

# COMPONENT B

The University of the State of New York

## COMPONENT RETEST

IN

ENGLISH

## COMPONENT B MODULE 2

Thursday, April 25, 2002 — 9:00 to 9:50 a.m., only

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**The last page of this booklet is the answer sheet for the multiple-choice questions. Fold the last page along the perforations and, slowly and carefully, tear off the answer sheet. Then fill in the heading of your answer sheet. For this section of the examination, you are to answer all five multiple-choice questions and write two responses, as directed.**

**When you have completed the examination, you must sign the statement printed on your answer sheet, indicating that you had no unlawful knowledge of the questions or answers prior to the examination and that you have neither given nor received assistance in answering any of the questions during the examination. Your answer sheet cannot be accepted if you fail to sign this declaration.**

**DO NOT OPEN THIS TEST BOOKLET UNTIL THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN.**

**Directions:** Read the passages on the following pages (a memoir and a poem). Write the number of the answer to each multiple-choice question on your answer sheet. Then write your responses to questions 6 and 7 in the space provided on your answer sheet. You may use the margins to take notes as you read.

### Passage I

#### Impressions of an Indian Childhood

5 Soon after breakfast, mother sometimes began her beadwork. On a bright clear day, she pulled out the wooden pegs that pinned the skirt of our wigwam to the ground, and rolled the canvas part way up on its frame of slender poles. Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie.

10 Untying the long tasseled strings that bound a small brown buckskin bag, my mother spread upon a mat beside her bunches of colored beads, just as an artist arranges the paints upon his palette. On a lapboard she smoothed out a double sheet of soft white buckskin; and drawing from a beaded case that hung on the left of her wide belt a long, narrow blade, she trimmed the buckskin into shape. Often she worked upon small moccasins for her small daughter. Then I became intensely interested in her designing. With a proud, beaming face, I watched her work. In imagination, I saw myself walking in a new pair of snugly fitting moccasins. I felt the envious eyes of my playmates upon the pretty red beads decorating my feet.

15 Close beside my mother I sat on a rug, with a scrap of buckskin in one hand and an awl in the other. This was the beginning of my practical observation lessons in the art of beadwork. From a skein of finely twisted threads of silvery sinews my mother pulled out a single one. With an awl she pierced the buckskin, and skillfully threaded it with the white sinew. Picking up the tiny beads one by one, she strung them with the point of her thread, always twisting it carefully after every stitch.

20 It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger as I saw her do. Then the next difficulty was in keeping my thread stiffly twisted, so that I could easily string my beads upon it. My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading. At first I frequently ensnared many a sunny hour into working a long design. Soon I learned from self-inflicted punishment to refrain from drawing complex patterns, for I had to finish whatever I began.

25 After some experience I usually drew easy and simple crosses and squares. These were some of the set forms. My original designs were not always symmetrical nor sufficiently characteristic, two faults with which my mother had little patience. The quietness of her oversight made me feel strongly responsible and dependent upon my own judgment. She treated me as a dignified little individual as long as I was on my good behavior; and how humiliated I was when some boldness of mine drew forth a rebuke from her!

30 In the choice of colors she left me to my own taste. I was pleased with an outline of yellow upon a background of dark blue, or a combination of red and myrtle-green. There was another of red with a bluish gray that was more conventionally used. When I became a little familiar with designing and the various pleasing combinations of color, a harder

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lesson was given me. It was the sewing on, instead of beads, some tinted porcupine quills, moistened and flattened between the nails of the thumb and forefinger. My mother cut off the prickly ends and burned them at once in the centre fire. These sharp points were poisonous, and worked into the flesh wherever they lodged. For this reason, my mother said, I should not do much alone in quills until I was as tall as my cousin Warca-Ziwin.

– Gertrude Simmons Bonnin

© 1900 Gertrude Simmons Bonnin, as first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

## Passage II

### Looking for Indians

My head filled with tv images  
of cowboys, warbonnets and renegades,  
I ask my father  
what kind of Indian are we, anyway.

5 I want to hear Cheyenne, Apache, Sioux  
words I know from television  
but he says instead  
Abenaki. I think he says Abernathy  
10 like the man in the comic strip  
and I know that's not Indian.

I follow behind him  
in the garden  
trying to step in his exact footprints,  
stretching my stride to his.

15 His back is brown in the sun  
and sweaty. My skin is brown  
too, today, deep in midsummer,  
but never as brown as his.

I follow behind him like this  
20 from May to September  
dropping seeds in the ground,  
watering the tender shoots  
tasting the first tomatoes,  
plunging my arm, as he does,  
25 deep into the mounded earth  
beneath the purple-flowered plants  
to feel for potatoes  
big enough to eat.

I sit inside the bean teepee  
30 and pick the smallest ones  
to munch on. He tests  
the corn for ripeness  
with a fingernail, its dried silk  
the color of my mother's hair.  
35 We watch the winter squash grow hips.  
This is what we do together  
in summer, besides the fishing  
that fills our plates unfailingly  
when money is short.

40 One night  
my father brings in a book.  
See, he says, Abenaki,  
and shows me the map  
here and here and here  
45 he says, all this  
is Abenaki country.  
I remember asking him  
what did they do  
these grandparents  
50 and my disappointment  
when he said no buffalo  
roamed the thick new england forest  
they hunted deer in winter  
sometimes moose, but mostly  
55 they were farmers  
and fishermen.

I didn't want to talk about it.  
Each night my father  
came home from the factory  
60 to plant and gather,  
to cast the line out  
over the dark evening pond,  
with me, walking behind him,  
looking for Indians.

– Cheryl Savageau

“Looking for Indians” by Cheryl Savageau, from  
Dirt Road Home (Curbstone Press, 1995).  
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## Multiple-Choice Questions

**Directions (1–5):** Select the best suggested answer to each question and write its number in the space provided on the answer sheet. The questions may help you think about ideas and information you might want to use in your written responses. You may return to these questions any time you wish.

**Passage I (memoir):** Questions 1–3 refer to Passage I.

- 1 The author makes her memories believable through the use of
  - 1 historical authenticity
  - 2 detailed physical descriptions
  - 3 an appeal to the reader’s own memories
  - 4 Native American vernacular and slang
- 2 Based on the context of paragraph 3, the word “skein” (line 17) most likely means
  - 1 coil
  - 2 box
  - 3 necklace
  - 4 hammock
- 3 Which of the following sentences from the text is an example of *imagery*?
  - 1 “My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading.” (lines 23–24)
  - 2 “It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger as I saw her do.” (lines 21–22)
  - 3 “For this reason, my mother said, I should not do much alone in quills until I was as tall as my cousin Warca-Ziwin.” (lines 41–43)
  - 4 “Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie.” (lines 3–5)

**Passage II (poem):** Questions 4–5 refer to Passage II.

- 4 When she was a child, the narrator of the poem was disappointed because
  - 1 she was not allowed to watch television
  - 2 her ancestors were not like the Indians in movies
  - 3 her father made her work in the vegetable garden
  - 4 she had to read a book on American Indian history
- 5 The title of the poem is ironic because the narrator
  - 1 is too young to understand the book on Indian history
  - 2 will never be able to find what she is looking for
  - 3 is constantly surrounded by Indians
  - 4 hates her Indian father

## Short-Response Questions

**Directions (6–7):** Write your responses to questions 6 and 7 in the space provided on the answer sheet.

6. Write a well-developed paragraph in which you use ideas from both passages to establish a controlling idea about childhood memories. Develop your controlling idea using specific examples and details from each passage.

7. Choose a specific literary element (e.g., theme, characterization, structure, point of view, etc.) or literary technique (e.g., symbolism, irony, figurative language, etc.) used by **one** of the authors and, using specific details from that passage, show how the author uses that element or technique to develop the passage.



