



High School English
Summer Assignment
2018

Name (Your name): _____

Due Date: September 5th, 2018

Directions: Please read the directions for each section carefully. Complete **All 3 Sections** for full credit.

Part 1

Directions (1–5): Closely read the passages below. There are several multiple choice questions that follow. Select the best suggested answer to each question. You may use the margins to take notes as you read.

The Reef by Samuel Scoville, Jr. 1923

Lune-green and amber, a strip of fading sky glowed across the trail of the vanished sun. Far below, the opal sea paled to mother-of-pearl. Then, over sea and sky, strode the sudden dark of the tropics and in an instant the southern stars flamed and flared through the violet night. A long, tense moment, with sea and sky waiting, and a rim of raw gold thrust itself above the horizon as the full moon of midsummer climbed toward the zenith. Rising, its light made a broad causeway across the sea clear to the dark reef which lurked in the shimmering watery.

Suddenly, inked black against the moon-path, showed the lean shape of a canoe. All the way from Carib Island, a day and a night away, Jim Tom, who in his day had been a famous sponge-diver, had brought his grandson Jimmy Tom for a first visit to the reef. Both had the cinnamon-red skins of the Red Caribs,² who once had ruled mightily the whole Caribbean. Jim Tom's hair was cut to an even edge all the way around his neck; his small, deep-set eyes were like glittering crumbs of black glass, and ever since a day when he dived below the twenty-five-fathom mark both of his legs had been paralyzed.

Swiftly the little craft neared the reef, and only the splash of the paddles broke the stillness. Then in an instant the molten gold of the water was shattered by a figure like a vast bat, with black wings which measured all of thirty feet from tip to tip, a spiked tail, and long antenna: streaming out beyond a huge, hooked mouth. Like a vampire from the pit, it rose into the air, blotting out the moon with its monstrous bulk, and then dropped back with a crash, raising a wave which nearly swamped the canoe. As it disappeared beneath the water, Jimmy Tom turned and looked questioningly at the old man. The latter laughed silently.

“Only a manta ray,” he said at last. “They like to fly around in the moonlight and frighten untried young men,” he added slyly.

[5]For answer his grandson stretched out his paddle at full length. It showed in the air rigid and motionless as an iron bar. The old man grunted approvingly.

“You may tremble yet before you are through with the reef,” was all that he said however, as he steered toward the circle of coral which separated the lagoon from the ocean, which beat against the barrier in a crashing surf. Waiting until several of the great rollers had passed, the paddlers caught the crest of a huge wave and in an instant were swept ten feet in air toward the patch of beach which showed beyond the little lagoon. Just as the wave broke, the canoe tilted and rushed down its long slope like a toboggan, clearing the rim of sharp coral and leaping into the still lagoon beyond.

All the rest of that glorious night, as the moon went westering down the sky, the two slept on the rose-red, honey-brown sand, until, without any dawn, the sun suddenly rose above a heliotrope³ horizon. Then they breakfasted, and Jim Tom became quite talkative—for a Carib.

“We must not waste a moment of this day,” he said. “Perhaps before night we may make the hundred of dollars you need for that sloop⁴ about which you have been bothering me so long. In my day,” he went on severely, “boys were glad enough to have a good canoe.”

Jimmy Tom grunted.

[10]“Whoever heard,” he said at last, “of making a hundred of dollars in one day?”

“It has been done—and here,” returned his grandfather, positively; “but it takes good lungs and—a brave heart.”

As they talked, the canoe reached a point where the reef sloped away in a series of terraces to unfathomable depths. There they stopped paddling and started down through the water which lay before them like a thick sheet of plate-glass. The great ledge over which they floated was dotted with thickets of colored corals and purple and gold seafans,⁵ among which schools of brilliant fish sped and lazed and drifted like birds in the air. Molten-silver tarpon shot through shoals of chubby cow-pilots, all green and gold and indigo, while turquoise-blue parrot-fish raced here and there, and crimson cardinal-fish crept in and out of crevices in the rocks. There were angel-fish in gorgeous robes of emerald and scarlet, and jet-black butterfly-fish with golden fins, orange gills, and vivid blue mouths, while warty purple sea-cucumbers showed among clumps of yellow sea-anemones.

“This is the treasure-ledge of the reef,” said Jim Tom, suddenly. “Here too,” he went on, “death hides and waits,” and he paused for a moment.

Jimmy’s answer was to slip out of his unbleached cotton shirt and trousers and stand poised like a red-bronze statue of speed with the long, flat muscles rippling over his lithe body and graceful limbs.

[15]“It was here that your father died,” said Jim Tom again. “I was lying watching him search among the sponges,” he went on after a pause, “when before my very eyes he was gone. My only son,” he went on, his voice rising as he harked back over forgotten years, “in the jaws of one of those accursed sculpins⁶ of the deep water, a tonu⁷ ten feet long.”

“And then,” asked Jimmy Tom, very softly, as the old man stopped.

“And then,” went on the old man, fiercely, “everything went red around me. I gripped my spike and dove and swam, as I never swam before, down to that lurking, ugly demon. In a second I was on him and stabbed him with all my might,—once, twice, three times,—until, dying, he went off the ledge into the depths below and I followed him beyond, to where no man may dare to swim. There he died. As his hateful mouth gaped I dragged out your father by the arm and brought him back to the top; but when I climbed with him into the canoe he was dead, and I was as you see me now—dead too from the waist down. All the rest of that day and all the night

beyond and the next day I paddled and paddled until we came home—my dead son and I. No, no,” went on the old man, “let us try the safer side of the reef.”

For answer, Jimmy Tom quickly fastened in place the outriggers on either side of the canoe, which made it firm and safe to dive from. Around his neck he slipped the “toa,” the wide-mouthed bag with a drawstring into which a sponge-diver thrusts his findings. Around his neck, too, he hung the “spike,” a double-pointed stick two feet long of black palmwood, hard and heavy as iron. Then, standing on the bow seat, he filled his great lungs again and again until every air-cell was opened. The old man looked at him proudly.

“You are of my blood,” he said softly. “Go with God. I will watch above you and be your guard. Forget not to look up at me, and, if I signal; come back to me fast—for I cannot go to you,” he finished sadly.

[20]The young man gave a brief nod and, filling his lungs until his chest stood out like a square box, dived high into the air with that jack-knife dive which was invented by sponge-divers and, striking the water clean as the point of a dropped knife, he shot down toward the beautiful depths below. Into his lithe body rushed and pulsed the power and energy of the great swinging sea as he swam through the air-clear water toward a thicket of gorgonias,⁸ which waved against the white sand like a bed of poppies. In thirty seconds he was twenty fathoms⁹ down, where the pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch would have numbed and crippled an ordinary swimmer, but meant nothing to his steel-strong body, hardened to the depths by years of deep diving. Even as he reached the gleaming thicket he saw, with a great throb of delight, a soft, golden-brown tuft of silk sponge hidden beneath the living branches. The silk sponge is to spongers in the sea what the silver fox is to trappers on the land, and the whole year’s output from all seas is only a few score.

With a quick stroke, Jimmy Tom reached the many-colored sea-shrub. The moving branches had to be parted carefully with the spike, lest they close and hide, beyond finding, the silky clump growing within their depths. Even as the boy started to slip over his head the cord from which swung the pointed stick, he looked up to see Jim Tom beckoning frantically for him to return. Yet nowhere in the nearby water could he see anything unusual, except a little fish some eight inches long marked with alternate bands of blue and gold, which came close to him and then turned and swam out to sea. Still his grandfather beckoned, his face contorted with earnestness.

The boy hesitated. An arm’s length away lay a fortune. It might well be that never again could he find that exact spot if he went back to the surface now. All this passed through his mind in the same second in which he suddenly plunged his bare arm into the center of the gorgonia clump without waiting to use the spike, as all cautious sponge-divers do. Following the clue of the waving silken end, he grasped a soft mass. Even as he pulled out a silk-sponge, worth more than its weight in gold, something sharp as steel and brittle as ice pierced his hand deep, and he felt a score of spines break and rankle in his flesh like splinters of broken glass. By an ill chance he had thrust his hand against one of those chestnut-burs of the ocean, a purple-black sea urchin, whose villainous spines, like those of a porcupine, pierce deep and break off. Setting his teeth against the pain, the boy shifted the silky clump of sponge to his other hand and swam for the canoe with all his might. As he rose he saw his grandfather mouthing the word “Hurry!” every line on his tense face set in an agony of pleading.

Even as the boy shot toward the surface, he caught sight once again of the same brilliant little fish returning from deep water. Close behind it, dim at first, but growing more and more distinct as it came, showed a sinister shape, slate-gray, with yellowbrown stripes, the dreaded tiger-shark of deep water, convoyed by that little jackal of the sea, the pilot-fish.¹⁰ It was fortunate for Jimmy Tom that the tiger-shark is not among the swiftest of its family and that he was half-way to the surface before the cold deadly eyes of that one caught sight of his ascending body. With a rush like a torpedo-boat, the thirty-foot shark shot toward the straining, speeding figure, and reached it just as, with a last desperate effort, Jimmy Tom broke water by the canoe. Only the fact that a shark has to be on its back to bring into play its seven rows of triangular, saw-edged teeth saved the boy’s life. The tiny tick of time which the fish took in turning enabled the old man, with a tremendous heave of his powerful arms, to drag Jimmy Tom bodily over the gunwale¹¹ just as the fatal jaws snapped shut below him.

For a long minute the sea-tiger circled the canoe with hungry speed. Then, seeing that his prey had escaped, he swam away, guided, as always, by the strange pilot-fish, which feeds on the scraps of the feasts which it finds for its companion.

[25]As the shark turned toward deep water Jimmy Tom sat up from where he had been lying at the bottom of the canoe and grinned cheerfully after his disappearing foe. Then, without a word, he handed Jim Tom the clump of sponge which, throughout his almost dead-heat with death, he had held clutched tightly in his left hand. With the same motion, he stretched out his other hand, filled like a pincushion with keen, glassy spines from the sea-urchin.

“Not twice in a long lifetime,” said his grandfather, “have I seen a finer silk sponge. Already that sloop is half-paid for.”

Without further words, he drew from his belt a sharp-pointed knife and began the painful process of removing one by one the embedded spines from the boy’s right hand before they should begin to fester. He finished this bit of rough-and-ready surgery by washing out each deep puncture with stinging salt water. When he had entirely finished, Jimmy Tom carefully tucked away the sponge in a pocket fastened to the inside of the canoe and, slipping the wide-mouthed bag again over his neck, stood on the thwart ready for another dive.

“Try to remember with your thick head,” said his grandfather, severely, “all that I have told you, and if I signal you to come back, you come.”

The boy nodded briefly, took several deep breaths, and again shot down through the water, directing his course toward another part of the reef, where the white sand was dotted with shells, all hyaline¹² or clouded with exquisite colors. As he reached the bottom, the boy’s swift, supple fingers searched among crystal-white, purple and rose and gold olivellas, dosinias, and tellinas¹³ which, in spite of their beauty, had no special value. Just as he was about to return to the surface empty-handed, his eye caught the gleam of several spires of the rare, sky-white coral showing among the waving waterweed. A hasty look aloft showed no signal of danger from his sentinel,¹⁴ and he still had nearly three minutes before water would exact her toll of oxygen from him. A swift stroke brought him to the edge of the weed-bed. Just as he was about to reach for the coral, his trained eye caught sight of a gleaming white, beautifully shaped shell nearly as large as the palm of his hand. With a quick motion, he reached under the wavering leaves and, even as his fingers closed on its corrugated surface, realized that he had found at last a perfect specimen of the royal wentle-trap,¹⁵ among the rarest and most beautiful of shells.

[30]In the collections of the world, there are perhaps not six perfect specimens, and sponge-divers and shell-gathers along a thousand lonely coasts are ever on the lookout for this treasure of the sea. The pure white rounded whorls of this one were set off with wide, frilled varices,¹⁶ each ending in a point above, the whole forming a perfect crown of snow and crystal indescribably airy and beautiful. The sight and feeling of this treasure put every thought out of Jimmy Tom’s mind save to reach the surface with it as soon as possible. The coral could wait. For that shell anyone of the collectors who called at Carib Island would gladly pay him twice the hundred dollars he needed.

Suddenly, even as he turned toward the surface, from a deep crevice in the coral close to his side, shot a fierce and hideous head, like that of some monstrous snake, ridged with a fin which showed like a crest. Before the boy could move, two long jaws filled with curved teeth snapped shut on his right hand and wrist, and he realized with a dreadful pang of fear and pain that he had been gripped by one of the great conger eels¹⁷ which lurk in the crevices of the reef. Eight feet in length and as large around as a man’s leg, they are among the most fearsome of all the sea-folk which a diver must brave. For a second, Jimmy Tom tugged with all his strength, but with no result except that the greenish-gray body retreated deeper into its cave. Then it was that he remembered what his grandfather had told him was the only way to escape from the deadly jaws of a conger

eel. Relaxing every muscle, he allowed his hand to lie limp in the great fish's teeth. Sooner or later, if he kept quiet, the monster would open its jaws for a better grip.

As the cold, deadly eyes stared implacably into his, the beating of his laboring heart sounded in his ears like a drum of doom. If so be that the fierce fish did not relax his grip within the next thirty seconds, the boy knew that his life would go out of him in a long stream of silvery air-bubbles. By a tremendous effort of will he strove against the almost irresistible impulse to do something, to pull, to struggle, to slash with his knife at the horrid head. Yet, clinching his teeth grimly, he set himself to that hardest of all tasks—to wait and wait. His eyes, hot and dim with suffused blood, fell on the crowned shell which he held in his free hand, that shell which was to win for him the sloop, and suddenly through the luminous, gleaming water he seemed to see his cabin on far-away Carib Island and his mother's face looking into his.

As the vision faded he felt a slight shifting and loosening of the grim jaws. With a last effort of his will, dimming before the flood of unconsciousness creeping up to his brain, he allowed his body to float limp, and relaxed every straining muscle. Even as he did so, the great jaws gaped apart for an instant and the fierce head thrust itself toward him for a fresh grip. Fighting back the waves of blackness which swept across his eyes, by a quick turn and wrench he freed his imprisoned hand and, with a tremendous scissors-kick of his powerful legs, shot away just as the curved teeth struck, empty, together.

Up and up and up he sped, swimming as he had never swum before, yet seeming to himself, under the desperate urge of his tortured lungs, to move slow as the hourhand of a clock. The sunlit surface seemed to move away and away and recede to an immeasurable distance. Just as he felt despairingly that he could no longer resist the uncontrollable desire of his anguished lungs to act, even if they drew in the waters of death, his head shot above the surface. There was a sudden roaring in his ears as the strong arms of Jim Tom pulled him into the canoe. Too weak to speak or move, he lay experiencing the utter happiness there is in breathing, which only the half-drowned may know.

[35]All the rest of that day the boy lay in the shade of the towering coral wall, while old Jim Tom dressed his gashed and pierced hand. As the calm weather still held, the old man decided to spend the night in the canoe just outside the sheer wall of the reef, where the water stretched away to unknown depths. Toward evening the boy's strength came back; and after eating and drinking ravenously, he showed but little effect of the strain to which he had been subjected.

“When the moon rises,” said his grandfather at length, “we will start for home.”

The boy shook his head obstinately.

“Tomorrow, as soon as it is light,” he said, “I dive again to bring up such white coral as has not been seen on Carib Island in my day.”

“In your day!” exclaimed old Jim Tom, much incensed. “In your minute—for that is all you have lived. Never has any man made a better haul than you. Be satisfied. The reef is not fortunate for the greedy.”

[40]“My silk-sponge was won from the jaws of a shark and my shell from the conger eel,” returned the boy, doggedly. “I ask no favors of the reef.”

The old man glanced around apprehensively, while the water seemed to chuckle as it lapped against the coral.

“It is not lucky to talk that way,” he said softly. “Sleep now,” he went on after a pause. “When morning comes, perhaps there will be a better spirit in you and we will go home.”

A little later, while the great moon climbed the sky and the golden sea stretched away unbroken, the two slept. Hours later, Jim Tom awoke with a start. Through his sleep had penetrated the sharp sinister scent of musk, and, even before he opened his eyes, he felt some hostile living presence near him. As he raised his head above the side of the canoe, the still surface of the sea beyond was all a-writhe with what seemed a mass of white

sea-snakes. Suddenly from out of the livid tangle shot toward the boat two thirty-foot tentacles larger around than a man's body, tapering to a point and covered with round, sucking discs armed with claws of black horn, sharp and curved as those of a tiger. The great white squid, the devil-fish of unknown depths, which hardly once or twice in a generation comes to the surface, was before him.

For a moment the old man stared in horror at the twisting, fatal tentacles. Then, with a hoarse cry, he roused Jimmy Tom, who started up, grasping the keen machete which always lay in a sheath at the bottom of the canoe. Even as he unsheathed the curved blade, one of the vast, pale streamers reached the canoe, flowed over its side, and licked around the waist of the old man. On the instant, red stains showed through his thin shirt where the armed discs sank deep into his flesh as the horrid arm dragged his helpless body toward the water. Just in time, the boy swung the machete over his head and severed the clutching streamer; and then, with a return stroke, cut through another that licked out toward him across the boat.

[45]As he turned the old man stretched his arm out toward the sea with a gasp of horror. Up through the water came a vast cylindrical shape of livid flesh, many times the size of the canoe, from which long tentacles radiated like a wheel. In the middle of the shapeless mass was set a head of horror, with a vast parrot-like beak which gnashed over a mouth like a cavern. On either side of the demon jaws glared two lidless eyes, each larger than a barrel, rimmed around with white. Of an inky, unfathomable black, they stared at the boat with a malignancy which no earth-born creature could equal or endure. Unable to sustain their appalling glare, both of the Caribs thrust their arms before their faces, expecting every second to feel the deadly touch of the armed tentacles.

It was the boy who recovered himself first. Setting his teeth grimly, he suddenly raised his head to face again this demon of the lowest depths. At his exclamation of surprise, the old man forced himself to look up. The water stretched before them empty and unbroken. Only the scent of musk and grisly fragments of the death-pale tentacles in the bottom of the canoe were there to prove that the monster had not been a ghastly dream of the night. Without a word, Jimmy Tom shipped the outriggers and, gripping his paddle, took his place in the bow. All the rest of that night and far into the next day they paddled, until at last Carib Island loomed up on the horizon.

From the sale of the wentle-trap and the silk sponge Jimmy Tom bought not only his sloop and a new canoe for Jim Tom, but still had the hundred of dollars which makes a man rich on Carib Island. Yet in spite of the fortune he brought back from the reef, he has never returned to it again. When urged by friends or collectors, he only shakes his head and says oracularly,¹⁸ "Enough is plenty."

Notes: All Definitions Footnotes

1. Zenith (noun): the highest point of an object, place, or trajectory
2. A reference to an indigenous people in the Caribbean, though this exact terminology is not in use today.
3. a variable color averaging a moderate to reddish purple
4. A sloop is a fore-and-aft rigged boat with one mast and a single jib.
5. Sea fans are a type of horny coral with a vertical treelike or fanlike skeleton, living chiefly in warmer seas.
6. A sculpin is a spiny large-headed bottom-dwelling fish with large fanlike fins. It should be noted that Jim Tom is comparing the shark that killed his son to a bottom-dwelling fish, but not that his son was actually killed by one.
7. "Tonu" is a term of indigenous origin referring to a dangerous creature (usually a shark) that lurks and hunts in the caverns of coral.
8. Gorgonias (or gorgonians): see "sea fans"
9. A fathom is a unit of length equal to six feet (or 1.83 meters) used commonly for measuring the depth of water.
10. A pilot fish is a fish characterized by its dark stripes and its penchant for swimming in the company of a shark.
11. The gunwale is the upper edge of a ship's or boat's side.

- 12. "Hyaline" means to have a glassy, translucent appearance.
- 13. different types of mollusks
- 14. Sentinel (noun): a guard
- 15. Wentle-traps are marine snails with usually white shells.
- 16. Varices is a term that refers to the ridges on the shell of a gastropod mollusk.
- 17. A conger eel is a large marine scaleless eel of the Atlantic.
- 18. Oracular (adjective): resembling an oracle; serious or mysterious

1. Which of the following best describes a theme of the text?

- A. Death lurks everywhere but it can be easily avoided if one is careful.
- B. If one takes more than is necessary, nature will strike back.
- C. People should fear, rather than respect, the ocean.
- D. First-hand experience is more valuable than age or wisdom.

2. Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?

- A. "“This is the treasure-ledge of the reef... Here too,’ he went on, ‘death hides and waits’” (Paragraph 13)
- B. "“the boy’s swift, supple fingers searched among crystal-white, purple and rose and gold olivellas, dosinias, and tellinas which, in spite of their beauty, had no special value.” (Paragraph 29)
- C. "“Never has any man made a better haul than you. Be satisfied. The reef is not fortunate for the greedy.”” (Paragraph 39)
- D. "“My silk-sponge was won from the jaws of a shark and my shell from the conger eel... I ask no favors of the reef.”” (Paragraph 40)

3. In the passage, what causes conflict between between the grandfather and his grandson?

- A. The grandson, Jimmy Tom, feels pushed by his grandfather to dive in the reef.
- B. They disagree over how dangerous it is for the grandson to continue diving in the reef.
- C. The grandfather insists on leaving their treasures behind after Jimmy Tom is hurt.
- D. The grandson resents Jim Tom for his father’s death due to Jim Tom’s paralyzation.

4. How does the death of Jimmy Tom’s father impact the character development of the grandfather and his grandson? Cite evidence in your answer.

5. What impact does the author’s choice of the words “monstrous” (Paragraph 3) and “monster” (Paragraph 31) have on the overall passage?

- A. These words depict the reef as ugly and undesirable, foreshadowing the lack of treasures Jimmy Tom will find there.
- B. These words emphasize the dangers Jimmy Tom imagines exist in the reef thanks to memories of his father's death.
- C. These words depict the creatures as not only frightening but almost evil, foreshadowing more perils within the reef.
- D. These words emphasize the sizes of the otherwise neutral animals, contributing to the almost otherworldly quality of the reef.

6. Throughout the passage, the author builds suspense. Which structural choice contributes most directly to the creation of suspense?

- A. Jimmy Tom’s repeated dives into the reef, despite his run-ins with danger and Jim Tom’s caution
- B. Jim Tom repeatedly telling the story of his son’s death in the spot where he died
- C. the sudden appearance of dangerous sea predators only when Jimmy Tom is underwater
- D. Jim Tom’s paralyzation and inability to swim in the reef with his grandson

7. What does the incident involving the conger eel (Paragraphs 31-42) reveal about Jim Tom’s and Jimmy Tom’s different points of view regarding the reef?

8. How does the appearance of the giant squid at the conclusion of the text advance the theme of the story?

- A. The squid harms Jim Tom, which finally convinces Jimmy Tom to fear the ocean and never return to this dangerous reef.
- B. Jimmy Tom learns his lesson about the consequences of greed when the squid drives them away from the reef.
- C. The squid almost kills Jimmy Tom, and this near-death experience teaches him to value life and not to take too many risks.
- D. The squid’s sudden appearance convinces Jimmy Tom to take charge and save his grandfather from the reef’s dangers.

Part 2**Argumentative Essay**

Directions: Based on your understanding of *Will We 'Fix' The Weather? Yes. Should We Fix the Weather? Hmmm* and *Excerpt From On Drought Conditions*, write a source-based argument on the topic below.

Topic: Analyze the scientific facts as displayed in *Will We Fix The Weather? Yes. Should We Fix The Weather? Hmmm*. Based on the article *Excerpt From On Drought Conditions*, develop an argumentative essay determining whether we should or can do anything about the weather and global warming conditions.

Your Task: Based on your understanding of *Will We Fix The Weather? Yes. Should We Fix The Weather? Hmmm* and *Excerpt From On Drought Conditions*, write a well-developed argument asserting whether we should or can do anything about the weather and global warming conditions. Clearly establish your claim, use specific, relevant, and sufficient evidence from both texts to develop your argument.

Do not simply summarize each text.

Guidelines: Be sure to...

- Establish your claim regarding whether whether we should or can do anything about the weather and global warming conditions
- Use specific, relevant, and sufficient evidence from at least three of the texts to develop your argument
- Identify each source that you reference by text number and line number(s) or graphic (for example: (Text 1, Text 2))
- Organize your ideas in a cohesive and coherent manner
- Maintain a formal style of writing
- Follow the conventions of standard written English

Texts:

Text 1 – Excerpt From 'On Drought Conditions'

Text 2 – *Will We 'Fix' the Weather? Yes. Should We Fix the Weather? Hmmm.*

EXCERPT FROM 'ON DROUGHT CONDITIONS'

by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt

I have been on a journey of husbandry.¹ I went primarily to see at first hand conditions in the drought states; to see how effectively Federal and local authorities are taking care of pressing problems of relief and also how they are to work together to defend the people of this country against the effects of future droughts.

I saw drought devastation in nine states.

I talked with families who had lost their wheat crop, lost their corn crop, lost their livestock,² lost the water in their well, lost their garden and come through to the end of the summer without one dollar of cash resources, facing a winter without feed or food — facing a planting season without seed to put in the ground.

That was the extreme case, but there are thousands and thousands of families on western farms who share the same difficulties.

[5]I saw cattlemen who because of lack of grass or lack of winter feed have been compelled to sell all but their breeding stock³ and will need help to carry even these through the coming winter. I saw livestock kept alive only because water had been brought to them long distances in tank cars. I saw other farm families who have not lost everything but who, because they have made only partial crops, must have some form of help if they are to continue farming next spring.

I shall never forget the fields of wheat so blasted by heat that they cannot be harvested. I shall never forget field after field of corn stunted, earless and stripped of leaves, for what the sun left the grasshoppers took. I saw brown pastures which would not keep a cow on fifty acres. Q1

Yet I would not have you think for a single minute that there is permanent disaster in these drought regions, or that the picture I saw meant depopulating these areas. No cracked earth, no blistering sun, no burning wind, no grasshoppers, are a permanent match for the indomitable American farmers and stockmen and their wives and children who have carried on through desperate days, and inspire us with their self-reliance, their tenacity and their courage. It was their fathers' task to make homes; it is their task to keep those homes; it is our task to help them with their fight.

First let me talk for a minute about this autumn and the coming winter. We have the option, in the case of families who need actual subsistence, of putting them on the dole or putting them to work. They do not want to go on the dole and they are one thousand percent right. We agree, therefore, that we must put them to work for a decent wage, and when we reach that decision we kill two birds with one stone, because these families will earn enough by working, not only to subsist themselves, but to buy food for their stock, and seed for next year's planting. Into this scheme of things there fit of course the government lending agencies which next year, as in the past, will help with production loans.

Every Governor with whom I have talked is in full accord with this program of doing work for these farm families, just as every Governor agrees that the individual states will take care of their unemployables but that the cost of employing those who are entirely able and willing to work must be borne by the Federal Government. Q2

[10]If then we know, as we do today, the approximate number of farm families who will require some form of work relief from now on through the winter, we face the question of what kind of work they should do. Let me make it clear that this is not a new question because it has already been answered to a greater or less extent in every one of the drought communities. Beginning in 1934, when we also had serious drought conditions, the state and Federal governments cooperated in planning a large number of projects — many of them directly aimed at the alleviation of future drought conditions. In accordance with that program literally thousands of ponds or small reservoirs have been built in order to supply water for stock and to lift the level of the underground water to protect wells from going dry. Thousands of wells have been drilled or deepened; community lakes have been created and irrigation projects are being pushed...

Spending like this is not waste. It would spell future waste if we did not spend for such things now. These emergency work projects provide money to buy food and clothing for the winter; they keep the livestock on the farm; they provide seed for a new crop, and, best of all, they will conserve soil and water in the future in those areas most frequently hit by drought.

If, for example, in some local area the water table continues to drop and the topsoil to blow away, the land values will disappear with the water and the soil. People on the farms will drift into the nearby cities; the cities will have no farm trade and the workers in the city factories and stores will have no jobs. Property values in the cities will decline. If, on the other hand, the farms within that area remain as farms with better water supply and no erosion, the farm population will stay on the land and prosper and the nearby cities will prosper too.

Property values will increase instead of disappearing. That is why it is worth our while as a nation to spend money in order to save money. Q3

I have, however, used the argument in relation only to a small area — it holds good in its effect on the nation as a whole. Every state in the drought area is now doing and always will do business with every state outside it.

The very existence of the men and women working in the clothing factories of New York, making clothes worn by farmers and their families; of the workers in the steel mills in Pittsburgh, in the automobile factories of Detroit, and in the harvester factories of Illinois, depend upon the farmers' ability to purchase the commodities they produce. In the same way it is the purchasing power of the workers in these factories in the cities that enables them and their wives and children to eat more beef, more pork, more wheat, more corn, more fruit and more dairy products, and to buy more clothing made from cotton, wool and leather. In a physical and a property sense, as well as in a spiritual sense, we are members one of another. Q4

I want to make it clear that no simple panacea¹⁰ can be applied to the drought problem in the whole of the drought area. Plans must depend on local conditions, for these vary with annual rainfall, soil characteristics, altitude and topography.¹¹ Water and soil conservation¹² methods may differ in one county from those in an adjoining county. Work to be done in the cattle and sheep country differs in type from work in the wheat country or work in the Corn Belt.¹³

[15]The Great Plains Drought Area Committee has given me its preliminary¹⁴ recommendations for a long-time program for that region. Using that report as a basis we are cooperating successfully and in entire accord with the Governors and state planning boards. As we get this program into operation the people more and more will be able to maintain themselves securely on the land. That will mean a steady decline in the relief burdens which the Federal Government and states have had to assume in time of drought; but, more important, it will mean a greater contribution to general national prosperity by these regions which have been hit by drought. It will conserve and improve not only property values, but human values. The people in the drought area do not want to be dependent on Federal, state or any other kind of charity. They want for themselves and their families an opportunity to share fairly by their own efforts in the progress of America.

The farmers of America want a sound national agricultural policy in which a permanent land use program will have an important place. They want assurance against another year like 1932 when they made good crops but had to sell them for prices that meant ruin just as surely as did the drought. Sound policy must maintain farm prices in good crop years as well as in bad crop years. It must function when we have drought; it must also function when we have bumper crops...^{15Q5}

In the drought area people are not afraid to use new methods to meet changes in Nature, and to correct mistakes of the past. If overgrazing has injured range lands, they are willing to reduce the grazing. If certain wheat lands should be returned to pasture they are willing to cooperate. If trees should be planted as windbreaks or to stop erosion they will work with us. If terracing or summer fallowing¹⁶ or crop rotation¹⁷ is called for, they will carry them out. They stand ready to fit, and not to fight, the ways of Nature.

We are helping, and shall continue to help the farmer to do those things, through local soil conservation committees and other cooperative local, state and federal agencies of government...

With this fine help we are tiding over the present emergency. We are going to conserve soil, conserve water and conserve life. We are going to have long-time defenses against both low prices and drought. We are going to have a farm policy that will serve the national welfare. That is our hope for the future.

WILL WE 'FIX' THE WEATHER? YES. SHOULD WE FIX THE WEATHER? HMMM

by Robert Krulwich

2012

Robert Krulwich (1947-) is an American radio and television journalist who currently serves as one of NPR's science correspondents. The term "climate change" refers to a shift in the general distribution of weather patterns over a prolonged period of time. These changes can be caused by intrinsic environmental factors, such as volcanic eruptions, or human activities, like fossil fuel combustion and deforestation. This essay explores how humans will possibly respond to climate change in the future.

As you read, take notes on each side of the debate about human intervention to prevent climate change.

["Icebergs in Ilulissat Icefjord, Greenland"](#) by United Nations Photo is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.

[1]Because I'm at home, wind raging outside, trees bending, leaves flying, a hurricane descending, subways suspended, my day upended, I can't stop thinking: "What is Maureen Raymo thinking?"

She teaches at Columbia University, up the block from where I live. She's a paleoclimatologist.¹ Her focus is climate change, and in a book I am reading, she says someday soon we won't be climate victims, we will be climate choosers. We will engineer the climate we want.

“My feeling,” she tells author (and NPR commentator) Craig Childs, “is that there is never going to be another ice age² as long as there are humans on the planet.”

No more ice ages. The Earth will, of course, keep moving nearer and farther from the sun, our planet will keep wobbling on its axis, and there will be times when the Earth wants to be cold and icy and other times when it wants to be warm and green, but *by the end of this century*, she says, we will know how to keep glaciers where we like them, on mountain tops, at the poles, not down in the valleys, in the forests, where we live.

[5]We won’t need an Einstein or a Newton to do this. “To me it just seems like the inevitable outcome of the rise of higher beings [meaning humans with engineering degrees] that can control their destiny.” And since next ice age isn’t due for another thousand years or more, Raymo figures these same engineers will also take a shot at our global warming problem:

“Right now we are actively changing the climate in a very uncontrolled way, but I’m fairly certain that by the end of this century we’ll have developed the technology to titrate³ the climate, to basically control the level of CO₂ in the atmosphere. We’d have a thermostat.”^{Q1}

Well, that’s good news, no? After all, who wants their home washed away by a swollen ocean or mowed down by a glacier? Not me. Not you. So of course we should try to protect ourselves, and an engineered solution seems targeted, efficient, sensible. If we can pull it off. Why not?

Well, here’s something to think about. About five years ago, Jason Box, a glaciologist from Ohio State University flew 31 giant rolls of white plastic to a glacier in Greenland. That glacier was melting at an accelerating rate and he wondered if putting a plastic blanket on top would reduce the melt.

He and his team spread long rolls of white plastic across 10,000 feet of ice, then left for a while. His notion was that the white blanket would reflect back the rays of the sun, deflecting warmth, keeping the ice cool below.

When he came back to check the results, here, in this video, you can see what he found...⁴

It worked. Exposed ice had melted faster than covered ice. He had not only saved two feet of glacier in a short time, he’d shown it’s possible to keep glaciers intact longer. Plus the fix was technological; no coal plants were shut down. Nobody was taxed, fired, or regulated. Ice was saved, no jobs lost. Just the sort of fix we’re looking for.

[10]“**Thank you, but no thank you,**” says Konrad Steffen.

Konrad Steffen, one of the world’s most prominent climate scientists, was not impressed. He told Craig that people think technology can save the planet, “but there are other things we need to deal with, like consumption. They burned \$50,000 just for the helicopter” — the one that brought the plastic to the glacier. This experiment, said another scientist, Jose Rial, gives people false hope that climate change can be fixed without changing human behavior. It can’t. A better solution, he says, is to “increase the efficiency of automobiles.”

Geoengineers⁵ shouldn’t be the ones who clean up human messes, and there’s no guarantee geoengineers won’t make mistakes too. Technology won’t give us a free ride.^{Q2}

But in the long run, geoengineering — tinkering with air, oceans, the skies — will help us survive on a changing planet. Maureen Raymo is hardly alone in her prediction. More and more eminent⁶ scientists agree with her, that if the human race survives, the engineers will get smarter, the tools will get better, and one day we will control the climate. But what then?

“Just the mention of us controlling the climate, not blindly poking at it as we are now, but manually steering it, sent a small shiver down my back,” Craig writes. “What does it mean to manufacture a planet to our liking, assuming we earned the skill to do so? Something sounded wrong about stopping ice ages by our own will,” he says.

Me? I’m with Craig on this. I like it better when the Earth takes care of itself, and I’m just a passenger. I like thinking that I’m cargo on a self-regulating blue ball that knows how it ticks, and takes care of its own. I guess one day we will have to run the place, but for the moment, sitting at my desk, looking out at the trees bending wildly, the wind howling, beautiful chaos everywhere, I’m happy not to be in charge. When you write the script, you aren’t innocent any more. You know too much.

[15]For a little while longer, I like knowing less.^{Q3}

Notes

All Definitions Footnotes

1. someone who studies the climates of years past based on geological clues
2. a period of time defined by colder global temperatures than normal
3. **Titrate** (*verb*): to repeatedly measure and adjust something
4. In the original article, the author included a link to a video now available on the "Related Media" page.
5. people who aim to devise large-scale interventions in the Earth's natural systems to counteract climate change
6. **Eminent** (*adjective*): famous and respected within a particular sphere or profession.

Part 3.

Directions: Closely read the following poem and write a well-developed, text-based response of two to three paragraphs. In your response, identify a central idea in the text and analyze how the author's use of one writing strategy (literary element or literary technique or rhetorical device) develops this central idea. Use evidence from the text to support your analysis. Do not simply summarize the text. Use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response.

Guidelines: *Be sure to...*

- Identify a central idea in the text
- Analyze how the author's use of one writing strategy (literary element or literary technique or rhetorical device) develops this central idea. *Examples: characterization, conflict, denotation/connotation, metaphor, simile, irony, language use, point-of-view, setting, structure, symbolism, theme, tone, etc.*
- Use strong and thorough evidence from the text to support your analysis
- Organize your ideas in a cohesive and coherent manner
- Maintain a formal style of writing
- Follow the conventions of standard written English

A BIRD, CAME DOWN THE WALK

by Emily Dickinson

A Bird, came down the Walk —
 He did not know I saw —
 He bit an Angle Worm in halves
 And ate the fellow, raw,

And then, he drank a Dew
 From a convenient Grass —
 And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
 To let a Beetle pass —

He glanced with rapid eyes,
 That hurried all abroad —
 They looked like frightened Beads, I thought,
 He stirred his Velvet Head.