lap, and leave them there. Don’t use them so much when you talk.”

I sat stiff as a cutout while Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Barone asked me questions they thought the panel at Performing Arts would ask.

“Where are you from?”

“Puerto Rico.”

“No,” Mrs. Johnson said, “Porto Rico. Keep your r’s soft. Try again.”

“Do you have any hobbies?” Mr. Barone asked. Now I knew what to answer.

“I enjoy dancing and the movies.”

“Why do you want to come to this school?”

Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Barone had worked on my answer if this question should come up.

“I would like to study at Performing Arts because of its academic program and so that I may be trained as an actress.”

“Very good, very good!” Mr. Barone rubbed his hands together, twinkled his eyes at Mrs. Johnson. “I think we have a shot at this.”

“Remember,” Mrs. Johnson said, “when you shop for your audition dress, look for something very simple in dark colors.”

Mami bought me a red plaid wool jumper with a crisp white shirt, my first pair of stockings, and penny loafers. The night before, she rolled up my hair in pink curlers that cut into my scalp and made it hard to sleep. For the occasion, I was allowed to wear eye makeup and a little lipstick.

“You look so grown up!” Mami said, her voice sad but happy, as I twirled in front of her and Tata.

“Toda una señorita,” Tata said, her eyes misty.

We set out for the audition on an overcast January morning heavy with the threat of snow.

“Why couldn’t you choose a school close to home?” Mami grumbled as we got on the train to Manhattan. I worried that even if I were accepted, she wouldn’t let me go because it was so far from home, one hour each way by subway. But in spite of her complaints, she was proud that I was good enough to be considered for such a famous school. And she actually seemed excited that I would be leaving the neighborhood.

“You’ll be exposed to a different class of people,” she assured me, and I felt the force of her ambition without knowing exactly what she meant.

Three women sat behind a long table in a classroom where the desks and chairs had been pushed against a wall. As I entered I held my head up and smiled, and then I floated down to the chair in front of them, clasped my hands on my lap, and smiled some more.
“Good morning,” said the tall one with hair the color of sand. She was big boned and solid, with intense blue eyes, a generous mouth, and soothing hands with short fingernails. She was dressed in shades of beige from head to toe and wore no makeup and no jewelry except for the gold chain that held her glasses just above her full bosom. Her voice was rich, modulated, each word pronounced as if she were inventing it.

Next to her sat a very small woman with very high heels. Her cropped hair was pouffed around her face, with bangs brushing the tips of her long false lashes, her huge dark brown eyes were thickly lined in black all around, and her small mouth was carefully drawn in and painted cerise. Her suntanned face turned toward me with the innocent curiosity of a lively baby. She was dressed in black, with many gold chains around her neck, big earrings, several bracelets, and large stone rings on the fingers of both hands.

The third woman was tall, small boned, thin, but shapely. Her dark hair was pulled flat against her skull into a knot in back of her head. Her face was all angles and light, with fawnlike dark brown eyes, a straight nose, full lips painted just a shade pinker than their natural color. Silky forest green cuffs peeked out from the sleeves of her burgundy suit. Diamond studs winked from perfect earlobes.

I had dreamed of this moment for several weeks. More than anything, I wanted to impress the panel with my talent, so that I would be accepted into Performing Arts and leave Brooklyn every day. And, I hoped, one day I would never go back.

But the moment I faced these three impeccably groomed women, I forgot my English and Mrs. Johnson’s lessons on how to behave like a lady. In the agony of trying to answer their barely comprehensible questions, I jabbed my hands here and there, forming words with my fingers because the words refused to leave my mouth.

“Why don’t you let us hear your monologue now?” the woman with the dangling glasses asked softly.

I stood up abruptly, and my chair clattered onto its side two feet from where I stood. I picked it up, wishing with all my strength that a thunderbolt would strike me dead to ashes on the spot.

“It’s all right,” she said. “Take a breath. We know you’re nervous.”

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, walked to the middle of the room, and began my monologue.

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8. modulated adj. adjusted to be balanced or proper.
9. cerise (suh REES) n. red.
“Ju bee lonh 2 a type dats berry cómo in dis kuntree, Meeseses Felps. A type off selfcent red self pee tee in sun de boring tie gress wid on men shon ah ball pro klee bee tees on de side.”

In spite of Mr. Gatti’s reminders that I should speak slowly and enunciate\textsuperscript{10} every word, even if I didn’t understand it, I recited my three-minute monologue in one minute flat.

The small woman’s long lashes seemed to have grown with amazement. The elegant woman’s serene face twitched with controlled laughter. The tall one dressed in beige smiled sweetly.

“Thank you, dear,” she said. “Could you wait outside for a few moments?”

I resisted the urge to curtsy. The long hallway had narrow wainscoting\textsuperscript{11} halfway up to the high ceiling. Single bulb lamps hung from long cords, creating yellow puddles of light on the polished brown linoleum tile. A couple of girls my age sat on straight chairs next to their mothers, waiting their turn. They looked up as I came out and the door shut behind me. Mami stood up from her chair at the end of the hall. She looked as scared as I felt.

“What happened?”

“Nothing,” I mumbled, afraid that if I began telling her about it, I would break into tears in front of the other people, whose eyes followed me and Mami as we walked to the EXIT sign. “I have to wait here a minute.”

“Did they say anything?”

“No. I’m just supposed to wait.”

We leaned against the wall. Across from us there was a bulletin board with newspaper clippings about former students. On the ragged edge, a neat person had printed in blue ink, “P.A.” and the year the actor, dancer, or musician had graduated. I closed my eyes and tried to picture myself on that bulletin board, with “P.A. ’66” across the top.

The door at the end of the hall opened, and the woman in beige poked her head out.

“Esmeralda?”

“Sí, I mean, here.” I raised my hand.

She led me into the room. There was another girl in there, whom she introduced as Bonnie, a junior at the school.

“Do you know what a pantomime is?” the woman asked. I nodded. “You and Bonnie are sisters decorating a Christmas tree.”

Bonnie looked a lot like Juanita Marín, whom I had last seen in Macún four years earlier. We decided where the invisible Christmas tree would be, and we sat on the floor and pretended

\textsuperscript{10} enunciate (i\textsuperscript{NUHN} see\textsuperscript{ayt}) v. pronounce clearly.

\textsuperscript{11} wainscoting (WAYN skuh tihng) n. lower part of an interior wall that is paneled or lined differently from the rest of the wall.
we were taking decorations out of boxes and hanging them on the branches.

My family had never had a Christmas tree, but I remembered how once I had helped Papi wind colored lights around the eggplant bush that divided our land from Doña Ana’s. We started at the bottom and wound the wire with tiny red bulbs around and around until we ran out; then Papi plugged another cord to it and we kept going until the branches hung heavy with light and the bush looked like it was on fire.

Before long I had forgotten where I was, and that the tree didn’t exist and Bonnie was not my sister. She pretended to hand me a very delicate ball, and just before I took it, she made like it fell to the ground and shattered. I was petrified that Mami would come in and yell at us for breaking her favorite decoration. Just as I began to pick up the tiny fragments of nonexistent crystal, a voice broke in. “Thank you.”

Bonnie got up, smiled, and went out.

The elegant woman stretched her hand out for me to shake. “We will notify your school in a few weeks. It was very nice to meet you.”

I shook hands all around then backed out of the room in a fog, silent, as if the pantomime had taken my voice and the urge to speak.

On the way home Mami kept asking what had happened, and I kept mumbling, “Nothing. Nothing happened,” ashamed that, after all the hours of practice with Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Barone, and Mr. Gatti, after the expense of new clothes and shoes, after Mami had to take a day off from work to take me into Manhattan, after all that, I had failed the audition and would never, ever, get out of Brooklyn.

Epilogue

*El mismo jíbaro con diferente caballo.*
*Same jíbaro, different horse.*

A decade after my graduation from Performing Arts, I visited the school. I was by then living in Boston, a scholarship student at Harvard University. The tall, elegant woman of my audition had become my mentor through my three years there. Since my graduation, she had married the school principal.

“I remember your audition,” she said, her chiseled face dreamy, her lips toying with a smile that she seemed, still, to have to control.

I had forgotten the skinny brown girl with the curled hair, wool jumper, and lively hands. But she hadn’t. She told me that
the panel had had to ask me to leave so that they could laugh, because it was so funny to see a fourteen-year-old Puerto Rican girl jabbering out a monologue about a possessive mother-in-law at the turn of the century, the words incomprehensible because they went by so fast.

“We admired,” she said, “the courage it took to stand in front of us and do what you did.”

“So you mean I didn’t get into the school because of my talent, but because I had chutzpah?” We both laughed.

“Are any of your sisters and brothers in college?”

“No, I’m the only one, so far.”

“How many of you are there?”

“By the time I graduated from high school there were eleven of us.”

“Eleven!” She looked at me for a long time, until I had to look down. “Do you ever think about how far you’ve come?” she asked.

“No.” I answered. “I never stop to think about it. It might jinx the momentum.”

“Let me tell you another story, then,” she said. “The first day of your first year, you were absent. We called your house. You said you couldn’t come to school because you had nothing to wear. I wasn’t sure if you were joking. I asked to speak to your mother, and you translated what she said. She needed you to go somewhere with her to interpret. At first you wouldn’t tell me where, but then you admitted you were going to the welfare office. You were crying, and I had to assure you that you were not the only student in this school whose family received public assistance. The next day you were here, bright and eager. And now here you are, about to graduate from Harvard.”

“I’m glad you made that phone call,” I said.

“And I’m glad you came to see me, but right now I have to teach a class.” She stood up, as graceful as I remembered. “Take care.”

Her warm embrace, fragrant of expensive perfume, took me by surprise. “Thank you,” I said as she went around the corner to her classroom.

I walked the halls of the school, looking for the room where my life had changed. It was across from the science lab, a few doors down from the big bulletin board where someone with neat handwriting still wrote the letters “P.A.” followed by the graduating year along the edges of newspaper clippings featuring famous alumni.

“P.A. ’66,” I said to no one in particular. “One of these days.”
Finding a Voice: A Taiwanese Family Adapts to America
Diane Tsai

About the Author

Diane Tsai (b. 1990) spent her early childhood in Taiwan before moving to California. A daughter of immigrants, she inherited from her parents a sense of adventure, a love of classical music, and an appreciation for Taiwanese food. A video journalist at TIME magazine, she is a graduate of Northwestern University’s Medill School of Journalism.

BACKGROUND
Taiwan, officially part of the Republic of China, is an island nation off the southeast coast of the Chinese mainland. Taiwanese immigration to the United States peaked in the 1960s and 1970s, and there continues to be a large immigrant Taiwanese-American population. The primary language spoken in Taiwan is Mandarin Chinese.

I
t was the first day of second grade. My older sister Linda, then eight years old, was wearing a blouse and a blue skirt with two pockets in the front. One pocket was heavy with coins, just enough to pay for her lunch. She had already made a new friend, Sarah, who was leading her through the lunch line. As they made their way toward the cafeteria lady, my sister pulled the coins from her pocket. She stopped, and counted the coins. She was missing a quarter.

Frantically, she counted the money again, but the total was the same. Still one quarter short. A feeling of dread started to come over her. All she wanted was to eat her lunch, but she didn’t have enough money to pay for it. The lunch lady was staring at her, and Sarah was staring too.

My sister looked from one face to the other, and burst into tears. The frustration was too much to handle—there were so many thoughts in her head, so many emotions she wanted to express, but she couldn’t find a single word to explain her
predicament. Her Mandarin Chinese vocabulary was useless at her public elementary school in Costa Mesa, California. Although Linda and I were born in the States, our family moved to Taiwan when I was two months old, and we didn’t return to the U.S. until I was six. At that time, we had only attended school in Taiwan and could barely speak any English.

4 Linda was absolutely alone in her misery, isolated by a language barrier that prevented the concerned adults around her from being able to solve the simple problem. So she continued to cry, until finally, she was taken to the principal’s office, which notified our mother, who then brought her home.

5 Meanwhile, I was having similar problems in kindergarten. My shyness at that age was accentuated by the fact that there was an invisible wall between the rest of the children and myself. After spending the day as a silent observer during playtime, I came home and asked my mother how to say, “Can I play with you?” in English.

6 Today, 16 years later, my sister and I speak English effortlessly, without any traces of an accent. As we grew up, we shed our distant Taiwanese childhoods, and quickly adopted the identity of second-generation¹ Taiwanese Americans—teasing our parents for the way they pronounced simple words like “vanilla,” and wishing my mom would, just once, make tacos for dinner. My non-Asian friends would marvel at our bilingual conversations, in which our parents spoke to us in Chinese and we replied solely in English, complete with a colorful variety of American teenage slang.

7 My sister and I thought our parents were the “immigrants”: they had moved to the U.S. as poor graduate students, without the financial or emotional support of having family close by. They fought to make a place for themselves in the workplace, in spite of employers who were skeptical of their accented English and coworkers who mistook their meek demeanor as a sign of lack of ambition.

8 Our transition was much less difficult in comparison. Sometimes, it’s easy to forget that Linda and I are immigrants as well, and we that experienced the same feelings of being excluded and misunderstood. The foundation laid by our parents created a safety net for us to rely on as we encountered similar struggles, softening the blow of hardships that came our way.

9 I’m grateful for all the wisdom my parents have imparted to me. Their steadfast confidence in our ability to adapt and grow—regardless of our cultural upbringing, or even our English skills—is both a comfort and an inspiration.

10 I still remember the advice my mom gave me on that lonely afternoon when I came home from kindergarten: “You don’t have to ask, just go play with them!”

¹ second-generation adj. describes the children of parents who have immigrated to a certain country.
Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Meet the Poet

Emma Lazarus (1849–1887) wrote “The New Colossus” to inspire people to donate money for the Statue of Liberty’s pedestal. The final lines of the poem are inscribed on the pedestal itself. Raised in New York City, Lazarus drew on her Jewish heritage to write several works celebrating America as a place of refuge for people persecuted in Europe.

BACKGROUND

The Colossus of Rhodes, referred to in the title and first two lines of the poem, was a 100-foot tall statue of the Greek sun god Helios. The massive statue, built around 280 B.C., was revered as one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It stood at the entrance to the harbor of the Greek island of Rhodes.

1. pomp n. stately or brilliant display; splendor.
2. teeming adj. swarming with people.
3. tempest-tost (TEHM pihst tawst) adj. here, having suffered a stormy ocean journey.
Meet the Poet

Mexican American poet **Pat Mora** (b. 1942) grew up in El Paso, Texas, near the Mexican border. Mora stresses the importance of family and cultural heritage in her poems, often by including Spanish words and phrases. Mora promoted children’s literacy by creating an annual celebration called “Children’s Day, Book Day” to share what she calls “bookjoy.”

**BACKGROUND**

According to a 2013 survey, 36 percent of Hispanic adults in the United States speak both English and Spanish fluently, 25 percent speak mostly English, and 38 percent mainly speak Spanish. Bilingualism is most common among second-generation Hispanic Americans—half of them speak both languages, and eight percent speak only Spanish.

Bi-lingual, Bi-cultural,

able to slip from “How’s life?”

to “Me’stan volviendo loca,”

able to sit in a paneled office

drafting memos in smooth English,

able to order in fluent Spanish

at a Mexican restaurant,

American but hyphenated,

viewed by Anglos as perhaps exotic,

perhaps inferior, definitely different,

viewed by Mexicans as alien,

(Their eyes say, “You may speak Spanish but you’re not like me”)

an American to Mexicans

1. **Me’stan volviendo loca** Spanish for “They are driving me crazy.”
2. **Anglos** slang term for someone of Caucasian, non-Hispanic descent.
a Mexican to Americans
a handy token
sliding back and forth
between the fringes of both worlds
by smiling
by masking the discomfort
of being pre-judged
Bi-laterally.³

³ Bi-laterally  adv. on two sides.
Grace Abbott and the Fight for Immigrant Rights in America

BBC

About the Narrator
Simon Schama (b. 1945) is an English historian and writer who has been a professor at Cambridge University, Oxford University; Harvard University; and Columbia University, where he is currently University Professor of Art History and History. His books have been translated into 15 languages and won numerous awards and honors. Schama is also an essayist and critic for The New Yorker. He has appeared in many BBC and PBS films and series as writer–presenter.

BACKGROUND
In the early twentieth century, there was a massive increase in immigration to the United States. Between 1900 and 1915, more than 15 million immigrants arrived, which was equal to the total number of immigrants who had arrived during the previous forty years. The majority of the so-called “new immigrants” came from non-English speaking European countries, and they faced language and cultural barriers in their new homeland.
Share Your Independent Learning

**Prepare to Share**  
What does it mean to be “American”?  
Even when you read something independently, your understanding continues to grow when you share what you have learned with others. Reflect on the text you explored independently, and write notes about its connection to the unit. In your notes, consider why this text belongs in this unit.

**Learn From Your Classmates**  
Discuss It  
Share your ideas about the text you explored on your own. As you talk with your classmates, jot down ideas that you learn from them.

**Reflect**  
Review your notes, and mark the most important insight you gained from these writing and discussion activities. Explain how this idea adds to your understanding of American identity.
Review Evidence for a Nonfiction Narrative

At the beginning of the unit, you expressed a point of view about the following question:

**How is an “American” identity created?**

**EVIDENCE LOG**

Review your Evidence Log and your QuickWrite from the beginning of the unit. What have you learned?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NOTES</th>
<th>NOTES</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Identify at least three pieces of evidence that interested you about the experiences of immigrants, both past and present.</td>
<td>Identify at least three pieces of evidence that reinforced your initial point of view.</td>
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<td>1.</td>
<td>1.</td>
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<td>2.</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>3.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Identify a real-life experience that illustrates one of your revised ideas about American identity:

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

Develop your thoughts into a topic sentence for a nonfiction narrative. Complete this sentence starter:

*I learned a great deal about the experience of immigrant life in America when ________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

**Evaluate the Strength of Your Evidence**  Consider your point of view. How did the texts you read impact your point of view?
PART 1
Writing to Sources: Nonfiction Narrative

In this unit, you read about various characters, both real and fictional, who moved from other countries and had to work to build an American identity. It was easier for some than for others.

Assignment
Write a nonfiction narrative on the following topic:

How is an “American” identity created?

Use your own experience or the experience of someone you know to write a narrative answering this question. Consider geographical, social, legal, and emotional aspects of this question. What is the connection between a sense of one’s personal identity and one’s national identity? Do those aspects of identity ever come into conflict? As you write your narrative, draw comparisons to the real or imagined experiences described in the selections in this unit. Ensure that the ideas you want to express are fully developed by meaningful details, and that you establish a clear sequence of events.

Reread the Assignment Review the assignment to be sure you fully understand it. The assignment may reference some of the academic words presented at the beginning of the unit. Be sure you understand each of the words in order to complete the assignment correctly.

Academic Vocabulary

conflict  dialogue  sequence
description  exposition

Review the Elements of Effective Nonfiction Narrative Before you begin writing, read the Nonfiction Narrative Rubric. Once you have completed your first draft, check it against the rubric. If one or more of the elements is missing or is not as strong as it could be, revise your narrative to add or strengthen that component.
### Nonfiction Narrative Rubric

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Focus and Organization</th>
<th>Evidence and Elaboration</th>
<th>Language Conventions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>4</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative engages and orients the reader by setting out a clear problem, situation, or observation.</td>
<td>The specific details and descriptions create a vivid picture of events and characters.</td>
<td>The narrative intentionally follows standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative includes a variety of narrative techniques.</td>
<td>The narrative includes story elements such as dialogue, pacing, and reflection.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>The narrative includes a smooth sequence of events or ideas.</td>
<td>The language in the narrative is always precise and appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>The conclusion follows from the events in the narrative and provides insightful reflection on the experiences related in the narrative.</td>
<td>The tone of the narrative is always engaging.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>3</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>The narrative orients the reader by setting out a problem, situation, or observation.</td>
<td>The details and descriptions create a picture of events and characters.</td>
<td>The narrative demonstrates accuracy in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative includes narrative techniques.</td>
<td>The narrative includes some story elements, such as dialogue, pacing, and reflection.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The narrative includes a sequence of events or ideas.</td>
<td>The language in the narrative is precise and appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The conclusion follows from the events in the narrative and restates important ideas.</td>
<td>The tone of the narrative is mostly narrative engaging.</td>
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<td><strong>2</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>The narrative sets out a problem, situation, or observation.</td>
<td>Some details and descriptions are included to create a picture of events and characters.</td>
<td>The narrative demonstrates some accuracy in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative includes at least one narrative technique.</td>
<td>The narrative includes at least one story element.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative includes a somewhat logical sequence of events or ideas.</td>
<td>The language in the narrative is sometimes precise and appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The conclusion follows from the events in the narrative.</td>
<td>The tone of the narrative is occasionally engaging.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative does not clearly set out a problem, situation, or observation.</td>
<td>Details and descriptions are not included to create a picture of events and characters.</td>
<td>The narrative contains mistakes in standard English conventions of usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The narrative does not include narrative techniques.</td>
<td>The narrative does not include story elements.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sequence of events or ideas is not presented smoothly or logically.</td>
<td>The language in the narrative is not precise or appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The conclusion does not follow from the events in the narrative, or the narrative has no conclusion.</td>
<td>The tone of the narrative is not engaging.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Part 2
#### Speaking and Listening: Interpretive Reading

**Assignment**
After completing the final draft of your nonfiction narrative, plan and present a brief *interpretive reading*.

Do not simply read your narrative aloud. Take the following steps to make your presentation lively and engaging:

- Go back to your narrative, and annotate the ideas that provide reflection on your experiences and events.
- Refer to your annotations to guide your presentation.
- Use appropriate eye contact, adequate volume, and clear pronunciation.

**Review the Rubric** The criteria by which your narrative will be evaluated appear in the rubric below. Review these criteria before presenting to ensure that you are prepared.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Content</th>
<th>Organization</th>
<th>Presentation Technique</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3 The narrative engages and orients listeners by setting out a clear problem, situation, or observation. The presentation includes a variety of story elements and narrative techniques. The conclusion follows from and reflects on what is in the rest of the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker uses time very effectively by spending the right amount of time on each part. The narrative includes a smooth sequence of events or ideas. Listeners can always follow the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker makes occasional eye contact and speaks clearly with adequate volume. The speaker varies tone and emphasis to create an engaging presentation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 The narrative sets out a problem, situation, or observation. The presentation includes some story elements and narrative techniques. The conclusion follows from what is in the rest of the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker uses time effectively by spending the right amount of time on each part. The narrative includes a sequence of events or ideas. Listeners can mostly follow the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker makes minimal eye contact and speaks clearly with adequate volume. The speaker sometimes varies tone and emphasis to create an engaging presentation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 The narrative does not set out a problem, situation, or observation. The presentation does not include story elements or narrative techniques. The conclusion does not follow from what is in the rest of the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker does not use time effectively by spending the right amount of time on each part. The narrative does not include a sequence of events or ideas. Listeners cannot follow the presentation.</td>
<td>The speaker does not maintain effective eye contact or speak clearly with adequate volume. The speaker does not vary tone and emphasis to create an engaging presentation.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Reflect on the Unit
Now that you’ve completed the unit, take a few moments to reflect on your learning.

Reflect on the Unit Goals
Look back at the goals at the beginning of the unit. Use a different-colored pen to rate yourself again. Think about readings and activities that contributed the most to the growth of your understanding. Record your thoughts.

Reflect on the Learning Strategies
Discuss It Write a reflection on whether you were able to improve your learning based on your Action Plans. Think about what worked, what didn’t, and what you might do to keep working on these strategies. Record your ideas before a class discussion.

Reflect on the Text
Choose a selection that you found challenging and explain what made it difficult.

Explain something that surprised you about a text in the unit.

Which activity taught you the most about what it means to be “American”? What did you learn?