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CROSSROADS

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*Lines
for a
Bookmark*

by Gael Turnbull

You who read...
May you seek
As you look;
May you keep
What you need;
May you care
What you choose;
And know here
In this book
Something strange,
Something sure,
That will change
You and be yours.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PERSONAL FOCUS: FIND THE COURAGE

◆ Cooks Brook by Al Pittman (<i>poem</i>)	10
◆ An Olympic Moment by Bud Greenspan (<i>profile</i>)	12
As Soon As I Find Out Who I Am You'll Be the First to Know by Angela Shelf Medearis (<i>poem</i>)	17
◆ Some Days You're the Puppy by Trudy Morgan-Cole (<i>short story</i>)	19
Where I'm Coming From by Barbara Brandon (<i>comic strip</i>)	31
South African Adventure by students with paintings by Robert Bateman (<i>reflections</i>)	35
◆ A Mountain Legend by Jordan Wheeler (<i>short story</i>)	41
▶ How to Write a Personal Narrative (<i>focus on process</i>)	54
◆ Courage in Orbit by Barbara Bondar (<i>personal essay</i>)	56

INNOVATIONS: THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

To You by Langston Hughes (<i>poem</i>)	64
◆ A Spider for the Bones by Sheree Haughian (<i>article</i>)	65
Photographer at Play by John Cech (<i>profile</i>)	70
◆ Eureka! We've Done It by Winston Collins (<i>article</i>)	78
▶ How to Conduct Research (<i>focus on process</i>)	86
◆ A Different Drummer (<i>profile</i>) by Christine McClymont	88
Hanging Upside Down by Donna Wasiczko and Malick Fall (<i>poems</i>)	90
◆ Cyberspace Sam by W.D. Valgardson (<i>short story</i>)	92
◆ Inventively Female from <i>Newscience</i> (<i>essay and Web page</i>)	100
A Collaboration with Nature by Agnieszka Biskup and Andy Goldsworthy (<i>book review/art</i>)	105
Daedalus and Icarus retold by James Reeves (<i>myth</i>)	109

SHORT STORIES: A FICTION MIX

◆ The Hockey Sweater by Roch Carrier (<i>humorous story</i>)	118
Geraldine Moore the Poet by Toni Cade Bambara (<i>realistic story</i>)	124
Zoo by Edward D. Hoch (<i>science fiction story</i>)	131
For Pete's Snake by Ellen Conford (<i>suspense story</i>)	135
▶ How to Write a Short Story (<i>focus on process</i>)	150
◆ All Is Calm by Ann Walsh (<i>realistic story</i>)	152
◆ The Hope Bakery by Tim Wynne-Jones (<i>coming-of-age story</i>)	162

MEDIA MIX: DISASTERS!

♦ Avalanche! by Bill Corbett, Wayne Grams, and Sandy Wishart (<i>magazine article</i>)	176
♦ Earthquakes Rock the World! by Barbara Saffer (<i>magazine article</i>)	184
♦ Measuring Earthquakes and How Canucks Feel Quakes by Kathiann M. Kowalski (<i>sidebar information</i>)	
Canned Catastrophes by Jake Hamilton (<i>non-fiction article</i>)	191
♦ The Forest Fire by Charles G.D. Roberts (<i>ballad</i>)	200
♦ Ballad of Springhill by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger (<i>song</i>)	204
♦ Springhill Miner by Patrick Watson (<i>Heritage Minute transcript</i>)	206
♦ Tuning in to the News from CTV News (<i>TV newscast</i>)	209
Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster by Keith Greenberg (<i>profile</i>)	212
▶ How to Write a Newspaper Article (<i>focus on process</i>)	218
♦ Gwaii Haanas by Jenny Nelson (<i>poem</i>)	220
Every Day Is Earth Day by Steven Pricone (<i>play</i>)	222

HUMOUR: ON THE FUNNY SIDE

Just for a Laugh by Jane Wagner and Denny Dillon (<i>comedy sketches</i>)	238
Frog by Vivian VandeVelde (<i>fairy-tale parody</i>)	242
Quips and Quotes by Ogden Nash and others (<i>verses and jokes</i>)	248
♦ For Better or For Worse by Lynn Johnston (<i>comic strips</i>)	252
Writing on the Funny Side by Christopher Hart (<i>how-to article</i>)	255
♦ The Friends of Kwan Ming by Paul Yee (<i>folk tale</i>)	263
♦ Red's Mail Call from <i>The Red Green Show</i> (<i>TV comedy sketch</i>)	268
▶ How to Improvise and Role-Play (<i>focus on process</i>)	270
♦ Great Cows of History by Marc Gallant (<i>art concept</i>)	272
♦ Thank You, Uncle Ben by Maggie Grant (<i>short story</i>)	275
♦ Introducing Norbert by Richard Scrimger (<i>short story</i>)	279

ISSUES: A BETTER WORLD

♦ Plenty by Jean Little (<i>poem</i>)	294
Reaching Out to a Stranger by Barbara Lewis (<i>article</i>)	297
The Winner by Peg Kehret (<i>monologue</i>)	302
Calvin and Hobbes by Bill Watterson (<i>comic strip</i>)	307
♦ Free the Children by Craig Kielburger with Kevin Major (<i>memoir</i>)	309
▶ How to Deliver a Speech (<i>focus on process</i>)	320
♦ Laughter and Tears by students (<i>reflections</i>)	322
♦ Remember, Chrysanthemum by Kathryn Hatashita-Lee (<i>short story</i>)	329
♦ Grandmother by Douglas Nepinak (<i>poem</i>)	336
♦ Nipikti the Old Man Carver by Alootook Ipellie (<i>short story</i>)	339
Anywhere by Janet Wong (<i>poem</i>)	344

Glossary	346
Index	350
Acknowledgments	351

ALTERNATE TABLE OF CONTENTS

Aboriginal Selections

- A Mountain Legend (p. 41)
- Gwaii Haanas (p. 220)
- Grandmother (p. 336)
- Nipikti the Old Man Carver (p. 339)

Adventure

- Cooks Brook (p. 10)
- South African Adventure (p. 35)
- A Mountain Legend (p. 41)
- Cyberspace Sam (p. 92)
- For Pete's Snake (p. 135)
- The Hope Bakery (p. 162)
- Avalanche! (p. 176)
- Canned Catastrophes (p. 191)
- Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster (p. 212)

Argument and Persuasion

- Courage in Orbit (p. 56)
- To You (p. 64)
- Eureka! We've Done It (p. 78)
- Inventively Female (p. 100)
- Gwaii Haanas (p. 220)
- Every Day Is Earth Day (p. 222)
- Free the Children (p. 309)
- How to Deliver a Speech (p. 320)
- Anywhere (p. 344)

Art and Music

- South African Adventure (p. 35)
- Photographer at Play (p. 70)
- A Different Drummer (p. 88)
- A Collaboration with Nature (p. 105)
- Ballad of Springhill (p. 204)
- Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster (p. 212)
- Gwaii Haanas (p. 220)
- Great Cows of History (p. 272)
- Grandmother (p. 336)
- Nipikti the Old Man Carver (p. 339)

Biography and Profile

- An Olympic Moment (p. 12)
- How to Write a Personal Narrative (p. 54)
- Courage in Orbit (p. 56)
- A Spider for the Bones (p. 65)
- A Collaboration with Nature (p. 105)
- Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster (p. 212)
- Reaching Out to a Stranger (p. 297)
- Free the Children (p. 309)

Conflict

- Cooks Brook (p. 10)
- A Mountain Legend (p. 41)
- Daedalus and Icarus (p. 109)
- The Hockey Sweater (p. 118)
- Geraldine Moore the Poet (p. 124)
- For Pete's Snake (p. 135)
- All is Calm (p. 152)
- The Hope Bakery (p. 162)
- Avalanche (p. 176)
- The Forest Fire (p. 200)
- Springhill Miner (p. 206)
- Every Day Is Earth Day (p. 222)
- Frog (p. 242)
- For Better or For Worse (p. 252)
- The Friends of Kwan Ming (p. 263)
- Introducing Norbert (p. 279)
- The Winner (p. 302)
- Remember, Chrysanthemum (p. 329)
- Grandmother (p. 336)
- Nipikti the Old Man Carver (p. 339)

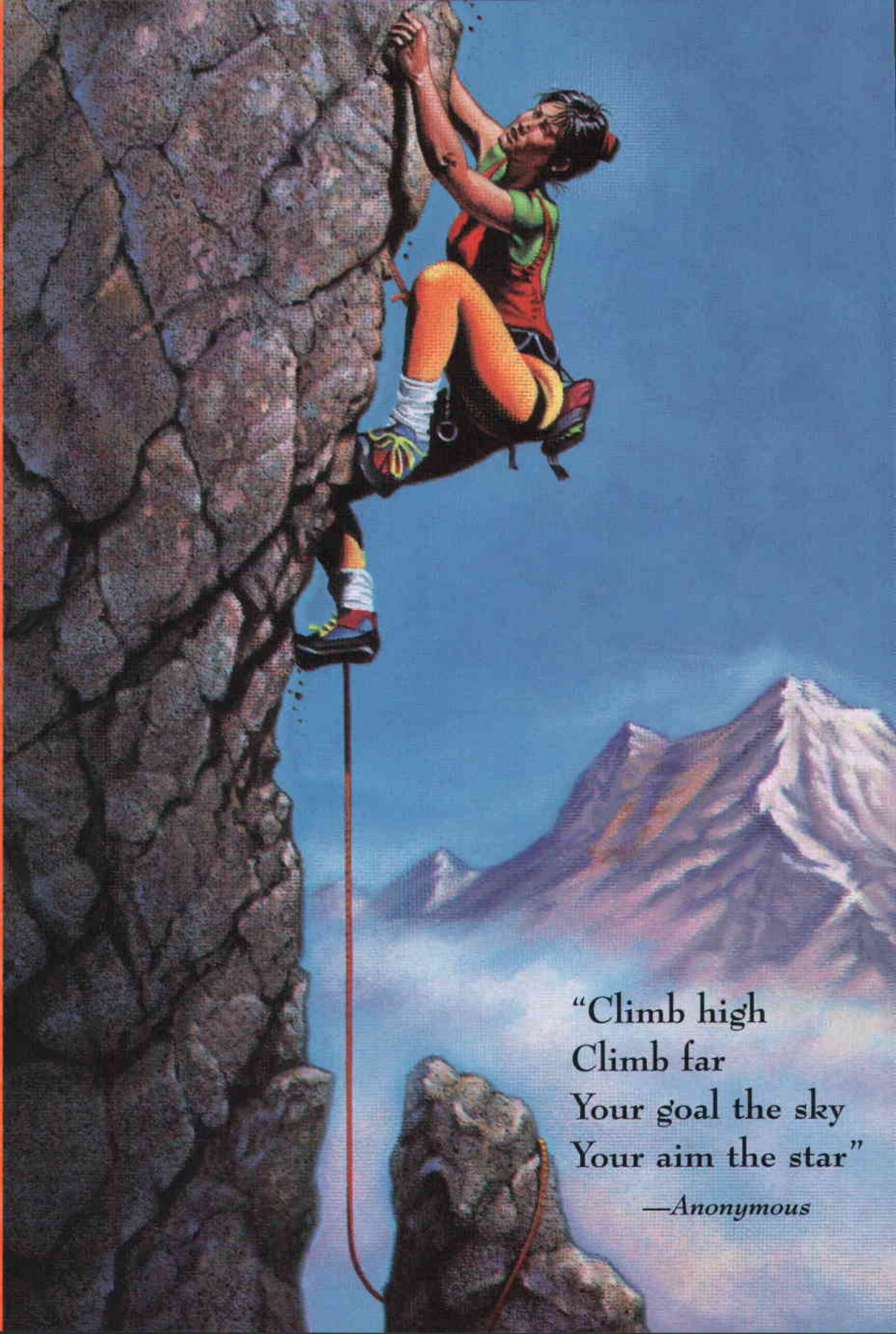
Family

- Where I'm Coming From (p. 31)
- Courage in Orbit (p. 56)
- Daedalus and Icarus (p. 109)
- Cyberspace Sam (p. 92)
- The Hockey Sweater (p. 118)
- All is Calm (p. 152)
- The Hope Bakery (p. 162)
- The Forest Fire (p. 200)
- Thank You, Uncle Ben (p. 275)
- Remember, Chrysanthemum (p. 329)
- Grandmother (p. 336)

Friendship

- As Soon As I Find Out Who I Am You'll Be the First to Know (p. 17)
- Some Days You're the Puppy (p. 19)
- A Spider for the Bones (p. 65)
- Springhill Miner (p. 206)
- For Better or For Worse (p. 252)
- The Friends of Kwan Ming (p. 263)
- Introducing Norbert (p. 279)
- Laughter and Tears (p. 322)

PERSONAL FOCUS



“Climb high
Climb far
Your goal the sky
Your aim the star”

—Anonymous

Humour

Where I'm Coming From (p. 31)
The Hockey Sweater (p. 118)
For Pete's Snake (p. 135)
Every Day Is Earth Day (p. 222)
Just for a Laugh (p. 238)
Frog (p. 242)
Quips and Quotes (p. 242)
For Better or For Worse (p. 252)
Writing on the Funny Side (p. 255)
The Friends of Kwan Ming (p. 263)
Red's Mail Call (p. 268)
Great Cows of History (p. 272)
Thank You, Uncle Ben (p. 275)
Introducing Norbert (p. 279)
Calvin and Hobbes (p. 307)

Media Selections

Where I'm Coming From (p. 31)
Inventively Female (p. 100)
Avalanche! (p. 176)
Earthquakes Rock the World! (p. 184)
Canned Catastrophes (p. 191)
Springhill Miner (p. 204)
Tuning in to the News (p. 209)
Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster (p. 212)
How to Write a Newspaper Article (p. 218)
For Better or For Worse (p. 252)
Red's Mail Call (p. 268)
How to Improvise and Role-Play (p. 270)
Free the Children (p. 309)
Grandmother (p. 336)

Non-Fiction

An Olympic Moment (p. 12)
South African Adventure (p. 35)
How to Write a Personal Narrative (p. 54)
Courage in Orbit (p. 56)
A Spider for the Bones (p. 65)
Photographer at Play (p. 70)
Eureka! We've Done It (p. 78)
How to Conduct Research (p. 86)
A Different Drummer (p. 88)
Inventively Female (p. 100)
A Collaboration with Nature (p. 105)
How to Write a Short Story (p. 150)
Avalanche! (p. 176)
Earthquakes Rock the World! (p. 184)
Canned Catastrophes (p. 191)
Springhill Miner (p. 206)
Tuning in to the News (p. 209)
Photojournalist in the Middle of Disaster (p. 212)
How to Write a Newspaper Article (p. 218)
Just for a Laugh (p. 238)
Writing on the Funny Side (p. 255)
How to Improvise and Role-Play (p. 270)
Reaching Out to a Stranger (p. 297)

Free the Children (p. 309)
How to Deliver a Speech (p. 320)
Laughter and Tears (p. 322)

Poetry

Cooks Brook (p. 10)
As Soon As I Find Out Who I Am You'll Be the
First to Know (p. 17)
To You (p. 64)
Hanging Upside Down (p. 90)
The Forest Fire (p. 200)
Ballad of Springhill (p. 204)
Quips and Quotes (p. 248)
Plenty (p. 294)
Grandmother (p. 336)
Anywhere (p. 344)

Rites of Passage

Where I'm Coming From (p. 31)
The Hockey Sweater (p. 118)
All Is Calm (p. 152)
The Hope Bakery (p. 162)
For Better or For Worse (p. 252)
The Winner (p. 302)
Free the Children (p. 309)
Remember, Chrysanthemum (p. 329)

Short Stories

Some Days You're the Puppy (p. 19)
A Mountain Legend (p. 41)
Cyberspace Sam (p. 92)
The Hockey Sweater (p. 118)
Geraldine Moore the Poet (p. 124)
Zoo (p. 131)
For Pete's Snake (p. 135)
All is Calm (p. 152)
The Hope Bakery (p. 162)
Thank You, Uncle Ben (p. 275)
Introducing Norbert (p. 279)
Remember, Chrysanthemum (p. 329)
Nipikti the Old Man Carver (p. 339)

Tales

Daedalus and Icarus (p. 109)
Frog (p. 242)
The Friends of Kwan Ming (p. 263)

World Literature

South African Adventure (p. 35)
Daedalus and Icarus (p. 109)
Great Cows of History (p. 272)

PERSONAL FOCUS

FIND THE COURAGE

UNIT AT A GLANCE

COOKS BROOK (poem) ● respond critically ● describe an experience	10
AN OLYMPIC MOMENT (profile) ● write a profile ● punctuate dialogue correctly	12
AS SOON AS I FIND OUT WHO I AM YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW (poem) ● convey emotion through a visual ● craft a poem	17
SOME DAYS YOU'RE THE PUPPY (short story) ● increase understanding of character ● write a sequel	19
WHERE I'M COMING FROM (comic strip) ● express understandings ● use non-verbal communication	31
SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE (reflections) ● create a recording ● respond to a painting	35
A MOUNTAIN LEGEND (short story) ● present an oral retelling ● use strong verbs	41
HOW TO WRITE A PERSONAL NARRATIVE (focus on process) ● relate personal experiences ● revise writings	54
COURAGE IN ORBIT (personal essay) ● support an interpretation ● obtain information	56

Cooks Brook

P o e m b y A l P i t t m a n

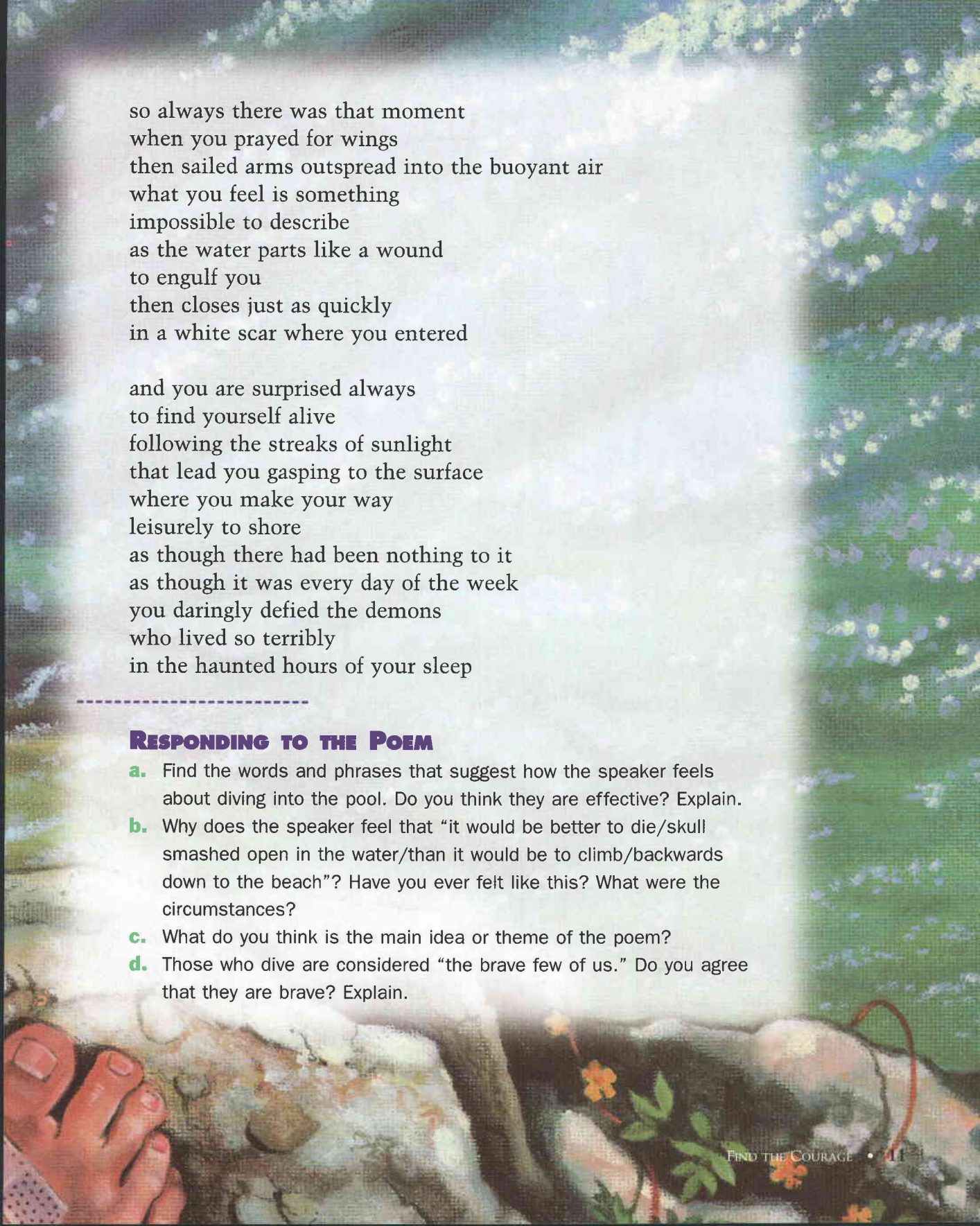
At the pool where we used to swim
in Cooks Brook
not everyone had guts enough
to dive from the top ledge

not that it would have been
a difficult dive
except for the shelf of rock
that lay two feet below the surface
and reached quarter of the way out
into the width of the pool

one by one the brave few of us
would climb the cliff to the ledge
and stand poised
ready to plunge headfirst
into the dark water below
and always there was that moment
of terror
when you'd doubt that you could
clear the shelf
knowing full well
it would be better to die
skull smashed open in the water
than it would be to climb
backwards down to the beach

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Respond critically to a poem.
- Describe an experience.



so always there was that moment
when you prayed for wings
then sailed arms outspread into the buoyant air
what you feel is something
impossible to describe
as the water parts like a wound
to engulf you
then closes just as quickly
in a white scar where you entered

and you are surprised always
to find yourself alive
following the streaks of sunlight
that lead you gasping to the surface
where you make your way
leisurely to shore
as though there had been nothing to it
as though it was every day of the week
you daringly defied the demons
who lived so terribly
in the haunted hours of your sleep

RESPONDING TO THE POEM

- a.** Find the words and phrases that suggest how the speaker feels about diving into the pool. Do you think they are effective? Explain.
- b.** Why does the speaker feel that “it would be better to die/skull smashed open in the water/than it would be to climb/backwards down to the beach”? Have you ever felt like this? What were the circumstances?
- c.** What do you think is the main idea or theme of the poem?
- d.** Those who dive are considered “the brave few of us.” Do you agree that they are brave? Explain.

Speed skater Gaetan Boucher thrilled Canada by collecting four medals in two Olympic Games. What kind of courage do you think that takes?

An Olympic Moment

Profile by Bud Greenspan

It was perhaps fitting that Canada's twenty-nine-year-old Gaetan Boucher should skate in his last Olympic race before a home crowd at the 1988 Calgary Olympic Games. He was already a Canadian national hero, the finest speed skater the country had ever produced. With his whole nation watching, he would be attempting to defend the 1500-metre championship that he'd won four years before in Sarajevo.

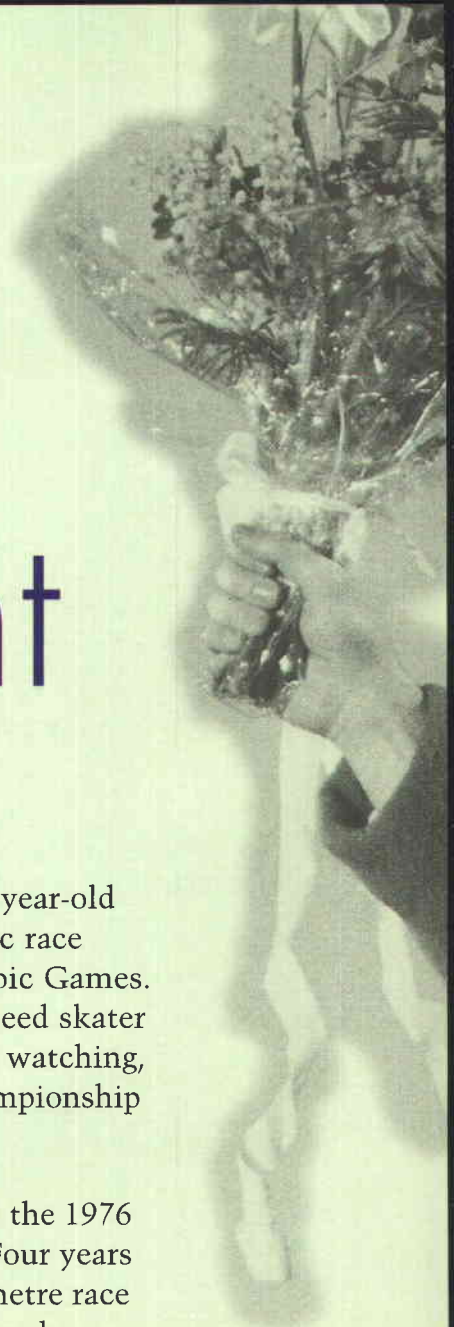


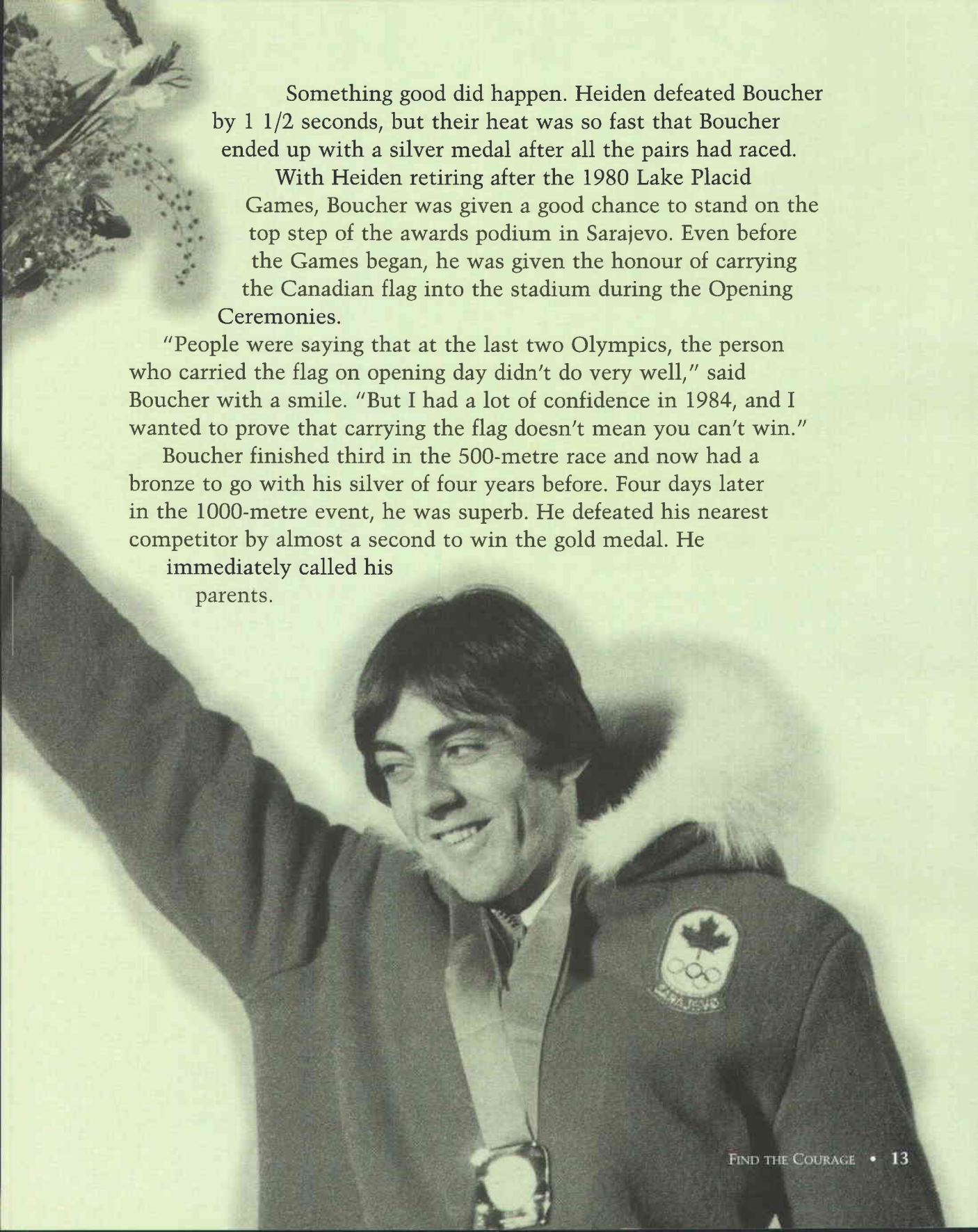
At seventeen, Boucher had begun his Olympic career at the 1976 Innsbruck Games, where he failed to win any medals. Four years later, in Lake Placid, the luck of the draw in the 1000-metre race paired him with America's Eric Heiden. Heiden would make Olympic history by winning five gold medals in five individual events.

"Heiden was the hero of the Games," said Boucher. "I had little chance to beat him. But I decided I would do my best and maybe something good would happen."

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Write a profile.
- Punctuate dialogue correctly.





Something good did happen. Heiden defeated Boucher by 1 1/2 seconds, but their heat was so fast that Boucher ended up with a silver medal after all the pairs had raced.

With Heiden retiring after the 1980 Lake Placid Games, Boucher was given a good chance to stand on the top step of the awards podium in Sarajevo. Even before the Games began, he was given the honour of carrying the Canadian flag into the stadium during the Opening Ceremonies.

"People were saying that at the last two Olympics, the person who carried the flag on opening day didn't do very well," said Boucher with a smile. "But I had a lot of confidence in 1984, and I wanted to prove that carrying the flag doesn't mean you can't win."

Boucher finished third in the 500-metre race and now had a bronze to go with his silver of four years before. Four days later in the 1000-metre event, he was superb. He defeated his nearest competitor by almost a second to win the gold medal. He immediately called his parents.

"The first words he said to me on the phone were, 'I got you your gold medal,'" Cyrenus Boucher, Gaetan's father, said with a laugh. "We had a joke within the family. I told Gaetan that the first gold medal he won would be mine. The next one would be his."

Two days later, Gaetan Boucher made Canadian Olympic history by winning the 1500-metre race. He became the first Canadian Winter Olympian to win two gold medals. His total of four medals was also the largest number ever won by a Canadian athlete.



At 6 p.m. on February 20, 1988, at the Calgary speed-skating oval, twenty-nine-year-old Boucher made final preparations for his start in the 1500-metre event, his last race in a career that spanned four Olympic Games.

Forty of the fastest skaters in the world would compete in pairs—two men against each other and against the clock. For the first time in Olympic history, the speed-skating championships would be held indoors. The new 400-metre Calgary oval was the fastest in the world, and records were expected to fall in nearly every event.

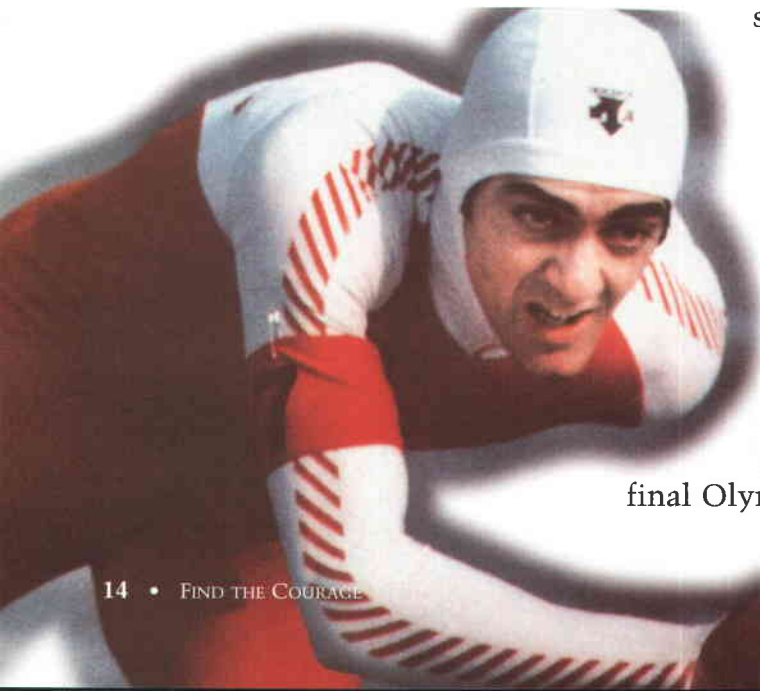
Boucher drew the fifteenth of twenty pairs. This fact had particular significance—all of the other favourites in the race drew earlier pairs. Boucher would know in advance how fast a time he would have to skate to win.

The strength of the opposition became clear when the very first pair skated, for Eric Flaim of the United States shattered the world record.

This new record lasted less than eight minutes.

In the third pair, Andre Hoffmann of East Germany broke Flaim's record by 6/100 of a second.

Hoffmann's world record time held up as pair after pair competed. Finally, it was time for the fifteenth pair—and for Gaetan Boucher's final Olympic appearance.



Boucher went after the world record from the start. After 300 metres, his time was fastest of all. Nearing the halfway mark, he was still in the lead, but he was struggling. The home crowd urged him on, but Boucher could not respond. He was slowing down considerably. As Boucher struggled valiantly in the last lap before the finish, his father shouted from the stands, "Go Gaetan!" As Gaetan moved toward the finish line. Cyrenus Boucher looked at the clock. He stopped cheering and slowly sat down, tears streaming down his face.

After he crossed the finish line, Gaetan Boucher slowly circled the track. His time placed him ninth, but the thousands of fans stood to give him an ovation usually reserved for the winner. They knew that Gaetan Boucher had done his best, honouring the age-old philosophy that has sent Olympians into the arena for centuries: "Ask not alone for victory. Ask for courage. For if you can endure, you bring honour to yourself. Even more, you bring honour to us all."

1. RESPONDING TO THE PROFILE

- a. Gaetan Boucher is portrayed as an optimistic person who believes in himself. Reread the profile, identifying examples of his positive thinking.
- b. Reread the last paragraph. In your own words, explain how the quote at the end of that paragraph applies to Gaetan: "Ask not alone for victory. Ask for courage. For if you can endure, you bring honour to yourself. Even more, you bring honour to us all."
- c. In a small group, discuss what courage means to you. Give an example of something you or someone else has done that you feel was courageous.

2. ORAL COMMUNICATION PERFORM A SKIT

All of us at some time have dealt with the negative thoughts of others. In groups of three or four, prepare a skit that shows how someone might respond to negative thinking. For example, you could create a scene in which one of the characters is being discouraged from trying something new or difficult. Remember, your skit can show good or bad ways of handling negativity.

3. WRITING CREATE A PROFILE

Choose a person who interests you. It could be a famous person or simply someone in your life whom you admire. Make a list of questions you would like to ask that person, and then do some research to find the answers to your questions. If possible, interview the person. Next, write a biographical profile about the person, using “An Olympic Moment” or “Courage in Orbit” as a model. Include

- an introduction to the person (name, age, other background information)
- the reasons why you were interested in the person
- a story that reveals the person’s admirable qualities
- the answers to the questions you researched

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Reread your profile. Have you presented the information in a logical order? Does your writing make your subject seem like an interesting or remarkable person? Will your reader be able to tell how you feel about your subject?

4. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS PUNCTUATE DIALOGUE

Find examples of dialogue in the profile and copy them in your notebook exactly. What do you notice about the punctuation marks and where they are placed? Discuss them with a partner and then as a class. With your partner, create a brief dialogue between two people. Your dialogue should include the following punctuation, placed correctly: commas, periods, question marks, exclamation marks, quotation marks, and quotation marks within quotation marks. Remember to begin a new paragraph each time the speaker changes.



As Soon As I Find Out Who I Am You'll Be the First to Know

Poem by Angela Shelf Medearis

I promise to send you a letter
or call you on the phone
as soon as I find
myself.
I promise you'll be the first to know.
But right now,
I'm having a hard time
even communicating with me.
I just can't seem to find
a language
or the right words to say,
to talk about my feelings
with you.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Convey emotion through a visual.
- Craft a poem using writing strategies.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- The poem says, “I just can’t seem to find/a language/or the right words to say,/to talk about my feelings/with you.” Have you ever felt this way? In your journal, describe what that was like.
- What do you think the speaker means by “as soon as I find/myself”?
- Who might be the “you” the speaker is addressing in the poem?
- What do you think has prompted the speaker to say these words?
- What kind of courage does it take to talk about your real feelings with someone else?

2. VISUAL COMMUNICATION

COMMUNICATE THROUGH COLOUR

Reread the poem. What do you think is the overall emotion the speaker is feeling? What colours would you choose to represent that emotion? Now think about a time when you have felt a strong emotion. What colour would you use to represent it? Explain your ideas to a partner. Create an illustration, collage, or other piece of visual art that captures the emotion you felt. Your visual does not have to show an event. Instead, concentrate on using colour to suggest how you felt.

3. WRITING POETRY

If you read the poem aloud, you’ll hear that it sounds very much like the way real people talk. What makes it a poem is its rhythm and the way the poet has broken up the sentences into lines—and the fact that every word counts.

You can turn your own words into poems. Begin by writing a few sentences that express thoughts or feelings that are important to you. Shape your sentences into a poem by breaking them into lines.

Here are some pointers:

- If you want to emphasize a word, place it at the end of a line or give it a line of its own.
- Break a line where you want the reader to pause.
- Place the most important idea at the end of your poem.
- Write your completed poem on a clean sheet of paper.



SELF-ASSESSMENT: Read your poem aloud. Do you like the way it sounds? You might want to replace the words that seem dull with words that vividly express your intended meaning.

Andrea feels shy and awkward about almost everything—except logging on to her favourite Internet chat site.

Some Days You're the Puppy

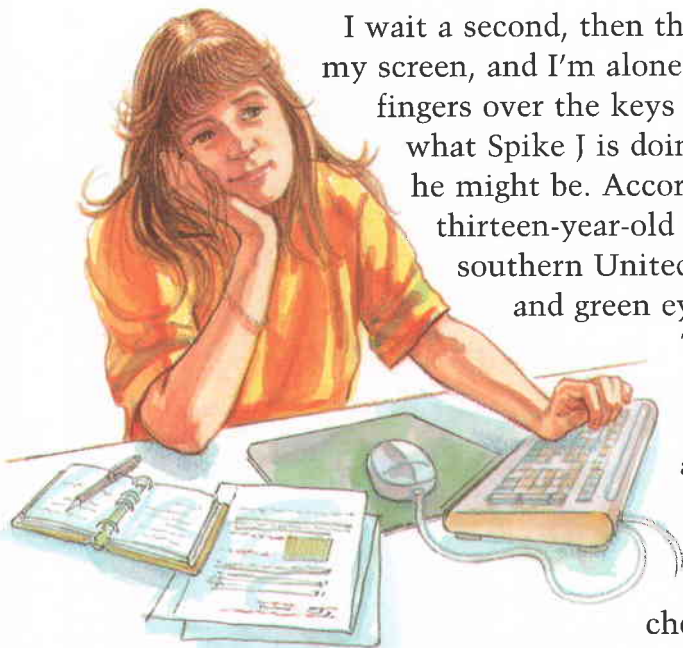
Short Story by Trudy Morgan-Cole

Spike J: Well gotta go get back to Real Life.

Mariana: What's so great about Real Life anyway?

I wait a second, then the message Spike J exits flashes on my screen, and I'm alone in the chat room. I flex my fingers over the keys for a second and try to imagine what Spike J is doing now, whoever and wherever he might be. According to him, he's 13/m—that's a thirteen-year-old male—he lives somewhere in the southern United States, he's tall with red hair and green eyes, and he plays basketball.

The only thing is that with people you meet online, you've got to remember that some or none or all of that might be true. After all, as far as Spike knows, I'm 13/f, short, with blond hair and blue eyes, I sing soprano in my school choir, and I live on the fourteenth floor of an apartment building in Toronto.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Use a time line to increase understanding of character.
- Write a sequel to express predictions.

I log off, roll away from the computer, and hear my mom calling from the kitchen. "Andrea! Are you still online?"

"Just got off, Mom," I shout, running downstairs. She's always bugging me if I spend too much time online, complaining that I'm not living in the real world. She says I should get more involved in school activities. What this usually means is that she wants to get at the computer herself. Mom works at home designing Web pages, and Dad is network administrator for the company he works at, so we're a pretty high-tech bunch. We're usually fighting over who gets to use the good computer.

Right now Mom is down in the kitchen, looking pretty low-tech as she peels potatoes for dinner—a job that will quickly be mine if I'm not careful. I breeze past her out onto the back porch. Our house is about as different from a fourteenth-floor Toronto apartment as you can imagine. It's a two-storey house covered in green clapboard on a steep downtown street in St. John's. From the upstairs windows you can see the harbour. Our house is over a hundred years old, and Mom and Dad have been restoring it since they moved in, the year my sister Sheri was born. Sheri's now married with a baby of her own, and our house still isn't finished, but it's comfortable. And I love our backyard. Even now, in November, when the big maple trees are bare and the garden is all dead brown stalks, it's one of my favourite places.

At the other end of the scale, my least favourite place on earth has to be our school cafeteria, where I'm stranded the next day at lunch. I went to a small elementary school, and when I hit junior high this fall I was kind of overwhelmed by the crowds and the noise—in homeroom, in the halls, but worst of all in the cafeteria. I stand there clutching my tray, looking at the crowded tables, and praying I'll find someone to sit with, when I see Molly waving from a table way at the back.

Weaving my way through the crowds, I wonder what I'd do without Molly. She's really my only friend. I wasn't this pathetic last year. You'd have to call me a shy person—I'm not outgoing or loud like Molly—but I had friends in my old school. Now Molly's the only one of my old friends who's in any of my classes, so I stick close to her. Unlike me, she's having a blast in Grade Seven. She makes a new friend every two minutes.



"Coming to my practice this afternoon?" she asks, biting into a granola bar.

"Yeah, I guess."

If I go straight home I can get in an hour or two online before supper, but then I think that's just so pathetic—I mean, I have a chance to do something with real people instead of hanging out in cyberspace. Besides, I like watching Molly's drama practices. If I had enough nerve, I'd be in drama myself.

"You can sit there and drool over Jared McNeill," Molly promises.

I roll my eyes, as if the thought of drooling over Jared has never occurred to me. "No thanks, I don't need Tessa clawing my eyes out."

"Oh, those two are history," says Molly. "I think he dumped her—out looking for new hearts to break."

"Well, mine won't be one of them."

Of course I'd let Jared McNeill break my heart if he wanted. But I wouldn't stand a chance. He's this totally gorgeous grade eight guy. I have to admit, as I sit and watch Molly and the others practise that afternoon, I do give him a few glances. But only a few.

What they're doing today is called "improv," which is basically acting with no script. You make everything up off the top of your head. Molly is great at it. I'd be so terrified! They're getting ready for an improv competition against all the schools in the city. I've already promised Molly I'll go to the contest and scream my lungs out.

But the only person I really know in drama is Molly. While she gabs with all her friends after the practice, I'm left on the sidelines, feeling out of place. It's kind of a relief when I finally do get home and slide in front of the computer. As I log on to my favourite chat site, I'm relaxed. My everyday self—the boring straight brown hair, the tall skinny frame and bland face, the shyness and awkwardness—just drops away and I can become whoever I want to be.

After you chat on the same site for awhile, you get to know people. The chat room is full today and I recognize most of the names, like Princess, Sweet Thang, and Jody. My nickname is Mariana. I like the sound of that.

Mariana enters.

Sweet Thang: So any guys wanna chat with me?

Princess: Hi Mariana, hows it goin'?

Jody: Hi Mariana.

Pepper: Stats Sweet Thang?

Sweet Thang: 14/f/5'2"/blond/green eyes.

Pepper: Wanna 1-2-1?

Princess: I'm in computer class. School is so boring!

Mariana: I'm home from school already and I'm glad.

If Princess is smart—which she isn't—she'll know that means I live further east than she does. I never tell people on chat where I really live, or put in my real e-mail address. That's just basic safety. People say there's a way to check to see where the person's server is and tell where they're logged on from, but I don't think most people bother to do that. Maybe Jody does though, because he asked me once where in Newfoundland I was from. I said I didn't really live in Newfoundland, that I was just here for a couple of weeks visiting my grandmother. That's when I came up with the apartment-building-in-Toronto story.

I love chatting, but you've just got to accept that almost everybody is lying about a lot of stuff. Some of it is just for protection—like not telling where you live or your real name—and some of it is to impress people, like me supposedly being blond, and blue-eyed, and singing in choir. The reason I say Princess is not too smart is that she doesn't seem to grasp this. Or she didn't. She was having this big-time online relationship with this guy Mad Dog (I think the name should tell you something), who was supposedly sixteen and gorgeous. Well, finally she agreed to meet him because he lived near her, and it turned out he was almost thirty and a real jerk. She didn't get into any serious trouble, but she could have. She had to get her phone number changed because she'd given it to him. I don't know how she could have been so dumb.

After awhile, Spike J comes online and says hi to everyone. Then he says:

Spike J: Hey Mariana want to 1-2-1?

Mariana: Sure Spike.

I click on the button to open a private chat with Spike.

Mariana: So what kind of day are you having?

Spike J: Lousy! My girlfriend broke up with me and she's telling all her friends lies about me. I feel like such an idiot.

Mariana: Sounds like she's the idiot not you.

Spike J: No, because I trusted her.

Mariana: You've got to trust somebody if you care about them.

Spike J: Yeah but what if they don't care about you?

Mariana: I guess you have to take that risk if you want a real relationship.

Spike J: Not me, not any more. I'm never trusting anyone again.

Mariana: You shouldn't say that, just because one girl hurt you. I bet you're a great guy and lots of girls like you.

Spike J: I'm not that great. I made stuff up to impress you—like I'm not really on the basketball team. I play a little but I'm not on a team. I'm really into art and drama and stuff like that.

Mariana: But that's cool.

Spike J: Yeah I know but girls seem to like jocks better.

Mariana: Depends what kind of girl.

I can't believe myself. In school I'm so nervous my tongue ties in a knot if I even try to talk to a guy, and here I am giving Spike all this wise advice about his break-up, and then practically flirting with him. The Internet is truly amazing. I feel so brave when no one can see my face.

Mariana: I'm into drama myself. In fact I'm on my school's drama team for this competition that's coming up.

Now why did I say that? Talk about making stuff up to impress people! I quickly veer the subject away from drama so I won't have to make up any more details, and we chat a little longer, mostly about his ex-girlfriend. When I have to log off I say:

Mariana: Hope you have a better day tomorrow! Keep smiling.

Spike J: Thanks. I guess some days you're the puppy and some days you're the fire hydrant.

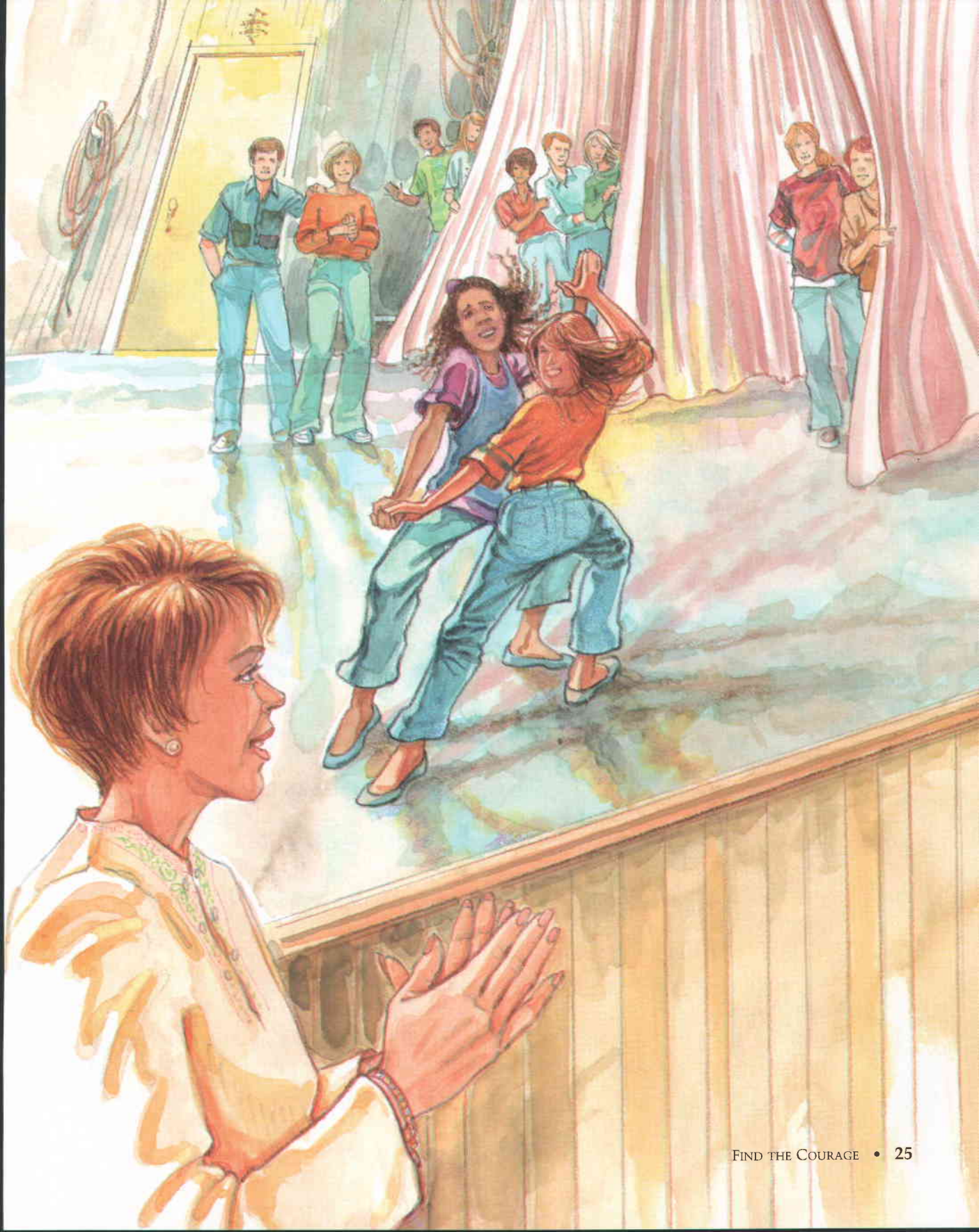
Mariana: LOL! That's so funny.

Spike J: It's something my brother always says. See ya later.

I often type LOL when I'm not really laughing out loud—it's just the usual way to tell people something's funny—but the puppy/fire hydrant saying really does make me laugh. And the whole conversation lifts my spirits. The confidence I have online spills over into real life, and all evening and the next day I'm in a good mood.

I'm in such a good mood that the next afternoon, when I'm watching Molly's practice again, I do something that surprises even me. One of the guys on the improv team is missing so the drama teacher, Ms. Penney, says, "Andrea, will you fill in? In case we need an even number for some of the games?" And before I even have time to think I answer, "OK, sure."

Already I'm nervous, but I figure I won't have to do much. They're playing a game called "Freeze!" where two people are acting out a scene, and someone in the group calls "Freeze!" The actors freeze in place while the person who yelled steps in and changes the scene. I'm watching it, thinking how cool it is, while Molly and this Grade Nine girl, Melissa, are doing a scene. Molly's there with her arms outstretched, pretending to carry a huge box when I hear my own voice yell, "Freeze!"



Molly freezes, Melissa drops out, and I run up to Molly, grab her outstretched arms, and start ballroom dancing. She catches on right away, and we pretend we're learning to tango. When someone yells "Freeze" and jumps in, I have no problem going with it. Even when the Freeze game ends I'm still really involved, playing games and doing scenes. I'm nervous, but I'm having a blast. Molly looks at me as if I've been taken over by aliens.

At the end of practice Ms. Penney calls me over and says, "Andrea, you're really good at this. Would you like to be an alternate on the team—in case someone gets sick?"

All in all it's a fantastic day. When I get online later that evening, I find Spike's been looking for me. We quickly switch to a private chat.

Mariana: So were you the puppy or the fire hydrant today?

Spike J: LOL! I was the hydrant again but not as bad as yesterday. My ex kept her mouth shut today. But I flunked a math test. What about you?

Mariana: I was the puppy today! It was so cool!

I consider telling him the whole story, about the Freeze game and everything, but it would take a long time to explain. Besides, I'd have to tell him that I lied yesterday about being on the improv team. But today it's not a lie! I end up just saying that some good stuff happened in drama and I'm proud of myself. Then we talk about other things, till Mom yells at me to get off the computer and do my homework.

After that I start going to practice every day. I know I probably won't be in the actual competition—there are two alternates, although the other one isn't into it that much and doesn't show up regularly—but I think I'd be too nervous for that anyway. It's just fun learning all the activities, practising with the others, feeling like part of a team. Ms. Penney's always saying how everyone has to pull together and trust each other, and I feel like I'm really getting to know the other players. Even Jared McNeill turns out to be a nice guy who's good for a laugh, not the god-among-men I had pictured.

With all the practices, I don't get nearly as much online time as I used to, but I do hang out in chat a few times a week. I meet Spike there about three times over the next month, and each time we have a private conversation. He's getting over the break-up and we have a lot of fun chatting. I don't understand some of my online friends who get

so excited over having a virtual boyfriend. You can't see the person or go to a movie with them. It's fun, but it's not real life.

Then, the day before the Improv Games, Melissa O'Dea is not in school. She's the best player on the improv team, and she has the flu.

"She'll be better by tomorrow, I'm sure," Molly assures us at practice.

"But if she's not, you'd better come through for us, Andrea," someone else says.

I'm terrified at the thought of replacing anyone, much less Melissa, who's such a good actor. And even though the other team members are really encouraging, I can tell they're scared to lose Melissa too. I don't know if I can take the pressure.

The next day Melissa's still not in school, but she shows up to our practice at lunchtime. She looks horrible, and her voice is almost gone. "But I'll be there tonight," she croaks. Everyone exchanges worried glances, even Ms. Penney. "You'd better come along with us after school," Ms. Penney tells me.

After school we all pile into Ms. Penney's van to head out to where the games are being held. It's a sunny day, even though it's cold, and we're all excited. We sing very loudly off-key as the van rolls out Columbus Drive, past the Avalon Mall and the Village Mall to Mount Pearl. When we get to Mount Pearl Junior High, we meet the other improv teams, go through some warm-up exercises, and eat supper. There's no sign of Melissa, and I'm torn between being thrilled and terrified. Half an hour before the games begin, Melissa walks in. We give her a round of applause, but I'm disappointed as well as relieved.

She's still sick, but she's going to go through with it. I give everyone a hug for good luck before I go to take my seat in the stands. Soon some other students and a few parents and teachers from our school show up, and we have our own little cheering section.

When our team is announced, they run out to do their opening routine, which is full of hand-stands and cartwheels. The first event is a mystery skit. The emcee asks the audience what the murder weapon should be. "A pear!" someone yells above the roar of suggestions.

As the team huddles for fifteen seconds to plan, I'm trying to figure out how they'll work a pear into the story. I wish I was up there doing it.

Even after the first event—which goes great—I wonder if I might get called in, because every time our team takes a break, Melissa rushes for the bathroom. At intermission Molly tells me that Melissa is throwing up every time she’s not acting. But when she’s out on stage you’d never guess because she’s got so much energy! Our whole team is excellent. I’m especially proud of Molly.

Our team gets lots of laughs and cheers from the audience, but when the scores are tallied up at the end of the evening, we’re in third place. Even though we knew we couldn’t beat the senior high teams, we had hoped to score best in the junior high division. But we didn’t even manage that.

I rush up to our team’s bench as the audience leaves. “You were great, guys! You should’ve got more points for that last event. Molly, you were terrific!”

“You were all terrific!” Ms. Penney says, hugging one team member after another. “I’m so proud of all of you.”

All the team members are hugging, and slapping each other on the back. “Remember,” Ms. Penney says as parents start to arrive to take people home, “the whole team’s invited to my classroom for pizza at lunchtime tomorrow. You too, Andrea,” she adds. “You’re part of the team.”

“Yeah thanks, Andrea,” says Melissa. “I nearly couldn’t do it—it’s a good thing you were here.”

“Come on, Andrea, my dad’ll give you a ride home,” Molly tells me.

Behind me, Jared McNeill is picking up his stuff and talking to his older brother, who’s driving him home. “You did great, kid,” his brother says.

“Yeah, but we never won.”

“Oh well—some days you’re the puppy, some days—”

“—you’re the fire hydrant,” Jared finishes.

When I whip around to look at him, I find him glancing at me. Both of us look as if we’re about to ask something, say something. He smiles, then I smile, and his brother says, “Come on, Jared, let’s go.”

There’ll be plenty of time to ask questions later.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. Do you think that Andrea's mom is right when she says Andrea is "not living in the real world" when she is online? Explain.
- b. How does Andrea feel about being in junior high? Can you relate to how she feels? Why or why not?
- c. How is Andrea's personality different when she's talking with someone in the chat room? Can you suggest an explanation for this difference? Find evidence from the story to support your answer.
- d. What do you think Andrea gains from her participation in the improv practices?
- e. What is the meaning of the title? Do you agree with the idea it expresses? Explain.

STRATEGIES

2. READING UNDERSTAND CHARACTER

Many stories and novels focus on how characters change as a result of their experience. With a partner, create a time line to help you understand how Andrea changes. Look through the whole story for examples of the things Andrea says or does that reveal her self-image. Your time line should present examples in chronological order. What does your completed time line tell you about Andrea?

SELF-IMAGE TIME LINE

"I wasn't this pathetic
last year."

page 20

"If I had enough nerve
I'd be in drama myself."

page 21

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION CREATE A SCENE

In groups of three or four, take turns telling about a time when you have felt like the “puppy” and then like the “fire hydrant.” Choose one of the stories and create a scene to present to the class. You might follow this process:

- Decide on the number of parts and choose roles.
- Appoint a director. The director’s role is to help the actors prepare for the scene.
- Draft a script together. The script should show all the lines the characters will speak.
- Rehearse the scene, making revisions if necessary.
- Present your scene.



4. WRITING A SEQUEL

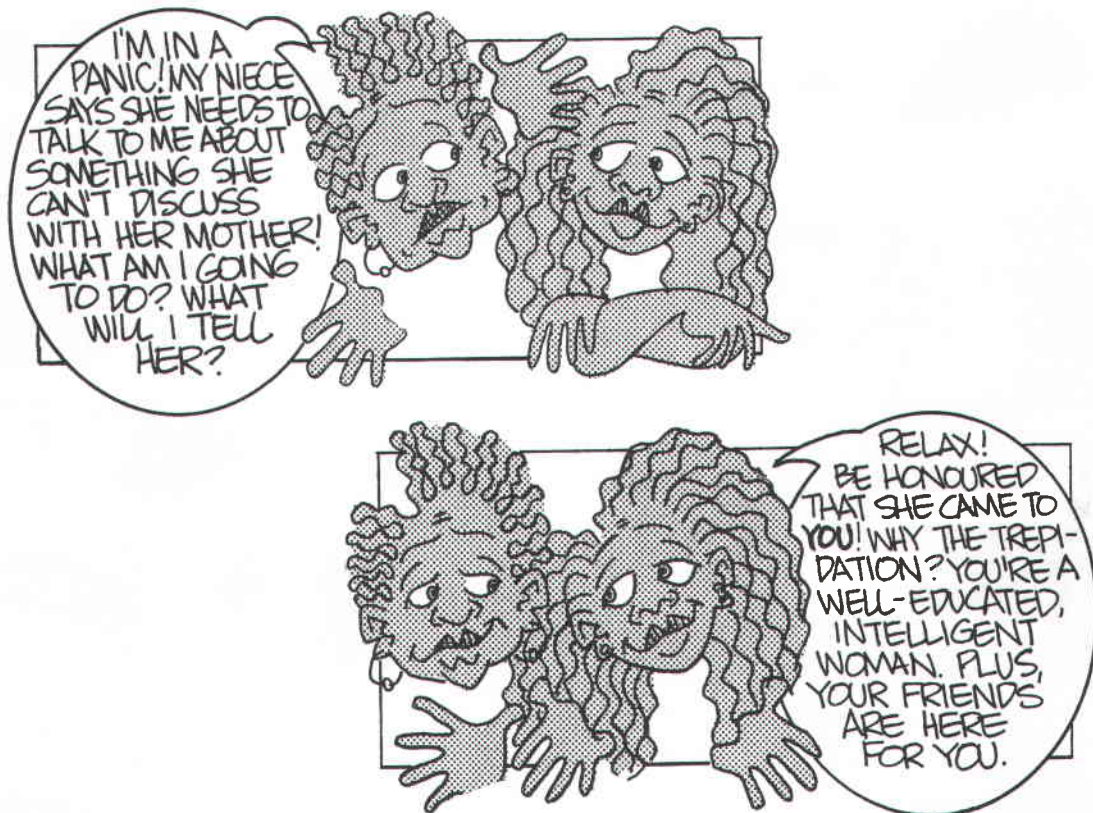
Imagine what might happen next in the story. First, in your notebook, create a brief list of questions that a sequel to the story might answer, for example: Do Andrea and Jared reveal themselves to each other? Does Andrea continue to be involved in drama? Does she spend as much time as she used to in the chat room? Write a sequel to “Some Days You’re the Puppy.” It should answer at least three of the questions from your list. Share your sequel with another classmate who has completed this activity. How does it compare?

SELF-ASSESSMENT: In your sequel, have you portrayed each character in a way that is true to the original story? If you have changed a character’s personality, did you include an event that tells the reader why the personality change occurred?

Auntie Cheryl is in a panic because her niece wants some advice.
Will Cheryl's friends be able to help?

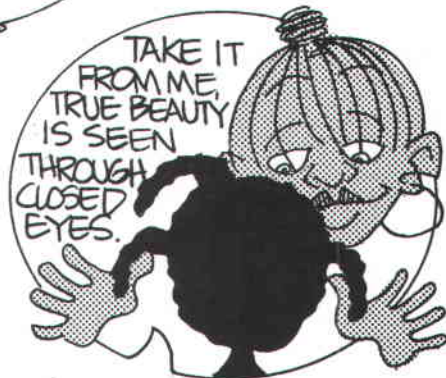
WHERE I'M COMING FROM

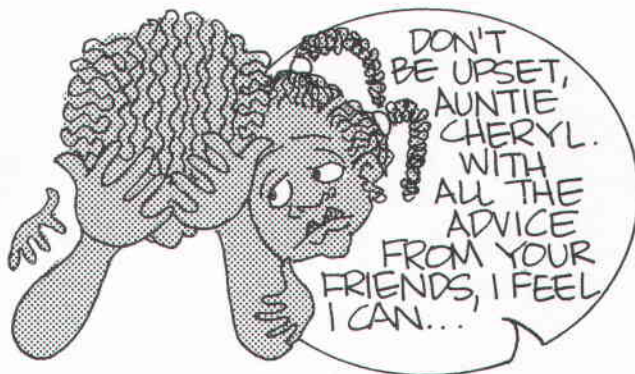
Comic Strip by Barbara Brandon



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Express personal understandings.
- Use non-verbal communication techniques.





1. RESPONDING TO THE COMIC STRIP

- a. What makes Auntie Cheryl jump to the conclusion that Brianna needs advice of a serious nature?
- b. Why do you think Auntie Cheryl is worried about giving such advice? What does she do to bolster her courage?
- c. What kind of advice does Brianna get from Auntie Cheryl's friends?
- d. How does Brianna feel about this advice, even though it is not exactly what she was looking for?
- e. Does this comic strip have only one punch line? Explain your answer.

2. WRITING IN YOUR OWN WORDS

Work with a partner, writing down each piece of advice Brianna was given and explaining what it means. Rewrite each piece of advice in your own words, using a single sentence for each one.

In your journal, tell about some uplifting advice you have received that is like the advice given in the comic strip. Who gave you the advice? How did it affect you? Would you share the same advice with someone else?

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION FACIAL EXPRESSION/GESTURE

Notice how the facial expressions and hand gestures of the characters in "Where I'm Coming From" help to communicate the comic strip's message. In oral communication, we also use facial expressions and gestures to communicate with our audience. In groups of three or four, create a script for a brief dramatization about a person who is looking for help. You may first wish to brainstorm interesting situations. In your dramatization, communicate through facial expressions and gestures as much as you communicate through words.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Ask your audience to answer these questions about your performance:

- Which facial expressions were most effective? Why?
- Which facial expressions and gestures were hard to understand?

Based on the comments you received, what would you change to improve your dramatization?

How would you feel if lions were prowling around your campsite?

SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE

REFLECTIONS BY SOUTH AFRICAN KIDS,
WITH PAINTINGS BY ROBERT BATEMAN

Since 1957, the Wilderness Leadership School has offered teens the unforgettable experience of exploring the South African bush. The kids stay in rough camps and hike the trails in the Umfolozi Game Reserve, constantly watching for the rhinoceros or lion that might be around the next corner! But it's the solo night watch that takes the most courage—an hour of standing guard over the camp, looking out for any wild animals that might wander too close.



**The Umfolozi Game Reserve—
96 000 hectares of wilderness!**

There is another special aspect to these outings. The Wilderness Leadership School intentionally brings kids of all races and backgrounds together to learn from nature and from each other. They did this even in the days of apartheid, when blacks and whites were kept apart by government regulation. In the follow-

ing reflections, written when apartheid was still in force, the kids themselves will tell you how their wilderness experience changed their lives.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Create a video or audio recording.
- Respond critically to a painting.

When we first set off into the bush, I had a “sick feeling” in the pit of my stomach—it was either fear of never having been in a game reserve, or it was the joy of my first trail in the bush. The only times I had ever seen wild animals were either in a cage at the zoo, or through the windows of a car. To be side by side with them in their territory was a completely new experience, an experience that I can never forget.

Brendan Dalzell

One of the most exciting experiences during the trail was night watch. It certainly is an eerie feeling, and sometimes also frightening, to be all alone listening to the strange noises of the bush, seeing the glowing eyes in the dark when you shine the torch [flashlight] on some buck. Groups of lions were around us every night, as close as four hundred metres from our camp.

Ingo von Sabler



Although I was afraid of being in the wilderness for a week, I must say that I really enjoyed being amongst other people from different nations, towns, and colleges. The most exciting part was that I was with whites—something I never thought would happen to me.

Millie Belot

Before coming on the wilderness trail I saw myself as something separate from nature. But being in the wilderness and taking part in the discussions helped me to see that I am just part of the ecosystem—nothing more. I have no right to regard the earth as “mine” and to use it as I like, wasting its resources. I have to respect and care for the earth, carrying out the responsibility of stewardship of the earth that God has given to us all.

Vicky Arnold



Members of the group found themselves making friends quickly. Social, cultural, and racial differences were forgotten, and we discovered a harmony unique in South Africa. This harmony, totally relaxed and natural, showed me that basically people can all relate to each other through nature, no matter what their background.

Robert Butler

For me it was a real breakthrough, a once-in-a-lifetime experience, just to be away from science, technology, commerce, and industry, which promise the magical push-a-button dream world of leisure, luxury, and licence. Here I could get back to reality, to true life.

Thabang Mumonyane

The wilderness, at times, made me feel small and insignificant. Everything in nature interacts, and we humans are just on the sidelines! Our clumsy efforts to improve things only manage to disturb the balance nature has created within itself.

Fiona J. Newman



If the days were beautiful, then the nights were doubly so. The dark velvet skies high above me were littered with thousands and millions of little diamonds. It was then, especially during my night watch, that the calm and tranquillity really began to make an impression. As you sit, feeling like an island, you can honestly and truly work out your feelings, ideas, and thoughts on everything. I think it is this that really makes you realize that every man, woman, and child needs some time in his or her life to be alone and to analyse everything that happens in this world.

Louise Lagaay

Robert Bateman is a renowned Canadian artist who has always been fascinated with nature. His lifelong love of African animals began with his first trip to Africa in the late 1950s.



He continues to visit Africa and paint its wildlife. The three paintings featured on the preceding pages are taken from the book *Safari*, published in 1999.

1. RESPONDING TO THE REFLECTIONS

- a. The introduction reads, “But it’s the solo night watch that takes the most courage...” Why do you think the night watch takes the most courage?
- b. What other kinds of courage might the participants have needed? Explain.
- c. Summarize some of the ways in which their wilderness experience changed the participants’ outlook on life.
- d. Several of the participants talk about the relationship between humans and nature. Do you agree with their ideas? Explain.

2. RESEARCHING FIND BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Provide some background to the South African context by investigating one of the following topics:

- the people of South Africa
- the geography of the Umfolozi Game Reserve
- the rise and fall of apartheid
- Nelson Mandela's life story
- the conservation of African wildlife



Using the guidelines for preparing a research report on page 86, research your topic carefully. Select an interesting way to present your findings to your classmates. For example, you could create an electronic document containing images and text downloaded from the Internet. Remember to credit your sources.

3. MEDIA CREATE A VISUAL OR AUDIO RECORD

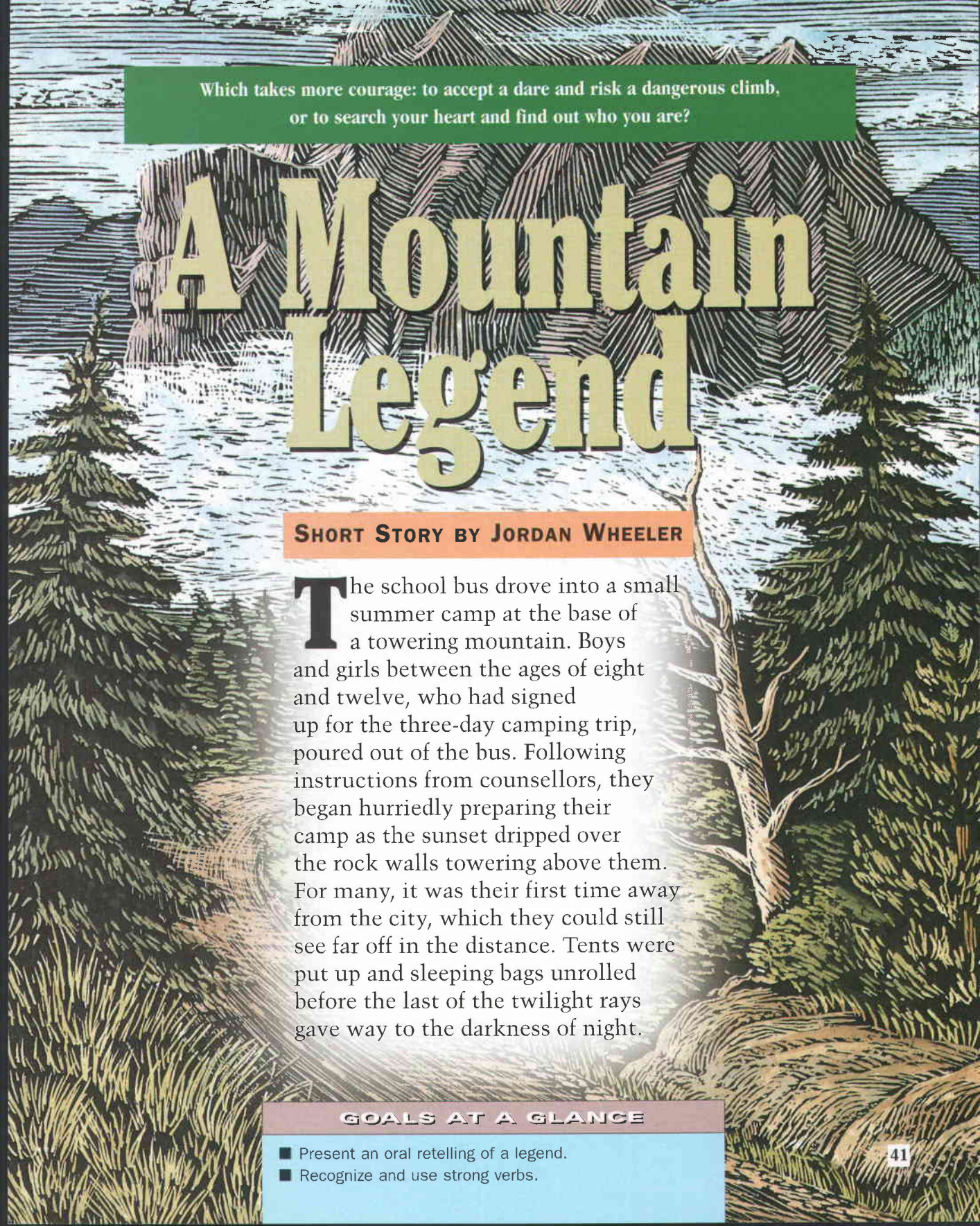
Connect with nature! Plan a trip in which you will make a visual and/or a sound recording of nature—a field, a ravine, the lakeshore, the woods, a local park, or even a backyard garden. For example, you might present your experience through a series of photographs or with a video created on a camcorder. You could enhance your visual presentation by tape recording the sounds of nature, as well as your responses to what you see and hear. Your presentation could include music that expresses how you feel about the natural world.

4. VISUAL COMMUNICATION ANALYSE A PAINTING

In a small group, look carefully at the paintings by Robert Bateman. Together, select one painting and prepare a brief presentation on why it appeals to you. Consider such things as subject matter, colour, *composition* (the way objects are arranged in the painting), and the use of distance and space. In your presentation, make sure you give reasons for the opinion you express.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Use a camcorder to record your presentation. View the recording and ask these questions about your presentation.

- Did I state my opinion clearly?
- Did I support my opinion by referring to specific elements of the painting?
- Did I present my ideas in a logical order?



Which takes more courage: to accept a dare and risk a dangerous climb,
or to search your heart and find out who you are?

A Mountain Legend

SHORT STORY BY JORDAN WHEELER

The school bus drove into a small summer camp at the base of a towering mountain. Boys and girls between the ages of eight and twelve, who had signed up for the three-day camping trip, poured out of the bus. Following instructions from counsellors, they began hurriedly preparing their camp as the sunset dripped over the rock walls towering above them. For many, it was their first time away from the city, which they could still see far off in the distance. Tents were put up and sleeping bags unrolled before the last of the twilight rays gave way to the darkness of night.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Present an oral retelling of a legend.
- Recognize and use strong verbs.

Roasting marshmallows around a large campfire, the young campers listened intently to stories told by the counsellors. Behind the eager campers, the caretaker of the camp sat on the ground, himself listening to the stories.

As the night grew old, the younger children wearily found their way to their tents, so that by midnight only the twelve-year-olds remained around the fire with one counsellor and the caretaker. Their supply of stories seemingly exhausted, they sat in silence watching the glowing embers of the once fiery blaze shrink into red-hot ash.

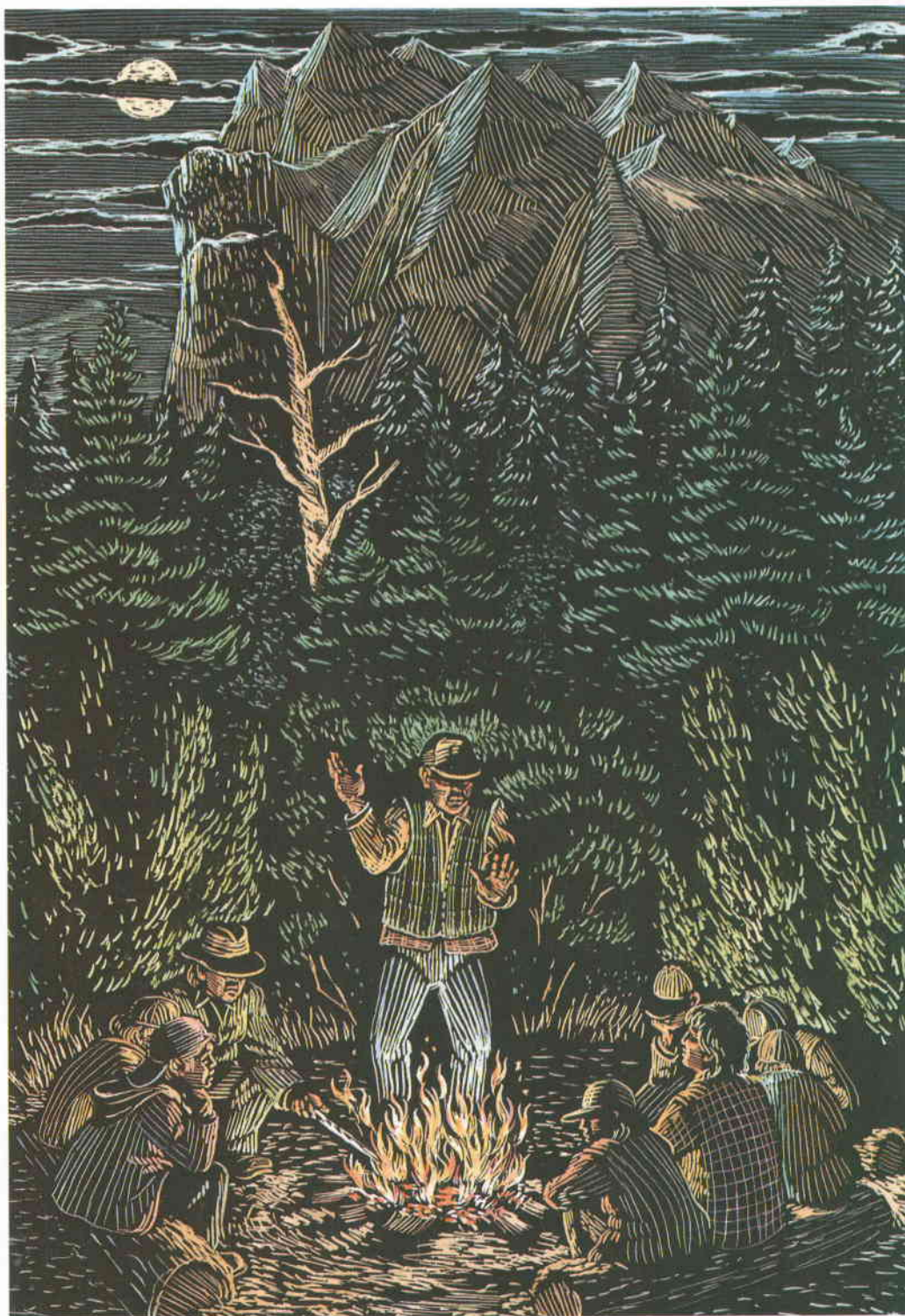
"The moon is rising," announced the caretaker in a low, even voice.

All eyes looked up to the glow surrounding the jagged peaks of the mountain. The blackness of the rock formed an eerie silhouette against the gently lit sky.

The caretaker's name was McNabb. He had lived close to the mountain all his life and knew many of the stories the mountain had seen. He threw his long, black, braided hair over his shoulders, drew the collar of his faded jean jacket up against the crisp mountain air, and spoke.

"There is a legend about this mountain once told by the mountain itself," he said, paused for a moment, then continued. "People claim that long ago it told of a young boy who tried to climb up to an eagle's nest, which rested somewhere among the many cliffs. He was from a small camp about a day's journey from here and when he was twelve years old, he thought he was ready to become a warrior. His father disagreed, saying he was too young and too small. But the boy was stubborn, and one morning before dawn he sneaked out of his family's teepee and set off on foot toward the mountain. There were no horses in North America in his time. They were brought later by the Europeans.

"It took most of the day for him to reach the mountain. The next morning, he set out to find an eagle and seek a vision from the mighty bird, as that was the first step in becoming a warrior. But as he was climbing up the rock cliffs to a nest, he fell to his death, releasing a terrible cry that echoed from the mountain far out across the land. The legend says the boy's spirit still wanders the mountain today."



A coyote howled in the distance and the campers jumped.

"Is it true?" asked one of the boys, with worry and fear in his voice.

"Some people say so, and they also say you can still hear his scream every once in a while."

All around the dying fire, eyes were straining up at the menacing rock peaks. The caretaker McNabb, however, wasn't looking at the mountain, he was watching one of the young campers. He was a Cree boy, smaller than the others. The boy was gazing up at the mountain, his curiosity obviously blended with fear. Turning his head, his eyes met those of McNabb. For a fleeting moment, they locked stares, then McNabb relaxed, a knowing expression spreading over his face, while the boy continued to stare at him, wide-eyed and nervous.

There were small discussions around the fire, debating the story's truth, before the counsellor told them it was time for sleep. Both tired and excited, they retreated to their tents and crawled into their sleeping bags.

The boy Jason lay in a tent he shared with two other boys, who lay talking in the dark. As Jason waited for the heat of his body to warm his sleeping bag, he thought of that long-ago boy. He felt a closeness to him and imagined himself in his place.

"Hey, Jason, why don't you climb up that mountain tomorrow morning and try to catch an eagle?" It was Ralph, who was against the far wall of the tent on the other side of Barry.

"Why?" asked Jason.

"You're Cree aren't you? Don't you want to become a warrior?"

True, Jason was Cree, but he knew nothing of becoming a warrior. He had spent all his life in the city. All he knew of his heritage was what his grandmother told him from time to time, which wasn't much. He had been to three powwows in his life, all at a large hall not far from his house, but he never learned very much. His time was spent eating hot dogs, drinking pop, and watching the older boys play pool in the adjoining rooms. Little as he knew though, he wanted Ralph and Barry to think he knew a lot.

"No. It's not time for me to be a warrior yet," he told them.

"Why not?" Barry asked.

"It just isn't, that's all," Jason said, not knowing a better answer.

"You're chicken, you couldn't climb that mountain if you tried," Ralph charged.

"I'm not chicken! I could climb that mountain, no problem. It just isn't time yet."

"You're chicken," Ralph said again.

"Go to sleep!" boomed a voice across the campground.

Ralph gave out three chicken clucks and rolled over to sleep.

Jason lay there in mild anger. He hated being called a chicken, and if the counsellor hadn't shouted at that moment, he would have given Ralph a swift punch. But Ralph was right, the mountain did scare him.

With his anger subsiding, he drifted into a haunting sleep, filled with dreams. Dreams the wind swept through the camp, gently spreading the mountain spirit's stories throughout. A coyote's piercing howl echoed down the rocky cliffs, making Jason flinch in his sleep.

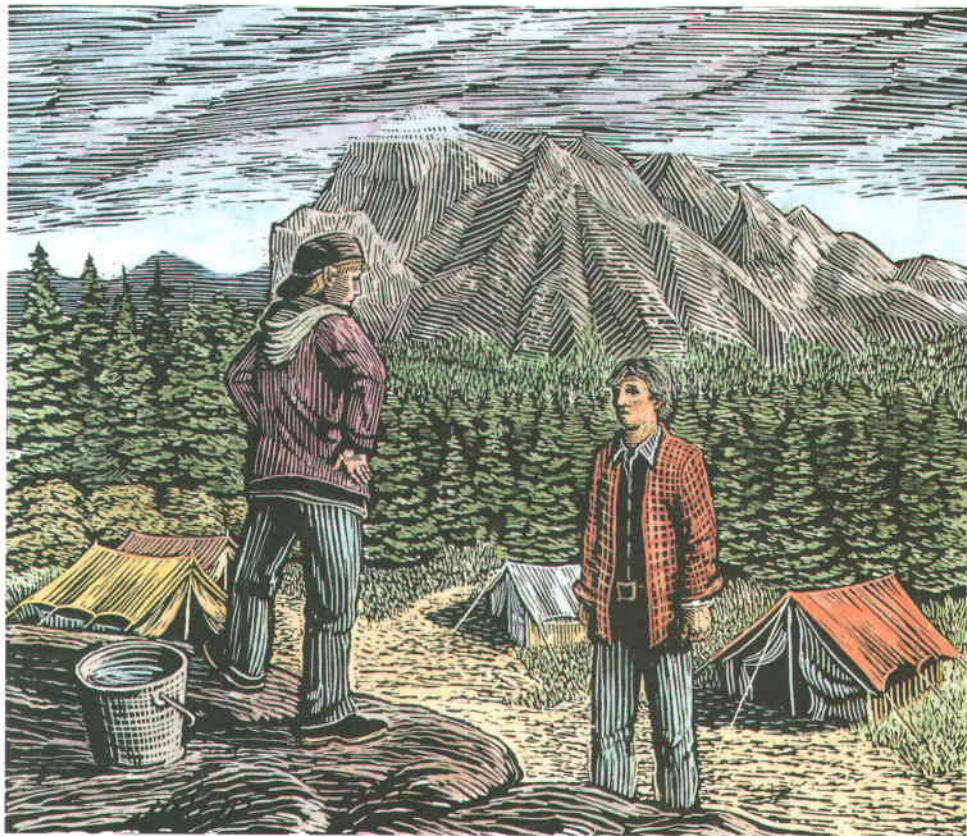
The following morning, Ralph, Barry, and Jason were the first ones up. As they emerged from the tent into the chilled morning air, their attention was immediately grasped by the huge rock peaks looming high above. Ralph's searching eyes spanned the mountain. A light blanket of mist enveloped its lower reaches.

Pointing up he said, "See that ledge up there?" Jason and Barry followed Ralph's arm to a cliff along one of the rock walls just above the tree line. "I bet you can't get to it," he dared Jason.

"I could so," Jason responded.

"Prove it," Ralph said.

Jason was trapped and he knew it. If he said no, he would be admitting he was scared. And there was another challenge in Ralph's voice, unsaid, but Jason heard it. Ralph was daring him to prove his heritage. Jason had lived his whole life in a city on cement ground and among concrete mountains, where climbing was as easy as walking up stairs or pressing an elevator button. To prove to Ralph and himself that he was Cree, Jason had to climb to that ledge. He knew that mountain climbing could end a life. And there were wild animals he might have to deal with. How was he supposed to react? How would he react? He was afraid. He didn't want to go. But if he didn't?



"What's the matter?" Ralph taunted. "Scared?"

At that point, Jason decided he would face the mountain and he would reach that ledge. "OK," he conceded.

At first, the climbing was easy, but his progress became slow and clumsy as he got higher up. Struggling over uneven ground and through trees, he came across a large, flat rock. In need of a rest, he sat down and looked down at the campground he had left right after breakfast an hour ago. He could see bodies scurrying about. If they hadn't noticed by now that he was missing, he thought, no doubt they would soon.

Looking up, he could just see the ledge above the tree line. It wasn't much further, he thought. He could get to it, wave down at the camp to show he had made it, and be back in time for lunch. Raising himself up, he started to climb again, marching through the trees and up the steep slope, over the rough terrain.

A few moments later he heard a loud howl that seemed to come from somewhere above. At first, he thought it was a coyote, but it sounded more like a human. Nervously, he kept going.

In the camp, Ralph and Barry were getting ready to help prepare lunch. McNabb was starting a fire not far away. They, too, heard the howl.

"I never knew coyotes did that during the day," Ralph said to Barry. Overhearing them, McNabb responded, "That was no coyote."

Half an hour later, Jason stood just above the tree line. The ledge, his goal, was ten metres above, but what lay ahead was treacherous climbing, nearly straight up the rock wall. He scrutinized the rock face, planned his route, and began to pick his way up the last stretch.

The mountain saw the boy encroaching and whispered a warning to the wind sweeping strongly down its face as it remembered a similar event long ago. Jason felt the wind grow stronger, driving high-pitched sound into his ears. Gripping the rock harder, he pulled himself up a bit at a time. The wind seemed to be pushing him back. But he felt something else, too, something urging him on.

When he was about seven metres up the rock face, with his feet firmly on a small ledge, he chanced a look down between his legs. He could see that if he slipped, he would plummet straight down those seven metres, and after hitting the rocks below, he would tumble a great distance further. He knew it would spell death and, for a split second, he considered going back down. But once again he felt an outside force pushing him to go on. It gave him comfort and courage. His face reddened, his heart pounded, and beads of sweat poured from him as he inched his way higher. Straight above, an eagle flew in great circles, slowly moving closer to Jason and the ledge.

Far down the mountain the search for Jason was well underway, but the counsellors had no way of knowing where he was, as Ralph and Barry hadn't told. McNabb also knew where Jason was, but he, too, remained silent.

An eight-year-old girl in the camp lay quietly in her tent, staring up through the screen window at the sky. The search for Jason had been tiring and she had come back for a rest. She was watching a cloud slowly change shape when a large black bird flew by high above. Out of curiosity, she unzipped the tent door and went outside

to get a better look. She watched the bird fly in smaller and smaller circles, getting closer and closer to the mountain. She took her eyes off the bird for a moment to look at the huge rock wall, and there, high above the trees and only a metre or so below a ledge, she saw the boy climbing. Right away she knew the boy was in danger. After hesitating for a moment, she ran to tell a counsellor.

Jason paused from climbing, just about a metre below the ledge. He was exhausted and the insides of his hands were raw, the skin having been scraped off by the rough rock. The ledge was so close. He pulled himself up to it, placing his feet inside a crack in the rock for support. Reaching over the edge, he swept one arm along the ledge, found another spot for his feet, hoisted his body up, rolled onto the ledge, and got to his feet. There, an arm's length away on the ledge, were two young eagles in the large nest. For several minutes he just remained there looking at the baby eagles. He had never seen an eagle's nest before. He was so interested in the two young eagles he didn't notice the mother eagle circling high overhead, nor did he hear her swoop down toward him and her nest. She landed in front of him, spread her wings, and let out a loud screech. Jason was so terrified he instinctively jumped, and in doing so, lost his balance. Both feet stepped out



into air as he grabbed the rock.

His hands clung desperately to the ledge as the sharp rock dug into his skin. He looked down and saw his feet dangling in the air. The wind swung him, making it impossible to get his feet back on the rock where they had been moments earlier. A coyote howled and Jason's terror grew. Again he looked down at the rocks below. Tears began streaming down his face. He didn't want to die. He wished he had never accepted Ralph's dare. He could picture them coming up the mountain, finding his dead body among the rocks, and crying over him. He began crying out loud and heard it echoing off the rock. Or he thought it was an echo. He stopped and listened. There was more crying, but not from him. Again he felt the presence of something or someone else. The wind swirled in and whispered to Jason the mountain's legend.



Though running swiftly, the boy Muskawashee had paced himself expertly for the day's journey. He would arrive at the base of the mountain far earlier than he had expected, and would have plenty of daylight left to catch his supper and find a spot for a good night's sleep. Though small, and having seen only twelve summers, his young body was strong. He would be able to reach the mountain in only two runs, pausing in between to catch a rabbit for lunch.

As his powerful legs moved him gracefully across the prairie, he thought back to the conversation with his father the day before. He had explained how most of his friends were already in preparation for manhood, and he felt he was ready also. He did not want to wait for the next summer.

When some of his friends came back later that day from a successful buffalo hunt, he decided he would go to the mountain alone and seek a vision from the eagle. He knew he would have to rise before the sun to get out of camp without being seen.

When he reached the base of the mountain, the sun was still well above the horizon. He sat down in a sheltered area for a rest. He decided this was where he would sleep for the night.

After a few minutes, he got up and made himself a trap for a rabbit and planted it. After laying the trap, he wandered off to look for some berries to eat while preparing his mind for the following day when he would climb the mountain. After some time, he returned to his trap and found a rabbit in it. He skinned it with a well-sharpened stone knife he had brought with him, and built a fire to cook his meal. He would keep the fire burning all night to keep away the wild animals while he slept.

Finishing his meal, he thanked the creator for his food and safe journey, and prayed for good fortune in his quest for a vision. Then he lay down in the soft moss and fell asleep to the music of the coyote's howls and the whispering wind.

The next morning, he awoke to the sun's warming shine. The still-smouldering fire added an aroma of burnt wood to the fresh air. He again prayed to the creator for good fortune in his quest for a vision and for a safe journey up the mountain. When he finished, he looked up, high above, and saw eagles flying to and from a rock ledge. This would be his goal.

Half an hour later, he stood where the trees stopped growing and the bare rock began. His powerful body had moved steadily through the trees even though he wasn't used to uphill running. Without resting, he continued his climb, knowing he would have to be careful ahead. The mountain could be dangerous and its spirit could be evil.

As he pulled himself up the face of the rock, he heard the mountain spirit warning him to stay away. Its voice was the whispering wind, which grew stronger and seemed to be trying to push him back. With determination, Muskawashee climbed. High above, the powerful eagle circled its nest.

Just over a metre below the ledge, Muskawashee paused. He was dripping with perspiration from fighting the wind and the mountain. Though scared, he would not let fear overcome him. His desire for manhood was stronger. His hands were hurting and covered in blood from the climb, but he reached out again. After several scrabbling attempts, he was able to grab hold of the ledge and pull himself up onto the narrow, flat edge. Eye to eye with two baby eagles, he stopped. He felt great pride and relief in having reached his goal, and stood there savouring those feelings. He didn't hear the approach of the mother eagle. As she landed on the ledge in front of him, she let out a loud screech and spread her wings wide. Muskawashee was startled, stepped back, and lost his footing. A gust of wind shoved him further, and he could feel his body in the air as he tried to get a foot back on the rock. He grabbed the edge, but his arms were trembling and he could not pull himself back up. His fingers ached and began slipping from the edge. Knowing he would soon fall, he began whimpering. He looked up, into the eyes of the eagle. One day, he thought to himself, he would be back.

His fingers let go and he fell, releasing a loud, terrifying scream that echoed from the mountain, far out across the land, and down through time.



McNabb and one of the counsellors left the camp when the eight-year-old girl told them what she had seen. Both experienced hikers and mountain climbers, they were able to cover the distance in a third of the time it took Jason. When they heard the scream, they quickened their pace. Minutes later, they reached the edge of the tree line and looked up at the ledge.

Jason, who had been hanging there for several minutes, also heard the scream and looked down into the eyes of Muskawashee as he fell. Jason felt the tension in his fingers, but sensed there were greater forces keeping him there, perhaps the mountain itself was hanging on to him. Whatever it was, Jason remained high above McNabb and the counsellor, who were watching from the tree line. The wind died down and the eagle stepped back, making room for him on the ledge. Jason hoisted a foot back onto the ledge and tried again to haul himself onto the shelf.

Suddenly, he saw Muskawashee standing on the ledge, extending a hand down to him. Jason grabbed his hand and Muskawashee pulled. The two boys faced one another, looking into each other's eyes. The descendent gaining pride in being Cree, and the ancestor completing the quest he had begun hundreds of years earlier. A powerful swirl of wind swept Muskawashee away, leaving Jason alone before the eagle's nest. Jason reached down and picked up a feather out of the nest.

Below him stood the counsellor and McNabb. They had witnessed Jason's rescue.

"Who was that other kid up there?" asked the counsellor in disbelief.

McNabb smiled and answered, "Muskawashee. He will wander this mountain no more." Then, unravelling a long line of heavy rope he said, "Come on, let's get Jason down." ♦

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. Would you describe Jason as courageous? Give reasons for your opinion.
- b. What **stereotype** does Ralph apply to Jason? Why is it unfair to label a person with a stereotypical remark? Explain.
- c. Why does Jason feel he must prove to *himself*, as well as to Ralph, that he has a Cree heritage?
- d. What finally makes Jason give in to peer pressure, although it means risking his life? Have you experienced or witnessed something similar? What was the situation?
- e. Just before he falls, Muskawashee tells himself that one day he will be back. Was he right? What enables him to return?
- f. At the end of the story, when Jason and Muskawashee are together, what is the author suggesting about the connection between “descendants” and “ancestors”?

A **stereotype** is an oversimplified idea about a group of people. It gives them all the same characteristics instead of considering each person as a unique individual.

2. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS STRONG VERBS

Strong verbs are the backbone of good adventure stories. Compare these sentences:

Weak: He feared he would fall straight down the cliff.

Strong: He feared he would plummet straight down the cliff.

The second sentence uses the strong verb *plummet* from “A Mountain Legend,” on page 47. It creates a more vivid picture than *falls*.

Reread the story and identify verbs that create vivid pictures or convey excitement. Write down each example in context: “the sunset dripped over the rock walls.” Next, look through a piece of your own writing and find five examples of verbs you could improve. Ask a classmate for feedback on your revisions.

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION STORYTELLING

In “A Mountain Legend,” the counsellors tell stories around the campfire. Now it’s your turn to be the storyteller. Find a book of legends and choose one legend to tell to the class. Pick one that is short enough for you to remember easily, or boil it down to its essential details. (Use McNabb’s legend, on page 42, as a model.)

Here are some ideas that can help you with your storytelling:

- Pick out the major events in the plot. Too many details may make your story difficult for your listeners to follow.
- When you practise your story, tell it from start to finish as completely as you can. It’s not necessary to memorize the legend word for word.
- Vary the tone of your voice as you are speaking, and pause occasionally to create suspense or emphasize something.
- If you use gestures, keep them simple and natural.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: When you told your legend, did you speak clearly and loudly? Did you vary your tone of voice appropriately to keep your audience interested?

4. READING FLASHBACKS

Near the end of “A Mountain Legend,” the author interrupts Jason’s story with a **flashback** that tells the story of Muskawashee. Notice that the print changes from one type font to another one (that looks like this). What is the purpose of this change in appearance? Reread the flashback. With a partner, discuss why the author might have included the flashback. Do you think the flashback makes the story stronger? List the positive and/or negative aspects you discuss, and then share your ideas with the class.

A **flashback** is a self-contained scene inserted into a story; the flashback tells about something that happened before the main story began.

HOW TO WRITE A

PERSONAL

NARRATIVE

Goals at a Glance

- Relate personal experiences.
- Seek feedback and revise writing.

A personal narrative is a true story about yourself. It tells others who you are and what you have experienced in your life. Personal narratives are most interesting when the author *shows* what he or she is like, instead of telling. As Mark Twain wrote, "Don't tell me the old lady screamed. Bring her on and have her scream!"

Gather Information about Yourself

This is enjoyable and easy. After all, you are the expert! Here are some suggestions:

- Gather some objects that remind you of interesting moments in your life: old photos, special gifts, prizes, items you've collected, and so on.
- In a notebook, jot down your memories of funny, exciting, or scary incidents.
- Ask others for tales they remember about trips you have taken or special events you have participated in—any stories they might know in more detail than you do.

- Make a timeline of the important events in your life.

Plan Your Narrative

Before you start writing you must select a specific topic. Which story about yourself would be most interesting for other readers? It may be something that had a great impact on you, or a humorous event, or a learning experience that you will never forget.

Next, you should make an outline of your narrative. Use simple headings for your outline.

A four-paragraph narrative about a visit to Vietnam might have an outline like this:

- opening paragraph: "hook" my readers
- first paragraph: describe arrival in Vietnam
- second paragraph: tell about meeting Vietnamese relatives
- third paragraph: describe getting lost in market
- fourth paragraph: tell how I was found
- closing sentence: wrap things up

PROCESS

Write a Draft

The key to interesting storytelling is to provide details about the place, the people, and the events—and your feelings about them. Why? Because your reader needs to understand everything clearly. Here are some other hints:

- Start a new paragraph for each change of topic or event.
- Include conversation, if it suits your story.
- Show, don't tell!

Ask for Feedback

Set up a writing conference with a partner. In a writing conference, you can ask for help with specific problems. Your partner will help by asking questions and making suggestions, for example:

WRITER: I'm not sure how to end my narrative.

READER: Why don't you tell how you felt when you said goodbye to your relatives at the airport?

Revise Your Narrative

After your conference, it's time to revise your work.

- Consider your partner's suggestions and make the appropriate changes.
- When you revise, it helps to read your work aloud or have someone else read it to you. Does the writing truly sound like you? If not, revise it so that it sounds more authentic.
- Pay attention to sentence structure. Starting every sentence with "I" can be boring. You

can add variety by beginning with a phrase or clause, for example: "I ran like an Olympic sprinter when I saw that bear," becomes "When I saw that bear, I ran like an Olympic sprinter."

Edit Your Writing

Take care of spelling problems using a dictionary and/or a spell checker, and then look for grammar and punctuation mistakes. Don't hesitate to ask for assistance from your teacher and classmates. When you are satisfied with your story, make a neat final draft.

Publish Your Personal Narrative

You might share your personal narrative

- in a class anthology, illustrated with photos
- in the school newspaper or literary magazine
- by reading it aloud to friends and family
- by submitting it to a contest or a Web site that publishes student writing

Self-Assessment

Use the following checklist to reflect on the process you followed.

- I thought about possible topics and selected the best one.
- I created an outline for my narrative.
- When my draft was complete, I got feedback from a partner.
- I read my narrative aloud to help me revise it.
- I edited my writing for spelling and grammar errors before completing the final draft.

To her sister, Roberta Bondar has demonstrated true courage many times. As you read this profile, decide for yourself which experience from Roberta's life shows the most courage.

COURAGE in Orbit

Personal Essay by Barbara Bondar

Mine was always a pretty nifty kid sister. When we played together with the rest of the neighbourhood kids, she was a reliable teammate, inventive and competitive. When we were on the same team, that team needed only two. Anytime. The two of us against the world, and we always won everything.

In high school we were split up. When our teams met then, it was tough work trying to win a game. That was about the first time I paid attention to the kid's courage. She was a grade behind



me when she fell in love with basketball in Grade Nine. She tried out for the junior team and didn't make it. We spent the summer playing basketball. When she tried out in Grade Ten for the junior team, she didn't make it either—because they placed her on the senior team!

Well into her astronaut training, she taught me much more about courage.

Courage is putting your life on hold for eight years to train for a single mission that will take eight days. You never get the time back from those eight

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Support an interpretation with evidence.
- Research a topic to obtain information.

years to meet friends you might have met or spend it with family and friends you love. So when your father dies, and then your uncle, and then your grandmother, and then your crewmate, you know they will never be there to see what you've worked so long for. And you stick with it anyway because they knew you'd never let them down.

Courage is training with six big, strong guys who are fighter and helicopter pilots and experienced astronauts. But you made the senior basketball team back in Grade Ten, so you gave them a run for their money every single day.

Courage is learning new things in the sciences you did not study in

university in front of the best scientists in the world and knowing if you fail, you won't get to fly. But you impress them, so they choose you to do their experiments on the space shuttle.

Courage is wrapping your arm tightly around your sister's waist the day before the launch, knowing this could be the last time you are together. The arm is tight to pass your courage through to her and from her to your family. And to keep you both from crying.

*“As I look down, across,
and above from the
flight-deck window,
the shining planet curves
from left to right.
I have never
in my life seen anything
as big as this.”*

Courage is knowing that if something goes wrong, you are strapped to a bomb, and nothing and no one can save you. And you go anyway. Willingly. Because it's your chance to learn and do things that will

make life a little better for people on Earth.

Courage is being nauseated in microgravity for many hours and working longer than your shift to get things done with a smile on your face so that your family, watching you on television 250 km below, won't worry about you.

Courage is trying to walk when you land when every part of

your body feels like cement and just wants to go to sleep. You keep trying to move. Even when no one is watching, you still do it.

Courage is returning to Earth, working even harder, going with even less sleep for months, answering everyone's questions.

And, finally, courage is never mentioning how much courage it takes to do every one of these things.

Lifeline of an Astronaut

When Roberta Bondar boarded the space shuttle *Discovery* in January 1992, she became Canada's first woman in space and fulfilled a lifelong dream. Her career is a tribute to the value of setting lofty goals, and approaching life with imagination and courage.

1945 — born on December 4 in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

1954 — built plastic models of rockets, space stations, and satellites, often gazing up at the stars to imagine how Earth would look from space

1968 — received a Bachelor of Science degree in zoology and agriculture

1971 — obtained a Master of Science degree

1974 — received a doctorate in neurobiology

1977 — became a medical doctor

1981 — graduated as a specialist in neurology

1983 — was one of the six original Canadian astronauts selected for space research



1984 — began astronaut training in the United States

1992 — studied how the human body reacts to weightlessness as Payload Specialist on the *Discovery* mission

1995 — co-wrote *Touching the Earth*, a book containing her reflections on space and Earth.

Today Bondar uses knowledge gained from experiments in space in her ongoing research into the treatment of disease. She enjoys hiking, biking, flying, parachuting, and scuba diving. An accomplished photographer, her current goal is to photograph all of Canada's national parks.

OTHER CANADIANS IN SPACE

WHO	WHEN	WHAT THEY DID
MARC GARNEAU 	October 1984	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> helped crew deploy Earth Radiation Budget Satellite
	May 1996	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> helped deploy two satellites and performed biotechnology experiments
STEVE MACLEAN	October 1992	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> conducted Space Vision Systems test using the Canadarm
CHRIS HADFIELD	November 1995	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> served on NASA's second mission to rendezvous with Russian Space Station Mir
BOB THIRSK	June 1996	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> studied life and materials science
BJARNI TRYGGVASON	August 1997	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explored the behaviour of materials fluids in space
DAVID WILLIAMS	April 1998	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> conducted experiments on the effect of microgravity on the brain and nervous system
JULIE PAYETTE 	May 1999	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> participated in an International Space Station assembly mission <p>At the end of her mission, reporters asked Julie Payette where she might travel on her summer vacation. Her reply: "Somewhere on Earth!"</p>

1. RESPONDING TO THE ESSAY

- a. When did Barbara Bondar first notice her sister Roberta's courageous spirit? What does that story about Roberta tell you about her character?
- b. In your notebook, list at least five ways in which Roberta was courageous. Compare your list with a partner's.
- c. What are some of the sacrifices Roberta made to become an astronaut? What do you think the hardest sacrifice would have been? Explain.
- d. Read the final sentence of the essay. Explain to a partner what you think Barbara means.

2. READING SIDEBARS

In many books and magazines, information is set aside in special boxes, sometimes referred to as *sidebars*. Although this information is separated from the main part of the text, it is often interesting or important. Read the sidebar entitled "Lifeline of an Astronaut." With a partner, discuss the different things you learned about Roberta by reading the sidebar. Did the new information change your ideas about her? Explain.

3. RESEARCHING OBTAIN INFORMATION

Roberta Bondar has done something that very few other people have experienced—she has travelled in space. In "Courage in Orbit," we are told a little about what it takes to become an astronaut. Through research, you can find out more about the training of astronauts, or about Roberta Bondar, or one of the other Canadian astronauts. Select a focus for your research and make a list of the things you would like to know. Next, do some research to find out the answers to your questions. You might want to start by checking out the NASA Web site on the Internet.

Use your findings to create "Did You Know?" cards for an astronaut display board—for example, "Did you know that astronauts are not allowed to eat broccoli while on the shuttle?"

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did you use the Internet to conduct your research? If so, what are some of the advantages and disadvantages of using the Internet to gather information?



REFLECTING ON THE UNIT

SELF-ASSESSMENT: WRITING

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

- writing personal narratives?
- creating biographical profiles?
- crafting a poem?
- writing a sequel?
- using strong verbs?
- punctuating dialogue?
- revising and editing?

Select and reread one draft piece of writing you worked on during this unit. Write notes on your draft, showing how you could improve it.

ORAL COMMUNICATION GIVE A SPEECH

Imagine that you are one of the people or characters you have read about in this unit. (Select whichever one interests you most.) Make notes about what that person might think and feel about being courageous. In your role as that person, write a speech that gives advice about finding courage in difficult situations. Deliver your speech to an audience of your peers.

VISUAL COMMUNICATION CREATE AN IMAGE

Choose one person from your own life who you think is courageous. Tell others about this person's courage in a visual way, for example, through a poster, a collage, an advertisement, or a scrapbook. You can either create the visual(s) yourself, or look for appropriate images—paintings or photos from books or magazines, for instance. Write a caption that tells about the person you chose and explains why the visual is appropriate.

MEDIA CONNECT WITH MOVIES

After reading this unit, how would you define courage? Courage is also a favourite theme in movies. Make a list of five movies that you have seen in which courage, as portrayed in this unit, is important. As a class, create a Top Ten List of movies about courage. Together, discuss the different kinds of courage in these movies. Do you think certain kinds of courage are shown more frequently than others? Discuss some possible reasons.

INNOVATIONS



“Intelligence
consists of
recognizing opportunity.”

Chinese Proverb

INNOVATIONS

THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

UNIT AT A GLANCE

TO YOU (poem) ● respond critically ● relate literature to personal experience	64
A SPIDER FOR THE BONES (article) ● present information visually ● draft interview questions	65
PHOTOGRAPHER AT PLAY (profile) ● brainstorm ideas ● plan and take photos	70
EUREKA! WE'VE DONE IT! (article) ● prepare a presentation ● use terminology appropriately	78
HOW TO CONDUCT RESEARCH (focus on process) ● locate and record information ● organize findings	86
A DIFFERENT DRUMMER (profile) ● express an opinion ● participate in discussion	88
HANGING UPSIDE DOWN (poems) ● respond to poetry ● write a poem	90
CYBERSPACE SAM (short story) ● analyse stereotypes ● use communication strategies	92
INVENTIVELY FEMALE (essay and Web pages) ● prepare a research report ● support an opinion	100
A COLLABORATION WITH NATURE (book review/art) ● analyse art ● recognize sentence fragments	105
DAEDALUS AND ICARUS (myth) ● write a myth ● prepare an oral retelling of a myth	109

To You

P o e m b y **L a n g s t o n H u g h e s**

To sit and dream, to sit and read,
To sit and learn about the world
Outside our world of here and now—
Our problem world—
To dream of vast horizons of the soul
Through dreams made whole,
Unfettered, free—help me!
All you who are dreamers too,
Help me to make
Our world anew.
I reach out my dreams to you.

RESPONDING TO THE POEM

- What does the line “To dream of vast horizons of the soul” suggest to you?
- What is the poem asking you, the reader, to do?
- What ideas do you think the poet had in mind when he wrote this poem?
Discuss your opinion with a classmate.
- The poet suggests that you not only “sit and dream,” but also “sit and read” and “learn about the world/Outside our world of here and now.” In what ways do you think that reading and learning can help to change the world?

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Respond critically to poetry.
- Relate literature to personal experience.

*When a team
with vision
gets together,
anything
is possible.
Even creating...*

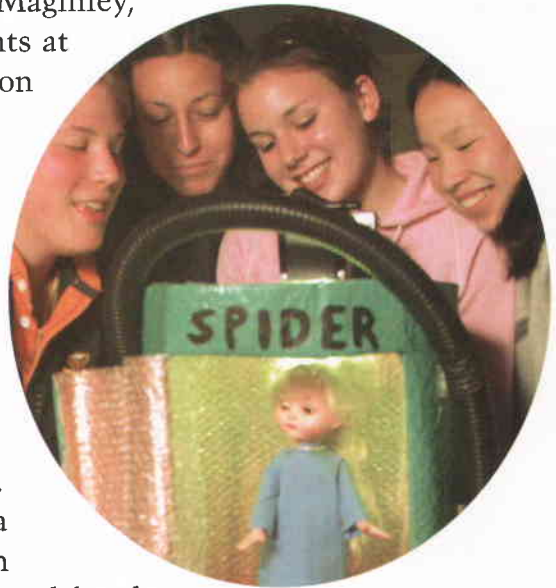
A Spider for the Bones

ARTICLE BY
SHEREE HAUGHIAN

Finding a cure for a disease is a task for highly trained research scientists, right? Not always! Four teenaged girls from Vancouver have challenged the belief that only adults make medical breakthroughs. They've created an award-winning idea that may someday improve life for many people.

Patricia Lau, Robin Massel, Olivia Maginley, and Katie Mogan are grade nine students at Point Grey Mini School. Their invention won top place in their division of Toshiba's ExploraVision contest for 1999. This competition asks young inventors to select an area of research that has meaning in their own lives—such as medicine or the environment—then to design an invention. The hope is that the invention could actually be built by the year 2020, as technology advances.

The four teens decided to develop a treatment for osteoporosis, a disease in which a person's bones become brittle and fragile. Osteoporosis is most common among older women, and Robin Massel's grandmother has the condition. Watching someone she loved begin to break bones helped Robin realize how important it was to find a remedy.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Present information visually using diagrams.
- Draft questions for an interview.

"Osteoporosis is a major problem. As females we're at high risk to get it some day," says Patricia Lau. "As well, 1999 was named the Year of the Elderly by the United Nations."

Although they chose to tackle a very difficult problem, the girls insist they had a fantastic time working on the project.

Robin organized the team. Her group had won second place the previous year, and she was determined to make another try for the top prize. In September, 1998, she asked three friends to join her.

Olivia is a talented writer who helped with the research and writing. Katie provided the illustrations for the storyboards they submitted with their entry, and Patricia designed the computer graphics. Robin's previous experience earned her the role of group leader. Recognizing each other's strengths contributed to the team's success.

The would-be inventors haunted libraries, probed the Internet, and even obtained advice from a medical specialist. But some of their greatest support came from closer to home. Robin's mother, Lynn Massel, acted as community sponsor for the group. A science teacher herself, she oversaw their meetings every Friday and helped them direct their research. She suggested the girls break up their project into tasks that could be more easily managed.

The team's science and math teacher, John O'Connor, was also on hand with guidance and support. Point Grey Mini School is home to many innovative projects supervised by Mr. O'Connor. He gives particular praise to this group of students.

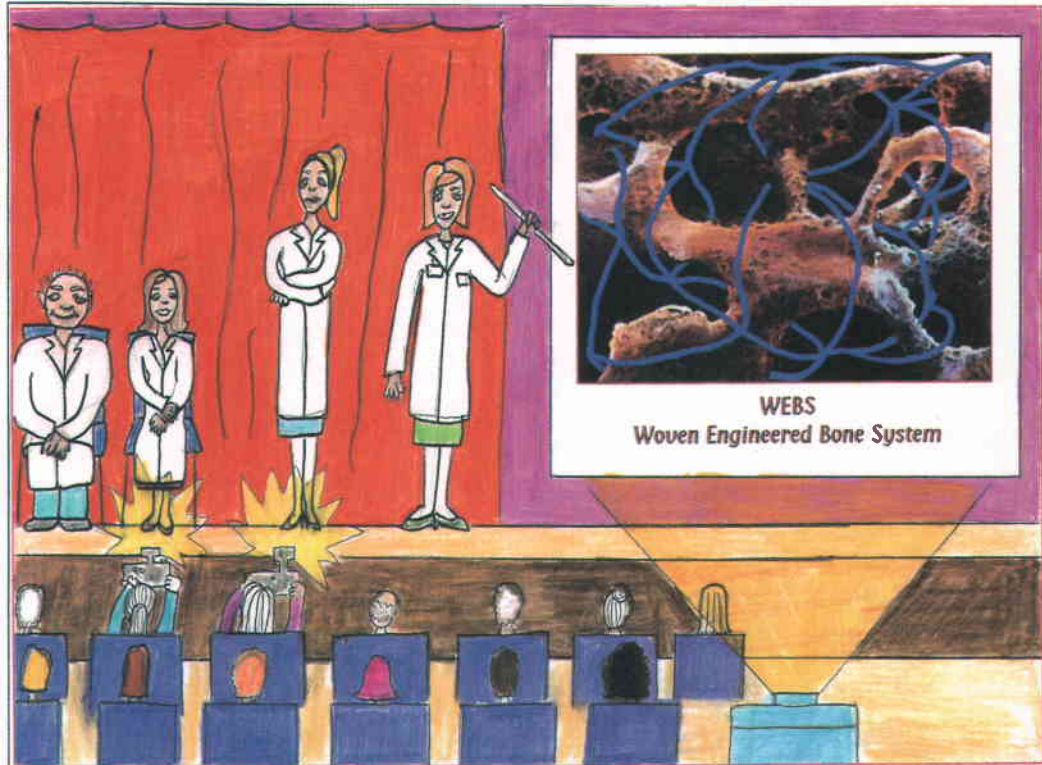
"Intellectual ability is not enough," he remarks. "The students who really succeed also have to be self-directed and tolerant of each other. This team had those qualities."

Keeping the project on track wasn't always easy. Finding time to meet presented a challenge. The teens also discovered that inventing involves trial, error, and yet more trial. Sometimes the ideas they came up with just wouldn't work.

"We originally thought of using plastic to harden the bones," says Patricia. "But when we found out plastic would be rejected by the body, we had to come up with something else."

So what did the four girls invent? It's a high-tech solution called WEBS (Woven Engineered Bone System).

Storyboard for the WEBS Video



"We, the scientists, are very excited to present WEBS to you at this press conference. It took many years of research and collaboration to come up with this technology. We made major breakthroughs to create the WEBS. The titanium alloy Tibond was created to be magnetic, and form very strong bonds once in the correct position. We created Cartigel as the vehicle for Tibond to move to the inside of the porous bone. Our next challenge was the Spider, which photographed the inside of the bone, and then created a force field to line the Tibond in the three-dimensional web position, and finally fixed the WEBS in place. This slide shows the amazing WEBS in the bone."

Here's how their treatment should work—when the medical technology of the future catches up.

First, a substance the girls call “cartigel” is injected into a patient with osteoporosis. Cartigel contains special material to harden bones. The patient then steps into a tubular chamber called a “spider.” The spider is hooked up to a computer, which reveals an image of the inside of the patient's bones. An electromagnetic field around the spider puts the cartigel into place. Finally, a low-voltage electrical current transforms the cartigel into a solid, three-dimensional web inside the bones. When the patient exits the spider chamber, he or she has stronger bones.

In spite of the cheering sections at home and school, the process of creating something new took its toll on the girls. They began the project in early October. By winter, their red-hot enthusiasm had cooled. But they persevered and were ready to submit their idea in early February. When they learned it had won the regional level of the competition, excitement spurred them on.

The next step was to create a video about their WEBS invention. They had six weeks to do it. Showing yet more creative flair, they decided to film themselves playing the roles of characters who discover a cure for osteoporosis! Then there was nothing to do but wait—until they found out that they were the winners. In early June, the girls flew to Washington, D.C. with their families and teacher to accept their award. Each girl received \$10 000. The money will go toward further education, but the experience they gained has no price tag.

The competition sponsor now owns their idea, which may be used in the future. “We don't think it will happen exactly as we described it in our project. Scientists may actually get it to work another way,” Patricia comments.

According to the girls, being young can be an advantage when it comes to inventing. When you're fifteen, or thirteen, or eleven, you believe that anything is still possible. An open mind allows a free flow of new ideas.

“We're naive, and that can be an advantage,” says Katie. “If you want to create something, just go for it. It's a lot of fun.”

“If you have an idea,” echoes Patricia, “don't let anyone stop you from trying it. Follow your dreams.”

1. RESPONDING TO THE ARTICLE

- a. With a partner, create a list of what you think are the key reasons for the girls' success.
- b. What motivated the girls to develop their specific invention? What aspects of the girls' submission do you think would have captured the interest of the contest judges?
- c. Do you think that the girls would have achieved as much working individually? Explain. Have you ever been part of an effective team? What made your team work well? What could your team have done better?

2. VISUAL COMMUNICATION CREATE DIAGRAMS

In a small group, make a list of common diseases and disabilities. Together, brainstorm ideas for an invention that would help a person who is coping with one of those diseases or disabilities. (You might want to do some general research about the disease or disability first.) When you have come up with your invention, draw diagrams that illustrate what it might look like and explain how it would work. Label your diagrams carefully and write captions for them. Present your invention to the class, using your visuals to help you communicate your ideas.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Before you make your presentation, look carefully at your diagrams. Do they clearly show how your invention works? Is there enough detail in each diagram? Are your labels and captions easy to read and understand? If necessary, revise your diagrams to make them more effective.

3. MEDIA DRAFT INTERVIEW QUESTIONS

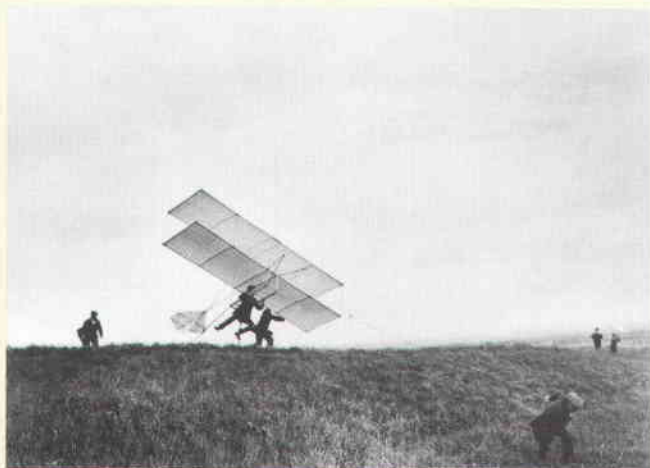
Imagine that you are a journalist who has been asked to write an in-depth magazine article about the girls' invention. You have arranged to interview the four inventors so you can gather information for your article. What questions would you ask? Reread the article, especially the parts in which the invention is described. Draft the ten questions that would best help you learn about all the different aspects of the invention. Give each question a specific focus so the response will provide the details you need.

*A boy's inventive photographs
are still admired a century
after they were taken.
What makes them so special?*

Photographer *at Play*

Profile by John Cech • Photographs by Jacques-Henri Lartigue

Nearly a hundred years ago, long before Polaroids and Instamatics, a French boy named Jacques-Henri Lartigue began taking photographs for the sheer, pure fun of it. Many of these pictures, made between the time he was seven and seventeen years old, are now among the world's great photographs.



Born in 1894, the youngest son of a well-to-do businessman, Jacques-Henri grew up around the many remarkable new inventions (such as automobiles, airplanes, and cameras) that were filling the roads, the skies, and people's imaginations in the years before World War I. In France, this period of prosperity and luxury was called *La Belle Époque*, "the beautiful time."

In 1904, a few months before his tenth birthday, Lartigue took the only picture of one of the first glider flights in France. Notice that he waited until the glider had completely left the ground before he took his picture.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Brainstorm ideas.
- Plan and take photos.

The Lartigues were a large, wealthy, fun-loving family that could easily afford the latest advances in automotive or photographic technology. And they had the leisure time to enjoy them in their Paris home or at one of the country estates where they lived during the summers. The Lartigues, along with their many relatives and friends, seemed always to be on the move and at play. They built go-carts and scooters, launched floating watercraft in their swimming pool, flew hot air balloons and kites, and even made their own airplanes.

Lartigue's father, Henri, was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and when other kids might have been trying to learn to ride a bike, Jacques-Henri was busy following his father around and learning how to take and develop photographs. For his seventh birthday, his father gave Jacques-Henri the smallest of his cameras. Still, with the tripod needed to hold it steady, it weighed nearly twenty-five kilograms. The pictures were taken on the small glass plates that most cameras used instead of film. The camera was very

expensive and the best available at the time.

Jacques-Henri thought photography was a miracle; everything was asking to have its picture taken and, he announced, "I will take them all." He ran through plates (and later film) so fast that his mother joked that he would bankrupt the family. (By the time he died in 1986 at the age of ninety-two, Lartigue had taken several hundred thousand pictures.)

In the next few years he got better cameras that could take faster pictures. This was especially important to him because what Jacques-Henri



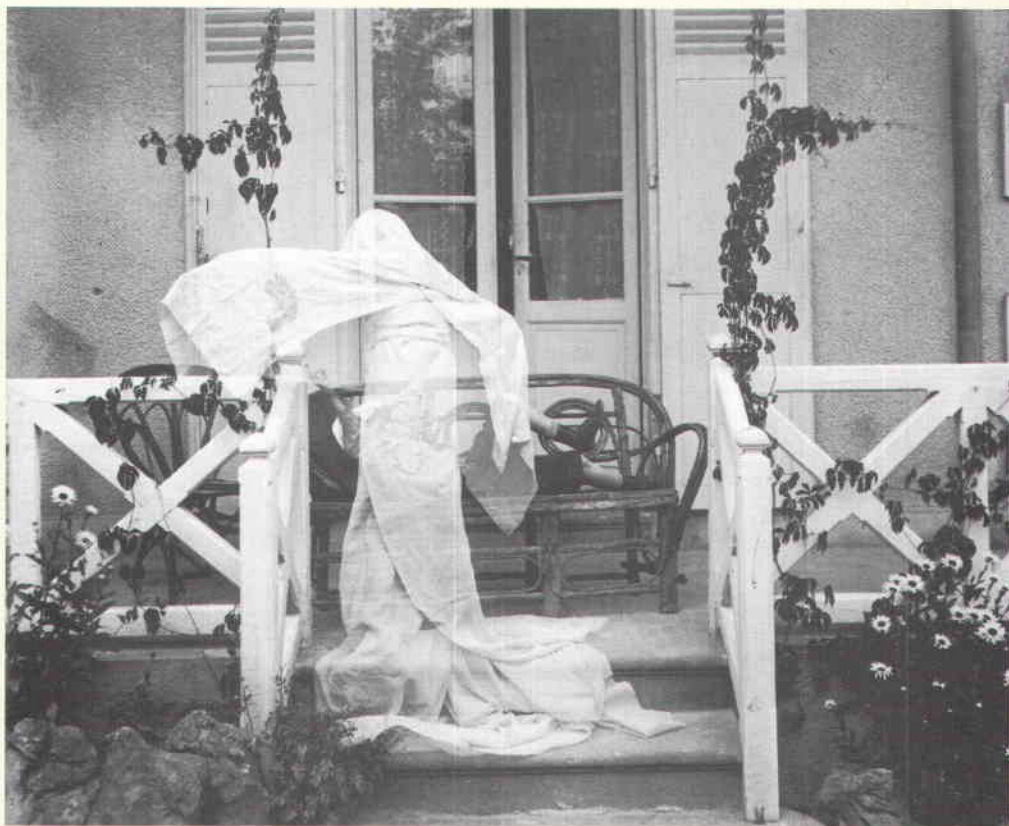
To take this self-portrait in 1904, Jacques-Henri floated his camera on a board in the bathtub. After carefully focussing the camera, he lowered himself into the water, waited for the ripples to calm down, then called his mother to come in and snap the shutter.

liked most was to take pictures of things and people in motion, things moving fast.

Innovations

Look carefully at Lartigue's pictures and you will notice how unusual most of them are. Jacques-Henri had learned a lot about photography from his father; he could judge distance and light perfectly, long before cameras did it automatically.

Once Jacques-Henri mastered the basics of photography, he felt free to experiment. And his father encouraged his creative independence. Jacques-Henri followed his own instincts and looked for what interested him in a subject, a camera angle, a kind of light, a mood. Since he was taking these pictures for himself, he could photograph whatever he thought was interesting, funny, or important.



This picture, taken in 1905, is a double exposure (two pictures on the same frame of film) of Zissou, Jacques-Henri's brother. He's lying on a bench in the background, waving at the camera, and also appears in the foreground as a ghost.

A Contrast of Style

Lartigue realized early that a photograph could be quite different from the formal, posed portraits that most photographers were taking at the time. In fact, most of the photographs we take today still follow the traditional look-at-the-camera-hold-still-and-say-cheese approach. But Jacques-Henri brought something unique and fresh to his photographs—drama, humour, and, above all, motion. Lartigue didn't ask people to hold still when he took a photograph. He wanted to show people moving, jumping, and flying. By the time he was nine years old, he had a camera that used film and could take a

picture in a hundredth of a second, instead of the three seconds or more it sometimes took for a glass plate to capture an image. These photographic improvements made it possible for Jacques-Henri to take his candid, energetic snapshots.



A stiff, formal photograph of the time.

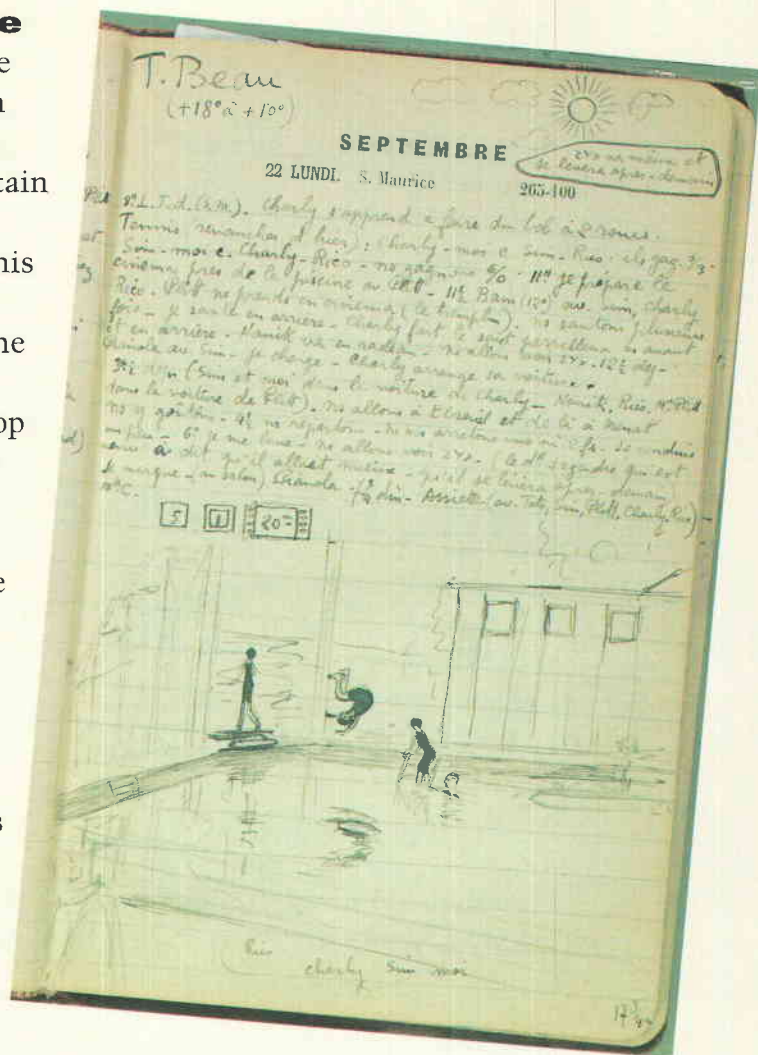


The shot of his cousin, Bichonnade, soaring gracefully as she turns to smile at the camera, has become one of Lartigue's most famous pictures. It expresses, in one image, the spirit of play that Lartigue brought to all of his work.

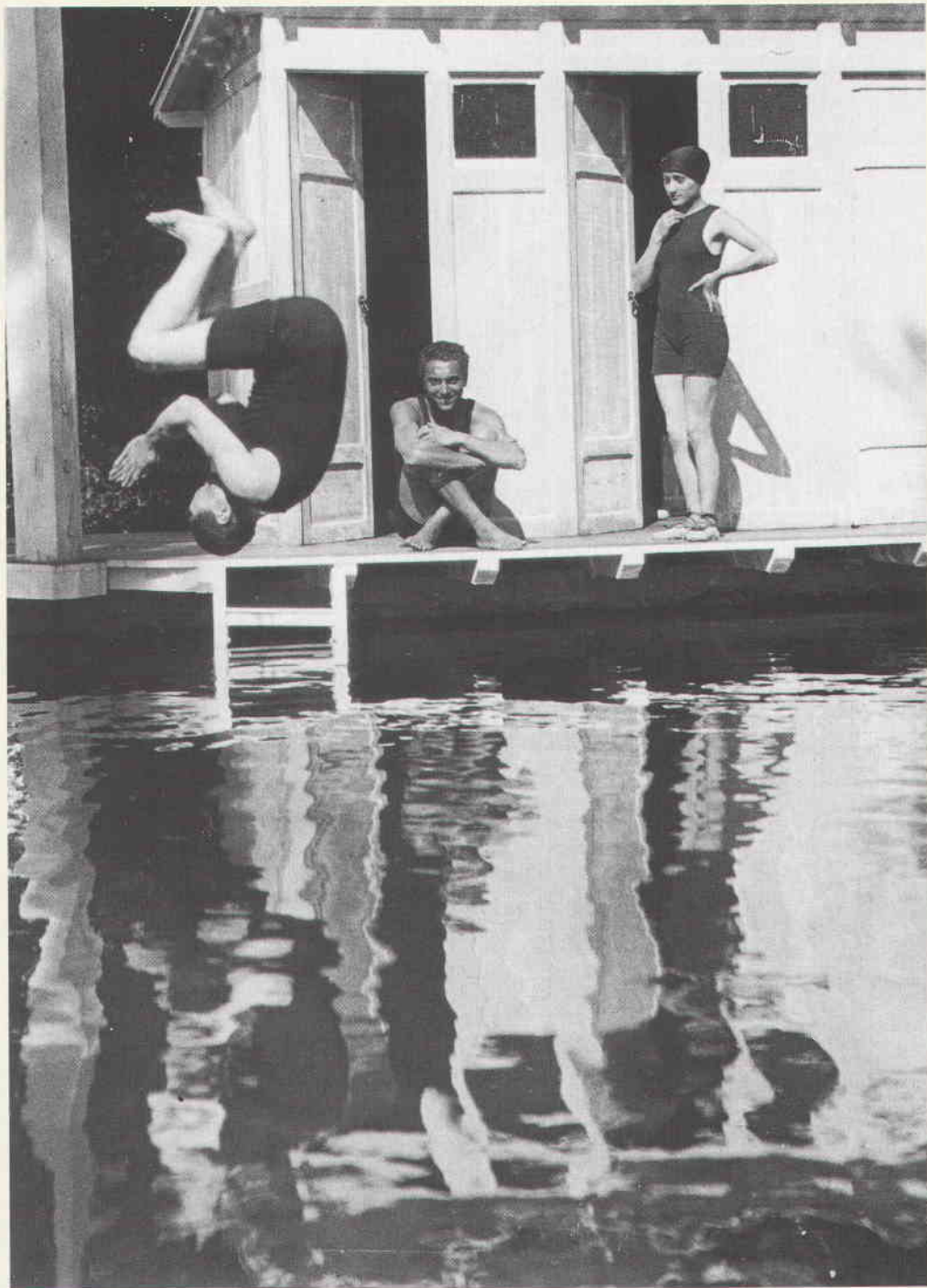
Taking a Picture

Careful and skilled as he was, Jacques-Henri soon found out that he could never be completely certain he would get the photograph he wanted. So in his journal he made small drawings of the photos he had taken in case they didn't turn out or develop correctly. Jacques-Henri kept a journal from the time he began to write, and in it he recorded the activities of his busy days, which often began before dawn.

As his artistry matured, Jacques-Henri realized that sometimes it took a number of tries (like drafts for a story or sketches for a painting) to get the perfect shot. Happily, the subjects of his photographs, who were often family and friends, dusted themselves off and obliged the budding artist with another try. ♦



This page from Jacques-Henri's journal describes the day's events, which included tennis and swimming. He also sketched a photograph that he took of a friend jumping into a pool.




People in motion—Lartigue's specialty. The diver looks very similar to the man drawn in the journal.

1. RESPONDING TO THE PROFILE

- Which of Jacques-Henri Lartigue's photos do you find most innovative? Why?
- How do his photos compare with most of the photos that are taken by ordinary people today? Explain.
- What factors in Jacques-Henri's life made it possible for him to pursue his hobby?

2. MEDIA TAKE ACTION PHOTOS



Most of us take snapshots of friends or family standing still in front of an interesting scene. But Jacques-Henri shows us that photos of people in action can be much more interesting. On your own or with a partner, take some innovative photos of people in motion. If you don't own a camera, borrow one from a friend or the school. Alternatively, you can buy a disposable camera. Before you start, try Jacques-Henri's idea of sketching the pictures you would like to capture. Don't be afraid to take many shots in order to get one good one—that's what professionals do! Make a class display of your action photos. Hint: High-speed film (such as 400 ASA) is best for action shots.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did your photos turn out as you hoped? If not, how would you change your techniques or subject matter to improve your photos?

3. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

Effective **adjectives** and **adverbs** can make your writing more interesting and exciting, creating a clear picture for the reader.

Weak: *Good* snapshots express emotion *nicely*.

Stronger: *Candid, energetic* snapshots express emotion *perfectly*.

Reread "Photographer at Play" and find several examples of adjectives and adverbs that help to create a vivid picture of what is taking place. Check a piece of your own writing to see whether you have used adjectives and adverbs appropriately and creatively.

An **adjective** is a word that modifies (or describes) a noun or pronoun. An **adverb** is a word that modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb.

4. WRITER'S CRAFT BRAINSTORM IDEAS

How did Jacques-Henri's father encourage his son's creativity? Write your ideas in your notebook, and then make this list the start of a brainstorming session on the topic "How to Be Inventive."

When you brainstorm, you want to bring out all the ideas you have on a subject. Here are some suggestions:

- Doodling, drawing, and free-writing can help you to come up with ideas. To free-write, just write quickly without thinking about grammar or sentences. The goal is to get down as many ideas as possible by letting your mind wander freely.
- Creating a web can help you to organize your ideas. For example:



When your brainstorming is complete, file your notes in your writing folder so you can refer to them later.

*Who gets the credit for the
"crunch" of a McIntosh apple, the
"bounce" of a Jolly Jumper, or the
"WOW!" of an IMAX movie?
Canadians!*

Eureka!

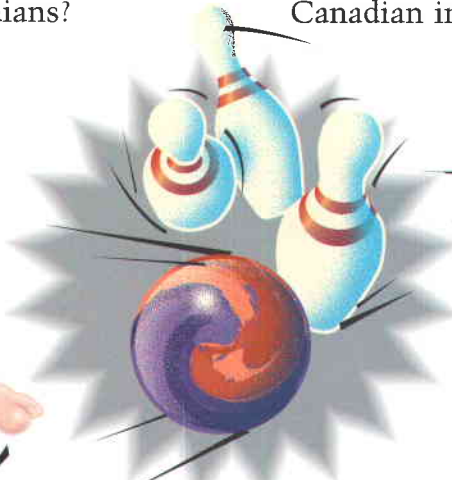
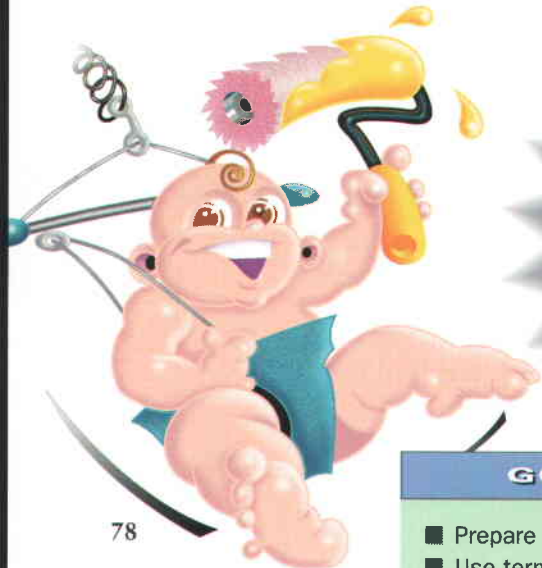
We've Done It!

Article by Winston Collins

Quickly now, what do the telephone and the zipper have in common? Yes, they are both things we use daily. And yes, it's hard to imagine life without them. But there's another correct answer as well: both the telephone and the zipper are Canadian inventions. Which of the following items were also invented by Canadians?

- the paint roller
- the snowblower
- the Jolly Jumper
- the baby seat
- five-pin bowling
- the electronic organ
- instant mashed potatoes

As you probably suspected, that was a trick question, because the answer is...all of them are Canadian inventions.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

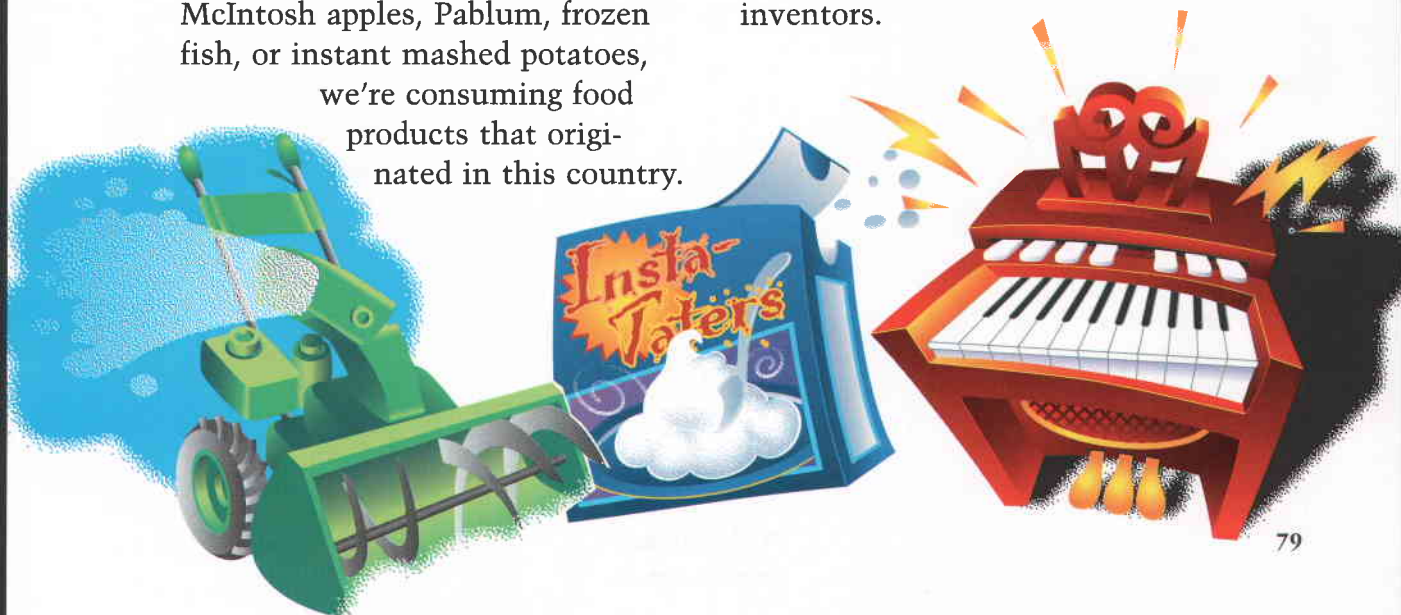
- Prepare a presentation.
- Use terminology appropriately.

A more difficult challenge would be to identify the names of the men and women who invented these items. While inventions are essential parts of our everyday lives, we seldom consider the fact that someone actually had the creative inspiration and practical ability to bring these things into our lives—such as Norman Breakey of Toronto, who invented the paint roller; Arthur Sicard of rural Quebec, who invented the snow-blower; and Olivia Poole of North Vancouver, who invented the Jolly Jumper.

Many Canadian inventions have become as common and indispensable as Alexander Graham Bell's telephone and Gideon Sundback's zipper. The time shown on our clocks is set to an international standard originally conceived by Canadian inventor Sir Sandford Fleming. When we eat McIntosh apples, Pabulum, frozen fish, or instant mashed potatoes, we're consuming food products that originated in this country.

Canadian inventors have also provided us with a wide variety of fun and games: basketball, five-pin bowling, table hockey, the Laser sailboat, and Trivial Pursuit.

Inventions make day-to-day living more convenient, comfortable, and enjoyable. We live easier, happier, and altogether better lives because Canadians have created (and continue to create) new and better ways of doing things—whether it's painting walls, clearing snow, listening to the radio, caring for the baby, or communicating over long distances with family and friends. Our health is improved and our lives are prolonged because of breakthroughs by Canadian medical researchers who invent new drugs and treatments for diseases. In short, our lifestyles and the very quality of our lives themselves owe a great deal to our nation's inventors.



The Inventive Drive

Why do people invent? One answer is because we must. It has been said that human inventiveness is a response to the fact that we are physically ill-equipped creatures. While animals have sharp teeth and claws to protect themselves, humans must rely on their brain power to mould the environment to their well-being. Satisfying human needs is

undoubtedly the single greatest motivator for inventors past and present. Natural curiosity and creative desire also help explain why inventors invent. Technical know-how and problem-solving ability are essentials for successful inventors. As the famous inventor Thomas Edison said, "Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration."

Who Are the Inventors Now?

While the human need to create new and better ways of doing things has remained constant, the nature of inventing has gone through a recent change. Until well into the twentieth century, virtually every invention resulted from an individual working alone. Today, however, most inventions come about through teams of specialists working together in corporate, university, or government research laboratories. Nevertheless, the lone inventor is still alive and well in Canada. A federal government study once noted that half the people in this country have the right stuff to be inventors—but only one in a thousand ever attempts to invent anything.

Somewhere in Canada right now there are homemakers, welders, business executives—as well as single parents, high-school students, and retired seniors—at work on some kind of invention. Only a few of them will ultimately introduce the public to new and better ways of doing things. Still, their collective spirit of inventiveness deserves to be encouraged and recognized as the essential social and economic dynamo it is.

Would you really choose to live without a telephone or the zipper? And wouldn't you be pleased to have a better light bulb—or mousetrap—in your home? Thanks to inventors, that too will come to pass.