

Check your knowledge of
Canadian inventions.
Record your answers
in your notebook.

The Canadian Quiz

1 What board game created by Canadians Scott Abbott and Chris Haney became a best-selling mind-teaser around the world in the 1980s?

- a. Scrabble
- b. Vancouver Stock Exchange
- c. Trivial Pursuit

2 Nearly 200 years ago, a Canadian named John McIntosh hit upon something that would make "McIntosh" a household name at home and abroad. What was it?

- a. A kind of apple
- b. A kind of computer
- c. A kind of raincoat

3 Canadian medical researchers Charles Best and Frederick Banting discovered what lifesaving therapy for diabetes in the 1920s?

- a. Insulin
- b. Aspirin
- c. Sugar-free chocolate

4 First Nations cradle boards inspired Olivia Poole to create which invention?

- a. The skateboard
- b. The car seat
- c. The Jolly Jumper

5 Sir Sandford Fleming, an inventor and engineer who came to Canada from Scotland, is credited with introducing international standard time. In 1851, he designed a now commonplace item that was then the first of its kind in Canada. What was it?

- a. The gas barbecue
- b. The postage stamp
- c. The loonie

6 Harriet Brooks Pitcher made pioneering discoveries about radioactivity. What was her profession?

- a. Doctor
- b. Chemist
- c. Nuclear physicist

7 James Naismith, a physical education instructor who hailed from Almonte, Ontario, invented a whole new ball game in 1891. What was it?

- a. Baseball
- b. Basketball
- c. Table tennis

8 Pablum, the first precooked cereal for babies, was developed in Canada in the 1930s by the three-person team of Frederick Tisdall, Theodore Drake, and Alan Brown. What was their profession?

- a. Doctors at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto
- b. Food scientists at the University of Alberta, Edmonton
- c. Chefs at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montréal

To check your answers,
see page 350.

Time Line

DAME FELICITÉ

MARAIS of Montreal was the first woman in Canada to receive a patent. In 1866 she invented a revolutionary cleaning solution, which she called "English Cleansing Fluid."

ELIJAH McCOY was born in Canada, educated in Scotland, and employed in the United States. His most famous invention, developed in 1882, was an automatic lubricator for train engines. In all, he patented fifty ideas. His name became famous for high quality and gave us the phrase "the real McCoy."



HARRIET BROOKS **PITCHER,**

a nuclear physicist, was a pioneer in the area of radioactivity. Between 1901 and 1905 she identified the first step in the process of radioactive decay.



DR. CLUNY McPHERSON of St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador, invented the gas mask in 1915 to protect Allied soldiers against poison gas in World War I.



ARTHUR SICARD, who grew up on a Québec farm, developed the snowblower in 1925.



DON MUNRO

patented the Table Top Hockey Game in 1932; his small Ontario company became the largest manufacturer of table-top hockey games in the world.

OLIVIA POOLE invented the Jolly Jumper during the 1950s. Her internationally popular baby seat was inspired by the cradle boards suspended from tree branches that she remembered from growing up on a First Nations reservation.

ROLAND GALARNEAU

of Hull, Québec, invented a computerized method of translating printed text into Braille in 1972. Nearly blind since birth, Galarneau built a special computer in his basement workshop for the six-year project.

The IMAX projector was developed in the 1960s by **WILLIAM CHESTER SHAW** of Ontario. With a screen six storeys high and six-track stereo from eighty-eight speakers, IMAX movies surround the viewer; you are part of the action!

WENDY MURPHY, a medical research technician in Toronto, designed and developed the world's first evacuation stretcher for babies. The Weevac 6 (so named because it can transport six wee babies) has been purchased by hospitals around the world since the first one was produced in 1989.



1. RESPONDING TO THE ARTICLE

- a. Were you surprised by the many inventions Canadians have made? Why or why not?
- b. Which invention mentioned in the article is the one you think we could not live without? Support your opinion.
- c. Why do people invent? Find at least three reasons given in the article. Do you agree that these are the reasons? Explain. Can you think of any other reasons why we invent things? Discuss your ideas with a partner.
- d. Why do you think most of today's inventions are developed by "teams of specialists" rather than by lone inventors? Discuss your ideas with a partner.

2. WORD CRAFT USE TERMINOLOGY

The following words and phrases from the article are all closely related to the idea of invention: *creative inspiration*, *practical ability*, *indispensable*, *conceived*, *breakthroughs*, and *dynamo*. Add five other invention-related words to your list. In your notebook, use each word in its own sentence about inventiveness. Use your dictionary if you need help with meanings.

3. WRITING TIME LINES

Review the time line of Canadian inventions. What are the features of a time line? Why is a time line a good way to present the history of a subject like inventions?

Choose one of the following topics and create your own illustrated time line:

- The Story of My Life
- How I Learned to Swim (Ride a Bike, Speak Another Language...)
- Places I've Been
- Your own idea

Share your time line with your class, discussing the events you've chosen to highlight.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Look over your time line. Does each entry include an accurate date and a brief description of the event you're recording? Have you arranged the events in chronological order? Are there other important events that you now realize you should add?

4. RESEARCHING LOCATE BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Find out more about one of the inventors mentioned in “Eureka! We’ve Done it!” Read “How to Conduct Research” on page 86 for some ideas about finding information on a topic. Focus on collecting key biographical information about the inventor, such as birthdate and place of birth, education, interests, and achievements. You might present your findings in a brief written or oral research report.

STRATEGIES

5. ORAL COMMUNICATION PREPARE A PRESENTATION

Inventors often have to make presentations to convince people that their inventions are worthwhile. Here are some suggestions for preparing an effective presentation:

- Know your subject thoroughly and be ready to answer questions.
- Organize your information carefully so that it is easy to understand.
- Write your information in large print and in point form on cue cards or paper so that the information will be easy for you to read.
- If possible, use graphics software to prepare appealing visuals.
- Mark your notes to remind you where you want to use visuals or props.
- Ensure that any visuals you use, such as drawings, charts, or photos, are attractively displayed and large enough for your audience to see.
- Learn how to use the visual equipment you will need, and make sure it will be available for your presentation.
- Rehearse your presentation to determine how long it is and to ensure it flows smoothly. You might ask a friend to sit at the back of the room and give you feedback about your voice and the visuals.

Use the suggestions above to help you prepare a brief presentation about an invention you admire or think is necessary.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: After your rehearsal, think about the following: Was your presentation clear and smooth? Did you use visuals and props effectively? Would your audience be able to understand and see everything? What else should you do to ensure your presentation is successful?



HOW TO

CONDUCT



RESEARCH

Goals at a Glance

- Locate and record information.
- Organize findings in an outline.

Define Your Topic

First, choose a specific topic that interests you. Let's say your teacher has identified the general subject of "Great Inventions." As a fan of aircraft, you decide that "Flying Machines" is the specific topic for you. You are sure that there is a lot of information on this topic, which is important if you want to present a good report.

Plan Your Research

Where are you going to find the information you need? Make a list of the resources you want to explore. Good resources include books, magazines, encyclopedias, the Internet, CD-ROMs, and resource people such as librarians. Make another list of key words that will help you to conduct your research into the history of flight. Key words are especially useful for library computer catalogues and the Internet. Sample key words are *flight*, *inventors*, *transportation*, *air travel*.

Collect Information

As you gather resources, you will need to decide how reliable and relevant the information is. Ask yourself questions like these:

- Is the book/magazine/Web site up to date? Check for copyright dates on printed material and on Web sites.
- Where did the information originate? The most reliable sources include museums, scientific organizations, and well-known publishers and institutions.
- Could the information be biased? Try to determine whether the information source shows different points of view or only one.
- Does the information fit my topic? Is it easy to understand? Does it provide the right amount of detail?

Record Your Findings

As you search, take notes of the information you think you'll include in your report. It's often useful to prepare some basic questions about

PROCESS

your topic, and then write each question on a separate index card. As you find answers to each question, make point-form notes on the card. Here are some sample questions:

- What was the first successful flying machine?
- Who are some famous inventors in the history of flight?
- What were some interesting flying failures?
- When was the jet plane invented?
- What is the fastest flight ever made?

Here is a sample note card:

What was the first successful flying machine?

- first flight was in biplane called Flyer
- December 17, Kitty Hawk, North Carolina 1903
- Orville Wright lay on wings — brother Wilbur ran alongside
- rose 3m into air, flew 36m before diving into the sand

If you want to quote sentences or paragraphs in your report, write them out word for word. Include the name of the author, the source (book or magazine title, for example), the date the source was published, and the page number or Web site address.

Organize Your Information

Now it's time to arrange your information in some kind of order. You could use chronological order (a history of flying machines from the

earliest times to the present), or you could focus on the flying machines that interest you most and give details about them. By sorting and re-sorting your index cards, you can experiment with different ways of organizing.

Now you are ready to make an outline. Begin with headings, spaced several lines apart. To finish your outline, add point-form details after each heading. Here are some sample headings:

- A. EARLY ATTEMPTS AT FLIGHT
- B. FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT
- C. TWENTIETH CENTURY ADVANCES
- D. THE FASTEST FLYING MACHINE EVER
- E. OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE

If you decide to do a written research report, include these headings in your report. If you are presenting an oral report to the class, your outline will be the basis of your talk. In either case, add photos, charts, maps, diagrams, or other visuals to enhance your final presentation.

Self-Assessment

- I selected a specific topic that interested me.
- I located a variety of reliable resources.
- I recorded relevant information.
- I organized my notes and wrote an outline.
- I prepared my report, including interesting visuals.

*Plenty of people make a living playing piano or guitar.
But how many live off their skill with the snare drum, the marimba, or xylophone?*

A Different Drummer

Profile by Christine McClymont

Evelyn Glennie plays an amazing array of instruments. On stage, she leaps from instrument to instrument with the grace of a gazelle. For one piece she plays cymbals, marimba, Japanese bells, a pair of bongos, conga drums, a vibraphone, four smaller drums, four wood blocks, and a set of drum-like tubes called "boobams." She's that very rare musician, a solo percussionist. She's also deaf.

Born in Scotland, Evelyn began studying drums and other percussion instruments at the age of twelve. She continued at the Royal Academy of Music in London, England, where she won prize after prize. Now she has an international concert schedule that takes her from Alaska to Brazil, from Norway to New Zealand, from Canada to Japan. Although she is a classically-trained musician, Evelyn also loves pop and world music. Besides playing the Highland bagpipes, she has performed with a gamelan* orchestra in Indonesia and a samba** band in Brazil.

Evelyn has to be an innovator, because very little music has been written for solo percussion. As a result, she works closely with composers who write pieces especially for her. When audiences attend an Evelyn Glennie concert, they know they will hear new sounds put together in new ways. She has musical surprises galore to offer her listeners, as you can hear on CDs such as *Wind in the Bamboo Grove* and *Reflected in Brass*. Recently, she has composed music for TV dramas, travel shows, and commercials.

***gamelan**: A Balinese or Javanese orchestra made up of bowed, stringed, and a variety of percussion instruments.

****samba**: A Brazilian dance of African origin.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Express and support an opinion.
- Participate in small group discussion.

To play her instruments, she uses her senses of touch and sight. Performing barefoot heightens her sensitivity to vibrations. As she explains it, "People have the wrong idea about deafness. They think you live in a world of total silence, but that isn't the way it works."

"I don't think in terms of loud and soft," says Evelyn. "Instead I think of sounds as thin or fat, strong or weak. The sounds you can create with just one cymbal are infinite."

Evelyn has created a scholarship to encourage children who are hard of hearing to play musical instruments, and she supports many other organizations for the deaf in Britain. But she would rather be known as a role model for all young musicians, not just young deaf people. Her ability to perform brilliantly in front of a huge symphony orchestra—and to push the boundaries of percussion music—inspires everyone who hears her.

If you would like to know more about Evelyn and her music, she has her own Web site at <http://www.evelyn.co.uk/>.



RESPONDING TO THE PROFILE

- a. Do you think a solo percussionist would find it easy or difficult to attract an audience? Why or why not?
- b. If you are standing by the side of the road and a large truck goes by, you can feel the vibrations. List other vibrations that you can feel.
- c. Evelyn's husband writes, "If the audience is only wondering how a deaf musician can play percussion then Evelyn [feels she] has failed as a musician." With a partner, discuss why Evelyn might feel that way.

Hanging Upside Down

Bananas

P o e m b y **D o n n a W a s i c z k o**

It may be
necessary to hang upside
down from a tree
to get a new
perspective. Then you can
see that grass grows
up. What a dance
to measure lizard
jumps and spider
dangles at eye
level! To hear
birds fly
over your feet—
match shadows to faces,
feathers to wings,
footsteps to eyes.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Respond personally and critically to poetry.
- Write a poem.

Empty Head

Poem by **Malick Fall**

Translated from the French by John Reed and Clive Wake

An idea came
Into my head
So slender
So slight
An idea came
Fleetingly
Fearfully
Came to alight
It wheeled about
Stretched itself out
An idea came
That I wanted to stay
But it brushed my hand
And taking its flight
Through my fingers
Slipped away.

1. RESPONDING TO THE POEMS

- a. Which of the two poems do you like better? Explain why.
- b. What do “Bananas” and “Empty Head” tell us about how people think—and lose their thoughts?

2. WRITING POETRY

Imagine that you are hanging upside down—anywhere in the world. How do you feel? What do you see and hear? What thoughts are passing through your head? Write an “upside-down” poem that reveals a new perspective on the world. Read your poem aloud to a classmate.

Sam was teased, mocked, and misunderstood—all because he spent his time surfing the Net.

Could Sam last even one day in an unwired environment?

CYBERSPACE

SAM

Short Story by W.D. Valgardson

Solitario Adolphus Muggins surfed the Net, read CD-ROMS, e-mailed, and downloaded more than was good for him. Or so his family thought.

After breakfast one Saturday, his mother asked the family where they were going.

"To the mall to be with my friends," Carol said.

"To the schoolyard to shoot some baskets," his brother, Greg, said. He was home from college for the summer.

"To the garage to get a tire repaired," his father said.

They all turned to look at Solitario Adolphus Muggins, or Sam, as they called him.

"Cyberspace," he replied.

"That kid's got a problem," his brother said, after Sam had disappeared into the Internet.

"It's just a stage," his mother said. "With you it was skateboards."

"He reads the dictionary," his sister complained. "If we don't do something, he'll carry a briefcase and wear one of those plastic things in his shirt pocket when he goes into Grade Nine. I'll be ostracized."

"We need to open a dialogue with him," his father said.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse stereotypes.
- Use communication strategies in role-playing.

He taught at the local college. "Communication is everything."

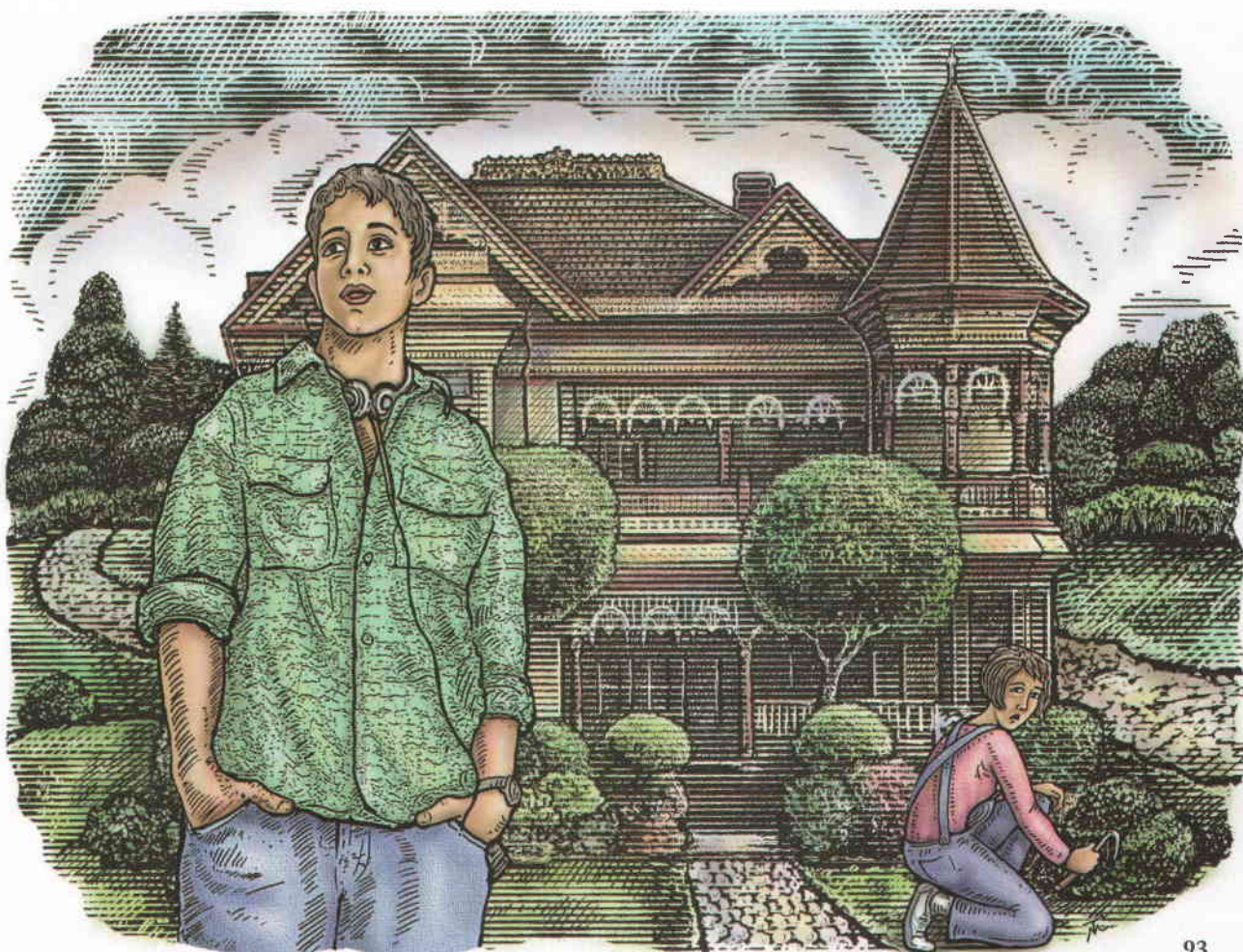
At supper, Sam's father suddenly blurted out, "Dinosaurs." Someone at work had told him dinosaurs were very popular.

"A group of extinct reptiles, widely distributed during the Mesozoic period. Anything you want to know, I can find for you on <<http://cord.iupui.edu/~nmrosentallabout.html>>." To mark the slashes, Sam swung his right hand up and down at an angle.

"What am I going to do?" Carol asked her mother. "His role model is Data. He wants to be an android."

Their mother's basic life philosophy was that everything would come out all right eventually, but even she looked a bit concerned. Sort of the way she'd looked when Carol had got her nose ring.

"I was transplanting baby's breath today and as he went by he said, 'Gypsophila,' just like that."



"You see what I mean?" Carol said. "Weird."

The next morning, Carol, who really loved her brother dearly, stopped beside Sam. "Hit EXIT!" she ordered. When the screen saver came on, she put her hand on his shoulder. "You need to get a life."

"I live everywhere," Sam answered. "I have e-mail from thirty-six countries."

"You're twelve," his sister said. "And I'll bet you don't even know the difference between boys and girls."

"Don't be ridiculous. Of course I do. Girls have two X chromosomes. Boys have an X and a Y."

When Carol told her father about this incident, he agreed that something drastic had to be done.

"All his reality is virtual," Greg said. "We've got to get him in touch with real reality. Here and now."

But what, they all asked each other. What and where and how would there be no computer, no batteries, no disks, no programs, no e-mail, no cyberspace, no Internet, no Web.

"Camping," Sam's father shouted, snapping his fingers.

"Camping," Greg shouted back.

"Camping," Carol agreed with a sigh. She didn't like camping, but she was desperate. When he got to high school, Sam would be a bigger liability than a pair of Nikes among the Doc Martens.

"I can't go," Sam's mother said. "I've got reports to write." She attended meetings for the Social Services ministry. "I'll drop you off and pick you up in two days at the provincial park."

They sang all the way to the starting point. That is, Sam's father and mother and brother and sister sang. Sam played computer games on a pad of paper. He knew the opening situations by heart.

"Look at your brother," his father said when they were setting up camp. "Getting the canoes packed for tomorrow. That's experience working. Practice makes perfect. Look at your sister chopping wood. That's the result of lifting those weights. And watch me whip together supper over an open fire." He took a deep breath. "There's nothing like it. The Great Outdoors. Just like our ancestors."

"In Finland, people have saunas," Sam said. "You heat rocks until they're red-hot, then pour water over them. You get hot as a roasting ham, then run outside and roll around in the snow. That's what

<ago.helsinki.pi> tells me. Personally, I like lukewarm showers and a warm bath towel."

"Wait until tomorrow when we get into our canoes and start down the river. You'll forget all this computer stuff for a couple of days. We'll be *coureurs de bois*." His father tried to sing something in French but he couldn't remember the words, so he sang a couple of verses of "Davy Crockett" with a French accent.

That night Sam lay awake, staring at the stars.

"Beautiful," Carol sighed. "I wonder what their names are?"

"If you'd have let me bring my laptop, I could have told you. I have a star identification program."

"You're hopeless," she snapped. "Go to sleep."

The next morning, they headed out in two canoes. Greg and Carol were in one, and Sam and his father were in the other. They had all their equipment in the centre of the canoes. The river was fast but shallow. In some places, they had to jump out and drag the canoes over the gravel bottom. Sometimes there were pools. They stopped and swam in these and had water fights.

They had lunch on a sandbar. They stopped to do some fishing and caught two fish, which they put in a cooler so they could have them for supper.

"This is reality, see," Greg explained. "Everything's in real time. You've got to grunt and sweat to get somewhere. No make-believe. This is where you learn to deal with life." Greg always wore white socks and played six different sports.

"Here, and in the mall. Social life is real, too. You've got to learn to get along, Sam. Fit in. Manners make the man," Carol added.

"There's manners on the Internet," Sam replied. "You don't follow them, you get flamed."

"If you're going to be weird, keep it in," Greg said. "Deal with reality."

They canoed with the current, guiding the canoes around rocks and trees and sandbars. They saw deer and raccoons and lots of birds.

The current picked up speed. They were coming around a sharp curve when Sam's canoe swung to the side, hit a fallen tree, and tipped sideways with the open part toward the current. Sam jumped clear, but his father fell on his side, and his right leg went under the

canoe. The canoe pinned him to the gravel bottom. Then the force of the water pushed him and the canoe under the tree trunk. Sam's father tried to pull free, but the weight of the canoe held him against the bottom.

Greg and Carol jumped out of their canoe. They grabbed the tipped-over canoe and pulled on it with all their might. The force of the water was too great. The canoe kept edging farther under the tree.

With each centimetre, Sam's father was forced down into the water. He had to push himself up to keep his head from going under.

"Grab one end," Greg yelled. All three of them grabbed one end and tried to pivot the canoe. The canoe twisted slightly but pulled their father farther under.

"Pull!" Sam's father yelled. "It'll drag me down."

They pulled and pushed with all their might. The canoe moved under again.

"Help," Carol called, but there wasn't anyone around. There were just some cows in a nearby field watching them curiously.

"Help!" Greg called. Nobody heard him.

The canoe held steady. Then a rock that was blocking it pulled loose, and the canoe scraped forward. Their father's head was nearly pulled underwater.

Sam yelled, " X equals s times r ." He let go of the canoe.

"What are you doing?" Greg yelled back.

" X equals s times r ," Sam repeated. He scrambled around in the water on his hands and knees.

"Help," Greg and Carol both yelled. They were straining with all their might but the canoe was pulling them forward.

Sam ignored them. He stood up suddenly, holding the axe that had fallen out of the canoe.

"Not my leg," his father yelled. "Don't chop off my leg!"

Sam ran around to the back of the canoe and took a swing. He chopped a hole in the canoe, then another one, and another one. He kept chopping, making more and more holes.

"Are you crazy?" his brother screamed. "What'll we tell the rental people?"

" X equals s times r ," Sam shouted back.

He kept chopping until there was a long line of holes. His brother and sister pulled with all their might, and the canoe gradually lifted off the bottom. His father dragged his leg from underneath.

They helped him to shore. They set up the tent, rescued the rest of the equipment, and dragged the two canoes up onto the bank.

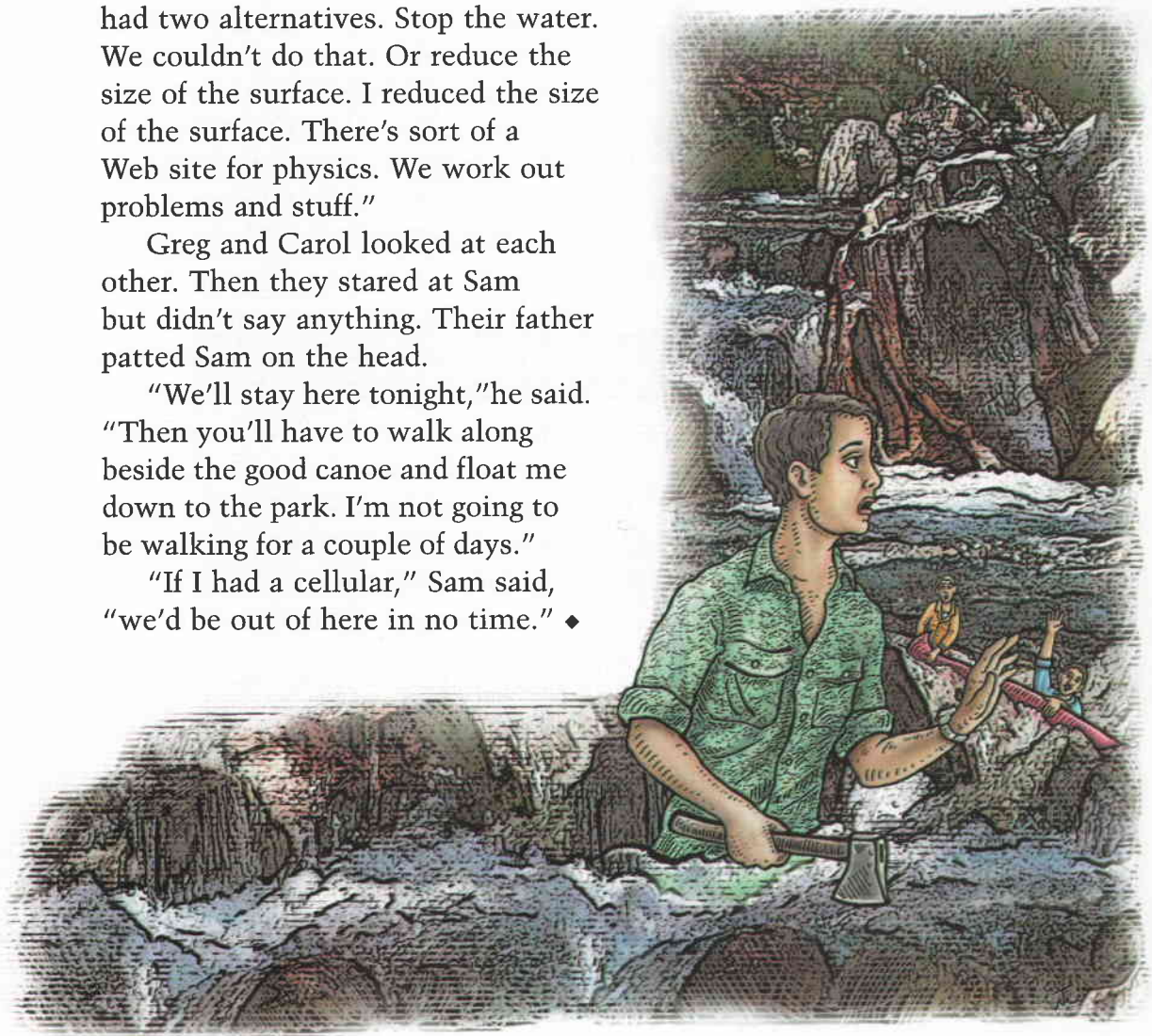
"What were you yelling?" his father asked. His leg wasn't broken, but it looked like an overripe banana in places.

"The formula for water pressure against a surface. The force equals the surface times the rate of the current. We needed to create more pressure than that to free the canoe. We couldn't do it. So we had two alternatives. Stop the water. We couldn't do that. Or reduce the size of the surface. I reduced the size of the surface. There's sort of a Web site for physics. We work out problems and stuff."

Greg and Carol looked at each other. Then they stared at Sam but didn't say anything. Their father patted Sam on the head.

"We'll stay here tonight," he said. "Then you'll have to walk along beside the good canoe and float me down to the park. I'm not going to be walking for a couple of days."

"If I had a cellular," Sam said, "we'd be out of here in no time." ♦



1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. Why does Sam's family tease him so much? Do you agree that Sam has a problem because he spends so much time in cyberspace? Explain your opinion.
- b. What is "virtual reality"? How is it different from "real reality"?
- c. What is the family's purpose in planning a camping trip and taking Sam along? Do you think they did the right thing? Why?
- d. How does Sam prove that he is an innovative person? Were you surprised by what Sam could do? Explain.

2. READING ANALYSE STEREOTYPES

Sam, Greg, and Carol could be described as stereotyped characters. (See page 52 for a definition of *stereotype*.) Copy the chart below in your notebook. Look through the story for the specific details that help to create those stereotypes, adding them to your chart. Do you think the author wants readers to think of Sam as a stereotype? Explain. What details in the story help to break each stereotype?

Character	Stereotype	Evidence
Sam		
Greg		
Carol		

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did you find several pieces of evidence for each stereotype? With a partner, compare charts to see if you noticed the same details, adding those you missed to your chart.

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION COMMUNICATE EFFECTIVELY

Sam's father wants to communicate better with Sam. Do you think he succeeds? Why or why not? Sam's father might have benefited from the following suggestions about how to communicate effectively:

- Think about what you want to say and express yourself clearly so that the listener will not be confused. Use words the person will understand. If you are going to speak in a formal situation, you may want to rehearse what you want to say.
- Listen—when the other person is speaking, focus all your attention on what the person is saying.
- If you have difficulty understanding, restate what the person has said to check your interpretation. Ask for a further explanation if necessary.
- Be open-minded—true communication occurs when you are open to the other person's ideas.

Working with a partner, and keeping these suggestions in mind, role-play a conversation in which Sam and his father communicate effectively with one another.

4. MEDIA EVALUATE A WEB SITE

Conduct an Internet search to find an excellent Web site on problem-solving skills. Make a list of the key words that will help you search and then use them to locate specific Web sites. After you explore two or three Web sites that seem related to your search, choose the one you think is best. Make notes on what you like about the Web site, and then share your findings with other students. Did different students choose the same sites?

It's tough being an inventor.

*Getting the credit you deserve
can be even tougher.*

Inventively Female

Essay adapted from *Newscience*

From earliest times women were inventive. Around the world, they created “firsts” in everything from cooking and pottery to weaving, tanning, hut-building and crop-raising. Through the ages, women continued to improve their daily lives with inventions such as:

- the flat-bottomed paper bag
by Margaret Knight in 1870
- the sad iron (a flatiron pointed at both ends)
by Mary Potts in 1876
- the exact-measurement cookbook
by Fannie Farmer in 1896
- the drip coffee pot by Melitta Bentz in 1908
- and the disposable diaper by Marion Donovan in 1951

The contributions of women inventors, for the most part, have gone unnoticed. Why? Before 1800, women had trouble getting recognition as inventors because they weren't allowed to own patents (or property). The first patent issued to an American colonist was in 1715. It went to Thomas Masters for a machine that refined maize into cornmeal—but historical records show that his wife Sybilla actually invented it.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

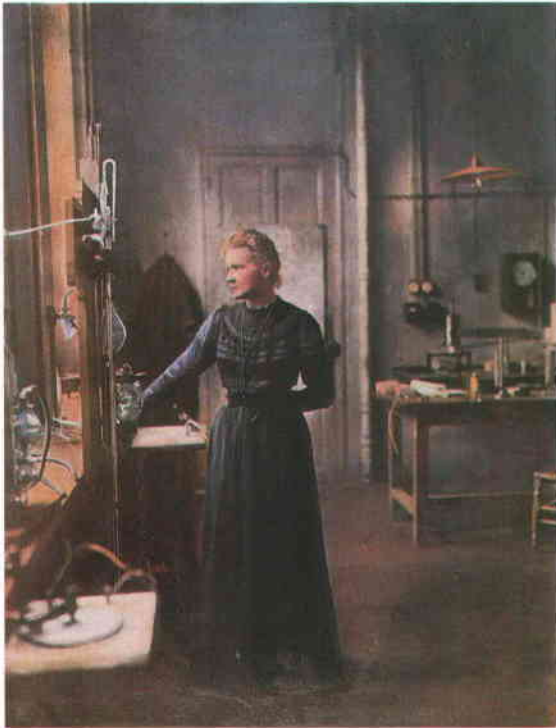
- Prepare a research report.
- Show how evidence is used to support an opinion.

Even when they could get credit for their inventions, some women were simply not interested. Instead, they would share their inventions with friends and neighbours or freely publish their findings. Such was the case with Polish scientist Marie Curie, the only person ever to win two Nobel Prizes (for physics, in 1903 and 1911). Working in Paris, Curie “discovered” radium, invented a process for extracting radioactive material from uranium ore, and created the prototype for the Geiger counter. But she refused to make money by patenting her inventions.

As more women began to attend university and take jobs outside their homes, the scope of their inventions widened. During World War I, women worked in weapons factories and invented weapons, too: an automatic pistol, a railway torpedo, and a submarine mine, among many others. Around the same time, engineer Kate Gleason invented mass-produced housing—the model for today’s suburban homes.

More recently, Stephanie Kwolek invented Kevlar, a fibre used in radial tires and bullet-proof vests. Patsy Sherman, working at 3M, co-invented Scotchguard; and Barbara Askins created a way to obtain clearer pictures from old negatives.

Over the years, many female inventors have been denied their places in patent history. *Mothers of Invention*, the first book ever written about women inventors, provides plenty of examples. It points out that Lady Mary Montague introduced smallpox vaccination to Europe in 1717, eighty years before British doctor Edward Jenner was credited with this life-saving procedure.



Marie Curie won the Nobel Prize for physics in 1903 and 1911.

Similarly, Dr. Lise Meitner discovered and named nuclear fission, the process that led to the atomic bomb and nuclear energy. Yet only her male colleague received the Nobel Prize in 1944.



Web page from the Women Inventors Project.

Even today, only about ten of a thousand patents granted yearly in Canada belong to women. A Canadian venture called the Women Inventors Project is seeking to change this. Founded by two Waterloo, Ontario, women—Shelly Beauchamp and Lisa Avedon—this unique organization is dedicated to helping innovative Canadian women develop their ideas by providing workshops and role models.

Recent inventions patented by Canadian women are increasingly high-tech: Professor Mary Anne White's new class of heat storage chemicals; Carolyn Gelhorn's Trip Trak, which tracks car mileage and collects trip data; and Leslie Dolman's PC A.I.D. device, which allows people with disabilities to use an IBM or compatible computer.

Are you a potential patent-holder? According to the Women Inventors Project, you don't have to be a research scientist. You just have to be someone who identifies a problem and sets out to invent a practical solution. Easier said than done, perhaps. But in the words of inventor Rosalyn Yalow, "The world cannot afford the loss of the talents of half of its people, if we are to solve the many problems which beset us." ♦

**Women
Inventors
Project**

**Teaching
Tools**

**Order
Catalogue**

**Women
Inventors
Quiz**

**Friends of
Women
Inventors**



Canadian Women: Risktakers and Changemakers

Rachel Zimmerman
Inventor
Ontario, Canada

Rachel Zimmerman is the inventor of a computer program which uses Blissymbols. These symbols allow non-speaking people to communicate. The user "talks" by pointing to the various symbols on a page or board.

With traditional Bliss board, the individual can only communicate with a person who is in the same room at the same time, watching the Bliss-user point to a sequence of symbols. With Rachel's "Blissymbol Printer" program, the 'speaker' touches the symbols on a touch-sensitive board, and then computer translates them into written language. This method is fast, lets the user communicate independently, and allows information to be stored or sent over a distance.

This invention is perhaps even more impressive when you realize that Rachel was only twelve when she developed it. The system started out as a project for a school science fair and ended up competing at the World Exhibition of Achievement of Young Inventors, held in Bulgaria. She is also a winner of a YTV Achievement Award for Innovation. Recently, Rachel added French text to the program, and is exploring the possibilities of adding Hebrew text, as well as a modem and voice output to her system.

Document (above) from
the Women Inventors Project Web site.

1. RESPONDING TO THE ESSAY

- a. Which of the inventors or inventions mentioned in the article would you like to learn more about? Why?
- b. Do you think it is important to take out a patent when you develop a good invention? Why or why not?
- c. What is the purpose of the Women Inventors Project? What steps do you think they should take to achieve their purpose?

2. RESEARCHING PREPARE A RESEARCH REPORT

Research a female Canadian inventor. You may wish to have a look at the Women Inventors Project Web site for possible subjects. Before you begin your research, make a list of some of the questions you would like your research to answer. (See page 86 for other ideas about researching.)

Present your findings in the form of a brief written or oral research report.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: In your research, were you able to find answers to the questions you listed? Did you encounter difficulties in your research? If so, what were they and how did you overcome them?

3. ESSAY CRAFT SUPPORT AN OPINION

The essay is a form of writing in which an author presents an opinion about a topic. In order to persuade the reader, the author must give evidence that supports his or her opinion. *Facts* (statements that can be confirmed as true) are the best kind of evidence.

With a partner, reread “Inventively Female.” What are the author’s opinions about women inventors? What evidence does the author include to support these opinions? Were you convinced by the author’s evidence? Why or why not?



Not all innovators are scientists or engineers—meet sculptor Andy Goldsworthy.

A COLLABORATION WITH NATURE

Book review by Agnieszka Biskup

Sculptures and captions by Andy Goldsworthy

You don't need expensive marble and bronze to make a beautiful sculpture. And a sculpture doesn't need to be displayed on a pedestal in a museum, a gallery, or a public park to be considered art. As British artist Andy Goldsworthy shows, it's possible to create art by using what's around you, and leaving it right where you made it. Goldsworthy makes his sculptures outdoors and uses materials he finds in nature: ice, snow, leaves, petals, earth, branches, thorns, and rocks. He shapes his materials into arches, circles, spirals, and lines, patterns suggesting nature's rhythm, growth, and decay. He constructs most of his sculptures within a day, then photographs them before, or while, they're broken down by the wind, rain, or the sun's warmth. Though he's made his sculptures all over the world—from Australia to the North Pole—a stretch of woods near his home in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, remains at the centre of his work. His photographs have been collected in a series of beautiful books, including *Hand to Earth: Andy Goldsworthy Sculpture 1976-1990*, *Andy Goldsworthy: A Collaboration with Nature*, and the simply titled *Wood and Stone*. The images on these pages are good examples of how Goldsworthy makes you see nature in a completely different way.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse art.
- Recognize sentence fragments.

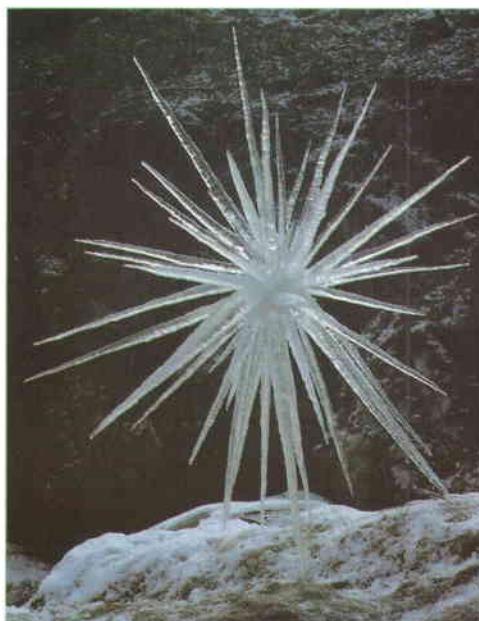
Feathers plucked from
dead heron
cut with sharp stone
stripped down one side
about three-and-a-half feet
overall length
made over three calm days
cold frosty mornings
smell from heron pungent as
each day warmed up

*Swindale Beck Wood, Cumbria
February 24–26, 1982*



Icicles
thick ends dipped in snow
then water
held until frozen together
occasionally using forked sticks
as support until stuck
a tense moment when taking
them away
breathing on the stick first
to release it

*Scaur Water, Dumfriesshire
January 12, 1987*





*Derwent Water, Cumbria
February 20 &
March 8-9, 1988*

Early morning calm
knotweed stalks
pushed into lake bottom
made complete by their own reflections

1. RESPONDING TO THE SCULPTURES

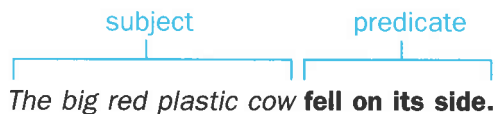
- In what ways are Andy Goldsworthy's sculptures different from most other sculptures?
- Which of the pieces shown here do you like best? Why?
- Do Andy's captions add to your appreciation of the sculptures? Explain.
- Why do you think that Andy creates art that disappears?

2. VISUAL COMMUNICATION ANALYSE ART

We are told that Andy's work is symbolic of "nature's rhythm, growth, and decay." With a partner, look closely at the pictures. How does each piece of art represent the cycles of nature? What shapes are most prominent in each piece? Which piece is the most inventive? Why do you think so? In your opinion, has the artist been successful in creating art that shows nature's rhythm, growth, and decay? You and your partner should be prepared to explain your conclusions.

3. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS SENTENCE FRAGMENTS

Andy's captions are made of bits and pieces of sentences, called *sentence fragments*. A sentence fragment is an incomplete sentence, lacking either a *subject* or a *predicate*. The *subject* of a sentence contains the noun or pronoun that tells who or what the sentence is about. The *predicate* contains the verb that tells what the subject did or was.



In your notebook, rewrite one caption in correct sentence form, adding punctuation and additional words as necessary. Do you prefer the original caption or your version? Why might sentence fragments be appropriate in Andy's captions but not in formal writing?

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Search for sentence fragments in your own writing. Add any necessary subjects or predicates, or explain why you think the sentence fragment is effective.

*"Ah, if only I could fly
like the birds!"
sighed Daedalus. Would the
mythical inventor succeed, or
would his dream come crashing
to the ground?"*

Daedalus and Icarus

GREEK MYTH RETOLD BY JAMES REEVES

Of all the Greeks, Daedalus, an Athenian, was most widely known throughout the ancient world as a cunning craftsman, artist, and inventor. He perfected the art of sculpture. There had been statues before his time, but none had ever been so lifelike. They were famous not only in Greece, but over the sea in Egypt and other parts of Africa. But he was not simply a sculptor; he was also an inventor and an improver. He built baths in Greece and a great reservoir in sun-baked Sicily. He constructed the masts and yards of ships, while his son Icarus was thought to have been the inventor of sails.

One of the principal crafts invented by Daedalus was carpentry. He was said by ancient writers to have invented glue, the plumb line, the gimlet, the axe, and the saw. But some say it was his pupil Perdix who invented the saw, making the first examples from the backbones of big fish.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Aegean	— ay JEE in
Athene	— a THEE nee
Cnossos	— NOSS us
Crete	— kreet
Daedalus	— DED a lus
Icarus	— ICK a rus
Minos	— MY nus
Minotaur	— MIN a tore
Pasiphae	— puh SIFF ee
Perdix	— PURR dix
Poseidon	— puh SY dun

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Write a myth.
- Prepare an oral retelling of a myth.

Daedalus had become very proud of his worldwide reputation as a sculptor and inventor, and he was glad to take as a pupil his sister's son, Perdix. But Perdix became so quick and clever a pupil that people began to say he was better than his master. This made Daedalus jealous. One day, in rage and envy, he took the young man to the top of a high tower he had built, in order, as he said, to show him the wonders of Athens. Then, when Perdix was gazing out toward the sea, Daedalus pushed him from the top of the tower, intending to kill him. But the young man was protected by the goddess Athene, who turned him into a partridge before he hit the ground. So by becoming a bird Perdix narrowly escaped death, and from that time to this the partridge has always flown low.

For this attempted murder Daedalus was condemned to death by the Athenian court of justice. No sooner had he heard his sentence than he fled the city and took refuge in the island of Crete. King Minos had already heard of Daedalus's great skill as an inventor, so he welcomed him into his service and made him construct many ingenious things at his palace of Cnossos.

Now the god Poseidon had sent a beautiful white bull to Crete with orders that it should be sacrificed to him there. But Minos's wife Pasiphae fell in love with the bull, and persuaded her husband not to sacrifice it. In revenge Poseidon caused Pasiphae to give birth to a monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man. This was the famous Minotaur, and it was such a cause of shame to King Minos that he determined to hide it. Accordingly, he sent for Daedalus and made him construct a hiding place in which the monster might live without being seen. Daedalus built a maze or labyrinth, in which a series of cunning passages led to the centre. So intricate was the labyrinth that Daedalus himself could scarcely find his way out to the entrance. Here the Minotaur was able to stamp about and charge angrily back and forth amidst the maze of alleyways, unseen by anyone.

"This is indeed a marvellous construction," said Minos, "and it is easy to see that you are the cleverest designer the world has ever seen."

So Minos kept Daedalus in Crete, making him construct other marvels of ingenuity—baths and fountains, temples and statues,

paved floors and splendid flights of stairs.

Then at last Daedalus grew tired of the service of King Minos and longed to return to Athens, where he felt that his crime might have been forgotten or at least forgiven. He had brought with him to Crete his young son Icarus, and the boy too, now grown to manhood, wished to see his native land. But Daedalus could at first think of no way of escape. Crete was an island far distant from Athens, and Daedalus and his son could not build a ship in secrecy and supply it with a crew for the voyage home. But his cunning brain was hard at work. At last he hit on the most daring invention of his life. Many an hour he had spent looking thoughtfully at the sea birds as they wheeled and circled about the rocky coast. "Ah," said he, "if only I could fly like them! But why not? The gods have not given wings to humans, but they have given them a brain and hands to fashion wings for themselves."

So in a secret place, hidden from idle curiosity, he collected together all the feathers of birds he could find, great and small. He sent his son Icarus about the island to bring back as many as he could. Then he laid them out on the ground in order—first the big feathers, then the small. When he decided he had enough, he fastened them together with wax, curving the wings like those of a bird. Icarus watched his father intently. At last the wings were finished, and Daedalus strapped them to his shoulders and went up to a piece of rising ground. Turning into the wind, he ran forward and was delighted to find himself airborne. Day after day he practised on higher and higher slopes until he reckoned the time had come to make the flight to Greece. He constructed a second pair of wings for Icarus, and together the young man and his father mastered the art of flying.

At last the day of departure came. The sun was high in the unclouded heavens, and the wind was favourable. Daedalus and Icarus carried their wings to a lofty cliff looking toward Greece, and prepared for flight. When the wings were strapped firmly on their backs, Daedalus said to his son:

"Follow me. Do as I do. Don't fly too low or your wings will be weighed down with spray from the sea. Don't fly too near the sun either, or its heat will melt the wax that holds the feathers in place.

Either way you will be destroyed. Do as I say, and may the gods go with you. Now let us be off."

So saying, he ran toward the edge of the cliff and launched himself into the air. Borne up by the wind, he journeyed straight toward his native shore.

Icarus did just as his father had done. But he was so happy to find himself aloft in the pure blue sky that he soon forgot the good advice he had been given. He wheeled and dipped like a great sea bird, and then he soared upward till the land and even the sea were almost out of sight. How brilliant the blazing sun appeared! Icarus was fascinated by it and could not withstand the temptation to see how high he could



The Fall of Icarus by Italian seventeenth-century artist Carlo Saraceni.

fly. Hotter and hotter it blazed down upon him. Too late he felt the wax on his wings begin to melt. He could not descend fast enough for the wax to cool. The wings that had borne him aloft now began to break up, and soon the ill-fated young man plunged helplessly into the sea, like a falling star. Icarus was drowned.

Daedalus had crossed the Aegean Sea and was almost home to Athens before he turned to catch sight of his son. Icarus was not to be seen. In alarm Daedalus turned and flew back to the south. It was not long before he saw, as he swooped down toward the blue waves, a pair of damaged wings floating uselessly on the sea. In sorrow Daedalus returned to Athens alone. The sea where his son had met his death was named the Icarian Sea.

1. RESPONDING TO THE MYTH

- a. The story of Daedalus and Icarus is an old and well-known myth. Why do you think it continues to hold people's interest?
- b. What hints does the story of Perdix contain about later events?
- c. What is a labyrinth? Why was Daedalus asked to build one? Describe any labyrinths you have encountered in other stories, movies, or games.
- d. What motivated Daedalus to create the most daring invention of his life?
- e. What made Icarus ignore his father's advice and fly toward the sun? Have you ever been tempted to ignore good advice? What happened?

2. WRITING CREATE A MYTH

List some of the ways in which the story "Daedalus and Icarus" is a **myth**. Now write a myth of your own. Be inventive! Your myth might explain the existence of something (such as volcanoes, rivers, sunshine, snow) or it might tell the story of a great adventure.

A **myth** is an old story that tells about heroes, gods, and supernatural events. Many myths also explain something about the world, such as why there is a sun or how the earth was created.

3. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS SPECIFIC NOUNS

Writers use specific **nouns** to help readers imagine what is being described. As you can see from the examples below, a specific noun contains more information than a vague noun.

A **noun** is a word that refers to people, places, qualities, things, actions or ideas.

Vague: Daedalus built a *place* to hold the Minotaur.

Specific: Daedalus built a *maze* to hold the Minotaur.

Reread the myth, making a list of ten specific nouns that helped you clearly imagine what the writer was describing. Are there any that you had difficulty understanding? Make a second list of challenging nouns. Use a dictionary to find out what they mean, and then write a definition in your own words for each one.

4. ORAL COMMUNICATION RETELL A MYTH

There are many myths from many cultures. Find one myth that interests you and prepare a retelling of it for the class. Refer to the information on storytelling (page 53) for assistance. Focus on using your voice to bring the story to life. Speak clearly, express emotion, and vary how loudly and how quickly you speak to emphasize different parts of the myth.



SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did you feel confident and well prepared when you told your myth? Was your audience quiet and attentive? Ask your classmates whether you used your voice effectively. What could you do to improve your storytelling next time?

REFLECTING ON THE UNIT

SELF-ASSESSMENT: RESEARCHING

As you worked on activities in this unit what did you learn about

- brainstorming ideas?
- finding information?
- using an Internet search engine?
- evaluating a Web site?
- preparing a research report?
- presenting your findings?

Reflect on the research-related tasks you completed throughout the unit. What went well? Did you encounter any problems? Based on your research experiences, create a list of five to ten tips that will serve as useful reminders the next time you have a research assignment.

VISUAL COMMUNICATION DESIGN A POSTER

Imagine that you have been given the task of advertising one of the inventions mentioned in this unit. Create an attention-grabbing poster to advertise the invention. Your poster should include a strong visual element, a catchy slogan, and interesting text that tells something about the invention.

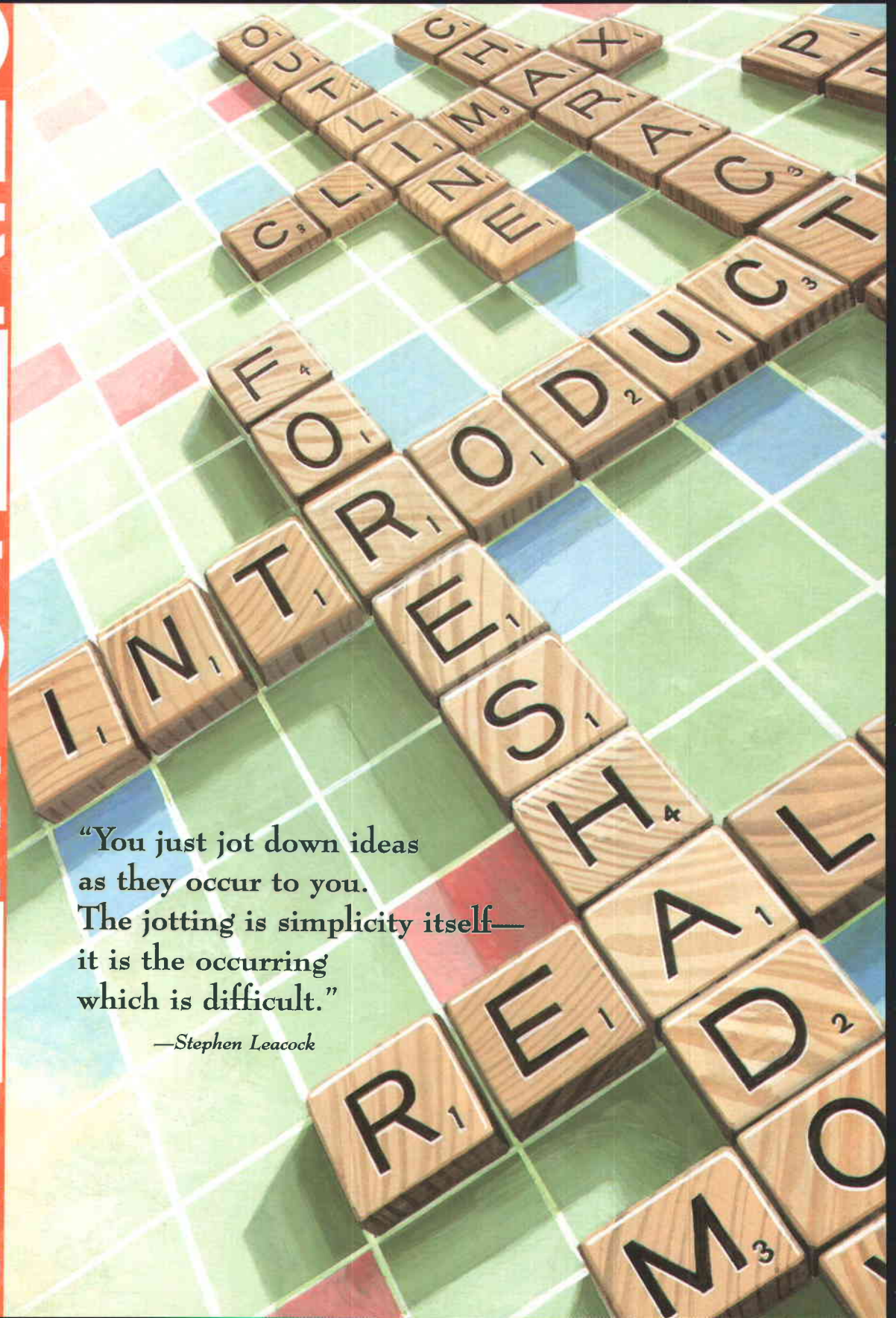
MEDIA PREPARE AN INTERVIEW

You are a reporter and your assignment is to interview one of the inventors presented in this unit. Prepare a list of interesting questions. Have a classmate take the role of the inventor while you conduct the interview.

WRITING CREATE AN INVENTOR'S CODE

Sometimes an invention causes more harm than good; Daedalus's wings are one example. In a group, brainstorm a list of inventions that have had destructive results. Discuss whether inventors should try to imagine the possible harmful effects of their innovations. Together, write an "Inventor's Code" that all responsible inventors should follow, or write a brief argument explaining why inventors should pursue their work no matter what.

SHORT STORIES



“You just jot down ideas
as they occur to you.
The jotting is simplicity itself—
it is the occurring
which is difficult.”

—Stephen Leacock



SHORT STORIES

A FICTION MIX

UNIT AT A GLANCE

THE HOCKEY SWEATER (humour) ● identify features of good beginnings and endings ● analyse sentence variety	118
GERALDINE MOORE THE POET (realism) ● draw conclusions based on details ● use poetic language	124
ZOO (science fiction) ● experiment with point of view ● create illustrations for a story	131
FOR PETE'S SNAKE (suspense) ● analyse suspense ● develop a story outline	135
HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY (focus on process) ● develop a story idea ● revise a story draft	150
ALL IS CALM (realism) ● understand some purposes of fiction ● analyse dialogue	152
THE HOPE BAKERY (coming-of-age) ● analyse plot ● identify subordinate clauses	162

*Does what you wear
really matter?*

The Hockey Sweater

Short Story by Roch Carrier

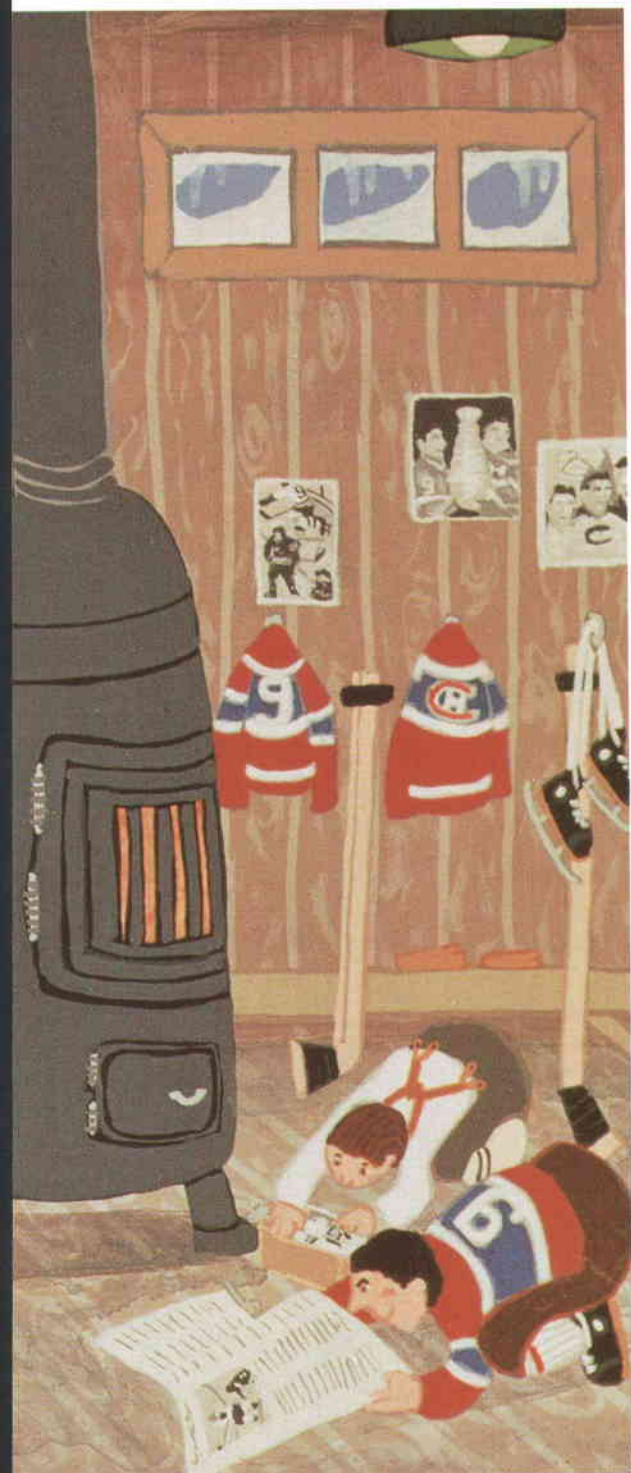
Translated by Sheila Fischman

The winters of my childhood were long, long seasons. We lived in three places—the school, the church, and the skating rink—but our real life was on the skating rink. Real battles were won on the skating rink. Real strength appeared on the skating rink. The real leaders showed themselves on the skating rink. School was a sort of punishment. Parents always want to punish children and school is their most natural way of punishing us. However, school was also a quiet place where we could prepare for the next hockey game, lay out our next strategies. As for church, we found there the tranquillity of God; there we forgot school and dreamed about the next hockey game. Through our daydreams it might happen that we would recite a prayer; we would ask God to help us play as well as Maurice Richard.

We all wore the same uniform as he, the red, white, and blue uniform of the Montreal Canadiens, the best hockey team in the world; we all combed our hair in the same style as Maurice Richard, and to keep it in place we used a sort of glue—a great deal of glue. We laced our skates like Maurice Richard, we taped our sticks like Maurice Richard. We cut all his pictures out of the papers. Truly, we knew everything about him.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Identify features of good beginnings and endings.
- Analyse sentence variety.



On the ice, when the referee blew his whistle the two teams would rush at the puck; we were five Maurice Richards taking it away from five other Maurice Richards; we were ten players, all of us wearing, with the same blazing enthusiasm, the uniform of the Montreal Canadiens. On our backs, we all wore the famous number 9.

One day, my Montreal Canadiens sweater had become too small; then it got torn and had holes in it. My mother said, "If you wear that old sweater, people are going to think we're poor!" Then she did what she did whenever we needed new clothes. She started to leaf through the catalogue the Eaton company sent us in the mail every year. My mother was proud. She didn't want to buy our clothes at the general store; the only things that were good enough for us were the latest styles from Eaton's catalogue: My mother didn't like the order forms included with the catalogue; they were written in English and she didn't understand a word of it. To order my hockey sweater, she did as she usually did; she took out her writing paper and wrote in her gentle schoolteacher's hand: "Cher Monsieur Eaton, Would you be kind enough to send me a Canadiens' sweater for my son who is ten years old and a little too tall for his age and Docteur Robitaille thinks he's a little

too thin? I'm sending you three dollars and please send me what's left if there's anything left. I hope your wrapping will be better than last time."

Monsieur Eaton was quick to answer my mother's letter. Two weeks later we received the sweater. That day I had one of the greatest disappointments of my life! I would even say that on that day I experienced a very great sorrow. Instead of the red, white, and blue Montreal Canadiens sweater, Monsieur Eaton had sent us a blue and white sweater with a maple leaf on the front—the sweater of the Toronto Maple Leafs. I'd always worn the red, white, and blue Montreal Canadiens sweater; all my friends wore the red, white, and blue sweater; never had anyone in my village ever worn the Toronto sweater, never had we even seen a Toronto Maple Leafs sweater. Besides, the Toronto team was regularly trounced by the triumphant Canadiens. With tears in my eyes, I found the strength to say, "I'll never wear that uniform."

"My boy, first you're going to try it on! If you make up your mind about things before you try, my boy, you won't go very far in this life."

My mother had pulled the blue and white Toronto Maple Leafs sweater over my shoulders and already my arms were inside the sleeves. She pulled the sweater down and carefully smoothed all the creases in the abominable maple leaf on which, right in the middle of my chest, were written the words "Toronto Maple Leafs." I wept.

"I'll never wear it."

"Why not? This sweater fits you...like a glove."

"Maurice Richard would never put it on his back."

"You aren't Maurice Richard. Anyway, it isn't what's on your back that counts, it's what you've got inside your head."

"You'll never put it in my head to wear a Toronto Maple Leafs sweater."

My mother sighed in despair and explained to me.

"If you don't keep this sweater which fits you perfectly I'll have to write to Monsieur Eaton and explain that you don't want to wear the Toronto sweater. Monsieur Eaton's an *Anglais*; he'll be insulted because he likes the Maple Leafs. And if he's insulted do you think he'll be in a hurry to answer us? Spring will be here and you won't



have played a single game, just because you didn't want to wear that perfectly nice blue sweater."

So I was obliged to wear the Maple Leafs sweater. When I arrived on the rink, all the Maurice Richards in red, white, and blue came up, one by one, to take a look. When the referee blew his whistle I went to take my usual position. The captain came and warned me I'd be better to stay on the forward line. A few minutes later the second line was called; I jumped onto the ice. The Maple Leafs sweater weighed on my shoulders like a mountain. The captain came and told me to wait; he'd need me later, on defence. By the third period I still hadn't played; one of the defencemen was hit in the nose with a stick and it was bleeding. I jumped on the ice; my moment had come! The referee blew his whistle; he gave me a penalty. He claimed I'd jumped on the ice when there were already five players. That was too much! It was unfair! It was persecution! It was because of my blue sweater! I struck my stick against the ice so hard it broke. Relieved, I bent down to pick up the debris. As I straightened up I saw the young vicar, on skates, before me. "My child," he said, "just because you're wearing a new Toronto Maple Leafs sweater unlike the others, it doesn't mean you're going to make the laws around here. A proper young man doesn't lose his temper. Now take off your skates and go to the church and ask God to forgive you."

Wearing my Maple Leafs sweater I went to the church, where I prayed to God; I asked him to send, as quickly as possible, moths that would eat up my Toronto Maple Leafs sweater.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. How does the boy in the story feel about Maurice Richard? Have you ever felt that way about someone? Explain why or why not.
- b. How does the boy feel about his new hockey sweater when it arrives? Have you ever had a similar experience? Describe what happened.
- c. If you were the boy, would your mother's words have convinced you to wear the hockey sweater? Why or why not? What would you have said in response? With a partner, role-play that conversation.
- d. In your opinion, what are the three funniest moments in the story? Why did they amuse you?

2. STORY CRAFT BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

In small groups, read the opening paragraph of the story. Do you think Roch Carrier manages to grab his readers' attention? Discuss why the paragraph is or is not an effective opening. Now read the last paragraph of the story and discuss whether it provides a good ending. As a group, talk about some good beginnings and endings you remember from other stories you have read. Together, create a list of ideas about beginnings and endings. Use these headings: "The Qualities of a Good Beginning Are..." and "The Qualities of a Good Ending Are..." Share your list with the class.

3. WRITING MEMORIES FROM LIFE

"The Hockey Sweater" rings true because it seems to be based on a real childhood memory. If you were writing a story based on your own experience, what story would you tell? Think of a vivid memory from your life, funny or not. Make some notes that you could use to develop your memory into a story. First, summarize your memory in a few sentences, and then describe what kind of story you would write (sad, humorous, exciting, and so on). In point form, record some details you could include in your story (for example, personal feelings, sights and sounds, lines of dialogue). Finally, draft a strong beginning that would hook a reader's attention.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Reread the preparation you have done. Did you select a memory that you would like to write about that a reader would find interesting? In your opening, what techniques did you use to hook the reader?

4. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS SENTENCE VARIETY

In "The Hockey Sweater," Roch Carrier uses a wide variety of sentences. With a partner, choose one of the longer paragraphs in the story. Together, investigate the ways in which the sentences differ from one another, considering factors such as length and complexity. Jot down any questions you have about the way the author uses punctuation. Present your observations and questions to the class.

*"I can't write a poem," Geraldine told the teacher,
and she really meant it.*

Geraldine Moore

the Poet

SHORT STORY
BY TONI CADE BAMBARA

Geraldine paused at the corner to pull up her knee socks. The rubber bands she was using to hold them up made her legs itch. She dropped her books on the sidewalk while she gave a good scratch. But when she pulled the socks up again, two fingers poked right through the top of her left one.

"That stupid dog," she muttered to herself, grabbing at her books and crossing against traffic. "First he chews up my gym suit and gets me into trouble, and now my socks."

Geraldine shifted her books to the other hand and kept muttering angrily to herself about Mrs. Watson's dog, which she minded two days a week for a dollar. She passed the hot-dog vendor on the corner and waved. He shrugged as if to say business was very bad.

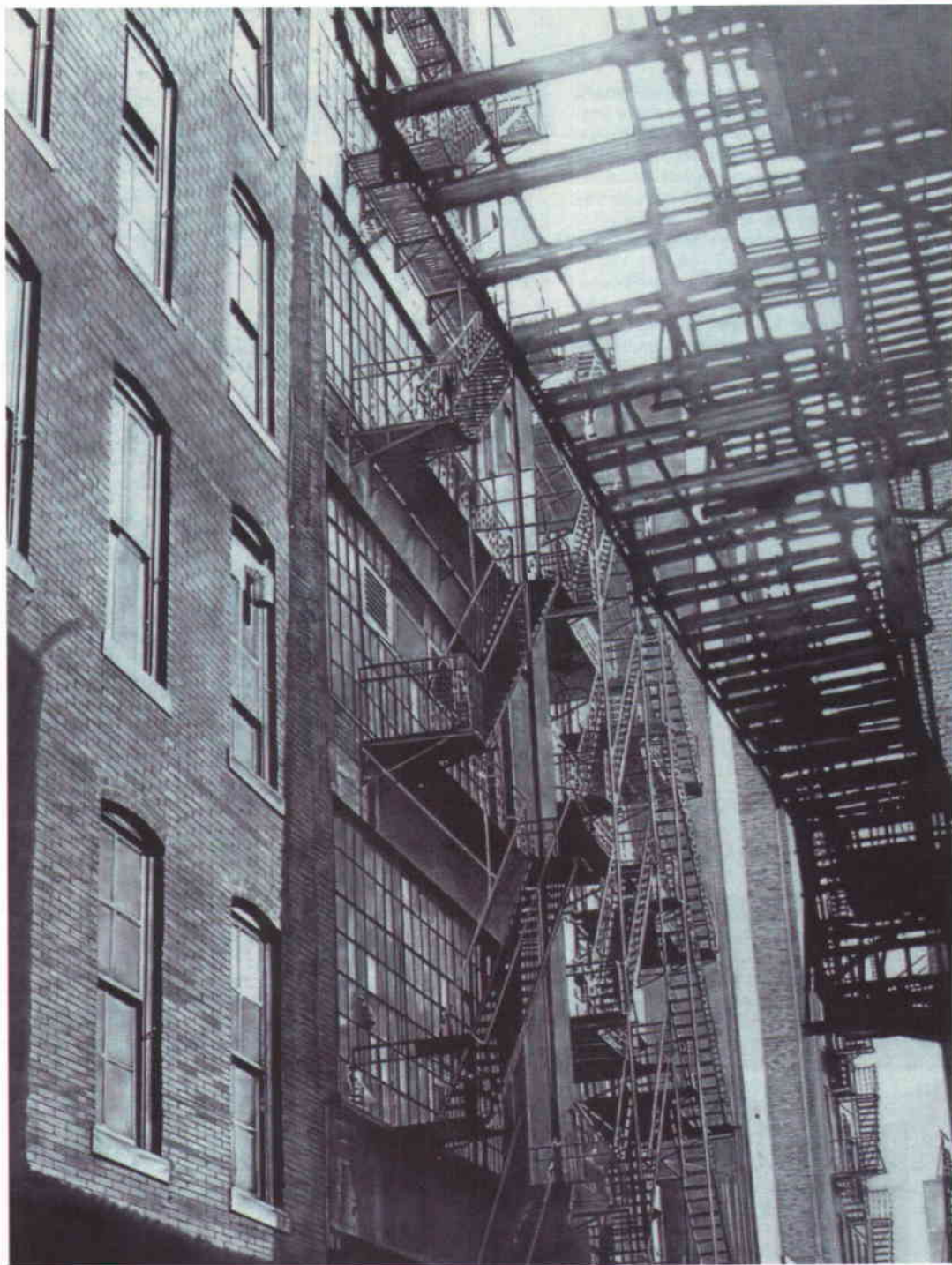
Must be, she thought to herself. *Three guys before you had to pack up and forget it. Nobody's got hot-dog money around here.*

Geraldine turned down her street, wondering what her sister Anita would have for her lunch. She was glad she didn't have to eat the free lunches in high school any more. She was sick of the funny-looking tomato soup and the dried-out cheese sandwiches and those oranges that were more green than orange.

When Geraldine's mother first took sick and went away, Geraldine had been on her own except when Miss Gladys next door came in on Thursdays and cleaned the apartment and made a meat loaf so Geraldine could have dinner. But in those days Geraldine

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Draw conclusions based on details.
- Use poetic language to craft a poem.



never quite managed to get breakfast for herself. So she'd sit through social studies class, scraping her feet to cover up the noise of her stomach growling.

Now Anita, Geraldine's older sister, was living at home waiting for her husband to get out of the Army. She usually had something good for lunch—chicken and dumplings if she managed to get up in time, or baked ham from the night before and sweet-potato bread. But even if there was only a hot dog and some baked beans—sometimes just a TV dinner if those soap operas kept Anita glued to the TV set—anything was better than the noisy school lunchroom where monitors kept pushing you into a straight line or rushing you to the tables. Anything was better than that.

Geraldine was almost home when she stopped dead. Right outside her building was a pile of furniture and some boxes. That wasn't anything new. She had seen people get put out in the street before, but this time the ironing board looked familiar. And she recognized the big, ugly sofa standing on its arm, its underbelly showing the hole where Mrs. Watson's dog had gotten to it.

Miss Gladys was sitting on the stoop, and she looked up and took off her glasses. "Well, Gerry," she said slowly, wiping her glasses on the hem of her dress, "looks like you'll be staying with me for a while." She looked at the men carrying out a big box with an old doll sticking up over the edge. "Anita's upstairs. Go on up and get your lunch."

Geraldine stepped past the old woman and almost bumped into the superintendent. He took off his cap to wipe away the sweat.

"Darn shame," he said to no one in particular. "Poor people sure got a hard row to hoe."

"That's the truth," said Miss Gladys, standing up with her hands on her hips to watch the men set things on the sidewalk.

Upstairs, Geraldine went into the apartment and found Anita in the kitchen.

"I dunno, Gerry," Anita said. "I just don't know what we're going to do. But everything's going to be all right soon as Ma gets well." Anita's voice cracked as she sat a bowl of soup before Geraldine.

"What's this?" Geraldine said.

"It's tomato soup, Gerry."

Geraldine was about to say something. But when she looked up at her big sister, she saw how Anita's face was getting all twisted as she began to cry.

That afternoon, Mr. Stern, the geometry teacher, started drawing cubes and cylinders on the board. Geraldine sat at her desk adding up a column of figures in her notebook—the rent, the light and gas bills, a new gym suit, some socks. Maybe they would move somewhere else, and she could have her own room. Geraldine turned the squares and triangles into little houses in the country.

"For your homework," Mr. Stern was saying with his back to the class, "set up your problems this way." He wrote GIVEN: in large letters, and then gave the formula for the first problem. Then he wrote TO FIND: and listed three items they were to include in their answers.

Geraldine started to raise her hand to ask what all these squares and angles had to do with solving real problems, like the one she had. *Better not*, she warned herself, and sat on her hands. *Your big mouth got you in trouble last term.*

In health class, Mrs. Potter kept saying that the body was a wonderful machine. Every time Geraldine looked up from her notebook, she would hear the same thing. "Right now your body is manufacturing all the proteins and tissues and energy you will need to get through tomorrow."

And Geraldine kept wondering, *How? How does my body know what it will need, when I don't even know what I'll need to get through tomorrow?*

As she headed down the hall to her next class, Geraldine remembered that she hadn't done the homework for English. Mrs. Scott had said to write a poem, and Geraldine had meant to do it at lunchtime. After all, there was nothing to it—a flower here, a raindrop there, moon, June, rose, nose. But the men carrying off the furniture had made her forget.

"And now put away your books," Mrs. Scott was saying as Geraldine tried to scribble a poem quickly. "Today we can give King Arthur's knights a rest. Let's talk about poetry."

Mrs. Scott moved up and down the aisles, talking about her favourite poems and reciting a line now and then. She got very excited whenever she passed a desk and could pick up the homework from a student who had remembered to do the assignment.

"A poem is your own special way of saying what you feel and what you see," Mrs. Scott went on, her lips moist. It was her favourite subject.

"Some poets write about the light that...that...makes the world sunny," she said, passing Geraldine's desk. "Sometimes an idea takes the form of a picture—an image."

For almost half an hour, Mrs. Scott stood at the front of the room, reading poems and talking about the lives of the great poets. Geraldine drew more houses, and designs for curtains.

"So for those who haven't done their homework, try it now," Mrs. Scott said. "Try expressing what it is like to be...to be alive in this...this glorious world."

"Oh, brother," Geraldine muttered to herself as Mrs. Scott moved up and down the aisles again, waving her hands and leaning over the students' shoulders and saying, "That's nice," or "Keep trying." Finally she came to Geraldine's desk and stopped, looking down at her.

"I can't write a poem," Geraldine said flatly, before she even realized she was going to speak at all. She said it very loudly, and the whole class looked up.

"And why not?" Mrs. Scott asked, looking hurt.

"I can't write a poem, Mrs. Scott, because nothing lovely's been happening in my life. I haven't seen a flower since Mother's Day, and the sun don't even shine on my side of the street. No robins come sing on my window sill."

Geraldine swallowed hard. She thought about saying that her father doesn't even come to visit any more, but changed her mind. "Just the rain comes," she went on, "and the bills come, and the men to move out our furniture. I'm sorry, but I can't write no pretty poem."

Teddy Johnson leaned over and was about to giggle and crack the whole class up, but Mrs. Scott looked so serious that he changed his mind.



"You have just said the most...the most poetic thing, Geraldine Moore," said Mrs. Scott. Her hands flew up to touch the silk scarf around her neck. "'Nothing lovely's been happening in my life.'" She repeated it so quietly that everyone had to lean forward to hear.

"Class," Mrs. Scott said very sadly, clearing her throat, "you have just heard the best poem you will ever hear." She went to the board and stood there for a long time staring at the chalk in her hand.

"I'd like you to copy it down," she said. She wrote it just as Geraldine had said it, bad grammar and all.

*Nothing lovely's been happening in my life.
I haven't seen a flower since Mother's Day,
And the sun don't even shine on my side of the street.
No robins come sing on my window sill.
Just the rain comes, and the bills come,
And the men to move out our furniture.
I'm sorry, but I can't write no pretty poem.*

Mrs. Scott stopped writing, but she kept her back to the class for a long time—long after Geraldine had closed her notebook.

And even when the bell rang, and everyone came over to smile at Geraldine or to tap her on the shoulder or to kid her about being the school poet, Geraldine waited for Mrs. Scott to put the chalk down and turn around. Finally Geraldine stacked up her books and started to leave. Then she thought she heard a whimper—the way Mrs. Watson's dog whimpered sometimes—and she saw Mrs. Scott's shoulders shake a little. ♦

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. How does Geraldine feel when Anita gives her tomato soup for lunch? Why does she decide to say nothing about it?
- b. Geraldine wonders what math problems at school have to do with her real problems. Can you understand her attitude? Explain.
- c. Why is Geraldine's "poem," according to Mrs. Scott, the best poem the class will ever hear? Do you agree with her?
- d. How is Mrs. Scott feeling at the end of the story? How do you know? How do you think Geraldine is feeling?

2. READING DRAW CONCLUSIONS

The author never tells us directly that Geraldine is poor. Instead she shows significant details about Geraldine's life and lets the readers draw their own conclusions, for example: "The rubber bands she was using to hold them up [her socks] made her legs itch." List other details that show the reader what Geraldine's life is like. With a partner, discuss why an author might want to *show* something important rather than *tell* readers directly.

3. WRITING DESCRIBE CHARACTER

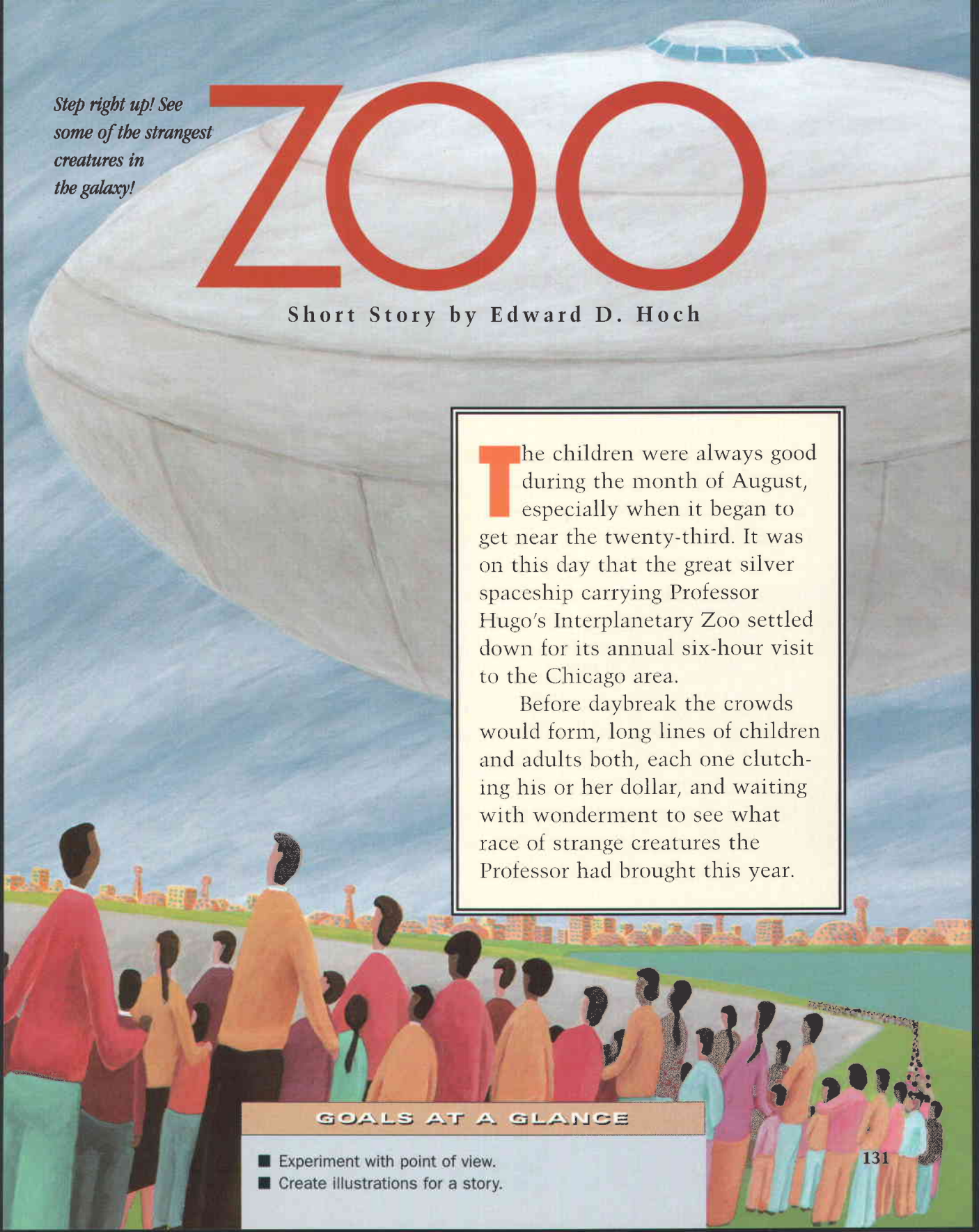
After reading the story, you know Geraldine and her feelings quite well. Write a diary entry in which you describe Geraldine as if you had just met her. Your description should tell what Geraldine is like, using details from the story. You can also invent details about her that aren't in the story, but could be true.

4. EDITOR'S DESK CRAFT A POEM

Imagine that you are working on the same assignment that Geraldine was given: "Express what it is like to be alive in this world." Write down a few sentences that express what you feel about being alive right now.

Shape your sentences into a poem that is similar to Geraldine's. You might share your poem with two or three classmates.

Look closely at your poem. Does each sentence help the reader to see, hear, taste, smell, and/or feel something specific? If not, how could you rewrite your sentences to express your message more vividly?



*Step right up! See
some of the strangest
creatures in
the galaxy!*

ZOO

Short Story by Edward D. Hoch

The children were always good during the month of August, especially when it began to get near the twenty-third. It was on this day that the great silver spaceship carrying Professor Hugo's Interplanetary Zoo settled down for its annual six-hour visit to the Chicago area.

Before daybreak the crowds would form, long lines of children and adults both, each one clutching his or her dollar, and waiting with wonderment to see what race of strange creatures the Professor had brought this year.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Experiment with point of view.
- Create illustrations for a story.

In the past they had sometimes been treated to three-legged creatures from Venus, or tall, thin men from Mars, or even snake-like horrors from somewhere more distant. This year, as the great round ship settled slowly to earth in the huge tri-city parking area just outside of Chicago, they watched with awe as the sides slowly slid up to reveal the familiar barred cages. In them was some wild breed of nightmare—small, horse-like animals that moved with quick, jerking motions and constantly chattered in a high-pitched tongue. The citizens of Earth clustered around as Professor Hugo's crew quickly collected the waiting dollars, and soon the good Professor himself made an appearance, wearing his many-coloured rainbow cape and top hat. "People of Earth," he called into his microphone.

The crowd's noise died down and he continued. "People of Earth, this year you see a real treat for your single dollar—the little-known horse-spider people of Kaan—brought to you across a million kilometres of space at great expense. Gather around, see them, study them, listen to them, tell your friends about them. But hurry! My ship can remain here only six hours!"

And the crowds slowly filed by, at once horrified and fascinated by these strange creatures that looked like horses but ran up the walls of their cages like spiders. "This is certainly worth a dollar," one man remarked, hurrying away. "I'm going home to get my wife."

All day long it went like that, until ten thousand people had filed by the barred cages set into the side of the spaceship. Then, as the six-hour limit ran out, Professor Hugo once more took the microphone in hand. "We must go now, but we will return next year on this date. And if you enjoyed our Zoo this year, telephone your friends in other cities about it. We will land in New York tomorrow, and next week on to London, Paris, Rome, Hong Kong, and Tokyo. Then on to other worlds!"



He waved farewell to them, and as the ship rose from the ground, the Earth people agreed that this had been the very best Zoo yet...



Some two months and three planets later, the silver ship of Professor Hugo settled at last onto the familiar jagged rocks of Kaan, and the queer horse-spider creatures filed quickly out of their cages. Professor Hugo was there to say a few parting words, and then they scurried away in a hundred different directions, seeking their homes among the rocks.

In one house, the she-creature was happy to see the return of her mate and offspring. She babbled a greeting in the strange tongue and hurried to embrace them. "It was a long time you were gone. Was it good?"

And the he-creature nodded. "The little one enjoyed it especially. We visited eight worlds and saw many things."

The little one ran up the wall of the cave. "On the place called Earth it was the best. The creatures there wear garments over their skins, and they walk on two legs."

"But isn't it dangerous?" asked the she-creature.

"No," her mate answered. "There are bars to protect us from them. We remain right in the ship. Next time you must come with us. It is well worth the nineteen commocs it costs."

And the little one nodded. "It was the very best Zoo ever..."

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. Were you surprised by the "twist" at the end of this story? If not, when did you guess what was happening?
- b. What is amusing about Professor Hugo's claim that the creatures have been brought to Earth "at great expense"?
- c. Which creatures do you think are really on display in the Zoo? Explain your answer.
- d. Do you think Professor Hugo is a human from Earth, or another sort of being altogether? Why?

2. STORY CRAFT POINT OF VIEW

Did you notice that the author changes the narrative point of view part way through “Zoo”? The first part of the story is seen through human eyes, while the second part is seen through the eyes of the horse-spiders of Kaan. With a partner, discuss possible reasons why the author crafted his story in this way.

Write a very short story told from two different points of view. For example, you could write a story about a hiker who encounters a bear. Tell the story first from the hiker’s point of view, and then from the bear’s point of view. Try to “get inside the head” of your characters, revealing what each one thinks and feels.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: After you’ve drafted your story, consider these questions. In your story, did two different characters tell their own version of the same events? Did the two characters see things in very different or even opposite ways?

STRATEGIES

3. VISUAL COMMUNICATION ILLUSTRATE A STORY

Imagine that “Zoo” is being published in comic book form. Create at least two illustrations for the comic book. Here are some suggestions that can help:

- Reread the story and identify the most important characters and events.
- When you’ve decided what to illustrate, read any relevant passages carefully so that your illustration accurately reflects the details mentioned in the story (for example, setting, physical appearance, clothing, and so on).
- Determine the mood of the story (for example, humorous, suspenseful) and try to capture that mood in your work.
- When details are lacking, use your imagination!

Compare your illustrations with those done by others. Did you illustrate the same events? How are your interpretations similar and different?



*Home alone in a thunderstorm,
babysitting a snake! How could
things get any worse?*

For Pete's Snake



Short Story by Ellen Conford

The last, tearful words my sister, Petra, said to me as they drove her off to the hospital were, "Please, Will, take care of my Coily!"

It was Saturday evening, on the Fourth of July weekend. My parents didn't know how long they'd have to wait in the emergency room. But they were used to it. This was not the first time Pete had fallen out of a tree. Or off the roof. Or off her skateboard.

Pete is a major klutz. She breaks things. Mostly her bones. Whenever anyone asks my father for a credit card, he says, "Visa, American Express, or County General?"

So there was really nothing new about Pete being carried off to the hospital again.

Except that this time I had promised to babysit a boa constrictor.

Well, I hadn't really promised. But I had nodded. I'm her brother, what else could I do? The kid was in pain, in tears, and in the car. If I'd said no, she might have jumped out of the car and tried to take Coily with her to the hospital. Then my mother and father would probably have argued over who would get to shoot me.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse suspense.
- Develop a story outline.

And besides, I thought, as I sat down on the front steps, it's a snake, not a baby. It's not as if I'd have to pick him up, or rock him, or burp him, or anything.

As Pete told my mother when she begged to adopt the beast, "They're really no trouble at all. You don't have to walk them, and you only have to feed them every two weeks. And they eat mice."

"We don't have any mice," my mother had pointed out.

"So we'll get some," Pete said.

The sky was beginning to turn a coppery colour, and I could see hard-edged dark clouds on the horizon. The air was heavy and still. I hoped we weren't going to have a thunderstorm.

It's not that I'm really afraid of storms. It's just that when I was five, I wandered away from our tent during a family camping trip. I got lost, and this monster thunderstorm came up—

Well, ever since then I've been a little tense about thunder and lightning.

Except for the occasional sound of a distant firecracker, the neighbourhood was unnaturally quiet. A lot of people were away for the holiday weekend, and the others were at Waterside Park, waiting for the fireworks display.

Which is where we were planning to go before Petra fell out of the tree.

I can go anyway, I realized. After all, it wasn't as if I had to do anything for Coily. Mostly he lay on the flat rock in his tank, or wrapped himself around the tree branch in there, or hid inside the copper water pipe Pete had found for him.

"They like to hide," Pete explained. "Where they can't be seen."

"Great," I'd told her. "The less I see him, the better."

Not that I'm afraid of snakes—but, hey, even Indiana Jones thinks they're repulsive. So I'd just look in on Coily—very briefly—and then go off to see the fireworks. If I could find someone to drive me.

I went into the house, flipping on light switches as I made my way to the kitchen. It was getting pretty dark. The fireworks would probably begin in about an hour.

I phoned my friend Josh, hoping he was home.

"Hey, Will!" he shouted. "Boy, am I glad to hear somebody who doesn't sound like Popeye the Sailor Man."

"Excuse me?"

"There's a six-hour Popeye marathon on cable. We're into the fourth hour here."

"Then you'll be glad to know why I'm calling," I said. "Though it does involve water." I explained about Pete and the hospital, and about how I wanted to go down to the Waterside Park.

"That would be great," he said.

"OK, come over and pick me up and—"

"Except that I have to sit with Steffie." Steffie is Josh's five-year-old sister.

"Bring her along," I said.

"She's got strep throat," Josh said. "I can't take her anywhere."

"It's hot out," I said. "It wouldn't hurt her to just lie on a blanket and watch—"

"She's got a fever of almost thirty-nine degrees," he said.

"Hey, I have to go. I think I hear her croaking for something. Enjoy the fireworks."

"How can I—" But he'd already hung up. How can I enjoy the fireworks, I'd been about to ask, with no one to drive me there? The park is seven kilometres away.

Shelly! I thought. My friend Shelly had a brand-new driver's licence and was always looking for an excuse to drive somewhere.

I heard a lot of noise in the background when Mrs. Getz answered the phone. Kid noise. Like a bunch of preteenies squealing and giggling.

"Hi, Mrs. Getz. It's Will. May I speak to Shelly?"

"She's sort of tied up at the moment," said Mrs. Getz.

"Can she call you back?"

"What's going on there?" I asked. "Is that Shelly screaming?"

"I think so," Mrs. Getz answered. "She's supposed to be running Carol's birthday party." Carol is Shelly's eleven-year-old sister.

"I forgot about the party," I said glumly. "I guess she'll be tied up for a while then."

"She will until I go untie her," said Mrs. Getz. "I believe they're playing Joan of Arc."



"Boy," I said, thinking of Pete and Steffie, "kids can sure be a pain sometimes."

Mrs. Getz snorted. "Tell me about it," she said, and hung up.

I dropped the phone back on the hook. I peered out the window over the kitchen sink. It was only 7:30, but the darkness was closing in fast.

I called three other friends. Two weren't home. Chip, the third, had to shout over the sound of an electric guitar, and some horrible wailing.

"Family reunion!" he yelled. "That's my cousin Dennis."

"What's he doing?"

"Elvis Presley. Why don't you come over? We're barbecuing."

"Dennis, I hope," I muttered.

"What? I can't hear you."

"I said, great, I'll be right there." It was only a kilometre to Chip's, and even if I'd have to listen to Dennis, it was better than sitting alone in the house with a boa constrictor.

And then I heard a distant rumble.

"Was that thunder?" I asked.

"I can't hear a thing," Chip shouted. "Dennis is doing 'Hound Dog.'"

Another rumble. Closer.

"I think it's starting to rain," Chip said. "It doesn't matter. Come on over."

"Well, maybe not," I said. "I mean, if it's raining."

"That's OK. We'll go inside. Whoo, there goes the lightning."

"I'd better stay here," I said. "My folks might try to call."

"Oh, yeah," Chip said. "You have this thing about thunderstorms."

"I do *not* have a thing about thunderstorms," I said defensively. "I just don't feel like walking a kilometre in a downpour, that's all." With lightning striking all around me.

"Suit yourself," Chip said. "I'd better help Dennis get his amp inside before he's electrocuted."

"Right." I slammed the phone down. OK. Fine. I'll stay home. I'll read. I'll watch TV. I'll listen to music. I'll worry about my sister.

I'll be alone in the house with a boa constrictor.

Big deal. It doesn't scare me. All he ever does is lie on his rock. Or curl up inside his pipe. I won't bother him, he won't bother me. I'm not really afraid of snakes anyway. I just happen to find them repulsive, disgusting, and evil-looking.

But I'm not afraid of them.

And I'm certainly not afraid of being alone in the house. And even though it's starting to thunder, I'm perfectly safe, as long as I don't talk on the telephone, stick my toe in a light socket, or stand under a tree.

So there's nothing to be afraid of. Even if it is getting so dark that the light over the kitchen table is barely making a dent in the gloom.

So don't stay in the kitchen, dummy, I told myself. There's a whole, brightly lit house to wander around in. I'll just go check the stupid snake, I thought, then settle down in front of the TV. There's nothing like a Popeye festival to calm your nerves.

I turned on the light in the hallway and headed toward Pete's room.

One quick look into the glass tank and I could say that I'd kept my promise. Coily will be curled up on his rock, and I'll go curl up with Popeye and Olive. The rumbles of thunder that had seemed so far away a moment ago were louder now. The storm was coming closer.

That's OK, I told myself. The closest thing to a tree in this house was Coily's branch, and I would hardly climb into the tank and wedge myself under it, so there was nothing to worry about.

The door to Pete's room was wide open. This was a major violation of rules. Ever since she'd gotten the boa, Pete had strict orders to keep her door closed. That way, in case Coily ever managed to escape from his tank, he'd be confined to Petra's room and be reasonably easy to recapture.

Not that any of us, except Pete, would ever try to recapture him. My father said, "If that thing gets loose, I'm moving to a motel and putting the house up for sale."

So far the only time the snake had been out of Pete's room was when she would occasionally drape Coily around her shoulders and parade around the house so we could admire his exotic markings and alleged tameness.

When Pete "walked" her scaly pet, the rest of us found urgent business to attend to in rooms with doors that locked.

Anyway, it disturbed me that Pete's door was wide open, but I figured that in her hurry to get to the yard and climb a tree so she could fall out of it, she'd forgotten the rule.

I reached inside the room and flicked the light on. From the entrance I peered at the snake tank. It was a large, glass rectangle with gravel on the bottom and plastic mesh screening over the top. Pete had taped a little sign on the side that said COILY'S CORNER.

I couldn't see the beast at first, but that didn't throw me. As Pete had said, snakes like to hide, so I figured Coily was scrunched inside his copper pipe.

I moved into the room. A clap of thunder made me jump, but it wasn't too bad, and I hadn't seen any lightning flash.

"Kilometres away," I reassured myself. "Just get the stupid snake check over with and go watch something dumb on the tube."

OK. I cleared my throat so Coily would know I was coming and not feel he had to rear up and do anything dramatic to protect his territory. I know snakes can't hear. But why take chances?

I edged closer to the tank. I could see it all, the whole thing. But I couldn't see Coily. Inside the pipe, I reminded myself. Just squat down, look inside the pipe, barf, run out of the room, and shut the door.

The lights flickered with another burst of thunder. Lights flicker in a storm, I reminded myself. No need to panic. I squatted down and looked into the copper pipe.

I could see clear through it to the other side. There was nothing inside it but air.

"Yikes!" I straightened up, and as I did, I noticed that the plastic mesh screening on top of the tank had a jagged rip in one corner.

As if something—something with fangs—had gnawed right through it.

"Yikes!" I was repeating myself, but this was no time to worry about being clever. I raced out of Pete's room and slammed the door. I leaned against the wall, panting, even though I'd only sprinted three metres.

What a narrow escape. I could have been standing—or squatting—right there in front of the tank, with a boa lurking under a chair just waiting to slink up and constrict me.

And then it hit me.

Pete's door had been open when I went into her room. It had been open for almost an hour. The snake might not be in there at all. In fact it could be anywhere in the house by this time.

I hugged the wall, wanting to climb up it. If I could hang from the light fixture on the ceiling, chances were the creature couldn't reach me.

Don't lose it, Will, I told myself. This is stupid. I could see all the way up and down the hall, and the boa was nowhere in sight.

There are seven rooms in this house, I reminded myself. Plus the hall. The odds are eight to one that I won't be in the same place as the snake. As long as I keep my eyes open—

Two deafening bursts of thunder, one right on top of the other. Instinctively I shut my eyes and clapped my hands over my ears. Then I thought of the four-metre-long snake slithering along the hall toward me. I snapped my eyes open and did a 360 to make sure I was still alone.

Another clap of thunder. The lights went out.

"No!" I yelled. "No! Don't let the electricity go off!"

The lights came back on.

"Thank you."

A drenching rain began to pound the house. It sounded as if I were standing in the middle of Niagara Falls.

Flashlight! I thought. Candles. Quick, while I could still find them.

I ran for the kitchen. I opened the utility cabinet, next to the refrigerator. Something smacked against the window. It was probably a branch of the mimosa tree, driven by a sudden, howling wind that had seemed to come from nowhere.

"Just the tree," I told myself. "It happens all the time when it's windy."

As I turned around to make sure it was nothing more sinister than the tree branch, the room went black.

Another flicker. I tried to keep calm. The electricity would come back on in a moment.

But it didn't.

"Aw, no!" I begged. "Not the lights. A boa constrictor and a thunderstorm aren't enough for one night?"

As if in ironic answer, a flash of lightning—very close, *extremely close*—illuminated the room with a harsh, chalky light. For three seconds I could see as clearly as if it were daytime. The mimosa tree, the sink, the white curtains at the window...

And the giant brown reptile twined around the curtain rod flicking his forked tongue at me.

I screamed and jumped backward, crashing against the open door of the utility cabinet. Shrieking, I stumbled out of the kitchen,



flailing my arms in front of me to keep from banging into anything else.

Which didn't work. I tripped over the stepladder, bounced off a wall, and staggered into the dining room, where I met the china cabinet head-on. Every dish on the shelves clattered as I careened into it and landed on the floor. I moaned, and wondered which part of my body hurt the most.

I sat huddled there for a moment, dazed and whimpering. Now, accompanying the torrential rain, there was a loud, rattling sound, as if someone were hurling handfuls of gravel against the windows. Hail, I thought. You sometimes get hail with severe thunderstorms. And tornadoes.

Great. A tornado. Just what I need. Thunder and lightning and hail and total darkness and a wandering boa constrictor and a tornado.

Mommy!

The hail and rain were making so much noise that I could hardly hear myself think. If you could call what I was doing thinking. If I can't hear myself think, I realized, I can't hear the brown monstrosity unwind himself from the curtain rod.

I can't hear him slip down off the sink, and across the floor, and out of the kitchen, and into the dining room, where I'm curled up here on the floor like a sitting—

"Ayiee!"

I leaped to my feet—or at least I crawled to my knees and stood up as quickly as I could with an entirely black-and-blue body. *Think, Will*, I ordered myself. *Just shut the kitchen door, and—*

Good idea. Except we don't have a kitchen door, only an archway that separates the kitchen from the dining room. At this very moment Coily could be slithering past the refrigerator, heading for the dining room.

I'll go to my room. I'll go to my room and shut the door. No problem. Just grope around the table, through the living room, down the hall, and into my room. I can certainly move faster than a snake can slither—at least I can when the lights are on.

Of course there is another archway that leads from the kitchen and into the hall. The snake could be creeping out that way and into the hall just as I—

Don't even think about it.

Move.

I moved. As fast as I could, in the dark, with only an occasional flash of lightning to help me around the maze of furniture that clutters the living room.

"Why is this room so crammed?" I wondered, as I banged my shin against a footstool. "Does anyone really need this much furniture?"

I flung my arm against a plant stand. A flowerpot crashed to my feet.

"Please don't let it be my mother's African violet that didn't bloom for three years up until last week," I prayed.

I made it to my room without further damage to myself or to our overfurnished house. I slammed the door behind me. I was sure the snake couldn't have gotten to my room before I did.

Well, I was pretty sure.

Call Josh, I thought. Maybe his parents are home by now. Maybe he can come over with a flashlight, find the boa, and put him back in his tank.

The phone next to my bed has a lighted keypad, which is convenient if you have to call the police in the middle of the night, or if a boa constrictor gets loose in the dark.

When Josh picked up his phone, I didn't even say hello. I just shrieked.

"You have to come over and help me! I don't know where Coily is!"

"Did you check with Larry and Moe?" he asked.

"What?"

"A Three Stooges joke," he explained. "You know, Larry, Moe, and—"

"This is no time for jokes!" I yelled. "I'm alone in the house with a rampaging boa constrictor, and the lights are off, and—"

"I can't take my sister out in this storm," he cut in.

"When will your parents be home?" I asked desperately.

"Monday," he answered.

"ARRGGHH!" I slammed down the phone.

There was only one thing to do. Only one intelligent, mature way of coping with the situation.

I dived into bed and pulled the covers over my head.

The snake couldn't be in my room. He just couldn't be. I'd be perfectly safe here under the covers. If I didn't pass out from the heat or smother myself.

I cowered there, sweating and shaking, waiting for my parents to come home. Once in a while I'd think I'd heard a car door slam. Then I'd poke my head out and listen. And gasp for air. But the only sounds were the rain—softer now—and distant rumbles of thunder.

I don't know how long I stayed there, trying to breathe, feeling my clothes getting wetter and wetter with sweat, telling myself that there was no snake in my room and that even if there was, he preferred curtain rods to beds.

And then I felt something soft graze my leg.

For a moment I froze. I couldn't breathe, couldn't even scream, which is what I really wanted to do.

It can't be a four-metre boa constrictor, I told myself. It's just a beetle or a mosquito or something. But it didn't feel like a beetle or a mosquito.

It felt like a wet strand of spaghetti crawling up my leg.

I threw the covers off, howling. Just as I did, the electricity came back on. My room blazed with light. I blinked, and like a kid waking up from a nightmare, clutched my pillow to my chest. I forced myself to look down, down toward the end of the bed, where I had flung off the covers.

And saw a procession of brown, thirty-centimetre-long snakes writhing up my sheet, heads darting, tongues flicking, coming straight at me.

Screaming uncontrollably, I threw myself out of bed. I could still feel something on my leg. When I looked down, I saw that one of the creatures was hanging from my ankle like a loose boot strap.

"NO! NO!" I shook my leg violently, and the snake fell to the floor. I felt as if there were snakes crawling all over my body. I twisted around frantically, smacking my pillow against my legs, my arms, my chest.

What if they're in my shorts?



I screamed even louder, dropped my pillow, and scrambled out of my cutoffs. Through my screaming I heard feet pounding down the hall.

“Will! Will!” My father threw my door open and grabbed me by the shoulders.

“Snakes! Snakes!” I screamed. “In my pants! In my bed!”

My mother was right behind him. Dimly, through a haze of terror, I saw Pete peer into my room. She had a splint on one arm and a boa constrictor wrapped around the other.

“How come you’re running around in your under—” She looked over at my bed.

“Coily!” she cried delightedly. “You’re a girl!”



Maybe the biggest surprise was that my hair did *not* turn completely white. Although I was afraid to look in a mirror for two days.

Coily has been adopted by one of my sister's weird friends. My mother put her foot down. She told Pete, "Look, your brother cannot live in the same house with that snake."

"So let him move," Pete said.

They think they found all the babies. But since no one knows how many snakes Coily actually gave birth to, no one is positive they're really all gone. Pete says if there are any left, they ought to come out pretty soon, because they'll be hungry. In the meantime they could be anywhere. In the pipes under the toilet, in the back of a closet, behind the refrigerator.

So I did move. I'm staying at Josh's house for a while. My parents have been very understanding about my traumatic experience. Especially my father.

He's checked into a motel for two weeks.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- List three things that Will claims he's not afraid of. Do you believe him? Why?
- Explain how the story turns out to be even worse than Will's worst fears.
- Although the story is suspenseful, it is also meant to be funny. Find at least five humorous lines in the story. Did you think the humour was effective? Why or why not?
- Would Will's situation be a nightmare for you, too? With a partner, think of other nightmarish situations.

2. STORY CRAFT ANALYSE SUSPENSE

"For Pete's Snake" could be classified as a **suspense** story. Locate at least three spots in the story where you think the author was trying to make the reader feel suspense. Do you think the author's efforts were successful? Explain your answer.

Suspense is a feeling of excitement and uncertainty about what will happen next.

In small groups, describe some of the most suspenseful moments in TV shows and movies you have seen. What techniques were used to create the suspense? Why do you think that people enjoy feeling suspense? As a group, create a list of at least five ideas that a writer of stories or scripts could use to put an audience on the edge of its seat!

3. WRITING DEVELOP AN OUTLINE

As a class, brainstorm suspenseful situations such as exploring a cave, landing on an unexplored planet, or investigating a crime. Choose one situation the whole group would like to develop. Together, create a story outline. Focus on how your story will create suspense. Your outline should include

- an *introduction* that gives the setting, describes important characters, and relates an exciting or mysterious event to get the story going quickly
- *rising action*—a series of events that builds suspense
- a *climax*, when the suspense “explodes” in a final adventure or confrontation
- a *resolution* that explains any unanswered questions and ties up loose ends

You might work individually or in groups to draft a story based on your outline.



4. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS DASHES

You may have noticed that Ellen Conford uses dashes (—) in a special way throughout the story. Reread the story and identify all the places where the author places a dash at the end of a sentence or line of dialogue. What meaning is communicated through these dashes?

Why is this use of punctuation especially appropriate in a suspense story?

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Review a piece of your own writing. Are there places where you could use dashes to increase the effectiveness of your writing?

HOW TO WRITE A

SHORT

STORY



Goals at a Glance

- Develop a story idea.
- Revise a story draft.

Choose an Idea

For many people, this is the hardest part of writing a story. Here are some ways to find an idea that's original and exciting.

- **Brainstorm.** Write as many story ideas as you can think of in a short time. Draw on places and people you know, experiences you've had, and other stories you've read.
- **Check Your Writing Folder.** Look through everything you've written this year. Can you find a character you'd like to develop? A funny incident? A favourite memory? An image of a place you love? Any one of these could turn into a short story.
- **Use Your Imagination.** Where would you like to visit? Imagine yourself there. What adventures would you like to experience? Imagine what would happen if you could really have one of those adventures!
- **Check Out the Anthology:** Quickly review the short stories in this anthology. It's always a good idea to try writing the kind of story that

you like to read. Do you enjoy funny stories? mysteries? fantasy? realism?

Develop Your Story Idea

Now that you have a story idea, what are you going to do with it? While you don't have to plan out every detail of your story in advance, there are some key parts you should try to get straight before you write.

- **Create an Interesting Setting.** Make the setting vivid for your readers by including lots of sensory details (sights, sounds, smells, and so on). Before you write, jot down some words and phrases that will help you create a sense of place.
- **Set the Plot in Motion.** Stories have to go somewhere, and they have to carry their readers along with them. Here is a list of story starters.
 - the main character has a problem to overcome or a goal to reach
 - conflict is set up between the main character and someone or something else

PROCESS

CHARACTER CHART: Taslim

Age	Appearance	Interests	Personality	Good Points	Bad Points
14	tall, dark hair and eyes	sports, music	confident, outgoing	never gives up, loyal	doesn't want advice or help

Instead, tell the most important things and let the reader fill in the gaps.

- an unexpected person or event creates difficulties for the main character
- the main character is propelled into the past, the future, or a new and dangerous place
- **Create Believable Characters.** Readers will believe in your characters if they're like real people. Try making a chart for your main characters, listing his or her qualities. You'll find an example above.

Draft Your Story

You've now done some thinking about character, setting, and plot. What comes next? Stop planning and start writing—it's as simple as that! Don't worry about grammar, spelling, or punctuation. You can fix those things later. However, there is one decision you'll have to make: How will you narrate your story? Will you use a first-person narrator ("I leaped aboard the rescue helicopter...") or a third-person narrator ("Harif leaped aboard the rescue helicopter...")?

Here are three things to keep in mind as you write your draft:

- **Focus on What's Important.** If you try to give a second-by-second account of all the action, you'll soon run out of energy and words.

Save some energy so you can make the end of your story exciting and memorable.

- **Use Dialogue.** Your characters should talk to one another just as real people do—asking and answering questions, agreeing and disagreeing, and telling important information.
- **Provide Detail.** Include enough detail so a reader can imagine what is happening, who is involved, and where the action is taking place. If the setting changes, describe the new place so the reader can picture it.

Revise Your Story

Congratulations! Now you have a story to polish. At this point, it's a good idea to read your story aloud to yourself. Use the checklist below to help you decide what parts of your story to revise.

- Is the opening sentence catchy?
- Do my characters come alive?
- Is there a detailed description of the setting?
- Does my story have tension (conflict, suspense, mystery, or problems to resolve)?
- Is the dialogue convincing?
- Does my ending bring the story to a satisfying (for example, dramatic, humorous) conclusion?

*Katie just has to take her
Gran to see the doctor—
but that's a lot harder
than it sounds.*

All is Calm

SHORT STORY BY ANN WALSH

I don't know how it happened, but I was the only one who could do it, and it was turning out to be worse than I thought it would be. I mean, I love my grandma; everyone loves their grandmother, right? But Gran had become, well, strange isn't quite the word. Mom said it was Alzheimer's, and she cried when she told me. It didn't mean much to me at the time, but believe me, as the year went by I learned more than I ever wanted to know about that disease.

It makes people forget. Not just ordinary forgetting—the square roots of numbers or your last boyfriend's phone number—but serious blanking out, like the names of your children, where you live, what you do in a bathroom, and whether your bra goes on before or after you put on your blouse. Gran didn't do those things yet, but chances were she *would* as the disease took her farther and farther away from the person she once had been. She still had good days, times when she seemed so normal, so like her old self that it made it worse when she went off into whatever strange place the Alzheimer's was taking her mind. She had always been a bit “odd”—actually “ditzy” was the word my father used—but she had been kind and funny and caring and clean. Now—well, sometimes she was really different, weird even, and I was on a bus with her at four o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon hoping that today would be one of her good days.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Understand some purposes of fiction.
- Analyse dialogue.



I was the only one who could do it, take Gran to the doctor's appointment. Mom was away at a conference, my brother had to get his braces adjusted, and Dad couldn't get off work in time. "Katie," Mom said before she left, "Katie, she has to go. It took us months to get this appointment, and this specialist is the one who can help us get Gran into a home—he has to classify her condition as serious so that we can get her into a place where she'll be looked after properly. I can't do it any more; I just can't. She's only lived with us a year, but I can't handle her any more."

I thought Mom was going to cry again when she said that. She'd been doing a lot of crying lately, so I put my arm around her and hugged her and said all the right things about how I didn't mind at all, and sure, it was just a short bus trip, and no, Gran wouldn't embarrass me and we'd manage just fine.

Sure. We were managing. Barely.

It started when I got home from school. Mom had left a note, reminding Gran of the appointment, and Dad had phoned her at noon reminding her again—but she hadn't picked up the phone, and I heard his anxious voice when I checked the answering machine. At 3:30, an hour before we had to be at the doctor's, Gran was sitting at the kitchen table in her nightgown writing Christmas cards. At least she thought she was writing them. She'd taken the box of cards out of the drawer where Mom had stored them until next November, and she'd written her own address on every envelope—no name, just the address. She was singing to herself when I got home, singing Christmas carols and stuffing blank cards into envelopes—in March!

It took a while, but I got her dressed and we got out of the house and down to the bus stop in record time. The bus came along right away, and everything was going to be OK, and I was sort of proud of myself—and then she started singing again. "Silent night, Holy night, All is calm..." Gran has a loud voice, loud and friendly and the kind of voice you wanted to hear singing happy birthday to you when you were nine, but on a crowded bus it didn't sound friendly but just plain strange.

People turned around to stare at us, and I said "Gran, it's not Christmas. Don't sing those songs now."

She looked at me, and the singing stopped. Her mouth stayed open for a while, sort of caught in the phrase “mother and child,” and then her face crumpled and she began to cry.

Out loud. Cry as if I had kicked her, or told her her puppy had been run over. “Don’t cry, Gran,” I said quickly. “Listen, you can sing all you want to once we get home—really.”

She clutched at my hand, and suddenly the tears were gone. “We’ll go carol singing,” she said. “All of us. I’ll make hot chocolate and we’ll all go out in the snow and sing.”

“Sure, Gran,” I said, trying to untangle my hands from her. “Sure, when Christmas comes we’ll all go carol singing.”

She smiled at me, and I gave up trying to get my hand away from hers, and just held it and squeezed it. Gran always had a nice smile. She looked at you when she smiled too, right in the eyes, and you always knew that smile was for you and not for anyone else.

“Where are we going?” she asked loudly. “Why are we going this way? We’ll get lost.”



"It's the way to the doctor's office, Gran." I spoke really softly, hoping she'd get the idea and lower her voice, too. Again heads were turning, as people craned their necks for a look at my...for a look at the crazy woman who used to be my grandma. I tried not to meet anyone's eyes. "Shhh, Gran. We won't get lost," I reassured her.

It didn't make any difference. "Stop the bus, stop it, right now! We're lost!" she yelled. She tried to stand up, but the bus lurched away from a stop and she sort of fell backward into her seat.

"Sit down...everything's going to be all right," I said. And then, just like the sun coming out, she smiled at me and, as if everything was normal and fine, she said, "Isn't it a lovely day, Katherine? It's so nice to spend some time with you, dear. Shall we go and have tea cakes after our appointment? You always liked those sticky buns they make at the Tea Shoppe."

She had come back again. Just like that. One moment there was this crazy woman sitting beside me, and the next moment my grandmother was back. I don't know why, but suddenly I wanted to cry too.

"Sure," I said. "We'll go for tea and goodies." We sat there, silently, for the rest of the trip.

Then it was our stop and we had to get off. "Come on, Gran," I told her. "We're here."

She turned to me, and her face changed again, and she grabbed onto the seat in front of her and said, "I'm not moving. You're just trying to trick me."

"Gran," I urged, hoping that she hadn't gone too far away into the craziness of the disease again, "Gran, come on. The bus is stopping." I took her arm and tried to gently pull her to her feet, but she just clutched the handrail tighter.

"Leave me alone," she said, her voice now louder than it had been when she was singing carols. "I don't know who you are. I don't go places with strangers."

"Come on, Gran. It's me, Katie...Katherine. We're going to see the doctor. This is where his office is. Come on, Gran." The bus had stopped now, and the other people who were getting off had already left. I stood up and tried to pull her to her feet.

"Leave me alone. Don't touch me. Help, help me someone!" I couldn't believe it. She was calling for help as if I were trying to kidnap her—me, her own granddaughter!

"Gran," I said. "Please come with me. You know who I am...you've just forgotten for a moment. Please, get off the bus."

"Everything all right back there?" called the driver, and I could see him turning around and halfway rising from his seat. "I've got a schedule to keep, miss. You'll have to get her off right now because I can't wait any longer."

"I'm never going anywhere with you," Gran said to me. "I hate you. You're a nasty little girl, and I don't know why you want me to go with you." The doors of the bus closed, and the driver pulled slowly ahead and I stood there in the aisle and wondered what on earth I could do. One thing I knew I mustn't do, though, was get angry. It wasn't my grandmother talking. It was the disease, the Alzheimer's. I must remember that; Mom had told us over and over that Gran didn't mean to be cruel or to say horrible things to us, but the disease took over her voice as it took over her mind, and she couldn't always control the words that she said.

It's the disease speaking, I told myself, only the disease, not Gran. Fine. But the stupid disease wasn't going to let her get off the bus, and what could I do about it? I put my arm around her shoulder.

"Gran, Gran...please, try to remember. It's me, Katie."

The bus began to slow again, approaching the next stop. I didn't hear him come up behind me, but suddenly he was there. "Hi," he said, and then stood beside me, smiling down at my grandmother. "I have to get off at this stop," he told her. "Can I help you? Would you like to come with me?"

Gran was silent for a moment, and I was, too. I knew this guy, Kevin; he was in several of my classes this semester. He was tall, blond, and into sports, not a type I hang around with. He always seemed to be clowning around with a group of kids, and I had figured he wasn't worth the effort of getting to know—just a jock who hung around with airheads. "It's OK," I said stiffly. "We'll manage."

But Gran was smiling up at him and taking the arm he offered. "What a nice young man," she said. "Yes, please, do help me. I think I'm on the wrong bus."



Kevin helped her out of her seat, then down the stairwell, and out the doors of the bus. He held out his hand as she stepped down to the curb, and she took it and smiled at him, as gracious as the Queen Mother. "I think your doctor's office is one block back," he said. "Would you like me to walk with you and Katie?"

"Katie?" said Gran, and for a minute I thought she'd forgotten me again, but then she noticed me and the glazed look went from her eyes and she, my grandmother, not the crazy woman, was back again. "Why, Katie, come on. We don't want to be late for the doctor, and then we're going for tea.

Perhaps your young man would like to join us?" She slung her

handbag over her shoulder and straightened the scarf around the neck of her coat and strode off down the sidewalk, heading in the right direction, walking tall and proud and normally.

"Thanks, Kevin," I said. "I'm sorry..." And then the tears that I'd been fighting with for almost the whole bus trip won the fight and I began to bawl.

"I know," he said. "It's really hard. Go ahead and cry. I'll keep an eye on her." He gestured to my grandmother, who had stopped in front of a grocery store and was staring at a crate of oranges as if she had never seen that fruit before. Well, in the world she lived in these days, perhaps there weren't any oranges. Or any apples or bananas or granddaughters.

"I'm OK," I said, and blew my nose. "Thanks again for your help. You were really great with her. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't helped get her off the bus." Then it struck me. Here was this guy I barely knew, big-shot jock and classroom clown—what was he doing helping out with my grandmother?

It's almost as if Kevin read my thoughts. He grinned at me. "Yeah," he said. "Didn't you know that your grandma is my type?"

I grinned back. "No. But then, I guess I don't know you well enough to know what your type is, do I?"

"We'll work on that," he said. "I think we've a lot in common, more than you realize."

"A lot in common...?" I began, then I saw him looking down the street at Gran and I remembered how patient and good he'd been with her, how he'd gotten her off the bus when I couldn't, and suddenly I understood.

"Your grandmother, too?" I asked. "Your grandmother has Alzheimer's?"

"My father," he said, and he began walking toward Gran. "The doctors say it's 'early onset,' which means it starts when someone's younger. He just turned forty-six."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry." And I was. Sorry for Kevin and what he had to go through as his father went away to that special hell where people with Alzheimer's live; sorry for my family and me for what we had to go through with Gran; sorry for the embarrassment and pain and ugliness that was ahead and couldn't be avoided.

I was sorry for us all, but I knew we'd get through it, we'd survive. But Gran and Kevin's father, they wouldn't get through it. They wouldn't survive except as lonely shadows of themselves in a world where nothing made sense and no one was familiar.

I went up to Gran, who was still staring at the oranges, and right there, in the middle of the sidewalk with people all around us and Kevin staring at me, I gave her a hug. "I love you, Gran," I said. "I'll always love you."

She looked me right in the eyes, and smiled. Then, from somewhere far, far away she said, "I love you too, Mary." ♦

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. What did you learn from the story about how Alzheimer’s disease affects people? Summarize what you knew about the disease before you read the story.
- b. Why is Katie surprised that Kevin is able to help her and understand Gran? How do her feelings about Kevin change by the end of the story?
- c. Why do you think Ann Walsh used the title “All Is Calm” for this story? How is it appropriate or inappropriate?

2. READING EXPLORE PURPOSE

“All Is Calm” introduces us to characters who are trying to cope with Alzheimer’s disease. In a small group, explore some reasons why an author might write a story that deals with a problem such as Alzheimer’s. What influence could such stories have on readers?

In your group, think of stories, songs, movies, and TV shows that, like “All Is Calm,” try to present a specific problem or issue in a realistic way. Which examples are your favourites? As a group, identify some problems or issues that you think should be dealt with through a work of fiction. Have one member of your group present your ideas to the class.

3. STORY CRAFT DIALOGUE

Dialogue is very important in story writing. One of its most important functions is to reveal character. Look closely at the excerpt below.

“Where are we going?” she asked loudly. “Why are we going this way? We’ll get lost.”

“It’s the way to the doctor’s office, Gran.” I spoke really softly, hoping she’d get the idea and lower her voice, too.

What does this dialogue reveal about Gran? How do you think Katie feels when Gran talks this way? How does she hope to change Gran’s behaviour?

With a partner, discuss some of the other functions dialogue serves in stories. Look in the story for examples of dialogue that fulfil some of these functions.

4. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS SENTENCE TYPES

There are four basic types of sentences.

- A *statement* makes an assertion and ends with a period:

The garbage is piling up.

- A *question* asks for information and ends with a question mark:

Will you take out the garbage?

- A *command* gives an order or makes a request and ends with a period:

Please take out the garbage.

- An *exclamation* expresses surprise or a strong feeling and ends with an exclamation mark to show emphasis:

This garbage stinks!

Find one example of each sentence type in “All Is Calm,” and write it in your notebook with the correct label. Create a brief dialogue in which you include each different sentence type at least once. With a partner, exchange dialogues and identify each sentence type in one another’s work.

*Where did Sloane go the day
he disappeared
into the woods?*

The Hope Bakery

Short Story by Tim Wynne-Jones

When he was only five, Sloane wandered out of the back garden into the woods behind his house. He was gone for some time and everyone got horribly worried, but he arrived home before dark. He didn't understand the greeting he got when he came back out of the woods. Everyone hugged him and kissed him and lectured him between hugs and kisses about not going off like that.

Sloane asked if he was late for supper. He thought that was what all the fuss was about. Of course, nobody had bothered making supper because they were all out looking for him, and so they could only laugh between their tears and say, "No, you're not late for supper." They asked him, "What special thing would you like, sweetheart? Noodles, maybe? Hot dogs?" Sloane wanted mashed potatoes, and everyone agreed that would be very comforting.

But then came the strange part. At dinner he produced a piece of paper from his pocket with the word HOPE on it. The paper was brown; the word was written in pencil.

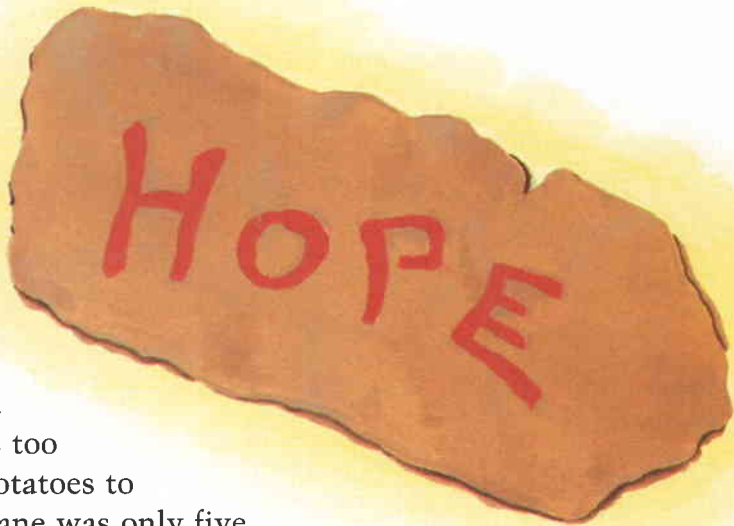
"Hope?" said his mother.

"It's where I was," he answered.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse plot.
- Identify subordinate clauses.

Mother and
Father and
Sloane's older
sister and brother
all looked question-
ingly at one another and
then at Sloane, who was too
busy with his mashed potatoes to
notice. The thing is, Sloane was only five,
and although he knew his letters pretty well, he
didn't know too many words. But the writing was
unmistakably his. He always put four crossbars on his E's.



"You were at Hope?" his father asked, looking at the wobbly word on the very ragged piece of paper.

"I thought you'd want to know where I was." Sloane stopped eating long enough to extract a stubby pencil from his pocket. "Good I remembered this," he said. "There was paper there, lots of it." He looked around at everyone staring at him. "Don't you know where it is?" he asked. Nobody did.

Sloane said he would take them there. He tried once or twice, but he couldn't find the right path.

So nobody ever learned where Sloane had disappeared to on that scary afternoon when he was only five. The ragged little bit of paper with HOPE written on it stayed on the refrigerator door for a long time beside the shopping lists, the swimming schedules, the *Hi & Lois* cartoon, the crayon drawings of monsters.

And then on Mother's Day, as a kind of joke, Father had that piece of brown paper framed in a beautiful wood frame with glass and everything. It was hung on the wall above Mother's desk where the pictures of the kids were. And Sloane, if he ever thought about the adventure, never mentioned it again.



Sloane grew up. When he was eight, another brother came into his life, Todd. So by the time Sloane was thirteen, Todd was five.

Sloane found being thirteen difficult. Especially school. He was lost at school. He liked lunch and music and geography. He liked maps, liked filling in the sea around the continents with a blue pencil crayon. He spent a lot of time at it.

He was upset easily. One morning, waiting for the school bus, Sloane found a dead chipmunk on the front drive and got so broke up about it that he stayed home from school. His older brother, Lawren, teased him about it.

Then one morning, when he was watching TV, Sloane saw a lion killing a litter of lion cubs. He wanted to turn off the TV, but he wanted to watch it, too. The lion had already driven off the father of the cubs and was taking over the pride, which is what they call a lion family. This new lion didn't want any of the other lion's cubs around. The program didn't actually show the new lion killing anything, but there was a picture of two of the cubs crouching together looking very scared. It was worse than a horror movie. Sloane hated it. And he hated himself for having wanted to watch it.

After that he didn't watch TV for a week. He wrote a letter to the TV station about the show. He wrote about it in his journal; he talked about it with his parents and with his friend Trevor. He even brought it up in class. Everyone agreed it was pretty terrible, but no one seemed to understand just how deeply Sloane felt about it. He couldn't shake it off. It made him ache in a place inside him he hadn't known was there. He wished he had never found that place.



Sometimes when things go bad, they get deeply rotten before they get better. That's what happened to Sloane. The new place inside him that ached so much for dead chipmunks and lion cubs got a real workout.

In his class, there was this girl Cynthia, who had something wrong with her. Everyone liked her well enough, but nobody really got to know her. She couldn't keep up with the class, but the teacher didn't seem to worry too much about it. Cynthia was going to be having some operation; that was all any of the kids knew.

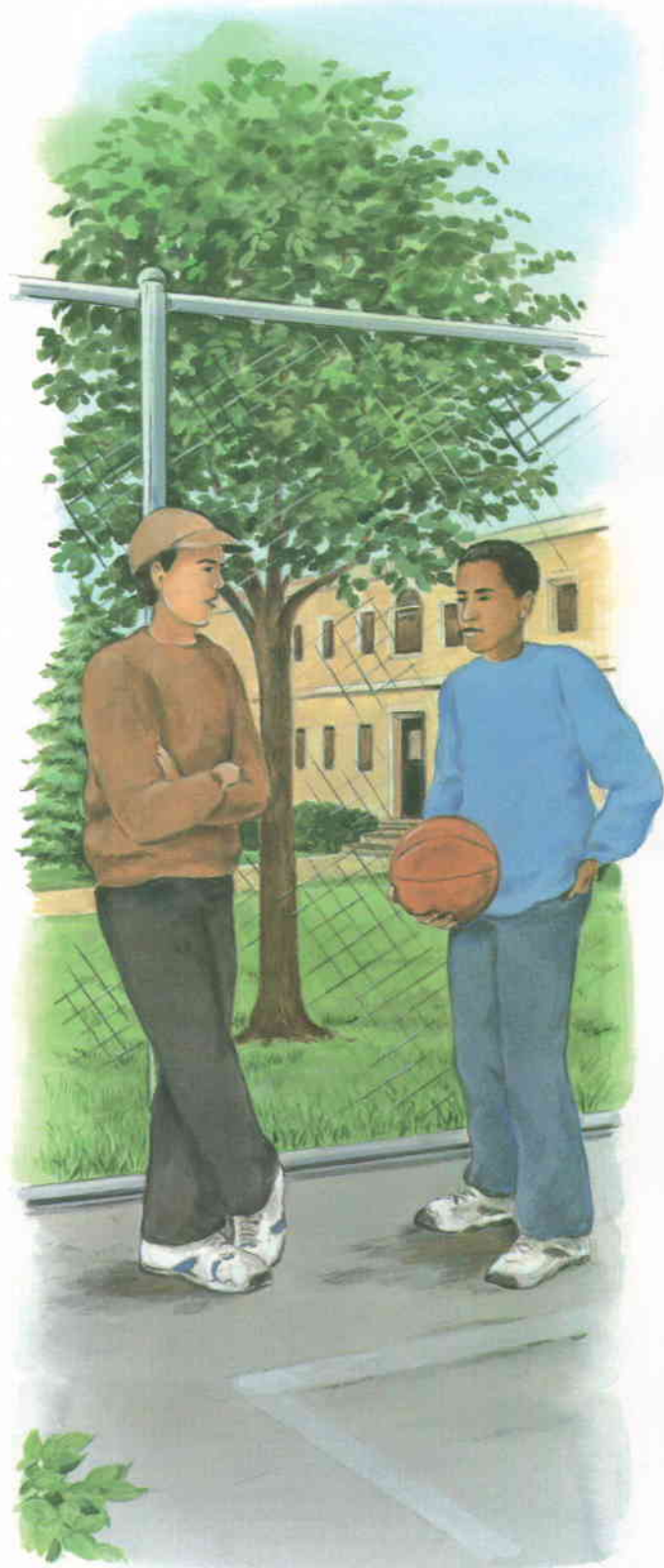
One Thursday Sloane's mother was going to be in town on an errand and so Sloane didn't take the school bus home that afternoon. He hung out at the park instead. He met a guy on the basketball court and they got talking and playing some one-on-one. The guy's name was Billy. It turned out that Billy was Cynthia's brother. When Sloane found out, he stopped right in the middle of dribbling toward the net. It was like the lion on TV all over again. He didn't want to ask, but he couldn't stop himself.

"What's wrong with her?" he said. Billy told him. The operation was on her brain. It was pretty major. So Cynthia's family was trying to keep everything as ordinary as possible. That's why Cynthia was staying with her own age of kids in school even though she couldn't really keep up.

Billy bounced the ball a few times, watching the way the ball and its shadow met each time the ball hit the ground.

"Like last night," he said, "Mom made spaghetti and meatballs and when she gave Cyn her plate, Cyn said, 'Umm, this looks delicious. What is it?'"

Sloane wasn't sure he had heard right, wasn't sure he understood. "She never saw spaghetti and meatballs before?"



"Sure," said Billy. He bounced the ball a few times, never looking up. "We have it all the time."

Going home that night, Todd was whining a lot and Sloane was supposed to keep him entertained. Mother had a headache. Todd got more and more crotchety, and Sloane grew angrier and angrier. He was thinking about Cynthia. How could such a thing happen? He kept thinking.

At home he got into a big argument with Lawren over whose turn it was to clean their room.

Rachel, his older sister, was making dinner that night. She made pumpkin lasagna. Everybody found other things to talk about. And then, suddenly, Sloane said, "It just isn't fair!"

Lawren thought he was talking about their room. Rachel thought he was talking about her pumpkin lasagna.

"Just 'cause the edges are a bit burnt," she said, and stamped out of the dining room.

Little Todd laughed. He liked burnt edges.

Father excused himself and went to talk to Rachel.

"I meant something that happened in town," said Sloane.

"What?" said Lawren. "Did you see some more dead stuff?"

"Yeah, your brain," said Sloane.

"Boys!" said Mother.

But it was too late. Sloane couldn't hold back. He didn't want to talk about what Billy had told him. What good would talking do? He wished he had never heard of Cynthia. He wanted it all to go away.

He was sent to his room. Lawren slept somewhere else that night.



The next morning, when Sloane came down for breakfast, the family was excited. Father had seen an elk at the bottom of the garden while everyone was still asleep.

Although they lived in the country, on the edge of a forest, they had never heard of an elk being seen in the area. Sloane joined his brothers and sisters looking out the window. But the elk was long gone.

"I was letting the cat in and the elk spooked when he heard the door open, took off into the brush," Father said. The family kidded him about it over breakfast, but they all knew he didn't make up stories.

"It was huge," he said. "Ten points on its rack."

"What?" Todd asked. Sloane explained to him that the elk had ten points on its antlers. It must have been a big one.

Little Todd wanted to see the elk. He asked Sloane to walk down to the bottom of the garden with him to look for it. Sloane was still depressed about Cynthia and the fight with Lawren. He hadn't slept well and he was grouchy, but he went anyway.

They went down and Sloane looked out at the forest, but he saw nothing more lively than the wind turning the leaves bellyside-up, and a few noisy bluejays playing tag.

"I found his house!" Todd cried.

Sloane went to look. Todd was crouching beside a groundhog hole in the dirt bank where the lawn slipped off into bramble and prickly ash woodland.

"Whose house?" Sloane asked.

"The elk's," said Todd.

Sloane laughed. "An elk's huge," he said.

Todd poked at the hole with a stick. "Well, some of the dirt fell in so he doesn't look so big any more."

Sloane laughed again. "No, I mean *huge* like a horse." He could see Todd staring at the hole and wondering how something as big as a horse could get into a hole so small.

"Come on," said Sloane, and he led his little brother back to the house. In an encyclopedia, he showed him a picture of the elk.

Todd beamed and grabbed the book from his brother's hands. He tore out of the house and down to the groundhog hole. When Sloane arrived, Todd was comparing the size of the picture to the hole. He looked up triumphantly.

"See! It would so fit!"

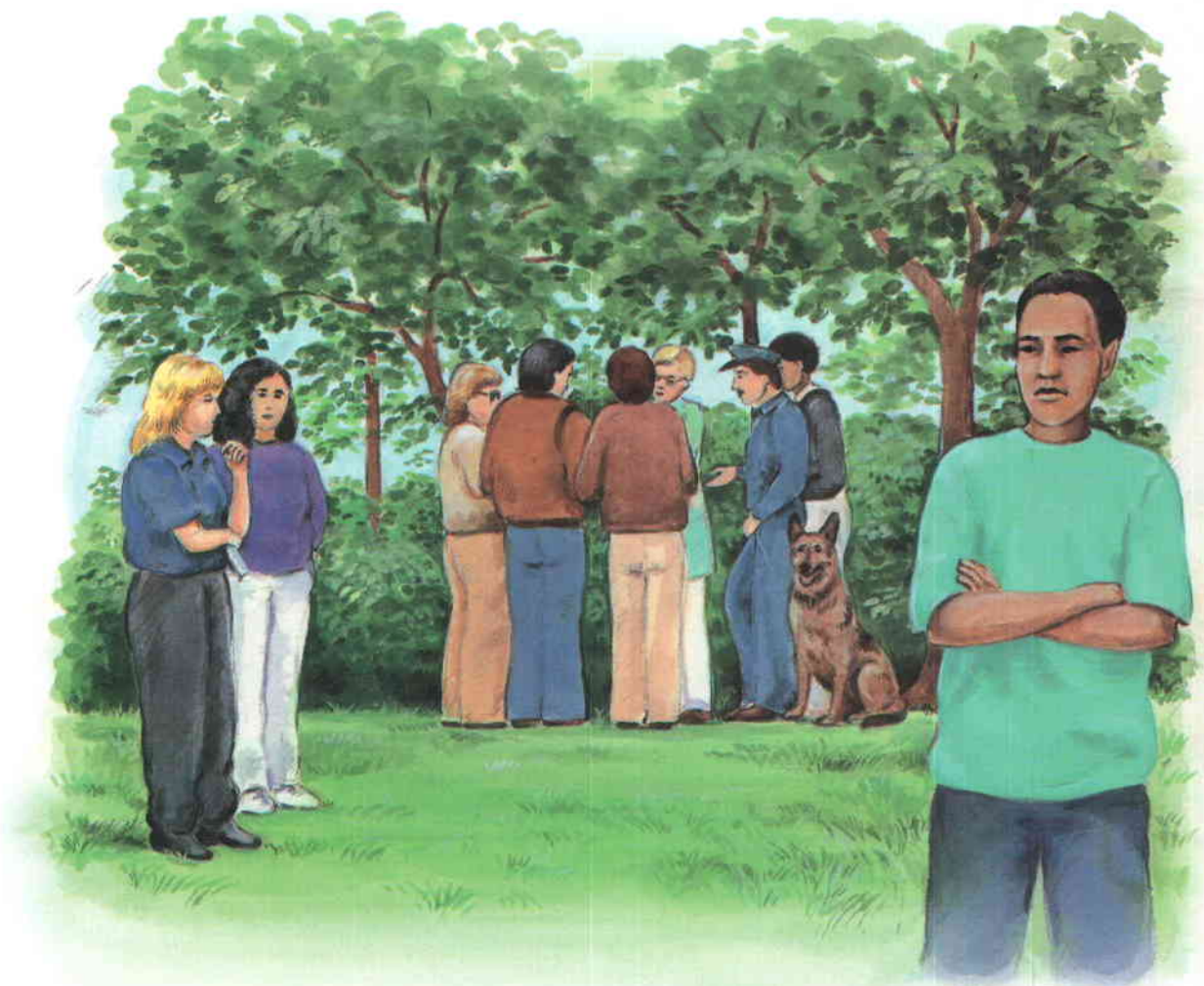
Sloane shook his head. "You goof." He grabbed the encyclopedia. "Don't be so stupid!" he said, more angrily than he meant to. Then he headed back to the house to get his stuff for school.

He spent the day being sore and trying not to look at Cynthia or think about spaghetti. He got in trouble twice for not paying attention, once more for not having done his homework. He got a detention and had to take the late bus home from school.

As the bus neared his house, Sloane saw some of his neighbours walking along the sideroad. They had megaphones. There was another one in his driveway.

He rushed up to the house. That's when he found that Todd was missing.

"He was talking all morning about finding the elk's house," said Mother. Sloane went cold all over. There were search parties everywhere. Sloane could hear them down the old logging path, in the woods. "He's never wandered away before," said Mother. "He knows better than that!"



Sloane joined the search. The coldness that gripped him was like a black belt around his chest. As he tramped through the woods behind the house, moving deeper into the forest, the strap seemed to get tighter and tighter.

He didn't usually spend much time in the woods; he hardly ever had. City cousins who visited seemed to think he was lucky to live on the edge of a forest. They always wanted to play out there, to explore. They wanted to look for arrowheads and build forts. That was about the only time Sloane went into the woods any more. He cursed it now for its rotten wildness, its thousand sharp edges, the pointlessness of it all.

And then suddenly he came to a place in the woods that he seemed to know. Maybe it was on one of those visits from city cousins that he had explored this particular part. He couldn't recall the time. Maybe, he thought later, he had known he was heading this way from the moment he left the house. The cries of the other searchers had fallen far behind, barely distinguishable now from the twittering and screeching of the birds.

An opening. There were several paths leading to it or from it depending on how you looked at things; where you had come from or where you were going. Sloane stopped. It was as if he was in a dream. He felt he knew which path to take. He didn't know why, but the certainty of his decision seemed to loosen the belt around his chest a notch or two.

The path he chose led him through the dappled late afternoon into the shadow-making sunshine at the edge of a small meadow. Memory worked in him now. *He had been here!* When or how, he couldn't recall. The familiarity of the meadow was not a knowing thing so much as a feeling thing. As he walked, however, he was quite sure that he had been here alone.

Memory, loosed in him like this, seemed to unbuckle the fear and pain a few more notches. He stopped, looked around.

"This way," he told himself. "There will be an old fence. An abandoned road. A swamp. A junkyard."

He almost forgot Todd. It was as if he wasn't looking for him any more. Almost.

Finally, Sloane saw what he had been looking for, though he could never have given it a name. In the junkyard, resting on no wheels, rusted and overgrown with thistles and harsh grasses, stood an old blue-grey panel truck. On the side of it in faded letters were the words: "The HOPE Bakery."

The words "The" and "Bakery" were in a swirly kind of script, but the word "HOPE" was printed in tall letters. There had once been a little hand painted picture under this sign: some buns and loaves and a pie, maybe. It was hard to tell now. The paint was all peeled and crumbly.

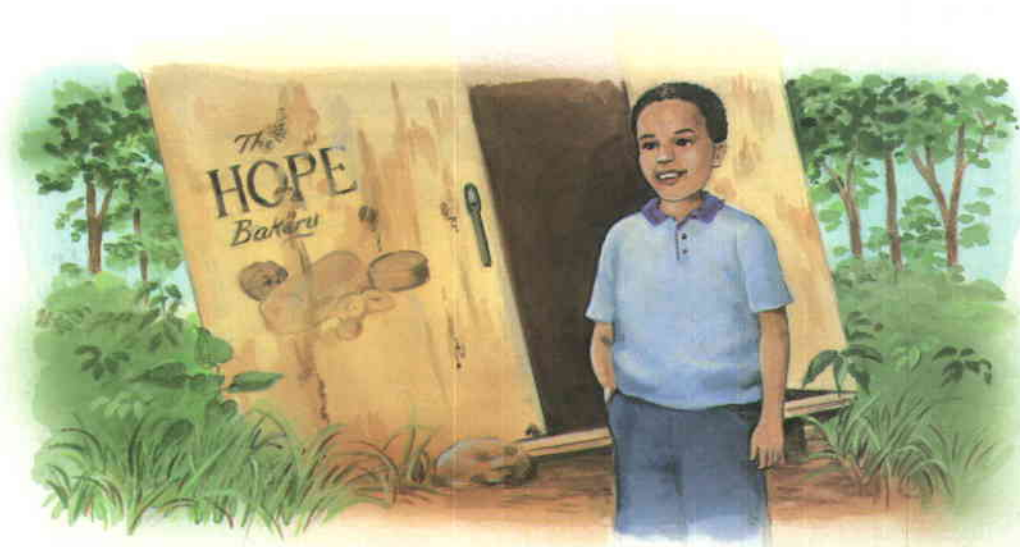
Sloane looked at the panel truck, letting the shape of it drift into a waiting puzzle hole in his memory. And as he looked, the back door of the truck opened with a loud squeaking and out stepped Todd. Todd seemed almost to have been expecting him.

"You should see this, Sloaney," he called out, waving his hand. "I think this is where that elk lives."

Sloane made himself walk very slowly to his brother, as if to run might shatter the terrifying beauty of the moment. When he got there, he resisted hugging Todd, who was too busy anyway picking up rusted bits of engine parts, a stained hat, scraps of paper. If he hugged him, he was afraid he would burst into tears himself.

"There's plenty of room here," said the five-year-old. Sloane looked around, nodded.

Yes, he thought. Plenty of room.



1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- Why do you think Sloane's father puts the word *Hope* in a special frame? If you were going to frame one word, what would it be?
- Sloane hates the TV show about the lions, but can't stop watching it. Have you ever had that experience? Why do you think a person would keep watching something that was disturbing?
- "Sometimes when things go bad, they get deeply rotten before they get better." How would you express what is going wrong for Sloane?
- When Sloane joined in the search, did you expect him to find his brother? What information in the story shaped your expectations?
- With a partner, discuss the ending of the story. What do you think Sloane means when he agrees that there is "plenty of room"? Is this a good way to end the story? Why or why not?

STRATEGIES

2. STORY CRAFT ANALYSE PLOT

Plot (the pattern of events in a narrative) is an important part of a short story. The main parts of a short story plot are (a) the introduction (b) the rising action (c) the climax and (d) the resolution. To remind yourself what these terms mean, see "Develop an Outline," page 149.

Copy the chart into your notebook. Then fill in the chart to create an outline of the plot of "Hope Bakery," listing the main events from the story.

	PLOT OUTLINE
Introduction	
Rising Action	
Climax	
Resolution	

Compare your chart with a classmate's. Discuss the following questions: What is the mystery we learn about in the introduction? How is this mystery solved in the climax and resolution? What does this story say about hope?

3. READING CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT

“The Hope Bakery” is a *coming-of-age story*. In a coming-of-age story, the main character is on the brink of becoming an adult. The story follows the character’s struggle with a new idea or experience. When the struggle is over, the character sees the world through different, more adult, eyes.

In a group, discuss what Sloane is struggling with in “The Hope Bakery.” From Todd’s perspective, what is the world like? What is the world like from Sloane’s point of view? How does Sloane’s viewpoint change after he finds Todd? What do you think the author is saying about the process of becoming an adult? Answer the questions as a group, finding details in the story to support your ideas, and then present your conclusions to the class.

4. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS SUBORDINATE CLAUSES

Many sentences are made of two or more *clauses*. The opening sentence of “The Hope Bakery” is a good example:

subordinate clause

main clause

When he was only five, Sloane wandered out of the back garden into the woods behind his house.

A *main clause* is a group of words that has a subject and a verb, and can stand on its own as a sentence. A *subordinate clause* is a group of words that has a subject and a verb, but is an incomplete sentence without another clause.

Look through the story and find two other examples of sentences that have a main clause and a subordinate clause. These tips might help:



- Look for sentences that contain commas, since clauses often are separated by commas.
- Look for the words *although*, *because*, *since*, *when*, *that*, or *who*, either at the beginning of the sentence, or immediately after a comma.

In each example you find, try to identify the main and subordinate clause, and the subject and verb in each clause.

REFLECTING ON THE UNIT

SELF-ASSESSMENT: STORY CRAFT

As you worked on this unit, what did you learn about

- story beginnings and endings?
- details that show rather than tell?
- suspense?
- dialogue?
- sentence variety?
- point of view?
- plot development?
- character development?

How has learning about these aspects of writing helped you to understand or appreciate the stories? How have they helped you in your own writing?

ORAL COMMUNICATION TALK SHOW INTERVIEW

With a partner, choose a character from one of the stories in the unit. Imagine you are doing a talk show interview. One of you is the host and the other is the character. What is interesting about this character and what should the audience learn about the character's experiences? Prepare the host's questions. When planning the answers, stay true to the way the character is presented in the story. Present your talk show.

WRITING CREATE A SHORT STORY

Choose one of your favourite genres from this unit—science fiction, humour, and so on—and write your own two-page story. Review the work you did for this unit—there may be a story idea to complete, a character you can develop, or writing techniques you want to use. See “How to Write a Short Story,” page 150.

MEDIA MIX

“Fall seven times.
Stand up eight.”
Japanese Proverb

