

Homework Distribution #3 April 29-May 20, 2020

TEACHER

Mr. Radtke

SUBJECT

Lang. Arts

LEVEL

GRADE

12

Student's Name

Please return all work by Wednesday, May 20th.

Critical Reading

Critical-reading questions test your ability to comprehend written material and to draw inferences from what you read. The following strategies can help you answer these types of questions:

- Skim the entire passage quickly.
- Read the questions that follow the passage.
- Reread the passage carefully, keeping the questions you will have to answer in mind.
- Reread each question carefully. Then choose the response that best answers the question. If necessary, go back and reread the relevant parts of the passage.

Passage I

The following passage is from the short story "Louisa, Please Come Home" by the American author Shirley Jackson. The story is narrated by Louisa Tether, a young woman who ran away from home three years ago. She is now returning with her old next-door neighbor, Paul, to confront her family.

I wondered if they were watching us from the window. It was hard for me to imagine how my mother and father would behave in a situation like this, because they always made such a point of being quiet and dignified and proper; . . . the front door ahead was still tight shut. I wondered if we would have to ring the doorbell; I had never had to ring this doorbell before. I was still wondering when Carol opened the door for us. "Carol!" I said. I was shocked because she looked so old, and then I thought that of course it had been three years since I had seen her, and she probably thought that I looked older, too. "Carol," I said, "Oh, Carol!" I was honestly glad to see her.

5 She looked at me hard and then stepped back, and my mother and father were standing there, waiting for me to come in. If I had not stopped to think, I would have run to them, but I hesitated, not quite sure what to do, or whether they were angry with me, or hurt, or only just happy that I was back, and of course once I stopped to think about it, all I could find to do was just stand there and say, 10 "Mother?" kind of uncertainly.

15 She came over to me and put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face for a long time. There were tears running down her cheeks, and I thought that before, when it didn't matter, I had been ready enough to cry, but now, when crying would make me look better, all I wanted to do was giggle. She looked old, and sad, 20 and I felt simply foolish. Then she turned to Paul and said, "Oh, Paul—how can you do this to me again?"

Paul was frightened; I could see it. "Mrs. Tether—" he said.

"What is your name, dear?" my mother asked me.

"Louisa Tether," I said stupidly.

25 "No, dear," she said, very gently, "your real name?"

Now I could cry, but now I did not think it was going to help matters any.

"Louisa Tether," I said. "That's my name."

1. Who is the "I" in this passage?

- (A) Carol
- (B) Louisa's father
- (C) Louisa
- (D) a girl pretending to be Louisa
- (E) Louisa's psychiatrist

2. Which pair of adjectives best describes the tone of this passage?

- (A) angry and resentful
- (B) lighthearted and humorous
- (C) warm and nostalgic
- (D) awkward and confused
- (E) detached and analytic

3. Considering that Louisa ran from home and that her family doesn't seem to recognize her when she returns, what might you infer about the relationship between them?

- (A) Louisa is an adopted child.
- (B) Louisa's family ignored her and never realized that she had run away.
- (C) Louisa's parents and sister are blind and resent the fact that Louisa can see.
- (D) Louisa had plastic surgery while she was gone because she didn't want to look like her family.
- (E) Louisa's family has never really "seen" her or known her as a person.

4. Which statement best explains the meaning of the clause "I had never had to ring this doorbell before" (line 5) in the context of this passage?

- (A) Until she ran away, she had lived in that house and could come and go freely.
- (B) She has never lost her key to the house before.
- (C) She has always used the back door, which doesn't have a bell.
- (D) She used to just knock on the door when she forgot her key.
- (E) Her parents installed the doorbell after she left home.

5. Which statement best describes why Louisa is shocked that her sister Carol looks so old (lines 6–8)?
- (A) She has forgotten what Carol looks like.
 - (B) She has assumed that nothing and no one would have changed during the three years she was gone.
 - (C) Carol has been sick with worry since Louisa's disappearance.
 - (D) Carol has begun to look like her mother.
 - (E) Carol has forgotten what Louisa looks like.
6. Which statement best explains the meaning of "crying would make me look better" (lines 18–19) in the context of this passage?
- (A) Tears would make her eyes glisten and sparkle prettily.
 - (B) Crying would show how she really felt about being home.
 - (C) Tears would cleanse her eyes so that she could see more clearly.
 - (D) She would look more like her mother, who was crying.
 - (E) She looks better when she is crying than when she is giggling.
7. Which phrase has the same meaning as "matters" (line 26) in the context of this passage?
- (A) spiritual concerns
 - (B) angry feelings
 - (C) cares about
 - (D) the situation
 - (E) concrete objects
8. A tether is a rope or a chain used to tie something. Which statement best describes the possible significance of the author's choice of this word as Louisa's last name?
- (A) It was the author's maiden name.
 - (B) It was chosen at random and has no significance.
 - (C) It suggests the complex ties that bind parents and children.
 - (D) It is not the same as her parents' last name and therefore proves she is not really their child.
 - (E) It has the same number of letters as does her first name.
9. How does Louisa's father react to her return?
- (A) His reaction cannot be determined from the information given in this passage.
 - (B) He echoes his wife's reaction.
 - (C) He is indifferent.
 - (D) He is angry.
 - (E) He is overjoyed.
10. To which type of literature does this passage belong?
- (A) science fiction
 - (B) autobiography
 - (C) nonfiction
 - (D) fantasy
 - (E) first-person narrative

Passage II

The following passage is from an article published in *Discover* magazine. It presents the results of recent research on domestic cats and their wild ancestors.

To anyone who has stared into the deep and unwavering blankness of a house cat's eyes, or has watched his beloved pet stand motionless in the center of a room, waiting for a thought to enter its plum-sized brain—to such a person, the news will be no surprise: compared with its wild ancestor, the domestic cat has about one-third fewer neurons [nerve cells]. The cat's brain has shrunk during the course of evolution, and it has shrunk by losing neurons.

[The researchers Robert Williams of the University of Tennessee at Memphis and Carmen Cavada and Fernando Reinoso-Suárez of the Universidad Autonoma de Madrid] compared the brain of *Felis catus* with that of the Spanish wildcat. Spanish wildcats are living fossils—rare survivors of the species that gave rise to domesticated cats 15,000 to 20,000 years ago. While the domestic cat's line has evolved rapidly since then, the Spanish wildcat has barely changed.

Williams and his colleagues found that the domestic cat's brain is 20 to 30 percent lighter than a Spanish wildcat's brain. (Its whole body is about half the size of the wildcat's body.) To find out whether the domestic cat had smaller neurons, more tightly packed neurons, or simply fewer neurons, the researchers decided to actually count the number of neurons in a small section of the feline brain—the visual pathway.

They found that the Spanish wildcat had half again as many cone cells—the cells that allow for daytime and color vision—in the retina; 50 percent more signal-transmitting axons in the optic nerve; and 50 percent more cells in the lateral geniculate nucleus, a clump of neurons in the brain that sorts the signals from the optic nerve. If one extrapolates these findings to the whole brain, says Williams, this means that domestic cats have lost about a third of their neurons during evolution.

The intriguing thing is that each domestic cat seems to start out with all its ancestral neurons. . . . [A large] number of the domestic cat's cells, however, die as the fetus develops. "The death of brain cells often happens in mammals," says Williams. "The human retina initially has 2.5 million ganglion cells, and then half are lost. But the domestic cat makes close to a million and keeps only 160,000." If you're going to evolve a smaller brain, he adds, the cat's strategy is probably a good one: "It has a built-in flexibility. If conditions were to change rapidly in a few thousand years, an animal could take advantage and stop losing as many cells."

- 35 Why the domestic cat should want to lose brain cells in the first place, however, the researchers can't say. But they warn against drawing facile conclusions concerning the animal's intelligence. "In some respects I'm sure a wildcat is a much more competent animal," says Williams. "But domestic cats are much smarter at coping with humans than are wildcats—so in that respect, a domestic cat is obviously a genius."

11. Which statement best summarizes the main point of this passage?
- (A) Wildcats would make good pets because they're so smart.
 - (B) Keeping cats as pets causes people to lose their brain cells.
 - (C) Mammals become less intelligent as they evolve.
 - (D) Although domestic cats have lost a third of their brain cells during evolution, they are still smart enough to deal effectively with their environment.
 - (E) Domestic cats should be returned to the wild so that they can regain their lost brain cells.
12. Which statement best reflects the researchers' findings?
- (A) Domestic cats have more tightly packed neurons than do Spanish wildcats.
 - (B) Spanish wildcats' color vision is much better than their daytime vision.
 - (C) Domestic cats have smaller neurons than do Spanish wildcats.
 - (D) Domestic cats and wildcats start out with the same number of neurons, but domestic cats lose more of theirs as they develop.
 - (E) The neurons of all cats are concentrated in their visual pathway.
13. What is the meaning of "living fossils" (line 10) in the context of this passage?
- (A) petrified animals that have been miraculously revived
 - (B) animals that are hopelessly out-of-date
 - (C) ancient animal species that have survived unchanged
 - (D) ancient rocks that look like present-day cats
 - (E) animals that feed on extinct species
14. What is the meaning of "extrapolates" (line 23) in the context of this passage?
- (A) transports to the North or South Pole
 - (B) projects or extends
 - (C) adds more neurons
 - (D) takes out of context
 - (E) exaggerates

15. Why, according to the researchers, do domestic cats lose their brain cells?
- (A) The researchers don't know.
 - (B) Domestic cats don't need so many cells, because human beings take care of them.
 - (C) Their wild ancestors had too many brain cells.
 - (D) Their brains are too small to hold all their brain cells.
 - (E) The cats don't lose the cells: the researchers counted wrong.
16. How long ago did domestic cats evolve from wildcats?
- (A) Domestic cats didn't evolve from wildcats; they're an entirely different species.
 - (B) 15,000 to 20,000 years ago
 - (C) 160,000 years ago
 - (D) 2.5 million years ago
 - (E) The passage doesn't provide that information.
17. What is the meaning of the phrase "all its ancestral neurons" (lines 26–27) in the context of this passage?
- (A) the total number of neurons in all its ancestors' brains
 - (B) its oldest neurons
 - (C) the same number of neurons its ancestors had
 - (D) the neurons it will pass on to its children
 - (E) the neurons that are related to its own
18. Which adjective best describes the tone of this passage?
- (A) disgusted
 - (B) humorous
 - (C) pleading
 - (D) threatening
 - (E) objective
19. What is the meaning of "facile" (line 35) in the context of this passage?
- (A) funny
 - (B) docile
 - (C) complicated
 - (D) easy
 - (E) misunderstood
20. Why does a researcher state that "a domestic cat is obviously a genius" (line 39) even though it has one-third fewer neurons than a wildcat?
- (A) This is a sarcastic comment that means just the opposite.
 - (B) Brain cells have nothing to do with intelligence.
 - (C) Domestic cats are much better at coping with humans than are wildcats.
 - (D) Domestic cats perform better than wildcats on IQ tests.
 - (E) Domestic cats learn to use a litter box at an early age, but wildcats never do.

The following two passages address the issue of recognition of individual identity. The first is from the autobiographical essay "Darkness at Noon" by Harold Krents, whose life inspired the Broadway play and movie *Butterflies Are Free*. The second is the poem "Thumbprint" by the poet and playwright Eve Merriam.

Passage I—Darkness at Noon

Blind from birth, I have never had the opportunity to see myself and have been completely dependent on the image I create in the eye of the observer. . . .

There are those who assume that since I can't see, I obviously also cannot hear. Very often people will converse with me at the top of their lungs, enunciating each word very carefully. Conversely, people will often whisper, assuming that since my eyes don't work, my ears don't either. . . .

The toughest misconception of all is the view that because I can't see, I can't work. I was turned down by over forty law firms because of my blindness, even though my qualifications included a cum laude degree from Harvard College and a good ranking in my Harvard Law School class.

The attempt to find employment, the continuous frustration of being told that it was impossible for a blind person to practice law, the rejection letters, not based on my lack of ability but rather on my disability, will always remain one of the most disillusioning experiences in my life.

Passage II—Thumbprint

15 In the heel of my thumb
are whorls, whirls, wheels
in a unique design:
mine alone.
What a treasure to own!
20 My own flesh, my own feelings.
No other, however grand or base,
can ever contain the same.
My signature,
thumbing the pages of my time.
25 My universe key,
my singularity.
Impress, implant,
I am myself,
of all my atom parts I am the sum.
30 And out of my blood and my brain
I make my own interior weather,
my own sun and rain.
Imprint my mark upon the world,
whatever I shall become.

21. Which set of adjectives best characterizes the tone of the two passages?
- (A) I—hesitant; II—angry
 - (B) I—whining; II—defiant
 - (C) I—angry; II—exultant
 - (D) I—optimistic; II—pessimistic
 - (E) I—detached; II—anxious
22. How does Harold Krents feel about "the image I create in the eye of the observer" (line 2)?
- (A) He is angry that people do not see him as a real person because he is handicapped.
 - (B) He has no feelings about other people's image of him, because he can't see it.
 - (C) He accepts other people's image of him.
 - (D) He tries to live up to others' image of him.
 - (E) He doesn't understand how other people see him.
23. What is the meaning of "not based on my lack of ability but rather on my disability" (lines 12–13) in the context of passage I?
- (A) not because he wasn't capable of doing the job, but only because he was blind
 - (B) not because he wasn't capable of doing the job, but because he didn't use the ability he had
 - (C) not because he was blind, but because he didn't have the ability to do the job
 - (D) not because he was blind, but because he also couldn't hear
 - (E) because he was blind and he also wasn't capable of doing the job
24. What is the meaning of "disillusioning" (line 14) in the context of passage I?
- (A) unreal
 - (B) disgusting
 - (C) disabling
 - (D) unexpected
 - (E) eye-opening
25. Which statement best summarizes Harold Krents's attitude toward his blindness?
- (A) He resents it and is jealous of people who can see.
 - (B) He thinks that the problem is not his blindness but the fact that other people don't see him as a capable individual.
 - (C) He ignores it.
 - (D) He refuses to accept it and pretends that he can see.
 - (E) He doesn't realize that he is blind.
26. Which statement best describes the way the speaker in passage II perceives herself?
- (A) as a large thumb
 - (B) as a person stamped out of a mold
 - (C) as a barometer of the weather
 - (D) as a unique individual with a special contribution to make
 - (E) as a person unsure of her own identity

27. What does the image of the "whorls, whirls, wheels [on my thumb] in a unique design" (lines 16–17) signify in the context of passage II?
- (A) someone squashing an insect
 - (B) someone hitchhiking
 - (C) the distinctiveness of every person
 - (D) It was included for sound, not for meaning.
 - (E) the confusion of someone going around in circles
28. What does "I make my own interior weather" (line 31) imply in the context of passage II?
- (A) The narrator lives in a climate-controlled house.
 - (B) The narrator takes her temperature regularly.
 - (C) The narrator determines her own destiny.
 - (D) The narrator can predict the weather.
 - (E) The narrator is like a reptile, whose body temperature is determined by that of its environment.
29. Which statement best characterizes the views of personal identity presented in the two passages?
- (A) I—people must not accept other people's image of them but must fight to be recognized as individuals; II—people imprint their individual personalities joyously and freely on the world.
 - (B) I—people can never see themselves clearly; II—people can never really understand one another because they are so different.
 - (C) I and II—people are concerned only with themselves.
 - (D) I—people with disabilities aren't really people; II—everyone has some kind of disability.
 - (E) I—people are blind; II—people live in their own separate worlds.
30. Which phrases from the two passages best summarize their themes?
- (A) I—"because I can't see, I can't work"; II—"of all my atom parts I am the sum"
 - (B) I—"continuous frustration"; II—"I am myself"
 - (C) I—"Blind from birth"; II—"What a treasure to own!"
 - (D) I—"the rejection letters"; II—"whatever I shall become"
 - (E) I—"one of the most disillusioning experiences in my life"; II—"thumbing the pages of my time"

The Doll's House

Katherine Mansfield

When dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells, she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter¹ and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come of it: it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ("Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!")—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was . . .

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued onto the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

"Open it quickly, someone!"

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat pried it open with his penknife, and the whole housefront swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing room and dining room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel . . .

"O-oh!" The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvelous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing room, green in the dining room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates, and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil, and that moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the

WORDS TO OWN

congealed (kən-jēld') v. used as adj.: thickened.

1. carter: delivery person.

girl
No
thr
cou
anc

rea
gro
jus
lin
tri
an
ha
yo

gi
rou
ing
con
pla
gir
sta
wa
tha

dre
pai
che
for
dre
the
dre
No

ruc
be
Ke
ne
Th
the
be
bo
the
wh
bu

ing
ho
en

girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased . . .

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings² of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children in the neighborhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the storekeeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behavior, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody

knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman and a jailbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge³ tablecloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy⁴ she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

3. **art-serge** (ärt·surj): type of woven wool fabric.

4. **guy**: British for "an odd-looking person." The word comes from the name of Guy Fawkes, an English conspirator executed for taking part in the 1605 Gunpowder Plot to bomb the king and the houses of Parliament. In England, handmade likenesses of Guy Fawkes are burned annually on November 5—Guy Fawkes Day.

WORDS TO OWN

traipsing (träps'in) v. used as adj.: colloquial for "wandering."

conspicuous (kən·spik'yoo·əs) adj.: attracting attention by being unusual.

2. **palings** (päl'inz): fence stakes.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, "and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. "Isabel's *my* friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, "Have you seen Burnells' doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!" "Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!"

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs . . .

"Mother," said Kezia, "can't I ask the Kelveys just once?"

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not?"

"Run away, Kezia; you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O-oh, how awful!" said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eyes snapped. "Shall I ask her?" she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. "Watch! Watch me! Watch me now!" said Lena. And sliding, gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?" shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell⁵ for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. "Yah, yer father's in prison!" she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvelous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Someone found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores.⁶ But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she

5. **sell**: slang for "trick."

6. **pinafores** (pin'ə·forz'): sleeveless, apronlike garments that young girls wear over dresses.

WORDS TO OWN

flagged (flagd) v.: declined; lost strength or interest.

titter (tit'ər) v.: to giggle.

saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming toward her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh, well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and

see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to?" asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning; she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as a stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

"There's the drawing room and the dining room, and that's the—"

"Kezia!"

Oh, what a start they gave!

"Kezia!"

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round.

At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?" said her cold, furious voice. "You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately!" she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl!" said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll's house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying, threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman's Bush, he'd come to the front door and

ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone. She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells', they sat down to rest on a big red drain-pipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks,⁷ past the creek, to the group of wattles⁸ where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

7. paddocks (pad'oks): fenced pieces of land.

8. wattles (wät' 'lz): acacia trees.

Blank copy

"THE DOLL'S HOUSE" QUIZ

NAME _____

1. What singular object is perhaps the most fantastic in the doll house, according to the Burnell children?
2. What do the Kelveys children eat for lunch?
3. Describe how Else and Liz behave with one another.
4. Who invites the Kelveys to see the doll house?
5. Who chases the Kelveys children away?
6. What does Else say to Liz at the end of the story?

