



- Name:
- Date:

Part A

Directions: Read the passages on the following pages (a poem and a myth) and answer the multiple-choice questions. Then write the essay as described in Your Task. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Your Task:

After you have read the, write a unified essay about the power of true friendship as revealed in the passages. In your essay, use ideas from *both* passages to establish a controlling idea about the power of true friendship. Using evidence from *each* passage, develop your controlling idea and show how the author uses specific literary elements or techniques to convey that idea.

Guidelines:

Be sure to

- Use ideas from *both* passages to establish a controlling idea about the power of true friendship
- Use specific and relevant evidence from *each* passage to develop your controlling idea
- Show how each author uses specific literary elements (for example: theme, characterization, structure, point of view) or techniques (for example: symbolism, irony, figurative language) to convey the controlling idea
- Organize your ideas in a logical and coherent manner
- Use language that communicates ideas effectively
- Follow the conventions of standard written English

Passage I

Ah, friend, let us be true
To one another! For the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
5 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

— Matthew Arnold
from *The Book of Friendship*

Passage II

Damon and Pythias were two noble young men who lived on the island of Sicily in a city called Syracuse. They were such close companions and were so devoted to each other that all the people of the city admired them as the highest examples of true friendship. Each trusted the other so completely that nobody could ever have persuaded one that the other had been unfaithful or dishonest, even if that had been the case.

Now it happened that Syracuse was, at that time, ruled by a famous tyrant named Dionysius, who had gained the throne for himself through treachery, and who from then on flaunted his power by behaving cruelly to his own subjects and to all strangers and enemies who were so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches. This tyrant, Dionysius, was so unjustly cruel that once, when he awoke from a restless sleep during which he dreamt that a certain man in the town had attempted to kill him, he immediately had that man put to death.

It happened that Pythias had, quite unjustly, been accused by Dionysius of trying to overthrow him, and for this supposed crime of treason Pythias was sentenced by the king to die. Try as he might, Pythias could not prove his innocence to the king's satisfaction, and so, all hope now lost, the noble youth asked only for a few days' freedom so that he could settle his business affairs and see to it that his relatives would be cared for after he was executed. Dionysius, the hardhearted tyrant, however, would not believe Pythias's promise to return and would not allow him to leave unless he left behind him a hostage, someone who would be put to death in his place if he should fail to return within the stated time.

Pythias immediately thought of his friend Damon, and he unhesitatingly sent for him in this hour of dire necessity, never thinking for a moment that his trusty companion would refuse his request. Nor did he, for Damon hastened straightaway to the palace—much to the amazement of King Dionysius—and gladly offered to be held hostage for his friend, in spite of the dangerous condition that had been attached to this favor. Therefore, Pythias was permitted to settle his earthly affairs before departing to the Land of the Shades,¹ while Damon remained behind in the dungeon, the captive of the tyrant Dionysius.

After Pythias had been released, Dionysius asked Damon if he did not feel afraid, for Pythias might very well take advantage of the opportunity he had been given and simply not return at all, and then he, Damon, would be executed in his place. But Damon replied at once with a willing smile: "There is no need for me to feel afraid, O King, since I have perfect faith in the word of my true friend, and I know that he will certainly return before the appointed time—unless, of course, he dies or is held captive by some evil force. Even so, even should the noble Pythias be captured and held against his will, it would be an honor for me to die in his place."

Such devotion and perfect faith as this was unheard of to the friendless tyrant; still, though he could not help admiring the true nobility of his captive, he nevertheless determined that Damon should certainly be put to death should Pythias not return by the appointed time.

And, as the Fates would have it, by a strange turn of events, Pythias was detained far longer in his task than he had imagined. Though he never for a single

¹ **Land of the Shades:** Mythical place where people go when they die.

minute intended to evade the sentence of death to which he had been so unjustly committed, Pythias met with several accidents and unavoidable delays. Now his time was running out and he had yet to overcome the many impediments that had
50 been placed in his path. At last he succeeded in clearing away all the hindrances, and he sped back the many miles to the palace of the king, his heart almost bursting with grief and fear that he might arrive too late.

Meanwhile, when the last day of the allotted time arrived, Dionysius commanded that the place of execution should be readied at once, since he was
55 still ruthlessly determined that if one of his victims escaped him, the other should not. And so, entering the chamber in which Damon was confined, he began to utter words of sarcastic pity for the “foolish faith,” as he termed it, that the young man of Syracuse had in his friend.

In reply, however, Damon merely smiled, since, in spite of the fact that the
60 eleventh hour had already arrived, he still believed that his lifelong companion would not fail him. Even when, a short time later, he was actually led out to the site of his execution, his serenity remained the same.

Great excitement stirred the crowd that had gathered to witness the execution, for all the people had heard of the bargain that had been struck
65 between the two friends. There was much sobbing and cries of sympathy were heard all around as the captive was brought out, though he himself somehow retained complete composure even at this moment of darkest danger.

Presently the excitement grew more intense still as a swift runner could be
70 seen approaching the palace courtyard at an astonishing speed, and wild shrieks of relief and joy went up as Pythias, breathless and exhausted, rushed headlong through the crowd and flung himself into the arms of his beloved friend, sobbing with relief that he had, by the grace of the gods, arrived in time to save Damon’s life.

This final exhibition of devoted love and faithfulness was more than even the
75 stony heart of Dionysius, the tyrant, could resist. As the throng of spectators melted into tears at the companions’ embrace, the king approached the pair and declared that Pythias was hereby pardoned and his death sentence canceled. In addition, he begged the pair to allow him to become their friend, to try to be as much a friend to them both as they had shown each other to be.

80 Thus did the two friends of Syracuse, by the faithful love they bore to each other, conquer the hard heart of a tyrant king, and in the annals of true friendship there are no more honored names than those of Damon and Pythias—for no person can do more than be willing to lay down his life for the sake of his friend.

— retold by William F. Russell

Which statement best expresses the idea found in lines 2 through 6?

- (1) The world honors those who share love and light.
- (2) The world is a beautiful and happy place.
- (3) The world should guarantee peace to everyone.
- (4) The world that promises so much has little to offer.

2

The “darkling plain” (line 7) most likely refers to a

- (1) meadow
- (2) battlefield
- (3) night sky
- (4) sports arena

3

In line 9, the narrator describes the armies as “ignorant” because

- (1) the armies are composed of unskilled men
- (2) the armies do not have an effective battle plan
- (3) people have not learned to live together in peace
- (4) people are uninformed about the effects of war

4

The tone of the poem can best be described as

- (1) somber
- (2) hopeful
- (3) bewildered
- (4) lively

5

According to lines 1 through 6, the people of Syracuse viewed Damon and Pythias as

- (1) saints
- (2) kings
- (3) stereotypes
- (4) models

6

Which word from the text most accurately describes a tyrant?

- (1) “famous” (line 7)
- (2) “unfortunate” (line 10)
- (3) “cruel” (line 11)
- (4) “restless” (line 12)

7

According to the text, what was the cause of Dionysius’s “amazement” (line 27)?

- (1) Damon’s refusal
- (2) Damon’s arrival
- (3) Pythias’s promise
- (4) Pythias’s innocence

8

According to lines 35 through 40, Damon considered dying for his friend to be an act of

- (1) respect
- (2) justice
- (3) desperation
- (4) foolishness

9

That which Dionysius called “foolish faith” (line 57), Damon would probably have called

- (1) religion
- (2) loyalty
- (3) uselessness
- (4) mischievousness

Dionysius was so impressed by “This final exhibition” (line 74) that he

- (1) offered to die in Pythias’s place
- (2) burst into tears
- (3) issued a proclamation
- (4) released Pythias from captivity

Part A

Directions: Read the passages on the following pages (a short story excerpt and an autobiographical excerpt) and answer each multiple-choice question. Then write the essay as described in **Your Task**. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Your Task:

After you have read the passages and answered the multiple-choice questions, write a unified essay about the things mothers do for their children as revealed in the passages. In your essay, use ideas from *both* passages to establish a controlling idea about the things mothers do for their children. Using evidence from *each* passage, develop your controlling idea and show how the author uses specific literary elements or techniques to convey that ideas.

Guidelines:

Be sure to

- Use ideas from *both* passages to establish a controlling idea about the things mothers do for their children
- Use specific and relevant evidence from *each* passage to develop your controlling idea
- Show how each author uses specific literary elements (for example: theme, characterization, structure, point of view) or techniques (for example: symbolism, irony, figurative language) to convey the controlling idea
- Organize your ideas in a logical and coherent manner
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Passage I

...“Well, Mary.” Aunt Elvera heaved herself up the porch steps and drew off her gauntlet gloves. “I can see you are having a busy day.” Mama’s hands were fire red from strawberry juice and the heat of the stove. Mine were scratched all over from picking every ripe berry in the patch.

5 “One day’s like another on the farm,” Mama remarked.

“Then I will not mince words,” Aunt Elvera said, overlooking me. “I’d have rung you up if you were connected to the telephone system.”

“What about, Elvera?” She and Mama weren’t sisters. They were sisters-in-law.

10 “Why, the Fair, of course!” Aunt Elvera bristled in an important way. “What else? The Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. The world will be there. It puts St. Louis at the hub of the universe.” Aunt Elvera’s mouth worked wordlessly.

“Well, I do know about it,” Mama said. “I take it you’ll be going?”

15 Aunt Elvera waved her away. “My stars, yes. You know how Schumate can be. Tight as a new boot. But I put my foot down. Mary, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. We will not see such wonders again during our span.”

20 “Ah,” Mama said, and my mind wandered—took a giant leap and landed in St. Louis. We knew about the Fair. The calendar the peddler gave us at Christmas featured a different pictorial view of the Fair for every month. There were white palaces in gardens with gondolas in waterways, everything electric-lit. Castles from Europe and paper houses from Japan. For the month of May the calendar featured the great floral clock on the fairgrounds.

“Send us a postal,” Mama said.

“The thing is ...” Aunt Elvera’s eyes slid toward Dorothy. “We thought we’d invite Geneva to go with us.”

25 My heart liked to lurch out of my apron. Me? They wanted to take me to the Fair?

“She’ll be company for Dorothy.”

30 Then I saw how it was. Dorothy was dim, but she could set her heels like a mule. She wanted somebody with her at the Fair so she wouldn’t have to trail after her mother every minute. We were about the same age. We were in the same grade, but she was a year older, having repeated fourth grade. She could read, but her lips moved. And we were cousins, not friends.

35 “It will be educational for them both,” Aunt Elvera said. “All the progress of civilization as we know it will be on display. They say a visit to the Fair is tantamount to a year of high school.”

“Mercy,” Mama said.

40 “We will take the Wabash Railroad directly to the gates of the Exposition,” Aunt Elvera explained, “and we will be staying on the grounds themselves at the Inside Inn.” She leaned nearer Mama, and her voice fell. “I’m sorry to say that there will be stimulants for sale on the fairgrounds. You know how St. Louis is in the hands of the breweries.” Aunt Elvera was sergeant-at-arms of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, and to her, strong drink was a mocker. “But we will keep the girls away from that sort of thing.” Her voice fell to a whisper. “And we naturally won’t set foot on the Pike.”

45 We knew what the Pike was. It was the midway of the Fair, like a giant carnival with all sorts of goings-on.

“Well, many thanks, but I don’t think so,” Mama said.

My heart didn’t exactly sink. It never dawned on me that I’d see the Fair. I was only a little cast down because I might never get another glimpse of the world.

50 "Now, you're not to think of the money," Aunt Elvera said. "Dismiss that from your mind. Schumate and I will be glad to cover all Geneva's expenses. She can sleep in the bed with Dorothy, and we are carrying a good deal of our eats. I know these aren't flush times for farmers, Mary, but do not let your pride stand in Geneva's way."

55 "Oh, no," Mama said mildly. "Pride cometh before a fall. But we may be running down to the Fair ourselves."

Aunt Elvera's eyes narrowed, and I didn't believe Mama, either. It was just her way of fending off my aunt. Kept me from being in the same bed with Dorothy, too....

60 I could tell you very little about the rest of that day. My mind was miles off. I know Mama wrung the neck off a fryer, and we had baking-powder biscuits to go with the warm jam. After supper my brothers hitched up Fanny to the trap and went into town. I took a bottle brush to the lamp chimneys and trimmed the wicks. After that I was back out on the porch swing while there was some daylight left. The lightning bugs were coming out, so that reminded me of how the Fair was lit up at night with electricity, brighter than day.

Then Mama came out and settled in the swing beside me, which was unusual, since she never sat out until the nights got hotter than this. We swung together awhile. Then she said in a quiet voice, "I meant it. I want you to see the Fair."

70 Everything stopped then. I still didn't believe it, but my heart turned over.

"I spoke to your dad about it. He can't get away, and he can't spare the boys. But I want us to go to the Fair."

Oh, she was brave to say it, she who hadn't been anywhere in her life. Brave even to think it. "I've got some egg money put back," she said. We didn't keep enough chickens to sell the eggs, but anything you managed to save was called egg money.

"That's for a rainy day," I said, being practical.

"I know it," she said. "But I'd like to see that floral clock."

80 Mama was famous for her garden flowers. When her glads were up, every color, people drove by to see them. And there was nobody to touch her for zinnias.

Oh, Mama, I thought, is this just a game we're playing? "What'll we wear?" I asked, to test her.

"They'll be dressy down at the Fair, won't they?" She said. "You know those artificial cornflowers I've got. I thought I'd trim my hat with them. And you're getting to be a big girl. Time you had a corset."

85 So then I knew she meant business....

—Richard Peck
"The Electric Summer"
from *Time Capsule*, 1999
Delacorte Press

Passage II

I began working in journalism when I was eight years old. It was my mother's idea. She wanted me to "make something" of myself and, after a levelheaded appraisal of my strengths, decided I had better start young if I was to have any chance of keeping up with the competition....

5 With my load of magazines I headed toward Belleville Avenue. That's where the people were. There were two filling stations at the intersection with Union Avenue, as well as an A&P, a fruit stand, a bakery, a barber shop, Zuccarelli's drugstore, and a diner shaped like a railroad car. For several hours I made myself highly visible, shifting position now and then from corner to corner, from shop window to shop window, to make sure everyone could see the heavy black lettering on the canvas bag that said THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. When the angle of the light indicated it was suppertime, I walked back to the house.

"How many did you sell, Buddy?" my mother asked.

"None."

15 "Where did you go?"

"The corner of Belleville and Union Avenues."

"What did you do?"

"Stood on the corner waiting for somebody to buy a *Saturday Evening Post*."

"You just stood there?"

20 "Didn't sell a single one."

"For God's sake, Russell!"

25 Uncle Allen intervened. "I've been thinking about it for some time," he said, "and I've about decided to take the *Post* regularly. Put me down as a regular customer." I handed him a magazine and he paid me a nickel. It was the first nickel I earned.

Afterwards my mother instructed me in salesmanship. I would have to ring doorbells, address adults with charming self-confidence, and break down resistance with a sales talk pointing out that no one, no matter how poor, could afford to be without the *Saturday Evening Post* in the home.

30 I told my mother I'd changed my mind about wanting to succeed in the magazine business.

35 "If you think I'm going to raise a good-for-nothing," she replied, "you've got another think coming." She told me to hit the streets with the canvas bag and start ringing doorbells the instant school was out next day. When I objected that I didn't feel any aptitude for salesmanship, she asked how I'd like to lend her my leather belt so she could whack some sense into me. I bowed to superior will and entered journalism with a heavy heart.

40 My mother and I had fought this battle almost as long as I could remember. It probably started even before memory began, when I was a country child in northern Virginia and my mother, dissatisfied with my father's plain workman's life, determined that I would not grow up like him and his people, with calluses on their hands, overalls on their backs, and fourth-grade educations in their heads. She had fancier ideas of life's possibilities. Introducing me to the *Saturday Evening Post*, she was trying to wean me as early as possible from my father's world where men left with their lunch pails at sunup, worked with their hands until the grime ate into the pores, and died with a few sticks of mail-order furniture as their legacy. In my mother's vision of the better life there were desks and white collars, well-pressed suits, evenings of reading and lively talk, and

45 perhaps—if a man were very, very lucky and hit the jackpot, really made something important of himself—perhaps there might be a fantastic salary of \$5,000 a year to support a big house and a Buick with a rumble seat and a vacation in Atlantic City....

— Russell Baker
from *Growing Up*, 1982
Congdon & Weed

Mama's statement, "One day's like another on the farm," (line 5) indicates that Mama felt

- (1) homesick
- (2) resigned
- (3) jealous
- (4) curious

12

The narrator concludes that she is being invited to the Fair primarily because

- (1) Aunt Elvera pities her
- (2) Dorothy admires her
- (3) Aunt Elvera values education
- (4) Dorothy wants a companion

13

In line 74 "egg money" refers to money set aside for

- (1) investment
- (2) supplies
- (3) emergencies
- (4) food

14

The narrator thinks that Mama is brave to talk about going to the Fair because Mama

- (1) has never traveled before
- (2) dislikes being in a crowded place
- (3) fears Geneva would be embarrassed
- (4) is worried about her husband and sons

15

The narrator implies that Mama's true reason for visiting the Fair is to

- (1) sell the eggs and chickens
- (2) find a husband for Geneva
- (3) show off her new clothes
- (4) give Geneva an unusual experience

16

The sentence, "So then I knew she meant business," (line 86) suggests that Mama's talk about the Fair is becoming a

- (1) plan
- (2) burden
- (3) fantasy
- (4) disaster

17

The list of details in lines 6 through 8 establishes the setting as

- (1) an elegant residential area
- (2) a busy shopping area
- (3) an empty railway station
- (4) a quiet office building

18

The dialogue in lines 13 through 21 reveals the mother's sense of

- (1) fear
- (2) greed
- (3) dismay
- (4) remorse

19

Uncle Allen probably decided to buy the *Post* because he

- (1) preferred the *Post* to other magazines
- (2) hoped to impress Russell's mother
- (3) wanted a career in journalism
- (4) felt sorry for Russell

20

The narrator suggests that his battle with his mother was the result of her

- (1) appreciation of journalism
- (2) desire to get him out of the house
- (3) ideas about success
- (4) admiration for her husband's work