An Actor Prepares

by Charles Willeford

1 All day long I am up to my ears in noise. There is a clatter of dishes as the waitresses shove them, dirty, of course, into the big metal receptacle next to my zinc double sink. There is a shrill cry of tired voices calling in orders to the kitchen, the rasping growl of the chef as he replies, the swirl of steaming water as it runs into my sink, the clatter of pans and pots; and all day long, at intervals, I can hear the toilet flush through the wall. My sink is on the same wall, this side of the men's room. Lots of noise. All day. I make a lot myself, and I hear a lot. But no sound. I still haven't said what I mean. But I am getting a lot closer, I think, and maybe I had better start over.

2 I am a dish-washer. I am forty-nine years old. Single. Bald. In a way, I am kind of skinny, although I am beginning to get one of those little melon-sized pots puffing out below my beltline. My waist-size stays the same, however; thirty-two. I haven't always been a dish-washer. A few years ago I owned my own little Café. Six stools, one counter, a grill and a double refrigerator. I lost it. How I lost it doesn't matter now. I wasn't a good businessman, I suppose. I no longer care about the loss of my little Café. Now, even if I owned this nice restaurant where I wash dishes, it wouldn't have made any difference when I made the sound. The sound—that is what I mean. A small sound, and everyone wants to make one before he dies. I wish I were more articulate. Some people can come right out with it and say what they mean the first time and the listener knows exactly what they mean. But with me, it isn't that way. I have to think things over, weigh this against that, and even then I am not always sure. What does that make me? Slow-witted? Dumb? I don't think I am dumb, but sometimes people get that impression. Mr. Knowles was an exception. He didn't think I was dumb or slow-witted.

3 Mr. Knowles is a salesman who works two doors away from the restaurant. The Classy Men's Shoppe. He sells men's clothing, suits, pants, shirts, and like that. He comes to the restaurant for coffee in the mornings, and frequently comes in for lunch. That is how I happened to meet him. When things aren't too busy in the kitchen I sometimes go out front and cut myself a slab of pecan pie and sit down at
the counter with a cup of coffee. The boss doesn't care. That's the way I met Mr. Knowles, at the counter. After we got to be friendly, he would talk to me about the little theater. That was his way, you see, of making the sound. The whole world is filled with people like us, not that I am trying to compare myself with Mr. Knowles; after all, he is the director of the little theater group. But he doesn't get paid for it. None of them do. The typists working in offices, the fellow who pumps gas for the Exxon station and who wants to play Hamlet some day, the white-haired old widow who pours coffee during intermissions at the plays, and so on through the whole little theater group. They don't get a dime for their work. We live in a small city and there are no Hollywood or TV scouts here to pick out a promising actor or actress for better things, so what do they all get out of it? I never knew until I met Mr. Knowles. I never even went to any of the plays. Amateurs, I thought, so why should I pay good money to see an amateur play when I can go to a movie for the same price and see two features?

4 That is exactly what I told Mr. Knowles.

5 “I suppose you're right, Jake,” he told me. “Sometimes I wonder what I'm trying to prove myself. Our audiences are mighty small, and we don't attract the young people the way we should. Like you, they can't see the advantage of an amateur play over a double-feature, and maybe there isn't any. I don't know. But if we don't attract some of the younger people, what's going to become of the legitimate theater in the future?” He shook his head. “All day I stand on my feet in the store, and it's an effort, sometimes, to drag myself down to the theater at night for rehearsals; trying to coax passable performances out of actors who don't have to give, but then, there it is, opening night and, well, it's the only night I feel truly alive.” His face colored slightly. “There's only one word for it, Jake. Magic.”

6 I didn't say anything at the time. It wasn't as if Mr. Knowles had explained anything to me. He hadn't. But I realized that he had something I didn't have and he made me feel it. I returned to the kitchen and turned on the hot water tap. I thought about what he had said all day. And all day the next day. Soon; next week, next month, next year, maybe, I would be dead. And I hadn't made any sound at all. Not a single one. Never married. No children. I never made enough money to give any away. I had a paid-up burial policy and $187 in the bank. And that was all. I
worked six days a week, got drunk in my room on Saturday night. On Sunday, I sobered up and did my weekly wash at the washeteria. The rest of the week I was in bed by eight-thirty every night, figuring that I needed the sleep because I have to get up at five-thirty A.M. Not much of a life, any way I looked at it.

7 The next morning I watched out for Mr. Knowles. When he sat down at the counter I wiped my hands dry, drew a cup of coffee, and sat beside him. I knew what I was going to say and I said it:

8 “Mr. Knowles, I’d like to help you out with your little theater, that is, if you can use me.”

9 It was funny, but I held my breath while I waited for him to answer. By all rights he should have turned me down. After all, what did I know about the theater? What could I do?

10 Mr. Knowles nodded, rubbed his chin, and then he smiled. “We’d be glad to have you with us, Jake. How would you like to be in our next play? Just a walk-on, but an important part just the same.”

11 “I don’t know about that, Mr. Knowles. I hadn’t figured on doing any acting. I never did anything like that. I thought I could be an usher, or sweep up or something.”

12 “We’re casting tomorrow night at the high school auditorium. Eight o’clock. Can you make it?”

13 “I’ll be there, Mr. Knowles.”

14 The next night I reached the auditorium on the dot. There were about twenty people already there, all seated around a large table up on the stage. Mr. Knowles introduced me around and they all seemed glad to see me. Not knowing anybody there, except for Mr. Knowles, I was surprised by the friendliness. I sat down and kept my mouth shut and Mr. Knowles explained to the group what the play was all about. It was a mystery play—*Things That Go Bump!* A college student had mailed it to Mr. Knowles and he liked it and wanted to put it on. No one objected, and he explained what my part was to be.

15 I was only in the first act. When the curtain went up I was seated at a desk with a lamp in front of me and I was supposed to be reading a letter. The rest of the set was in darkness. The door opened and a hand holding a pistol fired once and I was supposed to drop dead. Throughout
the rest of Act I, until the curtain came down, all I had to do was stay slumped over the desk without moving. The rest of the play was taken up with a detective and the rest of the cast trying to figure out who killed me. Not a great part, maybe, but in a way it was the most important part in the play. If I wasn’t killed, there wouldn’t be any play. I accepted the part without hesitation.

16 I didn’t have any lines to memorize, but I never missed a single rehearsal. I could have been excused every evening after I slumped forward dead over the desk, but I insisted on staying so I could get used to remaining in a still position for the forty minutes of the first act. I liked everybody in the cast and all of the backstage helpers. They were all younger than I was, but they treated me like one of the group. A man appreciates things like that. When it was my turn to make coffee or hustle down to Donutland for donuts they didn’t skip me just because I was older than they were. And on the Sunday before the opening I was asked to come down and help paint flats and I did that too.

17 We had our dress rehearsal on Wednesday night and opened on Thursday; and we would play Friday and Saturday as well. Opening night, I had an attack of stage fright, but I kept it to myself and nobody knew about it. Mrs. Knowles was the make-up lady, and she put mine on because I didn’t know how. As a costume, I wore my blue serge suit, a white shirt, and a red bow tie. After I was dressed and made up I went out on the dark stage and sat on the desk. I switched on the desk lamp and took a good look at the finished and dressed set. With the curtain down it looked like a real room, a rich study for a wealthy man, and for a moment, that was me. I could hear the audience through the curtain, buzzing away, and the bang of the seats as they sat down. Tommy Norton, the stage manager, who works in the flower shop at 11th and Custer as a designer, checked the props and stage one final time, then slapped me on the shoulder as he went off-stage.

18 “Three minutes, Jake,” he whispered, and I was alone on the stage.

19 It was a long three minutes. The curtain jerked up slowly as it was cranked from the wings and I was staring into darkness because the house lights were out. A brief but enthusiastic roll of applause came from the audience. I thought it was for me and I was startled, but I found out later that they were merely applauding the set. I opened
the envelope on the desk, removed the letter and started to read . . . BANG! The blank was fired, the audience gasped, I clutched my chest and fell over the desk. The play went on, but there was some scattered, nervous laughter in addition to the collective gasp. The audience hadn’t expected the shot, and every person out there was surprised into a reaction of some kind.

20 That was the sound I made. Me. Jake Sinkiewicz.

21 When the curtain came down on the third act, I took my place with the others in line, and we received three curtain calls. Lots of people came backstage afterwards to congratulate the cast, and I shook hands with several strangers. All of the cast had programs and we all signed each other’s programs. I know I signed every one of them and I made sure that everyone, including Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, signed mine. I still have my program with all the signatures. My name is in print on the program, too:

Sir Calvin Wardhouse . . . . . Jacob B. Sinkiewicz

23 I never acted in any more plays after that one. I didn’t have to, because I had made my sound. It was a small sound, but I am a small man, not a big man. There are a lot of big men, bigger than me, richer than me, and louder men than me, who have never made any sound at all.

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from

Act One

by Moss Hart

I wanted, of course, to be an actor. It never occurred to me that these godlike creatures did not themselves make up the words that flowed so effortlessly and magnificently from their lips. I think I believed they created a play as they went along—a belief, I am convinced, that some portions of a matinée audience still cling to. More than once, sitting in the audience at a play of mine, I have heard the lady behind me exclaim, “The clever things actors say! Aren’t they wonderful!” And I have been tempted to say, “Not that wonderful, madame!” But I have understood her bewitchment. Not even in my wildest dreams of glory did I ever imagine that I would one day write the words for actors to speak on the stage, and not until long afterward did I come to know that there were more important figures in the theater than the gods of my idolatry.

Had I had the wit to perceive it, there was already a hint that I was a dramatist; even then I could dramatize a story and hold an audience, and when I inadvertently stumbled on this gift, I used it the way other boys use a good pitching arm or a long reach in basketball. It gave me the only standing I was ever to have in the tough and ruthless world of boys of my own age, and I wielded the tiny sense of power it gave me hungrily and shrewdly. Even in the long-ago days when I was growing up, the cult of “toughness” in American life was beginning to blossom and flower. The non-athletic boy, the youngster who liked to read or listen to music, who could not fight or was afraid to, or the boy who had some special interest that was strange or alien to the rest, like the theater in my case, was banished from the companionship of the others by rules of the “tough” world that was already beginning to prevail.

It is a mistake to believe that this cult of “toughness” was limited to the poor neighborhood in which we lived. It had begun to
pervade other levels of American life, and I suspect that today’s bland dismissal of the intellectual and the overwhelming emphasis placed on the necessity of competing and of success are due in part to the strange taboo we have set against that softness in ourselves which brings men closest to the angels. A nation of poets would be no more desirable than a nation of athletes, but I wonder if that toughness and competitiveness, which have become an ingrained part of our character as a people and a symbol of our way of life as a nation, are not a sign of weakness as well as of strength. Is our cultural life not robbed of a necessary dimension and our emotional life of an element of grace? And I wonder if the fear of a lack of toughness in our children does not sometimes rob them of an awakening awareness and sensitivity in the realm of the spirit that are each child’s birthright and his weapon of rebellion against the accepted norm of his time. This lack of toughness and the inability to compete were a constant agony of my own childhood, and I lived it through as best I could.

A city child’s summer is spent in the street in front of his home, and all through the long summer vacations I sat on the curb and watched the other boys on the block play baseball or prisoner’s base or gutter hockey. I was never asked to take part even when one team had a member missing—not out of any special cruelty, but because they took it for granted I would be no good at it. They were right, of course. Yet much of the bitterness and envy and loneliness I suffered in those years could have been borne better if a single wise teacher or a knowledgeable parent had made me understand that there were compensations for the untough and the nonathletic; that the world would not always be bounded by the curbstone in front of the house.

One of those compensations I blundered into myself, and its effect was electric on both me and the tough world of the boys on the block. I have never forgotten the joy of that wonderful evening when it happened. There was no daylight-saving in those days, and the baseball and other games ended about eight or eight thirty, when it grew dark. Then it was the custom of the boys to retire to a little stoop that jutted out from the candy store on the corner and that somehow had become theirs through tribal right. No grownup ever sat there or attempted to. There the boys would sit, talking aimlessly for hours on end. There were the usual probings of sex and dirty jokes, not too well defined or clearly understood; but mostly the talk was of the games played during the day and of the game to be played tomorrow. Ultimately, long silences would fall and then the boys would wander off one by one. It was just after one of those long silences that my life as an outsider changed, and for one glorious summer I was accepted on my own terms as one of the tribe. I can no longer remember which boy it was that summer evening who broke the silence with a question; but whoever he was, I nod to him in gratitude now. “What’s in those books you’re always reading?” he asked idly. “Stories,” I answered. “What kind?” asked somebody else without much interest.
Nor do I know what impelled me to behave as I did, for usually I just sat there in silence, glad enough to be allowed to remain among them; but instead of answering his question, I launched full tilt into the book I was immersed in at the moment. The book was Sister Carrie and I told them the story of Sister Carrie for two full hours. They listened bug-eyed and breathless. I must have told it well, but I think there was another and deeper reason that made them so flattering an audience. Listening to a tale being told in the dark is one of the most ancient of man’s entertainments, but I was offering them as well, without being aware of doing it, a new and exciting experience.

The books they themselves read were the Rover Boys or Tom Swift or G. A. Henty. I had read them too, but at thirteen I had long since left them behind. Since I was much alone I had become an omnivorous reader and I had gone through the books-for-boys-series in one vast gulp. In those days there was no intermediate reading material between children’s and grownups’ books, or I could find none, and since there was no one to say me nay, I had gone right from Tom Swift and His Flying Machine to Theodore Dreiser and Sister Carrie. Dreiser had hit my young mind and senses with the impact of a thunderbolt, and they listened to me tell the story with some of the wonder that I had had in reading it.

It was, in part, the excitement of discovery—the discovery that there could be another kind of story that gave them a deeper kind of pleasure than the Rover Boys—blunderingly, I was giving them a glimpse of the riches contained outside the world of Tom Swift. Not one of them left the stoop until I had finished, and I went upstairs that wonderful evening not only a member of the tribe but a figure in my own right among them.

The next night and many nights thereafter, a kind of unspoken ritual took place. As it grew dark, I would take my place in the center of the stoop and, like Scheherazade, begin the evening’s tale. Some nights, in order to savor my triumph more completely, I cheated. I would stop at the most exciting part of a story by Jack London or Frank Norris or Bret Harte, and without warning tell them that that was as far as I had gone in the book and it would have to be continued the following evening. It was not true, of course; but I had to make certain of my new-found power and position, and with a sense of drama that I did not know I possessed, I spun out the long summer evenings until school began in the fall. Other words of mine have been listened to by larger and more fashionable audiences, but for that tough and grimy one that huddled on the stoop outside the candy store, I have an unreasoning affection that will last forever. It was a memorable summer, and it was the last I was to spend with the boys on the block.

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Scheherazade is the clever storyteller in The Thousand and One Nights.
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Use “An Actor Prepares” to answer questions 1–6.

1 Read the following dictionary entry.

flat 
1. a level piece of land
2. a shallow box for planting seeds
3. an apartment located on one floor
4. a piece of theatrical scenery

Which definition matches how the word flats is used in paragraph 16?

A Definition 1
B Definition 2
C Definition 3
D Definition 4

2 Paragraph 15 is mainly about —

A Jake's role in the play
B the darkness of the set
C the identity of the killer
D the role of the detective
3 What do producing a college student's play and casting an inexperienced actor demonstrate about Mr. Knowles?

A He judges people in a random fashion.
B He likes to feel superior to people with silly ambitions.
C He thinks everyone has something to contribute.
D He believes that it is easier to teach those with little experience.

4 Jake's primary conflict is with —

A age
B a former boss
C his co-workers
D himself
5 Why does the author not mention Jake’s last name until the end of the story?

A A theatrical performance requires great formality.
B Jake now feels like a whole person for the first time.
C Theater programs always feature the full names of the actors.
D Jake has begun to identify with the character he is playing.

6 Which line best signifies the value Jake places on his role in the play?

A Opening night, I had an attack of stage fright, but I kept it to myself and nobody knew about it.
B I was only in the first act.
C I didn’t have any lines to memorize, but I never missed a single rehearsal.
D As a costume, I wore my blue serge suit, a white shirt, and a red bow tie.
Use the excerpt from *Act One* to answer questions 7–12.

7 What does the word *impelled* mean in paragraph 6?

A Puzzled  
B Allowed  
C Tricked  
D Forced

8 Which of these is the best summary of the selection?

A The narrator grew up in a neighborhood where boys played baseball games together in the streets, but he was never asked to be a part of these games. At the time he wanted to become an actor when he grew up. Now he believes that raising a nation of poets would be no better than raising a nation of athletes.

B The narrator looks back with fondness on his urban youth. He used to sit on the curb while the other boys played baseball, prisoner’s base, and gutter hockey. As darkness fell, the boys would gather on a stoop to tell jokes and stories.

C The narrator was affected by an experience he had as a teenager. He admits that he had a lack of toughness and an inability to compete. This kept him from participating in the usual activities enjoyed by the other boys in his neighborhood. Being an avid reader, the narrator preferred books for adults to those read by other boys his age.

D The narrator reflects on an experience that influenced his decision to become a writer. As a teenager, he didn’t fit in with the neighborhood boys, who spent their days playing sports. But at night the narrator captivated the boys by retelling stories that he had read. This memory stayed with the narrator throughout his career as a playwright.
9 In paragraph 3, Hart says that softness brings people “closest to the angels” because it —

A allows them to ignore practical concerns
B encourages them to develop sensitivity
C makes them interested in religion
D strengthens their desire for power

10 Throughout his childhood, Hart could best be described as —

A lazy
B cheerful
C arrogant
D solitary
11 According to Hart, most Americans admire —
   A  competitiveness
   B  symbolism
   C  academics
   D  spirituality

12 Which line best explains why the narrator was able to capture the neighborhood boys’ attention?
   A  It was just after one of those long silences that my life as an outsider changed, and for one glorious summer I was accepted on my own terms as one of the tribe.
   B  Listening to a tale being told in the dark is one of the most ancient of man’s entertainments, but I was offering them as well, without being aware of doing it, a new and exciting experience.
   C  Since I was much alone I had become an omnivorous reader and I had gone through the books-for-boys-series in one vast gulp.
   D  As it grew dark, I would take my place in the center of the stoop and, like Scheherazade, begin the evening’s tale.
Use “An Actor Prepares” and the excerpt from *Act One* to answer questions 13 and 14.

13 The first-person point of view is appropriate for both selections because it —

A shows the obsessive self-preoccupation of the narrators
B allows the views of other characters to be expressed
C indicates that the authors share the same opinions
D reveals the personal experiences of the narrators

14 In accomplishing his goal, what advantage does Jake have over the narrator of “Act One”?

A Jake has someone helping him.
B Jake readily accepts criticism from others.
C Jake doesn’t require an audience of any kind.
D Jake allows difficulties to take care of themselves.
Use the visual representation on page 10 to answer questions 15 and 16.

15 The theater group is using the ad to emphasize that —
   A they are local and community-oriented
   B its actors often go on to become Hollywood stars
   C dancing can keep you fit and healthy
   D classic theater is better than comedy

16 What is the main purpose of the ad?
   A To set a mood
   B To sell a particular product
   C To explain an opinion
   D To encourage participation
17  Do you think Jake is a successful person in “An Actor Prepares”? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from the selection.

18  In the excerpt from *Act One*, what is the narrator’s biggest problem? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from the selection.

19  What is one similarity between Jake in “An Actor Prepares” and the narrator of the excerpt from *Act One*? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from both selections.
Write an essay about a time you made yourself heard.

The information in the box below will help you remember what you should think about when you write your composition.

REMEMBER—YOU SHOULD

- write about the assigned topic
- make your writing thoughtful and interesting
- make sure that each sentence you write contributes to your composition as a whole
- make sure that your ideas are clear and easy for the reader to follow
- write about your ideas in depth so that the reader is able to develop a good understanding of what you are saying
- proofread your writing to correct errors in spelling, capitalization, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure
Carl wrote this paper about polar bears for his geography class. He wants you to help him with any corrections or improvements that need to be made. Read Carl’s paper. Then answer the questions that follow.

The Polar Bear Capital of the World

(1) Hudson Bay is a body of water bordering the Canadian province of Manitoba. (2) The area around the western region of the bay is home to approximately 1,500 polar bears. (3) The small town of Churchill, which is located near Hudson Bay, is known to many people as the polar bear capital of the world. (4) That’s because polar bears gathering in and around Churchill each fall to wait for the surface of Hudson Bay to freeze.
(5) Churchill sits on a piece of land that offers quick and easy access to the ice. (6) During the winter, polar bears live and hunt on the ice, stalking seals and searching for other marine animals to eat. (7) The ice gives the bears a platform from which they can stalk their prey. (8) When the ice melts each spring, the polar bears are forced to come ashore, where they spent the summer months fasting. (9) During this time many of the bears stay near Churchill, they wait for the ice to freeze again.

(10) Because polar bears are capable of doing great harm to Churchill's citizens and tourists, wildlife authorities watch the bears attentive. (11) They want to be sure that both the humans and the polar bears are safe. (12) The authorities try to teach the people of Churchill; how to avoid conflicts with the bears. (13) Schoolchildren learn that one way to avoid attracting bears is to always keep garbage covered since it is a natural attraction for bears.

(14) The people of Churchill have a polar bear hot line, a number they can call to report any bears inside a control zone set up by wildlife authorities. (15) The zone is a border around the town, and if any bears pass through it, authorities try to capture the animals in a trap or shoot them with a tranquilizer dart.

(16) This mix of education and caution has helped make Churchill a safe place to live. (17) In fact, Churchill has not reported a bear-related human death since 1986, and the rate of human-related bear deaths has also decreased. (18) Although it has come as a surprise to some people, Churchill has proved that it is possible for humans and polar bears to live near one another peacefully.
1. What change, if any, should be made in sentence 2?
   A. Change bay to Bay
   B. Change is to are
   C. Change approximately to approximately
   D. Make no change

2. What is the most effective way to rewrite the ideas in sentence 4?
   A. That’s because polar bears gather in and around Churchill each fall, they wait for the surface of Hudson Bay to freeze.
   B. That’s because polar bears gather in and around Churchill each fall. To wait for the surface of Hudson Bay to freeze.
   C. That’s because polar bears gathering in and around Churchill each fall. They wait for the surface of Hudson Bay to freeze.
   D. That’s because polar bears gather in and around Churchill each fall to wait for the surface of Hudson Bay to freeze.

3. What change, if any, should be made in sentence 5?
   A. Change piece to peice
   B. Change offers to offer
   C. Change excess to access
   D. Make no change

4. What change should be made in sentence 8?
   A. Change melts to melt
   B. Change the second comma to a semicolon
   C. Change spent to spend
   D. Change months to month’s

5. What revision, if any, should be made in sentence 9?
   A. During this time many of the bears stay near Churchill. Waiting for the ice to freeze again.
   B. During this time many of the bears stay near Churchill, waiting for the ice to freeze again.
   C. During this time many of the bears stay near Churchill and wait. For the ice to freeze again.
   D. No revision is needed.

6. What change should be made in sentence 10?
   A. Change capable to capable
   B. Change Churchill’s to Churchills’
   C. Delete the comma after tourists
   D. Change attentive to attentively
7 What change, if any, should be made in sentence 12?
   A Change try to trying
   B Delete the semicolon
   C Change how to How
   D Make no change

8 Which of these ideas could add support to sentence 15?
   A Bears that are trapped or tranquilized are put in a holding pen and then flown north, where they are released.
   B Some of the bears are caught in the trap, but other bears are tranquilized with a dart gun.
   C I would like to do additional research to learn about how the tranquilizer darts work.
   D Polar bears have a thick layer of fat that allows them to survive without food during the summer months.

9 What revision, if any, is needed in sentence 18?
   A Although it has come as a surprise to some people. Churchill has proved that it is possible for humans and polar bears to live near one another peacefully.
   B Although it has come as a surprise to some people, Churchill has proved something, it is possible for humans and polar bears to live near one another peacefully.
   C Although it has come as a surprise to some people, Churchill has proved that it is possible. For humans and polar bears to live near one another peacefully.
   D No revision is needed.
After reading about a new invention, Tyler wrote this report. Read his report and look for ways he can correct and improve it. When you finish reading, answer the questions that follow.

Gemini

(1) A submarine is a fascinating form of transportation. (2) It travels underwater. (3) A massive piece of metal, it moves quietly and stealthily through the water. (4) Most submarines in the water today are commanded by the armed forces of one nation or another. (5) There is one small submarine that is owned by an individual, an English inventor named Robert Leeds. (6) His submarine is considered the world's first recreational submarine.

(7) Leeds's submarine can carry two people and is able to descend to depths of 150 feet for up to four days at a time. (8) This unique vehicle can remain still in the water and can rise and fall like a helicopter, which is named Gemini.

(9) Because of its size, Leeds refers to his invention as an underwater sports car.
(10) The oceans are the last place on Earth where there are no personal vehicles,” says Leeds. (11) “Ever since I was 14, I have wanted to build one.”

(12) Leeds unveiled his invention in the fall of 2003 at London’s Science Museum. (13) The submarine was displayed in the museum’s Antenna Gallery, a location frequently used for scientific announcements and futuristic displays.

(14) It cost $845,000 to build, so it is unlikely to ever be produced in mass numbers. (15) But some people believe that it could be used for more than just underwater entertainment. (16) A small personal submarine may be helpful in filming science documentaries, patrolling underwater areas, or people will inspect shallow pipelines. (17) Leeds’s company, Subeo, are offering to build submarines to suit the needs of individual buyers.

(18) Regardless of how the submarines are used, Leeds may be on the brink of something historic. (19) “The oceans are still the great unknown on our doorstep,” insists the inventor. (20) “Twelve men have walked on the moon, but only two have been to the bottom of the sea!”
1 What is the most effective way to combine sentences 1 and 2?

A A submarine, a fascinating form of underwater transportation.
B A submarine is a fascinating form of transportation, it travels underwater.
C A submarine is a fascinating form of underwater transportation.
D A submarine is fascinating and a form of transportation traveling underwater.

2 What transition could be added to the beginning of sentence 5?

A For example
B However
C Furthermore
D Similarly

3 What change, if any, should be made in sentence 6?

A Change considered to considering
B Change worlds’ to world’s
C Insert a comma after first
D Make no change

4 What is the most effective way to rewrite sentence 8?

A This unique vehicle can remain still in the water and can rise and fall like a helicopter. Which is named Gemini.
B Remaining still in the water and rising and falling like a helicopter in the water, this unique vehicle is named Gemini.
C This unique vehicle can remain still in the water and can rise and fall like a helicopter, it is named Gemini.
D Named Gemini, this unique vehicle can remain still in the water and can rise and fall like a helicopter.

5 What change, if any, should be made in sentence 10?

A Insert quotation marks at the beginning of the sentence
B Delete the comma
C Change says to say
D Make no change

6 The meaning of sentence 14 can be clarified by changing It to —

A The gallery
B Technology
C Gemini
D Leeds
7 What is the most effective way to rewrite sentence 16?

A A small personal submarine may be helpful in filming science documentaries, it may also be used for patrolling underwater areas or inspecting shallow pipelines.

B A small personal submarine may be helpful in filming science documentaries that patrol underwater areas for people who will inspect shallow pipelines.

C A small personal submarine may be helpful in filming science documentaries, patrolling underwater areas, or inspecting shallow pipelines.

D A small personal submarine, it may be helpful in filming science documentaries, or for patrolling underwater areas, or people will inspect shallow pipelines.

8 What change, if any, should be made in sentence 17?

A Change company to Company

B Change are offering to is offering

C Change needs to need's

D Make no change

9 Tyler wants to add this sentence to the last paragraph (sentences 18–20).

*Perhaps the invention of Gemini will change this statistic.*

Where should this sentence be inserted?

A At the beginning of the paragraph

B Before sentence 19

C After sentence 19

D At the end of the paragraph
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### REVISING AND EDITING PASSAGE 1

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