

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

The Frog-Prince

Adapted from *The Fairy Book The Best Popular Stories Selected and Rendered Anew*, the story of "The Frog Prince," by Dinah Maria Mulock, public domain.

Narrator: *In times of old, when wishes still helped one, lived a king whose daughter was striking and exceptionally lovely. On a day which was very hot, the king's daughter skipped to the wood near the old linden tree and sat herself at the edge of the cool well. She took a golden ball, threw it up in the air, and caught it again. Then it happened that her golden ball, instead of falling back into her outstretched hand, dropped on the ground, and immediately disappeared into the water. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but the ball had vanished. The well was so deep that no one could see down to the bottom. Then she began to weep, wept louder and louder every minute, and could not console herself at all.*

Scene I

(Backdrop: Large dark forest with tall trees surrounding a well.)

Frog: What is the matter, Princess? You weep so that you would touch the heart of an arctic stone.

Narrator: *While glaring throughout to see whence the voice came, the princess looked upon a frog extending his unsightly head out of the waters.*

Princess: Is that you, old water-paddler? I am lamenting, for my golden ball dropped into the well.

Frog: You can be comforted for I will offer you sensible advice. However, what will you give me in return?

Princess: Whatever you wish! You may have my pearls, jewels, even my golden crown.

Frog: I do not fancy such silly treasures, but if you will love me I will fetch your golden ball.

Princess: *(with hand over her heart)* Yes! I promise you everything!

Narrator: *In the meantime, however, the princess thought, "What nonsense the ridiculous frog talks! The croaking frog cannot be anybody's friend!" But the frog dipped his head beneath the water and returned with the ball in his mouth. Overjoyed, the King's daughter beheld the golden orb again and loped away.*

Frog: *(lamenting)* Halt! Take me with you, for I am not able to lope at your speed.

Narrator: Alas! He croaked after her as loud as he could. She would not listen, but hastened home, and soon forgot the feeble frog, who was obliged to plunge again to the bottom of his fount.

Scene II

(Backdrop: The inside of the King's stone castle with generously proportioned stained-glass windows.)

Narrator: *The next morn, while eating dinner with the King and courtiers, there came a sound of something clambering up the marble staircase—splish, splash. When the frog reached the top, it knocked at the door.*

Frog: My fair Princess, open to me.

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

Narrator: *She raced to the door to see who was outside, nevertheless, when she opened the door, there sat the frog. The princess hastily flung it away and sat down at the table, feeling very, very unnerved. The king noticed her uneasiness.*

King: My child, why are you afraid? Is a giant standing outside the door to steal you away?

Princess: It is no giant, but a nasty frog, who yesterday, when I was playing in the wood near the well, fetched my golden orb out of the water. For this I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he could come out of his well. Now he is at the door, and wants to come in.

Narrator: *Again, the second time there was a knock.*

Frog: My beloved, open to me. How quickly you fail to remember your promise.

Narrator: *The honorable king took pity on the frog and made his daughter fulfill her promise. Regretfully, she opened the door and let the frog in. Hopping and following the frog did, till he came to her chair. She begrudgingly lifted him to her, as her father commanded, and he ate from her golden plate. The king and courtiers could easily see that she did it unwillingly.*

Frog: I have eaten enough, and am tired; carry me to your little room, and make your little silken bed smooth for me to sleep.

Princess: I will not do any such thing. You disgust me decrepit nasty reptile.

King: (*Slamming down a scepter*) What you have promised you must perform. The frog is your companion.

Narrator: *The princess realized it was of no use to complain, for she was obliged to take the frog up to her room. While picking him up with her thumb and a finger, she bitterly carried him upstairs.*

Scene III

(*Backdrop: The princess's room with finely draped linens, elegant furniture, and a tall standing mirror.*)

Narrator: *When she entered her room, the princess pitched the modest frog against the wall.*

Princess: Now you nasty thing, there will be an end to you.

Narrator: *Although, what fell down was not an injured frog, but a living handsome prince, with gorgeous skin, who at once became, her dear companion and husband, because of her own promise.*

Princess: (*shocked and confused*) I don't understand.

Prince: Dear beloved, I had been cursed by a wicked sorceress, and no one but the King's daughter could release me from enchantment and take me out of the well.

Narrator: *The Frog-Prince and the Princess lived happily ever after, for the Frog-Prince was a frog no more.*

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

- 1 **What conclusion can be drawn about how the princess's promise in Act I affects the reader's point of view?**
- A. The reader knows (but the frog does not) that there is no way the frog can get the ball for the princess. This creates suspense from the reader's point of view.
 - B. The reader knows (but the frog does not) that the princess has no intention of keeping her promise to love him. This creates suspense from the reader's point of view.
 - C. The reader knows (but the princess does not) that the frog is evil and will hurt her once she promises to love him. This creates suspense from the reader's point of view.
 - D. The reader knows (but the frog and princess do not) that the princess's family will never let her love a frog and bring him home. This creates suspense from the reader's point of view.

Which of the following lines from the passage best illustrate the conclusion made in part A?

- A. **Narrator:** *Then it happened that her golden ball, instead of falling back into her outstretched hand, dropped on the ground, and immediately disappeared into the water. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but the ball had vanished. The well was so deep that no one could see down to the bottom.*
- B. **Narrator:** *While glaring throughout to see whence the voice came, the princess looked upon a frog extending his unsightly head out of the waters.*
- C. **Frog:** You can be comforted for I will offer you sensible advice. However, what will you give me in return?
- D. **Narrator:** *In the meantime, however, the princess thought, "What nonsense the ridiculous frog talks! The croaking frog cannot be anybody's friend!"*

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

The Legends

by Zitkala-Sa

During the summer days my mother built her fire in the shadow of our wigwam.

In the early morning our simple breakfast was spread upon the grass west of our tepee. At the farthest point of the shade my mother sat beside her fire, toasting a savory piece of dried meat. Near her, I sat upon my feet, eating my dried meat with unleavened bread, and drinking strong black coffee.

The morning meal was our quiet hour, when we two were entirely alone. At noon, several who chanced to be passing by stopped to rest, and to share our luncheon with us, for they were sure of our hospitality.

My uncle, whose death my mother ever lamented, was one of our nation's bravest warriors. His name was on the lips of old men when talking of the proud feats of valor; and it was mentioned by younger men, too, in connection with deeds of gallantry. Old women praised him for his kindness toward them; young women held him up as an ideal to their sweethearts. Everyone loved him, and my mother worshiped his memory. Thus it happened that even strangers were sure of welcome in our lodge, if they but asked a favor in my uncle's name.

Though I heard many strange experiences related by these wayfarers, I loved best the evening meal, for that was the time old legends were told. I was always glad when the sun hung low in the west, for then my mother sent me to invite the neighboring old men and women to eat supper with us. Running all the way to the wigwams, I halted shyly at the entrances. Sometimes I stood long moments without saying a word. It was not any fear that made me so dumb when out upon such a happy errand; nor was it that I wished to withhold the invitation, for it was all I could do to observe this very proper silence. But it was a sensing of the atmosphere, to assure myself that I should not hinder other plans. My mother used to say to me, as I was almost bounding away for the old people: "Wait a moment before you invite any one. If other plans are being discussed, do not interfere, but go elsewhere."

The old folks knew the meaning of my pauses; and often they coaxed my confidence by asking, "What do you seek, little granddaughter?"

"My mother says you are to come to our tepee this evening," I instantly exploded, and breathed the freer afterwards.

"Yes, yes, gladly, gladly I shall come!" each replied. Rising at once and carrying their blankets across one shoulder, they flocked leisurely from their various wigwams toward our dwelling.

My mission done, I ran back, skipping and jumping with delight. All out of breath, I told my mother almost the exact words of the answers to my invitation. Frequently she asked, "What were they doing when you entered their tepee?" This taught me to remember all I saw at a single glance. Often I told my mother my impressions without being questioned.

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

While in the neighboring wigwams sometimes an old Indian woman asked me, "What is your mother doing?" Unless my mother had cautioned me not to tell, I generally answered her questions without reserve.

At the arrival of our guests I sat close to my mother, and did not leave her side without first asking her consent. I ate my supper in quiet, listening patiently to the talk of the old people, wishing all the time that they would begin the stories I loved best. At last, when I could not wait any longer, I whispered in my mother's ear, "Ask them to tell an Iktomi story, mother."

Soothing my impatience, my mother said aloud, "My little daughter is anxious to hear your legends." By this time all were through eating, and the evening was fast deepening into twilight.

As each in turn began to tell a legend, I pillowed my head in my mother's lap; and lying flat upon my back, I watched the stars as they peeped down upon me, one by one. The increasing interest of the tale aroused me, and I sat up eagerly listening to every word. The old women made funny remarks, and laughed so heartily that I could not help joining them.

The distant howling of a pack of wolves or the hooting of an owl in the river bottom frightened me, and I nestled into my mother's lap. She added some dry sticks to the open fire, and the bright flames leaped up into the faces of the old folks as they sat around in a great circle.

On such an evening, I remember the glare of the fire shone on a tattooed star upon the brow of the old warrior who was telling a story. I watched him curiously as he made his unconscious gestures. The blue star upon his bronzed forehead was a puzzle to me. Looking about, I saw two parallel lines on the chin of one of the old women. The rest had none. I examined my mother's face, but found no sign there.

After the warrior's story was finished, I asked the old woman the meaning of the blue lines on her chin, looking all the while out of the corners of my eyes at the warrior with the star on his forehead. I was a little afraid that he would rebuke me for my boldness.

Here the old woman began: "Why, my grandchild, they are signs,—secret signs I dare not tell you. I shall, however, tell you a wonderful story about a woman who had a cross tattooed upon each of her cheeks."

It was a long story of a woman whose magic power lay hidden behind the marks upon her face. I fell asleep before the story was completed.

Ever after that night I felt suspicious of tattooed people. Wherever I saw one I glanced furtively at the mark and round about it, wondering what terrible magic power was covered there.

It was rarely that such a fearful story as this one was told by the camp fire. Its impression was so acute that the picture still remains vividly clear and pronounced.

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Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

2 Read the following excerpt from "The Legends."

My uncle, whose death my mother ever lamented, was one of our nation's bravest warriors. His name was on the lips of old men when talking of the proud feats of valor; and it was mentioned by younger men, too, in connection with deeds of gallantry. Old women praised him for his kindness toward them; young women held him up as an ideal to their sweethearts. Everyone loved him, and my mother worshiped his memory. Thus it happened that even strangers were sure of welcome in our lodge, if they but asked a favor in my uncle's name.

One of the themes of "The Legends" is having respect for those who are older than you. Which of the following accurately describes the theme reflected in this passage, as it relates to the narrator's uncle? Select all that apply.

- A. People idealize the dead into being greater than they actually were.
- B. People take advantage others who are mourning the loss of loved ones.
- C. People like the narrator's uncle touch many lives, which makes those they leave behind friends with one another.
- D. People like the narrator's uncle, who did great things in their lifetime, are not forgotten by those they leave behind.
- E. People like the narrator's uncle were brave during life, but cause their families to be burdened with overwhelming sadness after their deaths.
- F. People like the narrator's uncle make young women think that their sweethearts cannot live up to the idealized version of the dead man.

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

The Sound and Harmful Sting

"Gee Grandpa, I've never heard that hissing sound before. What is that?" asked Randolph during an evening walk through the forest.

"Legend has it that the hissing began over a hundred years ago," responded Grandpa Luke. As Grandpa Luke began telling the story, Randolph listened intently to every word. He strained to understand the story's relationship to the eerie sound that continued to echo through the trees.

According to Grandpa Luke, this local legend involved a woman named Agatha and her son, Charles, who resided together in a nearby house in the late 1800s.

"Legend has it that Charles and Agatha argued about everything they ever did, whether it was something important or something insignificant. One day, they were so angry that they said appalling things to each other. Angered and frustrated, Agatha left the house to journey through the woods alone. She decided that a walk in the snow would cool her off both inside and out.

When Agatha was nearly a mile from her house, the ground beneath her started to shake tremendously. The volcano, which had not been noticed in thousands of years, had decided to show off its power once again. Agatha ran as fast as a fox in an effort to find Charles, whom she believed was at home feeling as dreadful as she did.

'I'm being punished for the despicable things I said to poor Charles!' she yelled loudly in desperation.

After what seemed like hours, Agatha reached her home, and could not find Charles anywhere. She ran outside in a state of panic and advanced up the mountain where Charles liked to spend his afternoons exploring. Agatha struggled to make her way through the snow, which was like powder. She caught sight of Charles in the distance, holding onto a tree and crying audibly. Just as the words 'I'm sorry' exited both of their mouths, the hissing sound of boiling lava melting the snow overpowered them both. No one has ever seen either one of them again."

"So what does that have to do with the hissing sound we're hearing now?" questioned Randolph.

"It is the sound of Agatha and Charles saying that they are sorry and that they love each other," concluded Grandpa Luke.

As Randolph walked back to Grandpa Luke's cabin, he was unable to speak. His mind was occupied with the thoughts of Agatha and Charles, and of all the mean things Randolph had ever said to Grandpa Luke. "I love you, Grandpa, and...I'm sorry," was all he could vocalize. Grandpa Luke glanced in Randolph's direction and smiled with content.

The Harmful Sting

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow.

Without remorse, he decided to flee
After the sting of her tongue
Had hardly begun
To insist he had no right to be.

Loneliness arrived and forced her to see
The harm she had done
To her special someone.
Did she not know he would disagree?

Several years passed by
Until one faithful moment
When he happened to drift her way.

As she tried to justify
What she really had meant
He hugged her and announced he would stay.

3 Which is a theme of *both* "The Sound" and "The Harmful Sting"?

- A. Words can make love disappear forever.
- B. Everyone falls in love.
- C. Most people fear saying the word "love."
- D. Love is stronger than words.

Directions: Answer the following question(s).

- 4 **A student has decided to write an editorial for a local newspaper. The student wants to revise two paragraphs of his draft to clarify his main claim. Read the following excerpt from the student's draft and complete the task that follows it.**

Our school district just released a press statement stating the public school superintendent will work together with the police department to decrease student-related crime. To reduce this crime, the police chief has suggested imposing a new mandate: all children under the age of 14 must be accompanied by an adult when they are accessing public and retail spaces.

Supporters of the mandate say that greater supervision of children will decrease the crime rate. However, this harsh rule would not give children any freedoms. This rule would mean that kids under 14 could not walk home from school by themselves. They could not go to the movies by themselves or even play a game of soccer in the park by themselves. Children with working parents would be confined to their houses for long periods of time. Students in this age group should be learning how to handle greater freedom and responsibility; they should not be caged into their houses. Perhaps the city could fund additional afterschool activities, such as sports, community service, arts, or drama.

Select two sentences that could be added to the student's draft to clarify the main claim from the choices below.

- A. This new mandate is harsh.
- B. This harsh rule is not the way to go.
- C. The new mandate will not reduce student-related crime.
- D. Our city should reject the new mandate and seek alternatives.
- E. The police chief and school superintendent have ignored possible alternatives.
- F. This new rule is not fair because it punishes all students for the actions of a few students.
- G. Our city should revise the rule to apply to only those students who have been involved in crime.