

Read and annotate the following short story. Answer the questions that follow. Be prepared to hand this in during the first week of school.

“Teenage Wasteland”
by Anne Tyler

5

He used to have very blond hair—almost white—cut shorter than other children’s so that on his crown a little cowlick always stood up to catch the light. But this was when he was small. As he grew older, his hair grew darker, and he wore it longer—past his collar even. It hung in lank, taffy-colored ropes around his face, which was still an endearing face, fine-featured, the eyes of an unusual aqua blue. But his cheeks, of course, were no longer round, and a sharp new Adam’s apple jogged in his throat when he talked.

10

In October, they called from the private school he attended to request a conference with his parents. Daisy went alone; her husband was at work. Clutching her purse, she sat on the principal’s couch and learned that Donny was noisy, lazy, and disruptive; always fooling around with his friends, and he wouldn’t respond in class.

15

In the past, before her children were born, Daisy had been a fourth-grade teacher. It shamed her now to sit before this principal as a parent, a delinquent parent, a parent who struck Mr. Lanham, no doubt, as unseeing or uncaring. “It isn’t that we’re not concerned,” she said. “Both of us are. And we’ve done what we could, whatever we could think of. We don’t let him watch TV on school nights. We don’t let him talk on the phone till he’s finished his homework. But he tells us he doesn’t *have* any homework or he did it all in study hall. How are we to know what to believe?”

20

From early October through November, at Mr. Lanham’s suggestion, Daisy checked Donny’s assignments every day. She sat next to him as he worked, trying to be encouraging, sagging inwardly as she saw the poor quality of everything he did—the sloppy mistakes in math, the illogical leaps in his English themes, the history questions left blank if they required any research.

25

Daisy was often late starting supper, and she couldn’t give as much attention to Donny’s younger sister. “You’ll never guess what happened at...” Amanda would begin, and Daisy would have to tell her, “Not now, honey.”

30

By the time her husband, Matt, came home, she’d be snappish. She would recite the day’s hardships—the fuzzy instructions in English, the botched history map, the morass of unsolvable algebra equations. Matt would look surprised and confused, and Daisy would gradually wind down. There was no way, really, to convey how exhausting all this was.

35

In December, the school called again. This time, they wanted Matt to come as well. She and Matt had to sit on Mr. Lanham’s couch like two bad children and listen to the news: Donny had improved only slightly, raising a D in history to a C, and a C in algebra to a B-minus. What was worse, he had developed new problems. He had cut classes on at least three occasions. Smoked in the furnace room. Helped Sonny Barnett break into a freshman’s locker. And last week, during athletics, he and three friends had been seen off the school grounds; when they returned, the coach had smelled beer on their breath.

40

Daisy and Matt sat silent, shocked. Matt rubbed his forehead with his fingertips. Imagine, Daisy thought, how they must look to Mr. Lanham: an overweight housewife in a cotton dress and a too-tall, too-thin insurance agent in a baggy, frayed suit. Failures, both of them—the kind

45

of people who are always hurrying to catch up, missing the point of things that everyone else grasps at once. She wished she'd worn nylons instead of knee socks.

It was arranged that Donny would visit a psychologist for testing. Mr. Lanham knew just the person. He would set this boy straight, he said.

50 When they stood to leave, Daisy held her stomach in and gave Mr. Lanham a firm, responsible handshake.

Donny said the psychologist was a jackass and the tests were really dumb; but he kept all three of his appointments, and when it was time for the follow up conference with the psychologist and both parents, Donny combed his hair and seemed unusually sober and subdued.
55 The psychologist said Donny had no serious emotional problems. He was merely going through a difficult period in his life. He required some academic help and a better sense of self-worth. For this reason, he was suggesting a man named Calvin Beadle, a tutor with considerable psychological training.

60 In the car going home, Donny said he'd be damned if he'd let them drag him to some stupid fairy tutor. His father told him to watch his language in front of his mother.

That night, Daisy lay awake pondering the term self-worth. She had always been free with her praise. She had always told Donny he had talent, was smart, was good with his hands. She had made a big to-do over every little gift he gave her. In fact, maybe she had gone too far, although, Lord knows, she had meant every word. Was that his trouble?

65 She remembered when Amanda was born. Donny had acted lost and bewildered. Daisy had been alert to that, of course, but still, a new baby keeps you so busy. Had she really done all she could have? She longed—she ached—for a time machine. Given one more chance, she'd do it perfectly—hug him more, praise him more, or perhaps praise him less. Oh, who can say...

70 The psychologist told Donny to call him Cal. All his kids did, he said. Daisy thought for a second that he meant his own children, then realized her mistake. He seemed too young, anyhow, to be a family man. He wore a heavy brown handle-bar mustache. His hair was as long and stringy as Donny's, and his jeans as faded. Wire-rimmed spectacles slid down his nose. He lounged in a canvas director's chair with his fingers laced across his chest, and he casually, amiably questioned Donny, who sat upright and glaring in an armchair.

75 "So they're getting on your back at school," said Cal. "Making a big deal about anything you do wrong."

"Right," said Donny.

"Any idea why that would be?"

"Oh, well, you know, stuff like homework and all," Donny said.

80 "You don't do your homework?"

"Oh, well, I might do it sometimes but not just exactly like they want it." Donny sat forward and said, "It's like a prison there, you know? You've got to go to every class, you can never step off the school grounds."

"You cut classes sometimes?"

85 "Sometimes," Donny said, with a glance at his parents.

Cal didn't seem perturbed. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you what. Let's you and me try working together three nights a week. Think you could handle that? We'll see if we can show that school of yours a thing or two. Give it a month; then if you don't like it, we'll stop. If I don't like it, we'll stop. I mean, sometimes people just don't get along, right? What do you say to that?"

90 "Okay," Donny said. He seemed pleased.

"Make it seven o'clock till eight, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday," Cal told Matt and Daisy. They nodded. Cal shambled to his feet, gave them a little salute, and showed them to the door.

95 This was where he lived as well as worked, evidently. The interview had taken place in the dining room, which had been transformed into a kind of office. Passing the living room, Daisy winced at the rock music she had been hearing, without registering it, ever since she had entered the house. She looked in and saw a boy about Donny's age lying on a sofa with a book. Another boy and a girl were playing Ping-Pong in front of the fireplace. "You have several here together?" Daisy asked Cal.

100 "Oh, sometimes they stay on after their sessions, just to rap. They're a pretty sociable group, all in all. Plenty of goof-offs like young Donny here."

He cuffed Donny's shoulder playfully. Donny flushed and grinned.

Climbing into the car, Daisy asked Donny, "Well? What did you think?"

105 But Donny had returned to his old evasive self. He jerked his chin toward the garage. "Look," he said. "He's got a basketball net."

Now on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, they had supper early—the instant Matt came home. Sometimes, they had to leave before they were really finished. Amanda would still be eating her dessert. "Bye, honey. Sorry," Daisy would tell her.

110 Cal's first bill sent a flutter of panic through Daisy's chest, but it was worth it, of course. Just look at Donny's face when they picked him up: alight and full of interest. The principal telephoned Daisy to tell her how Donny had improved. "Of course, it hasn't shown up in his grades yet, but several of the teachers have noticed how his attitude's changed. Yes, sir, I think we're onto something here."

115 At home, Donny didn't act much different. He still seemed to have a low opinion of his parents. But Daisy supposed that was unavoidable—part of being fifteen. He said his parents were too "controlling"—a word that made Daisy give him a sudden look. He said they acted like wardens. On weekends, they enforced a curfew. And any time he went to a party, they always telephoned first to see if adults would be supervising. "For God's sake!" he said. "Don't you trust me?"

120 "It isn't a matter of trust, honey..." But there was no explaining to him.

His tutor called one afternoon. "I get the sense," he said, "that this kid's feeling... underestimated, you know? Like you folks expect the worst of him. I'm thinking we ought to give him more rope."

125 "But see, he's still so suggestible," Daisy said. "When his friends suggest some mischief—smoking or drinking or such—why, he just finds it hard not to go along with them."

"Mrs. Coble," the tutor said, "I think this kid is hurting. You know? Here's a serious, sensitive kid, telling you he'd like to take on some grown-up challenges, and you're giving him the message that he can't be trusted. Don't you understand how that hurts?"

"Oh," said Daisy.

130 "It undermines his self-esteem—don't you realize that?"

"Well, I guess you're right," said Daisy. She saw Donny suddenly from a whole new angle: his pathetically poor posture, that slouch so forlorn that his shoulders seemed about to meet his chin...oh, wasn't it awful being young? She'd had a miserable adolescence herself and had always sworn no child of hers would ever be that unhappy.

135 They let Donny stay out later, they didn't call ahead to see if the parties were supervised, and they were careful not to grill him about his evening. The tutor had set down so many rules!

140 They were not allowed any questions at all about any aspect of school, nor were they to speak with his teachers. If a teacher had some complaint, she should phone Cal. Only one teacher disobeyed—the history teacher, Miss Evans. She called one morning in February. "I'm a little concerned about Donny, Mrs. Coble."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Evans, but Donny's tutor handles these things now..."

145 "I always deal directly with the parents. You are the parent," Miss Evans said, speaking very slowly and distinctly. "Now, here is the problem. Back when you were helping Donny with his homework, his grades rose from a D to a C, but now they've slipped back, and they're closer to an F."

"They are?"

"I think you should start overseeing his homework again."

"But Donny's tutor says..."

150 "It's nice that Donny has a tutor, but you should still be in charge of his homework. With you, he learned it. Then he passed his tests. With the tutor, well, it seems the tutor is more of a crutch. 'Donny,' I say, 'a quiz is coming up on Friday. Hadn't you better be listening instead of talking?' 'That's okay, Miss Evans,' he says. 'I have a tutor now.' Like a talisman! I really think you ought to take over, Mrs. Coble."

"I see," said Daisy. "Well, I'll think about that. Thank you for calling."

155 Hanging up, she felt a rush of anger at Donny. A talisman! For a talisman, she'd given up all luxuries, all that time with her daughter, her evenings at home!

She dialed Cal's number. He sounded muzzy. "I'm sorry if I woke you," she told him, "but Donny's history teacher just called. She says he isn't doing well."

"She should have dealt with me."

160 "She wants me to start supervising his homework again. His grades are slipping."

"Yes," said the tutor, "but you and I both know there's more to it than mere grades, don't we? I care about the *whole* child—his happiness, his self-esteem. The grades will come. Just give them time."

When she hung up, it was Miss Evans she was angry at. What a narrow woman!

165 It was Cal this, Cal that, Cal says this, Cal and I did that. Cal lent Donny an album by the Who. He took Donny and two other pupils to a rode concert. In March, when Donny began to talk endlessly on the phone with a girl named Miriam, Cal even let Miriam come to one of the tutoring sessions. Daisy was touched that Cal would grow so involved in Donny's life, but she was also a little hurt, because she had offered to have Miriam to dinner and Donny had refused. 170 Now he asked them to drive her to Cal's house without a qualm.

This Miriam was an unappealing girl with blurry lipstick and masses of rough red hair. She wore a short, bulky jacket that would not have been out of place on a motorcycle. During the trip to Cal's she was silent, but coming back, she was more talkative. "What a neat guy, and what a house! All those kids hanging out, like a club. And the stereo playing rock...gosh, he's not like a grown-up at all! Married and divorced and everything, but you'd think he was our own age." 175

"Mr. Beadle was married?" Daisy asked.

"Yeah, to this really controlling lady. She didn't understand him a bit."

"No, I guess not," Daisy said.

180 Spring came, and the students who hung around at Cal's drifted out to the basketball net above the garage. Sometimes, when Daisy and Matt arrived to pick up Donny, they'd find him there with the others—spiky and excited, jittering on his toes beneath the backboard. It was staying light much longer now, and the neighboring fence cast narrow bars across the bright

grass. Loud music would be spilling from Cal's windows. Once it was the Who, which Daisy recognized from the time that Donny had borrowed the album. "Teenage Wasteland," she said aloud, identifying the song, and Matt gave a short, dry laugh. "It certainly is," he said. He'd misunderstood; he thought she was commenting on the scene spread before them. In fact, she might have been. The players looked like hoodlums, even her son. Why, one of Cal's students had recently been knifed in a tavern. One had been shipped off to boarding school in midterm; two had been withdrawn by their parents. On the other hand, Donny had mentioned someone who'd been studying with Cal for five years. "Five years!" said Daisy.

185
190 "Doesn't anyone ever stop needing him?"

Donny looked at her. Lately, whatever she said about Cal was read as criticism. "You're just feeling competitive," he said. "And controlling."

She bit her lip and said no more.

195 In April, the principal called to tell her that Donny had been expelled. There had been a locker check, and in Donny's locker they found five cans of beer and half a pack of cigarettes. With Donny's previous record, this offense meant expulsion.

Daisy gripped the receiver tightly and said, "Well, where is he now?"

200 "We've sent him home," said Mr. Lanham. "He's packed up all his belongings, and he's coming home on foot."

Daisy wondered what she would say to him. She felt him looming closer and closer, bringing this brand-new situation that no one had prepared her to handle. What other place would take him? Could they enter him in public school? What were the rules? She stood at the living room window, waiting for him to show up. Gradually, she realized that he was taking too long.

205 She checked the clock. She stared up the street again.

When an hour had passed, she phoned the school. Mr. Lanham's secretary answered and told her in a grave, sympathetic voice that yes, Donny Coble had most definitely gone home. Daisy called her husband. He was out of the office. She went back to the window and thought awhile, and then she called Donny's tutor.

210 "Donny's been expelled from school," she said, "and now I don't know where he's gone. I wonder if you've heard from him?"

There was a long silence. "Donny's with me, Mrs. Coble," he finally said.

"With you? How'd he get there?"

"He hailed a cab, and I paid the driver."

215 "Could I speak to him, please?"

There was another silence. "Maybe it'd be better if we had a conference," Cal said.

"I don't *want* a conference. I've been standing at the window picturing him dead or kidnapped or something, and now you tell me you want a—"

220 "Donny is very, very upset. Understandably so," said Cal. "Believe me, Mrs. Coble, this is not what it seems. Have you asked Donny's side of the story?"

"Well, of course not, how could I? He went running off to you instead."

"Because he didn't feel he'd be listened to."

"But I haven't even—"

225 "Why don't you come out and talk? The three of us," said Cal, "will try to get this thing in perspective."

"Well, all right," Daisy said. But she wasn't as reluctant as she sounded. Already, she felt soothed by the calm way Cal was taking this.

Cal answered the doorbell at once. He said, "Hi, there," and led her into the dining room. Donny sat slumped in a chair, chewing the knuckle of one thumb. "Hello, Donny," Daisy said. 230 He flicked his eyes in her direction.

"Sit here, Mrs. Coble," said Cal, placing her opposite Donny. He himself remained standing, restlessly pacing. "So," he said.

Daisy stole a look at Donny. His lips were swollen, as if he'd been crying.

"You know," Cal told Daisy, "I kind of expected something like this. That's a very 235 punitive school you've got him in—you realize that. And any half-decent lawyer will tell you they've violated his civil rights. Locker checks! Where's their search warrant?"

"But if the rule is—" Daisy said.

"Well, anyhow, let him tell you his side."

She looked at Donny. He said, "It wasn't my fault. I promise."

240 "They said your locker was full of beer."

"It was a put-up job! See, there's this guy that doesn't like me. He put all these beers in my locker and started a rumor going, so Mr. Lanham ordered a locker check."

"What was the boy's name?" Daisy asked.

"Huh?"

245 "Mrs. Coble, take my word, the situation is not so unusual," Cal said. "You can't imagine how vindictive kids can be sometimes."

"What was the boy's *name*?" said Daisy, "so that I can ask Mr. Lanham if that's who suggested he run a locker check."

"You don't believe me," Donny said.

250 "And how'd this boy get your combination in the first place?"

"Frankly," said Cal, "I wouldn't be surprised to learn the school was in on it. Any kid that marches to a different drummer, why, they'd just love an excuse to get rid of him. The school is where I lay the blame."

"Doesn't *Donny* ever get blamed?"

255 "Now, Mrs. Coble, you heard what he—"

"Forget it," Donny told Cal. "You can see she doesn't trust me."

Daisy drew in a breath to say that of course she trusted him—a reflex. But she knew that bold-faced, wide-eyed look of Donny's. He had worn that look when he was small, denying some petty misdeed with the evidence plain as day all around him. Still, it was hard for her to accuse 260 him outright. She *temporized* and said, "The only thing I'm sure of is that they've kicked you out of school, and now I don't know what we're going to do."

"We'll fight it," said Cal.

"We can't. Even you must see we can't"

"I could apply to Brantly," Donny said.

265 Cal stopped his pacing to beam down at him. "Brantly! Yes. They're really onto where a kid is coming from, at Brantly. Why, *I* could get you into Brantly. I work with a lot of their students."

Daisy had never heard of Brantly, but already she didn't like it. And she didn't like Cal's smile, which struck her now as feverish and avid—a smile of hunger.

270 On the fifteenth of April, they entered Donny in a public school, and they stopped his tutoring sessions. Donny fought both decisions bitterly. Cal, surprisingly enough, did not object. He admitted he'd made no headway with Donny and said it was because Donny was emotionally disturbed.

275 Donny went to his new school every morning, plodding off alone with his head down. He
did his assignments, and he earned average grades, but he gathered no friends, joined no clubs.
There was something exhausted and defeated about him.

The first week in June, during final exams, Donny vanished. He simply didn't come home
one afternoon, and no one at school remembered seeing him. The police were reassuring, and for
the first few days, they worked hard. They combed Donny's sad, messy room for clues; they
280 visited Miriam and Cal. But then they started talking about the number of kids who ran away
every year. Hundreds, just in this city. "He'll show up, if he wants to," they said. "If he doesn't,
he won't."

Evidently, Donny didn't want to.

285 It's been three months now and still no word. Matt and Daisy still look for him in every
crowd of awkward, heartbreaking teenage boys. Every time the phone rings, they imagine it
might be Donny. Both parents have aged. Donny's sister seems to be staying away from home as
much as possible.

290 At night, Daisy lies awake and goes over Donny's life. She is trying to figure out what
went wrong, where they made their first mistake. Often, she finds herself blaming Cal, although
she knows he didn't begin it. Then at other times she excuses him, for without him, Donny might
have left earlier. Who really knows? In the end, she can only sigh and search for a cooler spot on
the pillow. As she falls asleep, she occasionally glimpses something in the corner of her vision.
It's something fleet and round, a ball—a basketball. It flies up, it sinks through the hoop,
descends, lands in a yard littered with last year's, leaves and striped with bars of sunlight as white
295 as bones, bleached and parched and cleanly picked.

“Teenage Wasteland”
by Anne Tyler

1. What point of view does the author use to tell the story?
 - a. first-person narrative
 - b. third-person objective
 - c. third-person omniscient
 - d. dramatic viewpoint

2. The opening paragraph of the story gives us a character description of young and old Donny, this is to:
 - a. To show the reader the passing of time in the story.
 - b. To show the reader via characterization the changes already undergone by Donny’s character.
 - c. To show the reader what Donny’s childhood was like to better understand his nature.
 - d. To show the reader the thematic idea of identity that the story will be evaluating.

3. Daisy’s insecurities are highlighted in lines 44-47 while she meets with the principal about Donny for the second time. The importance of including this is to
 - a. call attention to how scatterbrained Daisy can be sometimes.
 - b. reveal what the principal is seeing when he meets with Daisy and Matt.
 - c. characterize Daisy as someone that is unsure of herself and her adequacy
 - d. prove how overworked and undervalued Daisy and Matt are as parents

4. “Clutching her purse, she [Daisy] sat on the principal’s couch and learned that Donny was noisy, lazy, and disruptive.” What method of characterization does the author use to describe Donny?
 - a. others’ opinions
 - b. character’s actions
 - c. character’s thoughts and feelings
 - d. B and C are correct

5. After Donny visits the psychologist, why does the psychologist suggest that Donny see a tutor?
 - a. The psychologist does not know how to help Donny anymore.
 - b. The psychologist believes that if Donny improves academically, he will feel better about himself.
 - c. The psychologist thinks that a tutor will be able to address Donny’s serious emotional problems.
 - d. The psychologist dislikes Donny and wants to get rid of him.

6. Whose thoughts and feelings about Donny's problems are best known to the reader?
 - a. Cal's
 - b. Daisy's
 - c. Donny's
 - d. the principal's

7. The title "Teenage Wasteland" is significant for all of the following except
 - a. it is an allusion to a song
 - b. it underscores the theme of teenage discontent
 - c. it symbolizes Donny's misery
 - d. It demonstrates Daisy and Matt's poor parenting during Donny's childhood

8. Lines 179-187 highlight a comparison between how the author describes Donny and how his parents see Donny. This contradictory picture is telling because:
 - a. The audience can see a different side of Donny than his parents. Whereas he is lively, they see him as a criminal.
 - b. The description of Donny is contradictory to his behavior. Here he is not interacting with his parents when he usually does.
 - c. How Donny talks to Cal is different from how he talks to his parents. They do not listen to him, but Cal does.
 - d. The author paints a picture of Donny that is different from when he is at school. His friends at Cal's are more willing to play with him than his friends at school.

9. When in lines 260-261 Daisy says, "The only thing I'm sure of is that they've kicked you out of school, and now I don't know what we're going to do," what has Daisy realized that she doesn't verbalize?
 - a. Donny was set-up and nothing can prove it.
 - b. Donny was not being honest
 - c. Cal does not have any solutions to this problem
 - d. She believes her son was in the wrong school.

10. Daisy and Donny are alike in that both of them
 - a. demand attention
 - b. lack self-confidence
 - c. lack respect for authority
 - d. run away from problems

11. What figure of speech is used in the last line of the story?
 - a. analogy
 - b. metaphor
 - c. simile
 - d. symbol

Read and Annotate the following speech by Jimmy Carter about preserving the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Answer the questions that follow.

This speech will be used as your Writing Benchmark during the first weeks of school.

Speech delivered by President Jimmy Carter

From: *Arctic National Wildlife Refuge: Seasons of Life and Land, A Photographic Journey* by Subhankar Banerjee. ©2003

1 The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge stands alone as America's last truly great wilderness. This magnificent area is as vast as it is wild, from the windswept coastal plain where polar bears and caribou give birth, to the towering Brooks Range where Dall sheep cling to cliffs and wolves howl in the midnight sun.

2 More than a decade ago, [my wife] Rosalynn and I had the fortunate opportunity to camp and hike in these regions of the Arctic Refuge. During bright July days, we walked along ancient caribou trails and studied the brilliant mosaic of wildflowers, mosses, and lichens that hugged the tundra. There was a timeless quality about this great land. As the never-setting sun circled above the horizon, we watched muskox, those shaggy survivors of the Ice Age, lumber along braided rivers that meander toward the Beaufort Sea.

3 One of the most unforgettable and humbling experiences of our lives occurred on the coastal plain. We had hoped to see caribou during our trip, but to our amazement, we witnessed the migration of tens of thousands of caribou with their newborn calves. In a matter of a few minutes, the sweep of tundra before us became flooded with life, with the sounds of grunting animals and clicking hooves filling the air. The dramatic procession of the Porcupine caribou herd was a once-in-a-lifetime wildlife spectacle. We understand firsthand why some have described this special birthplace as "America's Serengeti."

4 Standing on the coastal plain, I was saddened to think of the tragedy that might occur if this great wilderness was consumed by a web of roads and pipelines, drilling rigs and industrial facilities. Such proposed developments would forever destroy the wilderness character of America's only Arctic Refuge and disturb countless numbers of animals that depend on this northernmost terrestrial ecosystem.

5 The extraordinary wilderness and wildlife values of the Arctic Refuge have long been recognized by both Republican and Democratic presidents. In 1960, President Dwight D. Eisenhower established the original 8.9 million-acre Arctic National Wildlife Range to preserve

its unique wildlife, wilderness, and recreational values. Twenty years later, I signed the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act, monumental legislation that safeguarded more than 100 million acres of national parks, refuges, and forests in Alaska. This law specifically created the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, doubled the size of the former range, and restricted development in areas that are clearly incompatible with oil exploration.

6 Since I left office, there have been repeated proposals to open the Arctic Refuge coastal plain to oil drilling. Those attempts have failed because of tremendous opposition by the American people, including the Gwich'in Athabascan Indians of Alaska and Canada, indigenous people whose culture has depended on the Porcupine caribou herd for thousands of years. Having visited many aboriginal peoples around the world, I can empathize with the Gwich'ins' struggle to safeguard one of their precious human rights.

7 We must look beyond the alleged benefits of a short-term economic gain and focus on what is really at stake. At best, the Arctic Refuge might provide 1 to 2 percent of the oil our country consumes each day. We can easily conserve more than that amount by driving more fuel-efficient vehicles. Instead of tearing open the heart of our greatest refuge, we should use our resources more wisely.

8 There are few places on earth as wild and free as the Arctic Refuge. It is a symbol of our national heritage, a remnant of frontier America that our first settlers once called wilderness. Little of that precious wilderness remains.

9 It will be a grand triumph for America if we can preserve the Arctic Refuge in its pure, untrammled state. To leave this extraordinary land alone would be the greatest gift we could pass on to future generations.

Speech delivered by President Jimmy Carter

From: *Arctic National Wildlife Refuge: Seasons of Life and Land, A Photographic Journey* by Subhankar Banerjee. ©2003

1. Which would Jimmy Carter most likely agree with:
 - a. We need to work together to preserve our wildlife.
 - b. We need to consider all the consequences of fulfilling our energy needs
 - c. The progress of the human race requires sacrifice.
 - d. Our duty is to protect the world for future generations.

2. In paragraph 2, Carter describes a herd of muskox as “shaggy survivors of the Ice Age.” The purpose of this description is to:
 - a. Describe how the muskox look as they walk along the rivers
 - b. Give weight to the longevity of the muskox species and their significance to America’s environmental history
 - c. Demonstrate that he has done research on the origins of muskox
 - d. Exaggerate the duration of existence of the muskox from the Refuge

3. The purpose of paragraphs 2 and 3 of this essay can best be described as
 - a. A short personal story he uses to make a point.
 - b. Proof he has been to Alaska.
 - c. A thoughtful reflection about a happy experience.
 - d. A memory that only angers him now.

4. The transition from paragraph 3 to paragraph 4 highlights a significant shift in tone. Why does this occur?
 - a. Carter realizes that this landscape will last forever and is timeless
 - b. Carter realizes that the landscape is lost to the oil industry and is ruined
 - c. Carter realizes that the landscape is perfect the way it is and is confident in the animals
 - d. Carter realizes that the landscape is unique to America and is saddened by its potential loss.

5. In paragraph 5, the purpose of Jimmy Carter saying that the value of the Arctic Refuge has “long been recognized by both Republican and Democratic presidents” is to...
 - a. Confirm that preserving the Arctic Refuge is only a Republican issue.
 - b. Make people feel sympathetic towards the wildlife in the Arctic Refuge.
 - c. Imply that the value of the Arctic Refuge has not been discussed by world leaders.
 - d. Prove that the Arctic Refuge has value because of how much recognition it has received from both political parties.

6. In paragraph 6, when Jimmy Carter talks about how after he left office more proposals to open up the Arctic Refuge for oil drilling have *failed*, what point is he trying to prove?
 - a. He is trying to show that he was a failure as a President.
 - b. That he is not alone in his desire to preserve the Arctic Refuge, and that many Americans agree with him.
 - c. Carter is attempting to make Americans feel enraged on behalf of the Arctic Refuge.
 - d. He is trying to encourage people to visit the Arctic Refuge as he and his wife did.

7. What is the purpose of this statement in paragraph 7: “We must look beyond the alleged benefits of a short-term economic gain and focus on what is really at stake. At best, the Arctic Refuge might provide 1 to 2 percent of the oil our country consumes each day.”
 - a. Support for the drilling of oil as a significant amount can be found in the Arctic Refuge.
 - b. Logical evidence that counters the idea that the Arctic Refuge can provide a significant amount of oil.
 - c. An argument that highlights why the government has passed many laws.
 - d. A clear appeal to emotion about the safety and well-being of the animals in the Arctic Refuge.

8. The purpose of paragraph 7 of Jimmy Carter’s speech is designed to:
 - a. Make people feel guilty for their inaction and join his cause to preserve the Refuge.
 - b. Increase his credibility with the audience by using statistics.
 - c. To lecture those arguing for destroying the wildlife refuge for their greedy and selfish gains.
 - d. To preemptively counter alternative claims for destroying the wildlife refuge by weighing the risks and rewards of such actions.

9. Carter’s reasoning for stating that the Alaskan Refuge is a “symbol of our national heritage” in paragraph 8 is most likely to
 - a. Make a case that the caribou should be the national symbol of the United States
 - b. Illustrate his love for American land and its wilderness
 - c. Appeal to the reader’s sense of patriotism to make his case for protecting the land
 - d. Make the reader wonder what might symbolize other nations’ heritages

10. Paragraph 9 is appealing to which characteristic of Jimmy Carter’s audience?
 - a. Their bravery
 - b. Their tenacity
 - c. Their sense of responsibility
 - d. Their pride