

English 9A Unit 3 Post Test Review

Directions: There are **32** questions on the **English 9A, Unit 3 Post Test**. You will read the following passages on the test.

1. The Americanization of Edward Bok
2. Hispanic Heritage Flashback Friday: Sandra Cisneros on Recognizing Ourselves
3. NEA Arts magazine spotlight: Diane Rodriguez: Sharing the Latina Experience
4. All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography

Types of Questions

You will be asked to do the following:

1. Identify a **technique** that can be used to create an engaging **personal narrative**.
2. Identify a **technique** that can be used to add **emphasis** in a **narration**.
3. Identify an effective way for writers to start **memoirs**.
4. Identify ways that individuals make **positive differences** in communities.
5. Identify a **detail** that supports a point.
6. Identify a detail that supports an **inference**.
7. Identify **evidence** that supports an **inference**.
8. Identify the **order** in which **points** are made.
9. Identify the main way a character achieves success.
10. Identify the way an author **introduces** a **belief**.
11. Identify a **statement** that builds on a point.
12. Identify the way a word is used in a sentence based on its **context** and **dictionary definition**.
13. Identify a **detail** that **develops** an idea.
14. Identify a **detail** that **refines** an idea.
15. Identify a sentence that **highlights** an idea.
16. Identify a sentence that **supports** an **inference**.
17. Identify a sentence that shows the impact an author hopes his/her book will achieve.
18. Identify a statement that **reveals** an author's **belief**.
19. Identify a **detail** that shows a **narrator's point of view**.
20. Identify the meaning of a word based on its **context**.
21. Identify the **tone** that is expressed in a passage.
22. Identify words that have similar **connotative meanings**.
23. Identify a sentence that creates an image of revelation.
24. Identify a detail that **develops** an idea.
25. Identify a sentence that shapes a **narrator's feelings**.
26. Identify how an author shapes an idea.
27. Identify a sentence that reflects an idea.

28. Identify a **central idea** of a text.
29. Identify phrases that explain the meaning of a word based on its context.

Important Vocabulary

Make sure you know the meanings of the following words/concepts:

1. Central Idea
2. Ambitious
3. Connotative Meaning
4. Tone
5. Point of View
6. Inference
7. Memoir
8. Technique
9. Personal Narrative

Reading Passages

The Americanization of Edward Bok
by Edward Bok (excerpt)

II.

The First Job: Fifty Cents a Week

(1) The Elder Bok did not find his "lines cast in pleasant places" in the United States. He found himself, professionally, unable to adjust the methods of his own land and of a lifetime to those of a new country. As a result the fortunes of the transplanted family did not flourish, and Edward soon saw his mother physically failing under burdens to which her nature was not accustomed nor her hands trained. Then he and his brother decided to relieve their mother in the housework by rising early in the morning, building the fire, preparing breakfast, and washing the dishes before they went to school. After school they gave up their play hours, and swept and scrubbed, and helped their mother to prepare the evening meal and wash the dishes afterward. It was a curious coincidence that it should fall upon Edward thus to get a first-hand knowledge of [housework] which was to stand him in such practical stead in later years....

(2) But while the doing of these homely chores was very effective in relieving the untrained and tired mother, it added little to the family income. Edward looked about and decided that the time had come for him, young as he was, to begin some sort of wage-earning. But how and where? The answer he found one afternoon when standing before the shop-window of a baker in the neighborhood. The owner of the bakery, who had just placed in the window a series of trays filled with buns, tarts, and pies, came outside to look at the display. He found the hungry boy wistfully regarding the tempting-looking wares.

(3) "Look pretty good, don't they?" asked the baker.

(4) "They would," answered the Dutch boy with his national passion for cleanliness, "if your window were clean."

(5) "That's so, too," mused the baker. "Perhaps you'll clean it."

(6) "I will," was the laconic reply. And Edward Bok, there and then, got his first job. He went in, found a step-ladder, and put so much Dutch energy into the cleaning of the large show-window that the baker immediately arranged with him to clean it every Tuesday and Friday afternoon after school. The salary was to be fifty cents per week!

(7) But one day, after he had finished cleaning the window, and the baker was busy in the rear of the store, a customer came in, and Edward ventured to wait on her. Dexterously he wrapped up for another the fragrant currant-buns for which his young soul—and stomach—so hungered! The baker watched him, saw how quickly and smilingly he served the customer, and offered Edward an extra dollar per week if he would come in afternoons and sell behind the counter. He immediately entered into the bargain with the understanding that, in addition to his salary of a dollar and a half per week, he should each afternoon carry home from the good things unsold a moderate something as a present to his mother. The baker agreed, and Edward promised to come each afternoon except Saturday.

(8) "Want to play ball, hey?" said the baker.

(9) "Yes, I want to play ball," replied the boy, but he was not reserving his Saturday afternoons for games, although, boy-like, that might be his preference.

(10) Edward now took on for each Saturday morning—when, of course, there was no school—the delivery route of a weekly paper called the South Brooklyn Advocate. He had offered to deliver the entire neighborhood edition of the paper for one dollar, thus increasing his earning capacity to two dollars and a half per week.

(11) Transportation, in those days in Brooklyn, was by horse-cars, and the car-line on Smith Street nearest Edward's home ran to Coney Island. Just around the corner where Edward lived the cars stopped to water the horses on their long haul. The boy noticed that the men jumped from the open cars in summer, ran into the cigar-store before which the watering-trough was placed, and got a drink of water from the ice-cooler placed near the door. But that was not so easily possible for the women, and they, especially the children, were forced to take the long ride without a drink. It was this that he had in mind when he reserved his Saturday afternoon to "play ball."

(12) Here was an opening, and Edward decided to fill it. He bought a shining new pail, screwed three hooks on the edge from which he hung three clean shimmering glasses, and one Saturday

afternoon when a car stopped the boy leaped on, tactfully asked the conductor if he did not want a drink, and then proceeded to sell his water, cooled with ice, at a cent a glass to the passengers. A little experience showed that he exhausted a pail with every two cars, and each pail netted him thirty cents. Of course Sunday was a most profitable day; and after going to Sunday-school in the morning, he [spent the rest of the day] refreshing tired mothers and thirsty children on the Coney Island cars—at a penny a glass!

(13) But the profit of six dollars which Edward was now reaping in his newly found "bonanza" on Saturday and Sunday afternoons became apparent to other boys, and one Saturday the young ice-water boy found that he had a competitor; then two and soon three. Edward immediately met the challenge; he squeezed half a dozen lemons into each pail of water, added some sugar, tripled his charge, and continued his monopoly by selling "Lemonade, three cents a glass." Soon more passengers were asking for lemonade than for plain drinking-water!

Hispanic Heritage Flashback Friday: Sandra Cisneros on Recognizing Ourselves
by Rebecca Sutton (excerpt)

The following excerpts were taken from an interview with Sandra Cisneros, in which she reflects on her experiences and inspirations for writing her book.

(1) *As a child, Sandra Cisneros read voraciously, taking in "the language of books and writing and magic and mystery." It was only much later, while attending the Iowa Writers' Workshop, that Cisneros realized that her own language of working-class Mexican Americans was nowhere to be found within literature.*

(2) *This changed in 1984 when Cisneros published The House on Mango Street. A coming-of-age story composed of some four-dozen vignettes, the book reveals both the poetry and hardship of Cisneros's own upbringing. It has since become a perennial favorite for high school reading lists, expressing the voice of young Latinas while serving as many students' first glimpse into an American story that might not be their own. The two-time recipient of National Endowment for the Arts Literature Fellowships and National Medal of Arts honoree discusses her seminal work, and her own coming-of-age as a writer.*

HOUSES AND PAJAMAS

(3) I think there's a kind of lie that our education teaches us—boot straps and hard work, the American Dream. And you swallow it.

(4) You could go around oblivious to it for a long time, 21 years in my case, until you go to Iowa and you realize what a privilege it is to be in that writing program. For me, it was a moment of houses, and reading about Nabokov's house that he left behind in Russia, and Baroness Blixen's house in Africa when she had a coffee plantation. All of these books were written from a perspective of people who owned their own houses and lived in houses that by my standards were roomy, comforting, and safe, and something one dreamt about with longing and loving memories. I didn't have those kinds of images in my life.

(5) The moment that I discovered my voice was also the moment I discovered class difference. I was in a seminar on memory and imagination. You know that dream you have that you go to school and you're wearing your pajamas? It was that moment I suddenly realized, "Oh my God,

I'm in my class here and I'm wearing my pajamas." It was that horrible feeling of embarrassment that I realized I didn't have a house. I felt naked. It had taken me 21 years to figure out I had been in my pajamas and no one—out of politeness or generosity or cruelty—had ever told me.

WRITING THE HOUSE ON MANGO STREET

(6) The first impulse when I realized I was wearing my pajamas was, "I don't belong in this club." My first reaction was to go home and lock myself in my bedroom for the weekend and consider coming home and quitting the program.

(7) But Mexican women are very strong women, and the opposite side of sadness is rage. It took me only a weekend to get to the opposite side of my sadness. Why had I never seen literature written about my community with love and honesty? Why have I never seen my house in newspapers or magazines or in ads or cinema? It's never been portrayed. My community has never been portrayed with honesty. So I got angry. This is a wonderful thing you can do with rage if you know how to transform it: You can either light up Las Vegas, or you can create a Chernobyl. I had been wanting to create Chernobyl all weekend. Then I realized I'm going to stay here and write that book I haven't seen. I wrote *The House on Mango Street* on the side for no credit, while I was in poetry workshop, to keep my spirit alive.

STORIES OF THE HELPLESS

(8) When I wrote *Mango Street*, in the beginning it was as a memoir with the intent of writing something that was just mine, that no one could tell me was wrong. That's how it began.

(9) By the time I finished it, I was working in a school in a Latino community in Chicago—a very poor, alternative high school. I started writing stories of my students' lives and weaving it into this neighborhood from my past.

(10) During that period, when I had my face in the dust and didn't know what to do in this 50-student school with no money and minimum wage—chalk I had to bring to class, girls and boys whose lives were so difficult, lives that no head of state could ever imagine—I was really frustrated as a high school teacher as to how to save their lives. The only thing I could do was to write about them and try to find some consolation before sleeping. These stories were written from that very helpless state. I think when we're most face-in-the-dust impotent, and we put ourselves at service to others, that's when we really are channeled to light. I think that's why the book is a success. I wasn't thinking of the reader, or that the book is going to be published. None of that. I think the less you can think about the reader, and the more you work on behalf of others, I really believe that it puts you in a state of grace.

WRITING FOR A HIGHER PURPOSE

(11) My whole life is a mission. Every time I pick up the pen it's in service, and I do a meditation so that I can be of service. I'm very lucky in this way; I see my work as work of the spirit. I cannot disconnect creative writing from spiritual work, just like someone being in a monastery or meditation sangha. It's all the same to me.

(12) We're living in such horrible times for people of color, immigrants, working-class people. There's such open vilification of things I never would have imagined I would hear in my lifetime. I feel as a writer that I have a gift of expressing things that people feel, and speaking for them, and also creating clarity and bridges between communities that misunderstand one

another. You can't see clearly in times of fear. So I try to be of some use because when you witness or read intense hatred, it's your obligation to try to right the planet. Otherwise, you're part of the problem.

(13) [In my work,] I hope that people see their story being written about, and it gives them new options and possibilities to imagine something outside of what television or what the school counselor could imagine for them. I get lots of letters from all kinds of people. There are some people most unlike me, maybe a white male, who's riding the subway and said he read my book and it made him look at people on the subway across from him in a different way, in a more human way. I really hope it will humanize [us] to be more compassionate, to recognize ourselves. If you can recognize yourself in the person most unlike you in literature, then the book will have done its work.

This interview was originally published in the 2016 NEA Arts issue [Telling All Our Stories: Arts and Diversity](#).

NEA Arts magazine spotlight: Diane Rodriguez: Sharing the Latina Experience
by Rebecca Sutton (excerpt)

Mar 28, 2018

(1) Writer, director, and performer Diane Rodriguez has long been a part of the Latino artistic community, making her professional theater debut with El Teatro Campesino in the mid-1970s. In subsequent roles as co-director of the Latino Theater Initiative, board president of the Theatre Communications Group (TCG), associate artistic director of the Center Theatre Group in Los Angeles, and a member of the National Council on the Arts, she has consistently used her position to uplift traditionally unheard voices, most passionately those of Latinas.

(2) In recent years, she has found her own voice as a playwright, sculpting title characters who are all strong women: Living Large centers on a Latina widow who remakes her life on her own; Itch revolves around a Latina social justice worker seeking to at least crack, if not break, the glass ceiling; and A Sweetheart Deal follows a young Latina's trajectory into becoming a leader within the United Farm Workers Union. She has also reached an entirely new generation of young girls through her work writing and consulting on scripts for Mattel's live Barbie productions and the Disney television show Elena of Avalor, which focuses on the adventures of a Latina princess. In the following edited interview, Rodriguez discusses the challenges and joys she has faced throughout her career as a Chicana theater artist.

PLANTING ROOTS

(3) Being a Latina, Chicana, has affected my career greatly. I was going to go to graduate school. I applied to California Institute of the Arts, and I got turned down. The alternative was to join El Teatro Campesino—that was the best thing that ever happened to me. It opened my eyes to possibility, but it also rooted me in home, and in where I came from. It rooted me in the fields that my parents worked in, in the canneries that my mother toiled in as we were growing up. I never forgot the roots that I came from as I was launched into the world. Even now, even when I'm not necessarily doing Latino-specific work, those roots keep me anchored.

MAKING ROOM FOR NEW VOICES AND LEADERS

(4) A great civilization and a great city need culture. Large organizations are not our enemy. All that all of us are asking is that centers of culture are shared, that various voices are heard, and that we don't decimate one voice for the other. So I appreciate the large theaters and the small theaters. We have to think about the whole ecosystem because we depend on each other. I think it's the same with women. We are asking to share in the leadership, and have a space where we're not crowded out, where we are heard, and where we don't feel that the doors are slammed in our faces. From popular culture to high art, it's difficult. We're still in dark times in that arena.

(5) I think leadership in the theater is the number one challenge still. There are still very few women of color in managerial positions and executive positions. There has never been a Latina who has run a LORT [League of Resident Theatres] theater, and certainly not a Mexican-American woman. I have tried to get in those doors.

(6) We still need more writers of color. We've made advances, certainly, and there are a lot of talented writers. But I do think that it's very, very hard for a woman of color to be a playwright full-time. I think that will change with the generations—I'm very hopeful for that. There are organizations like Theatre Communications Group that really help us, giving us the platforms, setting us up. We need more organizations that can help in that way. It's happening, but it's slow.

LEADERSHIP IN THEATER AS A CHICANA

(7) When you have a board of directors who don't have a relationship with a Mexican-American woman, aside from the woman who cleans their home, it's hard for them to make the leap. We don't have an Oprah, necessarily. Oprah has really done great things in representing black women—it's been fantastic. But for Latinas and for Mexican-American women, we don't have that person that's holding the torch and lighting the way for us.

(8) So it's very hard for [other] people to make a leap and say, "Yes, they can lead. I believe in them! They're not going to transform our theater into one of social justice," which is the big fear. Or, "They're not going to open the floodgates and transform our theaters to the point where we won't be able to see ourselves onstage." I often want to embrace people and say, "If I'm the leader, I am not going to forget your voice. We're going to share this resource, and this privilege we have of seeing stories onstage." But those in power still do not believe that.

FINDING FREEDOM IN PLAYWRITING

(9) [Playwriting] is a new area for me. I feel quite liberated by it. I can say whatever I want to say. You write roles for women! It's so exciting to see [actresses] do your work and feel like their talents are being used to the utmost. They're able to play three-dimensional characters and they're able to really investigate a human condition, or a human struggle. I strive for my plays to be as universal as they can be. So I would like more time to write, actually.

(10) I want to write plays about the middle class and struggle. There's a huge strata of Latinas that live in the United States who've gone to school, who are middle class, who are very invested in American values, and who we never see onstage or in film. They were important for me to write about, and they continue to be important for me to write about. I believe that even if we're middle class, we're still very much rooted in our communities. I like women who have a lot to learn. I like women who learn how to listen deeply. I like women who have a sense of humor. I think that humor is the biggest weapon to change people's minds....

All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography
by Amelia Edith Huddleston Barr (excerpt)

CHAPTER XI
FROM CHICAGO TO TEXAS

(1) One voyage across the ocean is very much like another, and the majority of my readers have doubtless taken several. Some may even remember the old steamship *Atlantic*, for I think she was making her regular trips when the war of 1860 began. The great difference between voyages rests not with the ships, but with the people you meet on them. *We met good and evil fortune on the Atlantic, and Robert perversely chose the latter. The good fortune came in a Mr. and Mrs. Curtis of Boston. They had been to Geneva, Switzerland, to place their sons in some famous school there, and were returning home. It is fifty-nine years since we traveled together, but I have the clearest and pleasantest remembrance of them.* Mr. Curtis and Robert were much together, and Mrs. Curtis sat a great deal with me and my children, helping me to take care of them, and telling me about Boston housekeeping and social life. I was charmed with her descriptions, and longed to settle in Boston beside her.

(2) Our evil fortune was represented by a man of about sixty years of age whose name I will not write. He had a military title and reputation, had been Governor of his state, was very rich, and had great political influence. He sat opposite to us at the dining-table, and I noticed him the first meal that I ate in the saloon. For he watched Robert with eyes like those the evil angels may look out with, and Robert appeared quite unconscious of the hatred in their glances. But I said nothing about my observations, for within the past few days I had discovered that there was one phase of life, in which my husband was a stranger to me. I had known him hitherto in a very narrow domestic and social circle. I saw him now among business men, lawyers, financiers, and men of the world and fashion. I was astonished. I wondered how I had dared to contradict and advise, and even snub a man whom every one appeared to court and admire; for I can truly say, he held the crowd in his open hand.

(3) For several days his enemy watched him, then I saw them frequently together and apparently on the most friendly terms. One afternoon when I was on deck and watching them in eager conversation, Mrs. Curtis sat down at my side. She looked at them, and then at me, and asked, "Do you like that acquaintanceship?"

(4) "No," I answered. "He is a bad man."

(5) "The Governor?"

(6) "Yes."

(7) "Perhaps you should not say that—you may not be right."

(8) "I am right," I replied. "I think he knows every sin that has a name."

(9) "I wish," she continued, "that Mr. Barr did not listen so eagerly to him. We were in hopes of your coming to Boston, but now that he has caught the Western fever, nothing will cure him but an experience of the West. Mr. Curtis thinks you are both unfit for Chicago."

(10) "I know we are."

(11) "Poor child!" she exclaimed. "I intended to have taken such good care of you."

(12) Then tears sprang to my eyes. I leaned my head against her...

(13) It was, alas, quite true that Robert had fallen completely under the spell of his enemy. His lure had been the wonderful West, which Robert was now determined to visit, before we definitely settled, "We will go as far as Buffalo, Milly," he said to me, "see Niagara, and cross into Canada. We may find just what we like in Canada. If so, we shall still be under the British flag. If we do not like Canada, then we will go westward to Chicago."

(14) I pleaded for a trial of Boston, but Robert would not listen to me. "Every one on the ship says, 'Go west,'" he replied. "Let us see with our own eyes, and judge for ourselves."

(15) I was grieved and offended at the time, but I can understand now the influence primarily working against Boston. He longed for rest and travel and change. All his life he had been kept strictly to his lessons, and his business. He had never had a holiday, unless his mother and sister and her children were with him, and this going where he liked, seeing what he liked, doing what he liked, and resting whenever he wished to rest, possessed irresistible charms. He could not deny himself. He could not go to Boston and settle at once to business of some kind. I do not blame him. He had had no youth. He was naturally poetic and romantic, but

"Even his childhood knew nothing better,

Than bills of creditor and debtor——"

while the modern spirit of travel and recreation was just beginning to make both age and youth restless and expectant.

(16) Yet at that time I could not reason thus, and the refusal of the kind offers made us by Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, appeared to me a wilful flinging away of good fortune. Also, I apprehended nothing but danger and sorrow from any step taken on the advice of a man, whom nothing could make me trust. Alas! an apprehended danger can not always be a defended one. I believed firmly that heaven chalked the line that brought us to New York. I saw no white road leading us to Chicago. I felt that in turning away from Boston we had lost opportunity's golden tide.