

**READING
AND
WRITTEN
COMPOSITION**

DIRECTIONS

Read the two selections and the viewing and representing piece. Then answer the questions that follow.

The Snob

by Morley Callaghan

1 IT WAS at the book counter in the department store that John Harcourt, the student, caught a glimpse of his father. At first he could not be sure in the crowd that pushed along the aisle, but there was something about the color of the back of the elderly man's neck, something about the faded felt hat, that he knew very well. Harcourt was standing with the girl he loved, buying a book for her. All afternoon he had been talking to her, eagerly, but with an anxious diffidence, as if there still remained in him an innocent wonder that she should be delighted to be with him. From underneath her wide-brimmed straw hat, her face, so fair and beautifully strong with its expression of cool independence, kept turning up to him and sometimes smiled at what he said. That was the way they always talked, never daring to show much full, strong feeling. Harcourt had just bought the book, and had reached into his pocket for the money with a free, ready gesture to make it appear that he was accustomed to buying books for young ladies, when the white-haired man in the faded felt hat, at the other end of the counter, turned half-toward him, and Harcourt knew he was standing only a few feet away from his father.

My notes about what I am
reading

2 The young man's easy words trailed away and his voice became little more than a whisper, as if he were afraid that everyone in the store might recognize it. There was rising in him a dreadful uneasiness; something very precious that he wanted to hold seemed close to destruction. His father, standing at the end of the bargain counter, was planted squarely on his two feet, turning a book over thoughtfully in his hands. Then he took out his glasses from an old, worn leather case and adjusted them on the end of his nose, looking down over them at the book. His coat was thrown open, two buttons on his vest were undone, his hair was too long, and in his rather shabby clothes he looked very much like a workingman, a carpenter perhaps. Such a resentment rose in young Harcourt that he wanted to cry out bitterly, "Why does he dress as if he never owned a decent suit in his life? He doesn't care what the whole world thinks of him. He never did. I've told him a hundred times he ought to wear his good clothes when he goes out. Mother's told him the same thing. He just laughs. And now Grace may see him. Grace will meet him."

3 So young Harcourt stood still, with his head down, feeling that something very painful was impending. Once

he looked anxiously at Grace, who had turned to the bargain counter. Among those people drifting aimlessly by with hot red faces, getting in each other's way, using their elbows but keeping their faces detached and wooden, she looked tall and splendidly alone. She was so sure of herself, her relation to the people in the aisles, the clerks behind the counters, the books on the shelves, and everything around her. Still keeping his head down and moving close, he whispered uneasily, "Let's go and have tea somewhere, Grace."

4 "In a minute, dear," she said.

5 "Let's go now."

6 "In just a minute, dear," she repeated absently.

7 "There's not a breath of air in here. Let's go now."

8 "What makes you so impatient?"

9 "There's nothing but old books on that counter."

10 "There may be something here I've wanted all my life," she said, smiling at him brightly and not noticing the uneasiness in his face.

11 So Harcourt had to move slowly behind her, getting closer to his father all the time. He could feel the space that separated them narrowing. Once he looked up with a vague, sidelong glance. But his father, red-faced and happy, was still reading the book, only now there was a meditative expression on his face, as if something in the book had stirred him and he intended to stay there reading for some time.

12 Old Harcourt had lots of time to amuse himself, because he was on a pension after working hard all his life. He had sent John to the university and he was eager to have him distinguish himself. Every night when John came home, whether it was early or late, he used to go into his father and mother's bedroom and turn on the light and talk to them about the interesting things that had happened to him during the day. They listened and shared this new world with him. They both sat up in their night clothes and, while his mother asked all the questions, his father listened attentively with his head cocked on one side and a smile or a frown on his face. The memory of all this was in John now, and there was also a desperate longing and a pain within him growing harder to bear as he glanced fearfully at his father, but he thought stubbornly, "I can't introduce him. It'll be easier for everybody if he doesn't see us. I'm not ashamed. But it will be easier. It'll be more sensible. It'll only embarrass him to see Grace." By this time he knew he was ashamed, but he felt that his shame

was justified, for Grace's father had the smooth, confident manner of a man who had lived all his life among people who were rich and sure of themselves. Often when he had been in Grace's home talking politely to her mother, John had kept on thinking of the plainness of his own home and of his parents' laughing, good-natured untidiness, and he resolved desperately that he must make Grace's people admire him.

13 He looked up cautiously, for they were about eight feet away from his father, but at that moment his father, too, looked up and John's glance shifted swiftly far over the aisle, over the counters, seeing nothing. As his father's blue, calm eyes stared steadily over the glasses, there was an instant when their glances might have met. Neither one could have been certain, yet John, as he turned away and began to talk hurriedly to Grace, knew surely that his father had seen him. He knew it by the steady calmness in his father's blue eyes. John's shame grew, and then humiliation sickened him as he waited and did nothing.

14 His father turned away, going down the aisle, walking erectly in his shabby clothes, his shoulders very straight, never once looking back. His father would walk slowly down the street, he knew, with that meditative expression deepening and becoming grave.

15 Young Harcourt stood beside Grace, brushing against her soft shoulder, and made faintly aware again of the delicate scent she used. There, so close beside him, she was holding within her everything he wanted to reach out for, only now he felt a sharp hostility that made him sullen and silent.

16 "You were right, John," she was drawling in her soft voice. "It does get unbearable in here on a hot day. Do let's go now. Have you ever noticed that department stores after a time can make you really hate people?" But she smiled when she spoke, so he might see that she really hated no one.

17 "You don't like people, do you?" he said sharply.

18 "People? What people? What do you mean?"

19 "I mean," he went on irritably, "you don't like the kind of people you bump into here, for example."

20 "Not especially. Who does? What are you talking about?"

21 "Anybody could see you don't," he said recklessly, full of a savage eagerness to hurt her. "I say you don't like simple, honest people, the kind of people you meet all over the city." He blurted the words out as if he wanted to shake her, but

he was longing to say, "You wouldn't like my family. Why couldn't I take you home to have dinner with them? You'd turn up your nose at them, because they've no pretensions. As soon as my father saw you, he knew you wouldn't want to meet him. I could tell by the way he turned."

22 His father was on his way home now, he knew, and that evening at dinner they would meet. His mother and sister would talk rapidly, but his father would say nothing to him, or to anyone. There would only be Harcourt's memory of the level look in the blue eyes, and the knowledge of his father's pain as he walked away.

23 Grace watched John's gloomy face as they walked through the store, and she knew he was nursing some private rage, and so her own resentment and exasperation kept growing, and she said crisply, "You're entitled to your moods on a hot afternoon, I suppose, but if I feel I don't like it here, then I don't like it. You wanted to go yourself. Who likes to spend very much time in a department store on a hot afternoon? I begin to hate every stupid person that bangs into me, everybody near me. What does that make me?"

24 "It makes you a snob."

25 "So I'm a snob now?" she asked angrily.

26 "Certainly you're a snob," he said. They were at the door and going out to the street. As they walked in the sunlight, in the crowd moving slowly down the street, he was groping for words to describe the secret thoughts he had always had about her. "I've always known how you'd feel about people I like who didn't fit into your private world," he said.

27 "You're a very stupid person," she said. Her face was flushed now, and it was hard for her to express her indignation, so she stared straight ahead as she walked along.

28 They had never talked in this way, and now they were both quickly eager to hurt each other. With a flow of words, she started to argue with him, then she checked herself and said calmly, "Listen, John, I imagine you're tired of my company. There's no sense in having tea together. I think I'd better leave you right here."

29 "That's fine," he said. "Good afternoon."

30 "Good-by."

31 "Good-by."

32 She started to go, she had gone two paces, but he reached out desperately and held her arm, and he was frightened, and pleading, "Please don't go, Grace."

33 All the anger and irritation had left him; there was just a desperate anxiety in his voice as he pleaded, "Please forgive me. I've no right to talk to you like that. I don't know why I'm so rude or what's the matter. I'm ridiculous. I'm very, very ridiculous. Please, you must forgive me. Don't leave me."

34 He had never talked to her so brokenly, and his sincerity, the depth of his feeling, began to stir her. While she listened, feeling all the yearning in him, they seemed to have been brought closer together, by opposing each other, than ever before, and she began to feel almost shy. "I don't know what's the matter. I suppose we're both irritable. It must be the weather," she said. "But I'm not angry, John."

35 He nodded his head miserably. He longed to tell her that he was sure she would have been charming to his father, but he had never felt so wretched in his life. He held her arm tight, as if he must hold it or what he wanted most in the world would slip away from him, yet he kept thinking, as he would ever think, of his father walking away quietly with his head never turning.

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Common Threads

by Ana Veciana-Suarez

Page 1

1 On a sweltering summer day, we head north from the southernmost tip of America in a caravan of cars loaded with all the accouterments needed for a family outing into the unknown. Somebody has brought a big thermos of *café con leche*, someone else several bakery boxes of guava pastries. In the cooler, cans of Coca-Cola and Materva grow cold. We are aiming for Parris Island, a spit of land in South Carolina where our country's few and proud are trained.

2 My nephew Juan Andres is graduating from Marine basic training. Seventeen and just out of a Catholic prep school, he'd never been away from home before. So for the past 13 weeks, as he has endured the toughest basic training dished out by any of the U.S. armed forces, the family in Miami—aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents—has made sure Juan Andres is the star of every barracks mail call.

3 Now a whole platoon of us—21 by actual count—are driving in a caravan up the long spine of Florida, through the red clay of Georgia and into the Carolina marshes. Notoriety precedes us. No other recruit, his drill sergeant notes, has had as many relatives attend the ceremony. We hope Juan Andres is as proud of us as we are of him. I have to admit, though, this clamoring crowd of *tías* and *tíos* chattering in Spanish does have the potential for embarrassment from a teenage recruit's point of view.

4 We've been told to dress casually and to wear red, the color of his battalion. Days before we left, I scrambled to make sure all of us would display a bright proclamation of this hue. Inspired by

renewed patriotic fervor, we also brought little American flags.

The morning of the ceremony dawns hot and humid. In the motel lobby we gather for breakfast and discuss the day's strategy. Can we clap during the ceremony? Should we cheer? Shout out his name? Boost the younger children on our shoulders so they can admire their brave cousin as he marches by?

Heaven knows we don't want to do the wrong thing. Already, we have drawn attention during our overnight stay in the quaint little city of Beaufort. It was impossible to ignore the hard popping sound of our Cuban Spanish against the smooth, sweet Southern drawl that surrounded it.

In the midst of our discussion, I look across the lobby and spot my father. He squints into the distance, looking lost. He is wearing—oh, my God! No!—black nylon socks and inexpensive black rubber sandals with white Bermuda shorts and a paisley jersey shirt buttoned snugly against his ample belly. His legs are whiter than a Canadian tourist's. Tacky, and not even a touch of red.

"Is he in his underwear?" my husband whispers as he follows my stare. I'm speechless. I nudge my sister, who elbows my other sister, a chain reaction through my generation's stronghold.

"He *can't* go out like that," gasps one of us.

■ see Common Threads, page 2

10 We decide to mount an assault, but the
ambush fails to persuade. He cannot
understand why we think he needs to
change.

11 “You’re wearing dress socks with
sandals!” I sputter. “And those shorts look
like your boxers.”

12 “But your mother picked out the
clothes.” He stares at us, perplexed.
“They’re brand-new. And they weren’t
cheap either.”

13 I detect a whiff of aftershave, and
something tightens hard across my chest.
Suffering the embarrassment of parents is
a verity of childhood, as inevitable as
scraped knees and bent bicycles. It is
doubly uncomfortable, however, when you
are the child of immigrants, the prized
possession of a well-meaning but clueless
Mami and Papi who just don’t get it, and
maybe never will.

14 I see my father in his ridiculous outfit
and cringe, for this and all the
mortifications of the past: The chaperons
of my dating years. The hand-packed
school lunches that smelled funny. The
out-of-date haircuts given at home. The
frilly dresses when I wanted jeans instead.

15 I’m forced out of my wallow by the
need to rush off to grab seats in the
bleachers for the big event. I watch as the
old man who is my father struggles to get
into the front seat of the rented van. I
think I can hear his joints creak. He
winces when my nephew Mikey shuts his
door, but manages to pull himself up and

straighten his shoulders. He pats down his
hair, fiddles with his collar.

This is the same man who, many years
earlier, fled Communist Cuba in the dark
of night on a 14-foot boat, a man who gave
up a stellar business career to start anew
in freedom. A man who, long past
retirement, still works seven days a week
in the family marine business. A man who
has always managed to soldier on bravely,
no matter how alien or difficult the
circumstances.

At the ceremony, the viewing stands
undulate in Marine red and yellow.
Though we strain to search for my nephew
as the platoons file in, we can’t spot him in
the perfectly starched and straight rows.
All the soldier boys (and even the girls)
look the same in their blue pants, khaki
shirts and white caps—a dazzling display
of uniformity. The band strikes up. My
father bends forward to relieve the pain in
his back, but even as he does, he holds his
head high and smiles.

I know the precise measure of pride
beating fervent and steady in his chest. It
occurs to me that the distance between one
old man in a ridiculous outfit that blears
out its oddness and a young man in a
uniform that blends in with blinding
conformity is more than two generations.
It is a long story of sacrifice and risk told
countless times in our history, that of the
immigrant and exile, the stranger in a
strange land whose children and
grandchildren become as American as
frijoles. As American as Marines.

16

17

18

DO CLOTHES really make the **MAN?**



Join fashion designer
Tristan Marks
for a candid discussion of
What Your Clothing Choices Say About You!

Wednesday, March 2

7:00 P.M.

Pleasant Valley Mall Atrium

Three lucky audience members will be selected for wardrobe makeovers.*

* Makeovers sponsored by the retailers of Pleasant Valley Mall.

Photograph on the left courtesy of © Duomo/CORBIS; photograph on the right courtesy of © Jack Hollingsworth/CORBIS.

Use “The Snob” (pp. 4–8) to answer questions 1–12.

- 1 Which words from paragraph 15 help the reader understand the meaning of the word *sullen*?
- A *faintly aware*
 - B *delicate scent*
 - C *sharp hostility*
 - D *brushing against*
- 2 Paragraph 12 is mainly about —
- F the interest that John’s parents have in his life at the university
 - G John’s resentment of his father for wearing shabby clothes
 - H the differences John perceives between his family and Grace’s family
 - J John’s wish to have Grace’s parents accept and admire him
- 3 John first recognizes his father by his —
- A neck
 - B coat
 - C eyeglasses
 - D hair
- 4 Paragraph 34 is mainly about —
- F John’s fear that Grace won’t forgive him
 - G Grace’s reaction to John’s plea for forgiveness
 - H John’s apology to Grace for his behavior
 - J Grace’s feelings of shyness toward John
- 5 What do the father’s clothes symbolize in this story?
- A The bond between John and his father
 - B John’s shame about his family
 - C The father’s wish to live in the past
 - D Grace’s rejection of John’s parents
- 6 Which sentence provides a clue about John’s internal conflict?
- F “*You don’t like people, do you?*” he said sharply.
 - G “*You’re a very stupid person,*” she said.
 - H *He had never talked to her so brokenly, and his sincerity, the depth of his feeling, began to stir her.*
 - J *He longed to tell her that he was sure she would have been charming to his father, but he had never felt so wretched in his life.*

- 7 The description of the people near the bargain book counter in paragraph 3 creates a mood of —
- A irritation
 - B relief
 - C hopelessness
 - D loneliness
- 8 The story's point of view helps the reader understand —
- F why John and Grace are attracted to each other
 - G why John doesn't want Grace to meet his father
 - H how the life of John's father differs from that of Grace's father
 - J why children sometimes rebel against their parents
- 9 In paragraph 7, when John says, "There's not a breath of air in here," it emphasizes his —
- A sensitivity to crowds
 - B desperation to leave
 - C tendency to exaggerate
 - D desire to control Grace
- 10 In paragraphs 16 through 20, the presence of a crowd around John and Grace adds to their conflict by —
- F allowing John the opportunity to hide from his father
 - G making it easier for Grace to leave John
 - H providing witnesses to their disagreement
 - J giving John an excuse to accuse Grace of snobbery
- 11 The author includes background information about John's parents in the first part of paragraph 12 in order to —
- A show that John values his parents' support
 - B reveal that John and his parents don't communicate well with one another
 - C highlight their lack of education
 - D explain why John and his father don't get along
- 12 From the description of John's father, the reader can tell that he is —
- F more ambitious than his son
 - G gruff and demanding
 - H eager to make a good impression
 - J quiet and thoughtful

Use “Common Threads” (pp. 9–10) to answer questions 13–23.

13 In paragraph 13, the word *verity* means —

- A truth
- B mystery
- C resentment
- D delight

14 The author’s father is a —

- F retired businessman
- G drill sergeant
- H U.S. Marine
- J Cuban immigrant

15 Which of these is the best summary of the article?

- A Ana Veciana-Suarez is embarrassed to be on a journey with her numerous Cuban relatives, who persist in speaking loudly in Spanish. She fears that her family’s behavior at a formal ceremony will further embarrass her. The woman’s father fulfills her prediction by dressing for a public ceremony in a ridiculous outfit.
- B Ana Veciana-Suarez has traveled with her large family to a ceremony for a relative in another state. She laments that the older family members draw attention to themselves by speaking Spanish loudly. However, her embarrassment is overshadowed by pride in her nephew, who has successfully graduated from marine basic training.
- C Ana Veciana-Suarez looks back on her childhood in an immigrant home. She regrets that her parents were “clueless,” though well-meaning. When she was a teenager, her dates were chaperoned, and her haircuts and clothing were hopelessly out-of-date. Her father’s outfit at a family gathering emphasizes his lack of taste. Veciana-Suarez begins to feel like a “stranger in a strange land.”
- D Ana Veciana-Suarez and her large family attend the graduation of a nephew from marine basic training. On the morning of the ceremony, Veciana-Suarez’s father embarrasses her by wearing a ridiculous outfit. Her embarrassment dissolves into pride when she recalls her father’s courage in fleeing his native country and building a new life in the United States.

- 16 The author notes that her nephew may —
- F feel embarrassed by his relatives
 - G not be present at the ceremony
 - H be sent overseas as a marine
 - J return home to the family business
- 17 In paragraph 15, what does the description of the father’s behavior in the car suggest about his attitude toward growing old?
- A Old age can be faced with dignity and courage.
 - B Children should take care of their parents.
 - C People should work as long as they are able.
 - D The aches and pains of old age are overwhelming.
- 18 Why does the author’s chest tighten when she smells her father’s aftershave?
- F She is afraid that she might cry in front of her family.
 - G The scent reminds her of the times when she was ashamed of her parents.
 - H The scent is overpowering and threatens to cause her further distress.
 - J She is feeling strong admiration for her father.
- 19 A turning point in this article occurs when —
- A the family arrives in South Carolina
 - B the nephew graduates from basic training
 - C the author watches her father getting into the van
 - D the members of the family discuss their plans for the day
- 20 Which quotation from the article best summarizes the author’s overall view of her father?
- F *He cannot understand why we think he needs to change.*
 - G *A man who has always managed to soldier on bravely, no matter how alien or difficult the circumstances.*
 - H *I see my father in his ridiculous outfit and cringe. . . .*
 - J *A man who, long past retirement, still works seven days a week in the family marine business.*
- 21 Which of these best describes the tone of paragraphs 16 through 18?
- A Impatient
 - B Admiring
 - C Somber
 - D Humorous
- 22 Why does the author use the words *platoon* in paragraph 3 and *mount an assault* and *ambush* in paragraph 10?
- F She is emphasizing the military theme.
 - G She wants to show her patriotic feelings.
 - H She is showing her strong resolve.
 - J She was raised in a family of marines.
- 23 The next time the author sees her father dressed in an outfit that she finds ridiculous, she is more likely to —
- A make jokes with her husband about her father’s clothes
 - B give her father money to buy more-stylish clothes
 - C see beyond his outward appearance
 - D criticize his appearance

**Use “The Snob” and “Common Threads” (pp. 4–10)
to answer questions 24 and 25.**

24 Which issue seems more important to John in “The Snob” than to the author of “Common Threads”?

- F** Cultural heritage
- G** Education
- H** Income
- J** Social class

25 The fathers in “The Snob” and “Common Threads” represent the value of —

- A** hard work
- B** ambition
- C** academic achievement
- D** thrift

**Use the visual representation on page 11
to answer questions 26–28.**

26 One underlying message of the flyer is that —

- F** your outer appearance reveals your character
- G** you should change clothing styles frequently
- H** classic styles in clothing are the wisest choice
- J** people should not judge others by their clothing

27 One assumption in the text of the flyer is that most people —

- A** spend their free time at the mall
- B** can’t afford stylish clothes
- C** are content with their appearance
- D** desire a makeover

28 What information is missing from the flyer?

- F** The location of the event
- G** The exact time of the event
- H** The topic of discussion for the event
- J** The method of selecting the makeover recipients

DIRECTIONS

Answer the following questions in the space provided on the answer document.

29 In “The Snob,” which character do you think is the snob? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from the selection.

30 In “Common Threads,” how does the author’s attitude toward her father change from the beginning to the end of the selection? Support your answer with evidence from the selection.

31 Do John in “The Snob” and the author of “Common Threads” share a similar concern? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from **both** selections.

BE SURE YOU HAVE WRITTEN YOUR ANSWERS
ON THE ANSWER DOCUMENT.

WRITTEN COMPOSITION

Write an essay explaining the importance of accepting others as they are.

The information in the box below will help you remember what you should think about when you write your composition.

REMEMBER—YOU SHOULD

- write about the assigned topic
- make your writing thoughtful and interesting
- make sure that each sentence you write contributes to your composition as a whole
- make sure that your ideas are clear and easy for the reader to follow
- write about your ideas in depth so that the reader is able to develop a good understanding of what you are saying
- proofread your writing to correct errors in spelling, capitalization, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure

USE THIS PREWRITING PAGE TO
PLAN YOUR COMPOSITION.

MAKE SURE THAT YOU WRITE YOUR COMPOSITION ON
THE TWO LINED PAGES IN THE ANSWER DOCUMENT.

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Revising and Editing Sample

DIRECTIONS

Read the introduction and the passage that follows. Then read each question and fill in the correct answer on page 2 of your answer document.

Lydia has written this report for her U.S. history class. As part of a peer conference, you have been asked to read the report and think about what suggestions you would make. When you finish reading the report, answer the questions that follow.

The American Red Cross

(1) The American Red Cross is an organization that aids people all around the world. (2) It started as a result of the efforts of a dedicated woman. (3) That woman was named Clara Barton. (4) It was during the Civil War that Barton began the work that lead to the establishment of the American Red Cross. (5) She assisted on the battlefield by nursing injured soldiers and helping transport supplies. (6) Eventually the Government of the United States selected her to serve as superintendent of nurses for the army.

- S-1** What is the most effective way to combine sentences 2 and 3?
- A** It started as a result of the efforts of a dedicated woman, that woman was named Clara Barton.
 - B** It started as a result of the efforts of a woman who was dedicated and named Clara Barton.
 - C** It started as a result of the efforts of a dedicated woman named Clara Barton.
 - D** It started as a result of the efforts of a dedicated woman she was named Clara Barton.

- S-2** What change, if any, should be made in sentence 4?

- F** Change *was* to **is**
- G** Insert a comma after *Civil War*
- H** Change *lead* to **led**
- J** Make no change

- S-3** What change, if any, should be made in sentence 6?

- A** Change *Government* to **government**
- B** Change *selected* to **select**
- C** Change *her* to **herself**
- D** Make no change



REVISING AND EDITING

DO NOT GO ON TO THE REVISING AND EDITING SECTION.
WHEN YOU FINISH THE READING AND WRITTEN
COMPOSITION SECTION, RAISE YOUR HAND AND WAIT
FOR A TEST ADMINISTRATOR TO ASSIST YOU.

