

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## Author's Purpose Worksheet 5

**Directions:** Read the descriptions of each item and determine the author's purpose (to entertain, persuade, or inform). Then, in a sentence or two, explain your answer.

1. A poem about the beauty of Mount Everest as seen from a mountain climber's perspective

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain Your Answer:  
Write a sentence or two.

2. A coupon for a guided tour up Mount Everest at a rate of two for the price of one

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain Your Answer:  
Write a sentence or two.

3. A map of a secret trail to the top of Mount Everest

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain Your Answer:  
Write a sentence or two.

4. A novel about a young man who learns the importance of teamwork while climbing to the top of Mount Everest

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain Your Answer:  
Write a sentence or two.

5. A Wikipedia page with facts and records about Mount Everest

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain Your Answer:  
Write a sentence or two.

6. Jimmy Carter's 1979 presidential address in which he asked Americans to use less energy

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

**Explain Your Answer:**

Write a sentence or two.

7. A bar graph showing US gasoline consumption compared to nine other nations

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

**Explain Your Answer:**

Write a sentence or two.

8. A short story about a young boy who starts a bike sharing program in his community to reduce energy consumption.

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

**Explain Your Answer:**

Write a sentence or two.

9. A webpage that contains a list of things that you can do to reduce your energy consumption

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

**Explain Your Answer:**

Write a sentence or two.

10. A chain email with 25 reasons why you should reduce your energy consumption

Author's Purpose: \_\_\_\_\_

**Explain Your Answer:**

Write a sentence or two.

## Point of View Worksheet 9

**Directions:** Read the following passages and determine the narrative perspective, then explain how you were able to identify the point of view.

**Narrative Perspective (point of view):** first-person, second-person, third-person

### 1. *Harold and the Lizard People* by Lawrence Sellers

Harold knotted the arrow in his bow and drew, holding the bowstring taut with his middle finger. The arrow was pointed at Scarlock. "I didn't mean to take it, Harold. I promise. I must have grabbed it on accident," Scarlock whispered, his tongue slithering in and out of his mouth, his snake face shrouded in his hood. Harold chuckled and replied, "Well, Scarlock, if you didn't mean to do that, then I didn't mean to do this..."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

### 2. *Grandpa of the Year* by Early Howard

The sun may have been 92 million miles away from us, but it felt like I was carrying it on my shoulders as we slugged up the hill. I wondered to myself whether or not I would make it. Of course, I would never tell her that. She turned to me and said, "Grandpa, if you want to stop and take a break, that's fine. I understand." She looked at me with sympathy and concern. This worried me. "I'll be all right, darling. It's just a little bit further," and then my legs gave out.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

### 3. *You're Not Welcome* by Demi Lumpkin

"She's not going to make! She's going to fall!" I heard them yell as I climbed up the rope, one handful at a time. They were hoping that I would fall, every last one of them. They had tormented me since I came to this school, but now it was my turn. Now I would show them what I was made of. I held the rope tightly between my calf and my ankle and I hoisted myself up another inch. The flag was almost within reach. The gymnasium was eerily quiet as I pulled myself up to the flag.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

4. *1001 Summer Activities* by Alan Maxton

Do you need extra money? Do you have a bunch of old toys just collecting dust? Why don't you have a garage sale? First, check with your parents to see if it's ok. Once you get permission, gather up all of the items that you want to sell. Move them outside and put them on a folding table. Do not put them on the ground if you can help it. People don't want to kneel down to look at your stuff. Now put price tags on your items. Lastly, you have to find some customers. Traffic is the key to a successful garage sale. Put big signs in visible places and wait. Now you're doing it big time.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

5. *A Tale of Two Princesses* by Lanoline Hanes

Carissa fixed the tassels on her costume and examined herself in the mirror. She felt that she looked just like a princess, and then she began to fantasize about being an actual princess. In this fantasy she had many servants, some of whom were peeling the skins off of grapes and feeding her the skinned grapes while she laid on a hammock in the shade. *Slam!* She heard a door shut down the hallway. "Carissa, we need you on set. Now!" Her dream world melted away and she ran out of the trailer, going over her lines as she strutted.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

6. *The Phone Game Wizard* by Clarence Motley

*Beep-bo-bo-beep!* Tommy phone beeped as he collected the glowing banana. *Do-do-do-dee!* Tommy's phone hummed as he jumped over and alligator. *Wah-wah-wah!* Tommy's phone groaned as he fell into a pit. He threw the gamepad down with a huff. "It's no fair. I want to play a new game," Tommy said to himself with his arms crossed. "Mom!" He yelled down the stairs. "What, Tommy!?! " Mom's voice yelled back up the stairs. "I want a new game, Mom!" Tommy shouted again. "Not going to happen, Tommy!" Mom returned. The two were deadlocked. Tommy knew that she had the upper hand. He put his mind to work on the problem.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

7. *Spaceman Luke* by Arty Freeborn

This planet has a funny feel to it. Something about the gravity, like there's too much of it. It's not like my planet. On my planet the gravity is more pleasant. Let me put it this way: the gravity on my planet is like a cool bed sheet in the summertime and the gravity on Earth is like a heavy comforter, also in the summertime. Lots of people on Earth walk around with sore backs and joint problems. Much of this is caused by the strong gravitational pull on this planet. I, for one, have had enough of this.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

Explain your Answer

## Identifying Narrative Perspective 3

**Directions:** Read the following passages, write the narrator's point of view, and explain your answer.

**P.O.V.:** First-Person, Third-Person Objective, Third-person Limited, Third-Person Omniscient.

1. "Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. "Goldilocks was a proud and defiant little girl who'd been told many times by her mother to stay out of the woods, but she paid little attention to others, especially her elders, giving lots of attention instead to herself and her own desires. One day, just to show that she could, she wandered deep into the center of the forest, farther from home than ever before. In a clearing she noticed a small cottage, smoke issuing from the chimney. She thought it was quite an ugly little cottage, but she also thought it might be a place where she could get a little something to eat and drink."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. "A Child was standing on a street-corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board-fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel. Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4. "Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work. Now and again she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides."

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

5. We were driving along the road from Treguier to Kervanda. We passed at a smart trot between the hedges topping an earth wall on each side of the road; then at the foot of the steep ascent before Ploumar the horse dropped into a walk, and the driver jumped down heavily from the box. He flicked his whip and climbed the incline, stepping clumsily uphill by the side of the carriage, one hand on the footboard, his eyes on the ground. After a while he lifted his head, pointed up the road with the end of the whip, and said: "The idiot!" I was startled by his outburst.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

6. The bell rang furiously and, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

"Send Farrington here!"

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

"Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs."

The man muttered "Blast him!" under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step.

Narrator's Point of View: \_\_\_\_\_

How do you know? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

# Identifying Narrative Perspective *A*

**Directions:** Read the following passages and determine the narrative perspective, then explain how you were able to identify the point of view- if the passage is third person, explain which character's thoughts are revealed.

**Narrative Perspective (point of view):** first-person, second-person, third-person objective, third-person limited, third-person omniscient.

## 1. Sideways Stories from Wayside School by Louis Sachar

Leslie sat in front of Paul. She had two long, brown pigtails that reached all the way down to her waist. Paul saw those pigtails, and a terrible urge came over him. He wanted to pull a pigtail. He wanted to wrap his fist around it, feel the hair between his fingers, and just yank. He thought it would be fun to tie the pigtails together, or better yet, tie them to her chair. But most of all, he just wanted to pull one.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

## 2. Invitation to the Game by Monica Hughes

And we scrounged. Next to *survival*, *scrounge* was probably the most important word in our new vocabulary. We found a store that was throwing out water-damaged mattresses. Getting them home was a problem, since we had to make two trips, leaving Brad and Katie, armed with sticks to guard over the remained. I truly expected them to be challenged by some gang boss, but they said that the only person who came by was a scrawny little rat of a girl living alone. We let her have one of the mattresses.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

## 3. Tuck Everlasting by Natalie Babbitt

At dawn, Mae Tuck set out on her horse for the wood at the edge of the village of Treemap. She was going there, as she did once every ten years, to meet her two sons, Miles and Jesse, and she was feeling at ease. At noon time, Winnie Foster, whose family owned the Treemap wood, lost her patience at last and decided to think about running away.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

8. **How to grill** by Steven Raichlen

Once you have your grill assembled, the next thing to decide is where to put it. A grill puts out a lot of heat, so you should position it several feet away from the side of the house or any plants or shrubbery. You'll have an easier time with a spot that is sheltered from the wind. When positioning a grill on a wooden deck, remember that sparks and live embers can fall from a charcoal grill.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

9. **Anne of Green Gables** by L. M. Montgomery

Marilla's lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel to say this; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor's curiosity. If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually quiet for five seconds. It was unsusposable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

10. **Alice's adventures in Wonderland** by Lewis Carroll, John Tenniel

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" So she was considering, in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_

11. **Shiloh** by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor

The day Shiloh come, we're having us a big Sunday dinner. Dara Lynn's dipping bread in her glass of cold tea, the way she likes, and Becky pushes her beans over the edge of her plate in her rush to get 'em down. Ma gives us her scolding look. We live high up in the hills above Friendly, but hardly anybody knows where that is. Friendly's near Sistersville, which is halfway between Wheeling and Parkersburg. Used to be, my daddy told me, Sistersville was once of the best places you could live in the whole state.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character's thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_



## The White Umbrella by Gish Jen

When I was twelve, my mother went to work without telling me or my little sister.

"Not that we need the second income." The lilt of her accent drifted from the kitchen up to the top of the stairs, where Mona and I were listening.

"No," said my father, in a barely audible voice. "Not like the Lee family."

The Lees were the only other Chinese family in town. I remembered how sorry my parents had felt for Mrs. Lee when she started waitressing downtown the year before; and so when my mother began coming home late, I didn't say anything and tried to keep Mona from saying anything either.

"But why shouldn't I?" she argued. "Lots of people's mothers work."

"Those are American people," I said.

"So what do you think we are? I can do the pledge of allegiance with my eyes closed."

Nevertheless, she tried to be discreet; and if my mother wasn't home by 5:30, we would start cooking by ourselves, to make sure dinner would be on time. Mona would wash the vegetables and put on the rice; I would chop.

For weeks we wondered what kind of work she was doing. I imagined that she was selling perfume, testing dessert recipes for the local newspaper. Or maybe she was working for the florist. Now that she had learned to drive, she might be delivering boxes of roses to people.

"I don't think so," said Mona as we walked to our piano lesson after school. "She would've hit something by now."

A gust of wind littered the street with leaves.

"Maybe we better hurry up," she went on, looking at the sky. "It's going to pour."

"But we're too early." Her lesson didn't begin until 4:00, mine until 4:30, so we usually tried to walk as slowly as we could. "And anyway, those aren't the kind of clouds that rain. Those are cumulus clouds."

We arrived out of breath and wet.

"Oh you poor, poor dears," said old Miss Crossman. "Why don't you call me the next time it's like this out? If your mother won't drive you, I can come pick you up."

"No, that's okay," I answered. Mona wrung her hair out on Miss Crossman's rug. "We just couldn't get the roof our car to close, is all. We took it to the beach last summer and got sand in the mechanism." I pronounced this last word carefully, as if the credibility of my lie

depended on its middle syllable. "It's never been the same." I thought for a second. "It's a convertible."

"Well the make yourselves at home." She exchanged looks with Eugenie Roberts, whose lesson we were interrupting. Eugenie smiled good-naturedly. "The towels are in the closet across from the bathroom."

Huddling at the end of Miss Crosman's nine-foot leather couch, Mona and I watched Eugenie play. She was a grade ahead of me and, according to school rumor, had a boyfriend in high school. I believed it... She had auburn hair, blue eyes, and, I noted with a particular pang, a pure white folding umbrella.

"I can't see," whispered Mona.

"So clean your glasses."

"My glasses are clean. You're in the way."

I looked at her. "They look dirty to me."

"That's because your glasses are dirty."

Eugenie came bouncing to the end of her piece.

"Oh! Just stupendous!" Miss Crosman hugged her, then looked up as Eugenie's mother walked in. "Stupendous!" she said again. "Oh! Mrs. Roberts! Your daughter has a gift, a real gift. It's an honor to teach her."

Mrs. Roberts, radiant with pride, swept her daughter out of the room as if she were royalty, born to the piano bench. Watching the way Eugenie carried herself, I sat up and concentrated so hard on sucking in my stomach that I did not realize until the Robertses were gone that Eugenie had left her umbrella. As Mona began to play, I jumped up and ran to the window, meaning to call to them – only to see their brake lights flash then fade at the stop sign at the corner. As if to allow them passage, the rain had let up; a quivering sun lit their way.

The umbrella glowed like a scepter on the blue carpet while Mona, slumping over the keyboard, managed to eke out a fair rendition of a cat fight. At the end of the piece, Miss Crosman asked her to stand up.

"Stay right there," she said, then came back a minute later with a towel to cover the bench. "You must be cold," she continued. "Shall I call your mother and have her bring over some dry clothes?"

"No," answered Mona. "She won't come because she..."

"She's too busy," I broke in from the back of the room.

"I see." Miss Crosman sighed and shook her head a little. "Your glasses are filthy, honey," she said to Mona. "Shall I clean them for you?"

Sisterly embarrassment seized me. Why hadn't Mona wiped her lenses when I told her to? As she resumed abuse of the piano, I stared at the umbrella. I wanted to open it, twirl it around by its slender silver handle; I wanted to dangle it from my wrist on the way to school the way the other girls did. I wondered what Miss Crosman would say if I offered to bring it to Eugenie at school tomorrow. She would be impressed with my consideration for others; Eugenie would be pleased to have it back; and I

would have possession of the umbrella for an entire night. I looked at it again, toying with the idea of asking for one for Christmas. I knew, however, how my mother would react.

"Things," she would say. "What's the matter with a raincoat? All you want is things, just like an American."

Sitting down for my lesson, I was careful to keep the towel under me and sit up straight.

"I'll bet you can't see a thing wither," said Miss Crosman, reaching for my glasses. "And you can relax, you poor dear...This isn't a boot camp."

When Miss Crosman finally allowed me to start playing, I played extra well, as well as I possibly could. See, I told her with my fingers. You don't have to feel sorry for me.

"That was wonderful," said Miss Crosman. "Oh! Just wonderful."

An entire constellation rose in my heart.

"And guess what," I announced proudly. "I have a surprise for you."

Then I played a second piece for her, a much more difficult one that she had not assigned.

"Oh! That was stupendous," she said without hugging me.

"Stupendous! You are a genius, young lady. If your mother had started you younger, you'd be playing like Eugenie Roberts by now!"

I looked at the keyboard, wishing that I had still a third, even more difficult piece to play for her. I wanted to tell her that I was the school spelling bee champion, that I wasn't ticklish, that I could do karate.

"My mother is a concert pianist," I said.

She looked at me for a long moment, then finally, without saying anything, hugged me. I didn't say anything about bringing the umbrella to Eugenie at school.

The steps were dry when Mona and I sat down to wait for my mother.

"Do you want to wait inside?" Miss Crosman looked anxiously at the sky.

"No," I said. "Our mother will be here any minute."

"In a while," said Mona.

"Any minute," I said again, even though my mother had been at least twenty minutes late every week since she started working.

According to the church clock across the street we had been waiting twenty-five minutes when Miss Crosman came out again.

"Shall I give you ladies a ride home?"

"No," I said. "Our mother is coming any minute."

"Shall I at least give her a call and remind her you're here? Maybe she forgot about you."

"I don't think she forgot," said Mona.

"Shall I give her a call anyway? Just to be safe?"

"I bet she already left," I said. "How could she forget about us?"

Miss Crosman went in to call.

"There's no answer," she said, coming back out.

"See, she's on her way," I said.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to come in?"

"No," said Mona.

"Yes," I said. I pointed at my sister. "She meant yes too. She meant no, she wouldn't like to go in."

Miss Crosman looked at her watch. "It's 5:30 now, ladies. My pot roast will be coming out in fifteen minutes. Maybe you'd like to come in and have some then?"

"My mother's almost here," I said. "She's on her way."

We watched and watched the street. I tried to imagine what my mother was doing; I tried to imagine her writing messages in the sky, even though I knew she was afraid of planes. I watched as the branches of Miss Crosman's big willow tree started to sway; they had all been trimmed to exactly the same height off the ground, so they looked beautiful, like hair in the wind.

It started to rain.

"Miss Crosman is coming out again," said Mona.

"Don't let her talk you into going inside," I whispered.

"Why not?"

"Because that would mean Mom really isn't coming any minute."

"But she isn't," said Mona. "She's working."

"Shhh! Miss Crosman's going to hear you."

"She's working! She's working! She's working!"

I put my hand over her mouth, but she licked it, and so I was wiping my hand on my wet dress when the front door opened.

"We're getting even wetter," said Mona right away. "Wetter and wetter."

"Shall we all go in?" Miss Crosman pulled Mona to her feet. "Before you young ladies catch pneumonia? You've been out here an hour already."

"We're freezing." Mona looked up at Miss Crosman. "Do you have any hot chocolate? We're going to catch pneumonia."

"I'm not going in," I said. "My mother's coming any minute."

"Come on," said Mona. "Use your noggin."

"Any minute."

"Come on, Mona," Miss Crosman opened the door. "Shall we get you inside first?"

"See you in the hospital," said Mona as she went in. "See you in the hospital with pneumonia."

I stared out into the empty street. The rain was prickling me all over; I was cold; I wanted to go inside. I wanted to be able to let myself go inside. If Miss Crosman came out again, I decided, I would go in.

She came out with a blanket and the white umbrella.

I could not believe that I was actually holding the umbrella, opening it. It sprang up by itself as if it were alive, as if that were what it wanted to do – as if it belonged in my hands, above my head. I stared up at the network of silver spokes, then spun the umbrella around and around and around. It was so clean and white that it seemed to glow, to illuminate everything around it. "It's beautiful," I said.

Miss Crosman sat down next to me, on one end of the blanket. I moved the umbrella over so that it covered that too. I could feel the rain on my left shoulder and shivered. She put her arm around me.

"You poor, poor dear."

I knew that I was in store for another bolt of sympathy, and braced myself by staring up into the umbrella.

"You know, I very much wanted to have children when I was younger," she continued.

"You did?"

She stared at me a minute. Her face looked dry and crusty, like day-old frosting.

"I did. But then I never got married."

I twirled the umbrella around again.

"This is the most beautiful umbrella I have ever seen," I said. "Ever, in my whole life."

"Do you have an umbrella?"

"No. But my mother's going to get me one just like this for Christmas."

"Is she? I tell you what. You don't have to wait until Christmas. You can have this one."

"But this one belongs to Eugenie Roberts," I protested. "I have to give it back to her tomorrow in school."

"Who told you it belongs to Eugenie? It's not Eugenie's. It's mine. And now I'm giving it to you, so it's yours."

"It's mine?" I didn't know what to say. "Mine?" Suddenly I was jumping up and down in the rain. "It's beautiful! Oh! It's beautiful!" I laughed.

Miss Crosman laughed too, even though she was getting all wet.

"Thank you, Miss Crosman. Thank you very much. Thanks a zillion. It's beautiful. It's *stupendous!*"

"You're quite welcome," she said.

"Thank you," I said again, but that didn't seem like enough. Suddenly I knew just what she wanted to hear. "I wish you were my mother."

Right away I felt bad.

"You shouldn't say that," she said, but her face was opening into a huge smile as the lights of my mother's car cautiously turned the corner. I quickly collapsed the umbrella and put it up my skirt, holding onto it from the outside, through the material.

"Mona!" I shouted into the house. "Mona! Hurry up! Mom's here! I told you she was coming!"

Then I ran away from Miss Crosman, down to the curb. Mona came tearing up to my side as my mother neared the house. We both backed up a few feet so that in case she went onto the curb, she wouldn't run us over.

"But why didn't you go inside with Mona?" my mother asked on the way home. She had taken off her own coat to put over me and had the heat on high.

"She wasn't using her noggin," said Mona, next to me in the back seat.

"I should call next time," said my mother. "I just don't like to say where I am."

That was when she finally told us that she was working as a check-out clerk in the A&P. She was supposed to be on the day shift, but the other employees were unreliable, and her boss had promised her a promotion if she would stay until the evening shift filled in.

For a moment no one said anything. Even Mona seemed to find the revelation disappointing.

"A promotion already!" she said, finally.

I listened to the windshield wipers.

"You're so quiet." My mother looked at me in the rear view mirror. "What's the matter?"

"I wish you would quit," I said after a moment.

She sighed. "The Chinese have a saying: one beam cannot hold the roof up."

"But Eugenie Roberts's father supports their family."

She sighed once more. "Eugenie Roberts's father is Eugenie Roberts's father," she said.

As we entered the downtown area, Mona started leaning hard against me every time the car turned right, trying to push me over. Remembering what I had said to Miss Crosman, I tried to maneuver the umbrella under my leg so she wouldn't feel it.

"What's under your skirt?" Mona wanted to know as we came to a traffic light. My mother, watching us in the rear view mirror again, rolled slowly to a stop.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"There's something under her skirt," said Mona, pulling at me.

"Under her skirt."

Meanwhile, a man crossing the street started to yell at us. "Who do you think you are, lady?" he said. "You're blocking the whole crosswalk."

We all froze. Other people walking by stopped to watch.

"Didn't you hear me?" he went on, starting to thump on the hood with his fist. "Don't you speak English?"

My mother began to back up, but the car behind us honked. Luckily, the light turned green right after that. She sighed in relief.

"What were you saying, Mona?" she asked.

We wouldn't have hit the car behind us that hard if he hadn't been moving too but as it was, our car bucked violently, throwing us all first back and then forward.

"Uh oh," said Mona when we stopped. "Another accident."

I was relieved to have attention diverted from the umbrella. Then I noticed my mother's head, tilted back onto the seat. Her eyes were closed.

"Mom!" I screamed. "Mom! Wake up!"

She opened her eyes. "Please don't yell," she said. "Enough people are going to yell already."

"I thought you were dead," I said, starting to cry. "I thought you were dead."

She turned around, looking at me intently, then put her hand to my forehead.

"Sick," she confirmed. "Some kind of sick is giving you crazy ideas."

As the man from the car behind us started tapping on the window, I moved the umbrella away from my leg. Then Mona and my mother were getting out of the car. I got out after them; and while everyone else was inspecting the damage we'd done, I threw the umbrella down a sewer.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Grade: \_\_\_\_\_

## BASIC ELEMENTS OF FICTION: SHORT STORY CHART

TITLE:		AUTHOR:
STORY ELEMENTS	INFORMATION IN THE TEXT	QUESTIONING BEYOND THE TEXT
CHARACTERS		
SETTING		
PLOT Problem & Solution		



## LESSON 3

# Moving Across and Between

The prefix *trans-* as in *transportation* means "across." The prefix *inter-* as in *intermediate* means "between." In each of the following key words, underline the prefix.

### Key Words

interactive

interfere

intermittent

intersect

interval

transact

transfer

transfusion

transmit

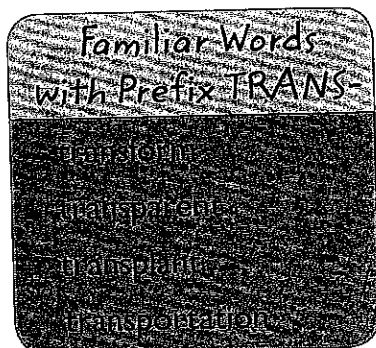
## Using PREFIX CLUES

The prefixes *trans-* (across) and *inter-* (between) give you clues about meaning. When you spot one of these prefixes in a word, you have a key to the word's meaning. Use the underlined prefix clues to help you match the following columns:

- |                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. _____ <u>interval</u>    | A. to send <u>across</u>                            |
| 2. _____ <u>transmit</u>    | B. with action <u>between</u>                       |
| 3. _____ <u>transfusion</u> | C. a time <u>between</u>                            |
| 4. _____ <u>interactive</u> | D. blood <u>across</u> (from one person to another) |

The prefix clues did not give you complete definitions as the following dictionary listings will. But they got you started by giving you a *part* of the meaning. Sometimes that *part* helps you to figure out the word.

### TRANS- (from Latin meaning "across")

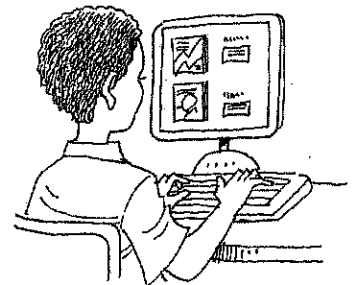


#### 1. transact (tran zakt')

v. To do or carry on business.

On the Internet, people now can transact different kinds of business, from buying books to selling toys.

**transaction**, n.



Challenge Words  
with Prefix TRANS-

transcribe  
transgress  
transitory  
translucent

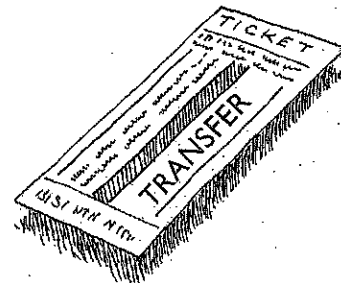
2. **transfer** (tran(t)s fər') [also derived from Latin *ferre* meaning "to carry"]

v. To move or change from one place to another.

On Saturday, we helped transfer the science equipment from the old lab on the first floor to the new one on the second.

n. A ticket for moving from one public vehicle to another to complete a trip.  
(tran(t)s' fər)

The bus driver gave Jessica a transfer so that she would not have to pay again on the connecting bus.



3. **transfusion** (tran(t)s fyü' zhən) [also derived from the Latin *fundere* meaning "to pour"]

n. The movement of blood from one person to another by medical means.

During the operation, my aunt needed a transfusion.

4. **transmit** (tran(t)s mit')

v. To send from one person or location to another.

Satellites allow television and radio stations to transmit their signals to distant locations.

**INTER-** (from Latin meaning "between")

Familiar Words  
with Prefix INTER-

intermediate  
interstate

Challenge Words  
with Prefix INTER-

interim  
interject  
interloper

5. **interactive** (in tər ak' tiv)

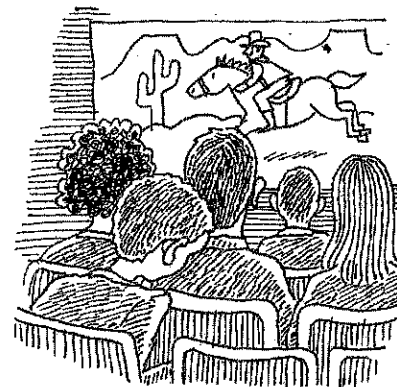
adj. Able to act back and forth between people or things.

Laura likes to review vocabulary by completing interactive quizzes that she finds on the Internet.

6. **interfere** (in tər fir') [also derived from Latin *ferire* meaning "to strike"]

v. 1. To come between.

At the theater, the head of a tall boy sitting in front of me interfered with my view of the screen.



2. To meddle or take part in other people's business without being invited.

Even though I didn't agree with how my sister was arranging the room, I didn't interfere.

7. **intermittent** (in tər mi' tɛnt)  
adj. Off-and-on, stop-and-start.

The dry fields needed steady rain but received only intermittent showers.

8. **intersect** (in tər sɛkt')  
v. To cut or pass through, to cross.

To get to the zoo, follow this street to where it intersects Carson Avenue, and then turn right.

**intersection**, n.

9. **interval** (in' tər vəl)  
n. Time or space between two events or objects.

Except for a two-day interval when he had a cold, Daniel went running every morning this month.



### EXERCISE A: SYNONYMS

Write the letter of the best **SYNONYM** (the word or phrase with the meaning most nearly the same as the word in bold-faced type).

1. \_\_\_\_\_ lines that **intersect**
  - a. cross
  - b. curve
  - c. parallel
  - d. twist
2. \_\_\_\_\_ to **transfer** students
  - a. teach
  - b. grade
  - c. move
  - d. keep
3. \_\_\_\_\_ a blood **transfusion**
  - a. spot
  - b. loss
  - c. clot
  - d. transfer
4. \_\_\_\_\_ to **interfere** in
  - a. perform
  - b. sing
  - c. meddle
  - d. speak
5. \_\_\_\_\_ to **transact** business
  - a. do
  - b. lose
  - c. look for
  - d. miss



## EXERCISE B: MEANING IN CONTEXT

Use these words to fill in the blanks in the following paragraph.

**intermittent**

**transmit**

**interactive**

**interval**

Serena sat at the computer, working on an (1) \_\_\_\_\_ science program that responded each time she entered an answer. At the end of the program, she pressed SEND to (2) \_\_\_\_\_ her work to her teacher. She thought that after a short (3) \_\_\_\_\_ she would see her score on the monitor. But instead, her computer began making an (4) \_\_\_\_\_ beeping sound, a sure sign that she was not yet finished.



## EXERCISE C: EXTEND YOUR VOCABULARY

The "cut" root: *sect*

You met the word *intersect* in this lesson. You know that *inter-* means "between." The "sect" part of *intersect* is derived from the Latin word *sectare*, meaning "to cut." Two streets that *intersect* "cut through" each other. The root *sect* also appears in the words *bisect*, *trisect*, and *section*.

Look at the words in the first column. Using your knowledge of word parts, find the correct meaning for each word in the second column. Then write its letter on the line before it.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. _____ bisect                                      | A. to <u>cut</u> into <u>three</u> parts |
| 2. _____ trisect                                     | B. a piece, <u>cut</u> from something    |
| 3. _____ section                                     | C. to <u>cut</u> into <u>two</u> parts   |
| 4. Choose one of the words and use it in a sentence. |  |

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