

8.S1.BI-D .1 Analyze the purpose of the author or creator and the impact of that purpose by evaluating biases, messages, and underlying assumptions of a variety of texts and media.

Directions: Read the story and answer the questions.

The Clever Judge
retold by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky

Babette Deutsch, one of the authors of Tales of Faraway Folk, from which this story is taken, identifies "The Clever Judge" as a Kirghiz folk tale. In the introduction she says: "The people who tell this tale live on the vast steppes or prairies of southwestern Asia. They are herders of cattle, sheep, and goats. And they are clever fellows, too, as you shall see."

Glossary Box

Plaintiff = a person who brings a complaint to a judge

Defendant = a person who must defend himself to a judge

- 1 There lived a man in the steppes who was famous for his justice and wisdom. At that time if a man was known for his fairness, people came to him from far and wide to ask him to settle their disputes. And so it was that one day two villagers appeared before this wise man and asked him to settle their quarrel.
- 2 "Tell me your story," the judge said to Sergio, the plaintiff.
- 3 "I had to leave my village," said Sergio, "for I had business elsewhere. And all my wealth was a hundred gold coins. I did not come by them easily. I had to work hard for them, and I did not want them to be stolen while I was away. Nor did I care to carry so much money with me on my journey. So I entrusted these gold coins for safekeeping to this man here. When I got back from my journey, he denied that he had ever received the money from me."
- 4 "And who saw you give him these hundred gold coins?" asked the judge.

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5 “No one saw it. We went together to the heart of the forest and there I handed him the coins.”

6 “What have you to say to this?” the judge asked, turning to the defendant, Goran.

7 Goran shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know what he is talking about,” said the man. “I never went to the forest with him. I never saw his gold coins.”

8 “Do you remember the place where you handed over the money?” the judge asked Sergio.

9 “Of course I do. It was under a tall oak. I remember it very well. I can point it out with no trouble at all.”

10 “So you do have a witness, after all,” said the judge. “Here, take my signet ring, go to the tall tree under which you stood when you handed over the money, set the seal of my signet ring against the trunk, and bid the tree appear before me to bear out the truth of your story.”

11 Sergio took the signet ring and went off to carry out the demand of the judge. Goran remained behind and waited for his return.

12 After some time had passed, the judge turned to Goran and asked, “Do you think he has reached the oak by this time?”

13 “No, not yet,” was the answer.

14 After further time had passed, the judge again turned to Goran and asked, “Do you think he has reached the tree by this time?”

15 “Yes,” was the answer, “by now he must have reached it.” Not long after that Sergio returned.

16 “Well?” asked the judge.

17 “I did just as you said,” replied Sergio. “I walked as far as the forest and then I went on until I came to the tall oak under which we stood when I handed over my gold coins. I set the seal of your signet ring against the trunk of the tree and I bade it appear before you as a witness. But the tree refused to budge.”

18 “Never mind,” said the judge. “The oak has appeared before me and it has borne witness in your favor.”

19 At that Goran exclaimed, “How can you say such a thing! I have been here all this while and no tree has stalked into the place.”

20 “But,” replied the judge, “you said that you had not been in the forest at all.

And yet when I asked you whether Sergio had reached the oak, first you answered that he could not have reached it, and the second time you said that he must surely have reached it. Therefore, you were in the forest and you remembered where the oak was under which you stood when Sergio handed his gold coins to you for safekeeping. Now you must not only return him his hundred gold pieces, but you must also pay a fine for having tried to cheat him.”

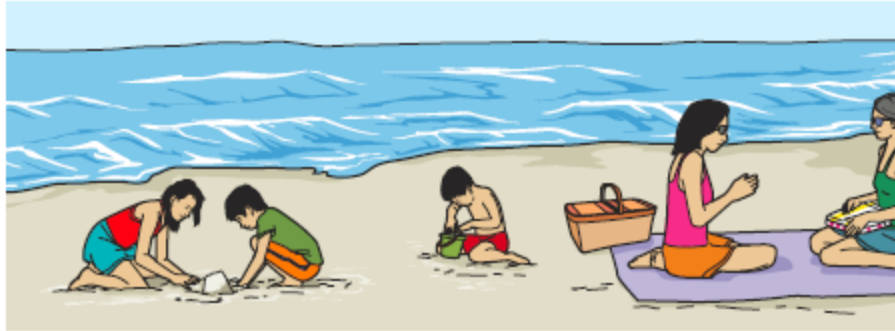
21 So the tree was a witness without budging, and justice was done.

15 What was the authors’ purpose for writing the story?

- A. To describe to readers the life of Asian judges
- B. To entertain readers with a story that teaches a lesson
- C. To inform readers about village life in southwestern Asia
- D. To persuade readers to use a judge when handling disputes

At the Beach Abuelito's Story

by
Lulu Delacre



- 1 I remember those evenings well when I was a young boy in Cuba, those balmy island nights before a trip to Guanabo Beach. The spicy aroma of *tortilla española*¹ that Mami had left to cool would waft through the house as I lay in my bed. But I was always too excited to sleep. All I could think about was the soft white sand, the warm foamy water, and Mami's delicious *tortilla*. Ahhh. A day at the beach. It was full of possibilities.
- 2 One Saturday in May, I was awakened at the crack of dawn by sounds of laughter. My aunts, Rosa and Olga, had arrived with hammocks, blankets, and an iron kettle filled with Aunt Rosa's steaming *congrí*². And best of all, they had arrived with my cousins: Luisa, Mari, and little Javi. Uncle Toni had come, too.
- 3 While the grown-ups unloaded the car, we eagerly jumped out and ran toward the sea, peeling off our clothes along the way.
- 4 When we reached the edge of the ocean, the water felt cold. I waded farther in and went under to warm up quickly. When I emerged I saw Luisa, Mari, and little Javi, all standing still in the clear water. They were watching the schools of tiny gold-and-black striped fish rush between their legs. Then they swam over to join me and together we rode the big waves.
- 5 I was getting very hungry, and for a moment I thought of returning with him³ to sneak a bite of Mami's *tortilla*. But then I had a better idea.
- 6 "Let's explore the reef!" I said.

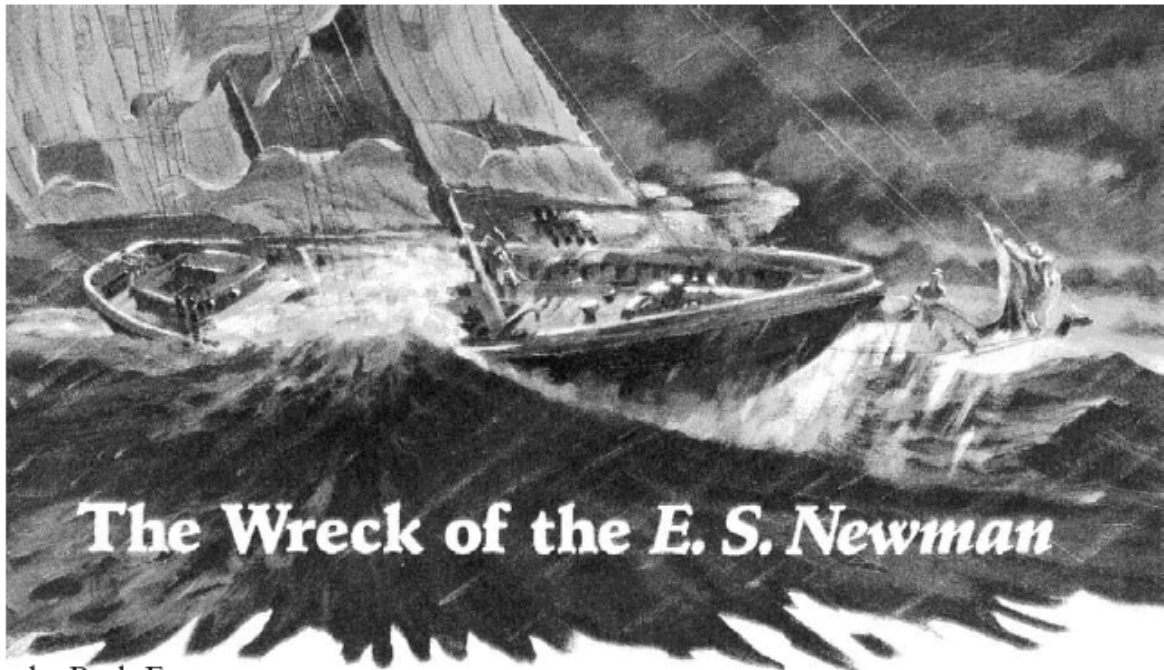
- 7 “¡Sí!” everyone agreed. “Let’s go!”
- 8 When we got to the marbled rocks, Luisa looked concerned. “Our moms told us not to come this far,” she said.
- 9 “I know the way well,” I replied. “Besides, nobody will notice. They’re too busy talking.”
- 10 I looked in the distance and saw Mami and my two aunts in the shady spot they had picked. They had set up a nice camp. The hammocks were tied to the pine trees, the blankets were spread over the fine sand. No one would miss us for a long time.
- 11 “Watch out for sea urchins!” I warned as I led the group on our climb. The spiny black sea urchins hid inside the crevices and crannies of the rough boulders. It was very painful if you stepped on one. Luisa and Mari followed behind me. They were careful to only step on the rocks I stepped on. Little Javi came last. He stopped constantly to look at the *cobitos*, the tiny hermit crabs that scurried around on the rocks, and at the iridescent tropical fish that were concealed in the deepest tide pools. I had to keep checking behind me to make sure he didn’t stray from our path.
- 12 Just then, I turned around to watch helplessly as Javi slipped on an algae-covered rock. “¡Cuidado!” I warned. But it was too late.
- 13 “¡Ay!” he shrieked, and then began to cry uncontrollably.
- 14 Cautiously, we all hurried back to help Javi. Luisa and Mari crouched down to examine his foot.
- 15 “He stepped on a sea urchin!” Mari cried. “Now what are we going to do?”
- 16 “We should have never followed you,” Luisa lamented. “We’ll all be punished.”
- 17 At that moment I did not want to think of what the punishment would be. What if we couldn’t have any of Mami’s *tortilla*? All I knew was that we had to help Javi right away. I looked around and found a piece of driftwood.
- 18 “Luisa,” I ordered. “Hold his leg still while I remove the urchin from his foot.”
- 19 Luisa held Javi’s leg still as Mari held his hand and tried to comfort him. But Javi’s desperate cries were now drowning out the sound of the sea.
- 20 I pulled and tugged, but the urchin wouldn’t budge. It was stuck to Javi’s foot by the tips of its spines. Javi was scared and in pain. And we were too far from our parents to ask for help. What if we couldn’t get Javi back? I struggled relentlessly until I was finally able to remove the spiny creature from his foot.
- 21 Gently, Luisa poured some sea water over Javi’s foot. That was when she noticed there was still a piece of the sea urchin’s spine lodged in it. Javi wasn’t going to be able to walk back and he was much too heavy for us to carry. We had to remove that piece of spine so that he could walk on his own.
- 22 “^hI have an idea,” said Luisa suddenly. She removed her hair barrettes and held them like tweezers. Then, with the smallest movement, she pulled the broken spine out. With that solved, we started back.

- 23 I helped Javi walk on his sore foot. He wept and limped with every step. Our walk back seemed endless. As we got closer I realized that we would have to explain how it was that we went to the reef in the first place. I would surely end up with no *tortilla* if we told the truth.
- 24 "What will we do now?" Mari asked.
- 25 "We'll have to tell our parents what happened," said Luisa matter-of-factly.
- 26 "No!" I said emphatically. "We'll be punished for sure."
- 27 We walked the rest of the way in silence. The sound of crashing waves, children playing, and seagulls' calls became a background drone to Javi's cries.
- 28 When we finally reached our parents, Javi was crying louder than ever. Aunt Olga took one look at him and gasped. "¡Niños! Children! What's happened to Javi?"
- 29 Mari looked at Luisa. Luisa looked at me. Javi cried even louder.
- 30 "Well . . .," I hesitated. By now everyone was staring at me. "We were walking along the beach looking for cockles and urchin shells," I began, "when I found a live sea urchin attached to a piece of driftwood. So I called the others. Javi came running so fast that he stepped on it by accident."
- 31 Luisa and Mari stared at me in disbelief. I didn't think they liked my story.
- 32 "Let me see your foot, Javi," Aunt Olga said, kneeling next to her son.
- 33 Mami and Aunt Rosa looked on as Aunt Olga examined Javi's foot closely. Then she gave him a big hug and a kiss. "He's fine," she said at last. "It looks like the children were able to pull it out."
- 34 And at this good news, Javi's tears disappeared and were replaced by a big broad smile. "I'm hungry," he said.
- 35 "Then let's have lunch," Aunt Olga suggested.
- 36 I was dumbfounded. Not only had they believed me, but we were also going to eat Mami's *tortilla*!
- 37 Mami handed me a plate filled with my favorite foods. The *tortilla* smelled delicious. But I was unable to eat. I looked up at Luisa and Mari who were quietly picking at their food. I watched Mami as she served herself and sat next to my aunts. I looked at my plate again. How could I enjoy my food when I knew I had done something I wasn't supposed to do? There was only one thing I could do now. I stood up, picked up my plate, and went right over to Mami.
- 38 "What's wrong, Fernando?" Mami asked.
- 39 I looked back at Luisa and Mari and swallowed hard. Then, I handed Mami my untouched plate.
- 40 "You wouldn't have given me this if I had told you the truth," I said.
- 41 Mami looked puzzled. The whole group grew silent and watched me struggle. I was very embarrassed.
- 42 "It was my fault," Luisa said. "I should have stopped them."

- 43 "And I went along," said Mari.
- 44 "No, no, it was my idea to go to the reef," I said. Then I told everyone about our adventure at the reef. When I was finished, Mami looked at me with tear-filled eyes.
- 45 "You are right, Fernando," she said. "I should punish you for doing something you knew not to do. Somebody could have been seriously hurt."
- 46 "I know," I whispered, "and I'm sorry." But then the glimmer of a smile softened Mami's expression. She slid her arm over my shoulders as she said, "You know, Fernando, anyone can make mistakes. But not everyone has the courage to admit it. *Gracias*. Thank you for telling the truth."
- 47 That afternoon, under the shade of the pine trees, the nine of us sat down on the old blankets for lunch. We had *congrí*, bread, and Mami's famous *tortilla española*. And do you know something? That day it tasted better than it ever had before.

6. What is the main purpose of this story?
- A To inform the reader about dangers at the beach
 - B To make the reader feel sad about a young boy's actions
 - C To entertain the reader by describing a day at the beach
 - D To teach the reader new games to play with friends and family
10. In the story, the author emphasizes the importance of family relationships. Explain how Fernando comes to better appreciate his family and learns to be more considerate of other people. Use details from the story to explain your answer.

Read the article "The Wreck of the *E. S. Newman*" before answering



by Ruth Ewers

VIOLENT WINDS swept the ocean, and waves thundered to shore, shaking the lookout tower at Pea Island Rescue Station. Surfman Theodore Meekins was on watch that evening of 11 October 1896. A hurricane had struck the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and the tide was so strong that beach patrols had been canceled. Still, Meekins paid close attention to the horizon. This was the type of weather that could blow ships hundreds of miles off course, into the shallow sands and shoals surrounding the Carolina coast.

Offshore, the schooner *E. S. Newman* was caught in the storm. The wind ripped the sails from the masts, and mountainous waves smashed onto the decks. The captain, whose wife and child were onboard, feared the *Newman* would soon break up. He made the decision to beach

his ship, then fired a distress signal, praying that someone onshore would see it.

Meekins, whose eyes were trained to cut through rain and surf mists, thought he saw the signal, but so much spray covered the lookout windows that he could hardly make out the buildings of the station, much less the horizon offshore. Still, he took no chances. After summoning the station keeper, Captain Richard Etheridge, Meekins set off a coston signal.¹ Together, the two men searched the darkness for a reply. A few moments later, they saw a flash of light to the south and

knew a ship was in distress. Even before the return signal burned out, Keeper Etheridge had summoned his men and begun rescue operations.

For the lifesavers, the rescue of the *Newman* was nothing unusual. Over the years,

¹ **coston signal:** a signal made by using lamps of different colors

so many ships had foundered off the Outer Banks that sailors called the region the Graveyard of the Atlantic. Noting the treacherous surf and wind conditions, Captain Etheridge quickly decided the surf boats would be impossible to maneuver. Instead, he instructed his men to load the beach cart with coils of line, powder, shot, and the lyle gun.

The crew set off on the long trek down the beach to the scene of the wreck. Captain Etheridge hoped to fire a line from the gun to the ship's mast. After the ship's crew dragged the line onboard, the surfmen would fire a second line. Secured to a spar of the ship, this second line would hold the breeches buoy, a harness for carrying survivors safely to shore.

Struggling with the weight of the 185-pound gun, the surfmen crossed three miles of sand and boiling foam to reach the

stranded ship. The water was freezing, and the men often sank up to their knees in sand. Captain Etheridge noted in his logbook that "the voice of gladdened hearts greeted the arrival of the station crew," but that "it seemed impossible under such circumstances to render any assistance. The team was often brought to a standstill by the sweeping current," and the *Newman* was "rolling and tossing well upon the beach with head sails all blown away."

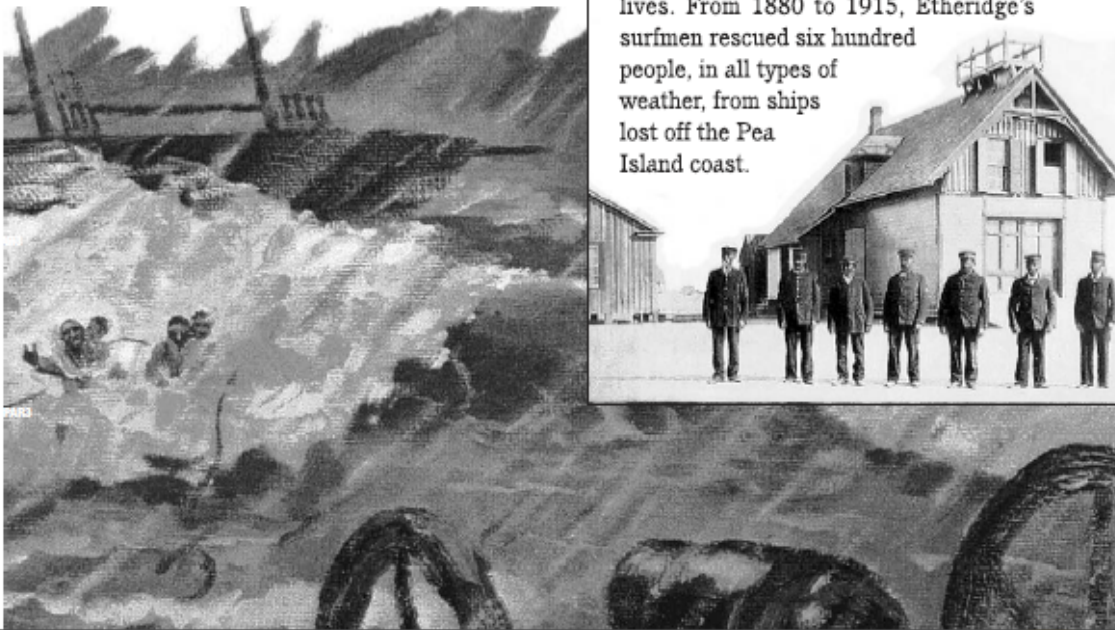
Even when the rescue equipment proved useless, Etheridge refused to give up. Choosing two of his strongest surfmen, he tied rope lines around their waists and sent them into the surging water. The two men, lashed together and holding a line from shore, waded as far as they could before diving through the waves. Nearly worn out by the exertion of swimming against the tide, they finally made it to the vessel.



The first to be rescued were the captain's wife and child. With the two passengers tied to their backs, the surfmen fought their way back to shore. Taking turns, Etheridge and his crew made ten trips to the *Newman*, saving every person onboard. It was 1:00 a.m. when the crew and survivors finally made it back to the station.

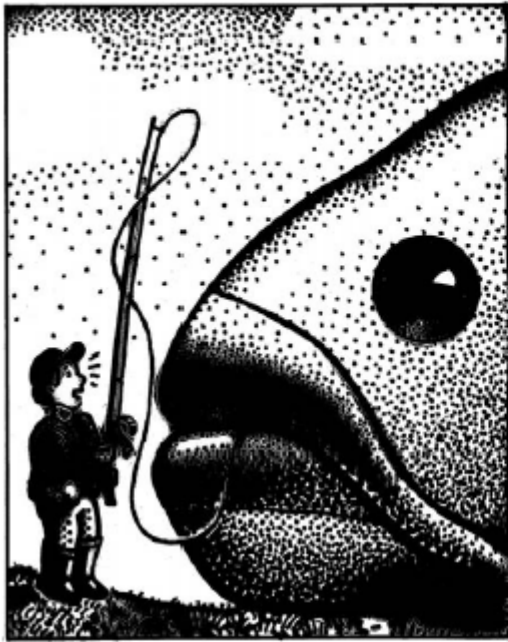
That night, as the exhausted survivors lay sleeping and his lifesaving crew rested, Captain Etheridge picked up his pen, and in the flickering light of an oil lantern, wrote with satisfaction that all the people onboard had been saved and were "sheltered in this station"—words he would write for many years to come.

Richard Etheridge was the first African-American keeper in the United States Lifesaving Service, the forerunner to the Coast Guard. Before his appointment in 1880, most African-Americans worked for the service as hired hands. When Etheridge became station keeper, he resolved to have an African-American lifesaving crew and operate the tightest station in the service. Under his leadership, the crew achieved an esprit de corps that was the admiration and envy of the other stations. Etheridge insisted on weekly drills and demanded proper dress and swift obedience to orders. Unlike his predecessor, he also made sure a surfman was on duty in the tower during storms. This diligence paid off in many saved lives. From 1880 to 1915, Etheridge's surfmen rescued six hundred people, in all types of weather, from ships lost off the Pea Island coast.



- 25 What was the author's main purpose in writing this article?
- A. to alert sailors to the dangers of hurricanes
 - B. to create a story describing a rescue at sea
 - C. to inform people about Richard Etheridge
 - D. to record the details surrounding the wreck

Read the article "Catfish Bigger Than Kids" before answering Numbers 32 through 40.



Catfish Bigger Than Kids

By Homer Circle

Can you imagine a catfish bigger than a boy? Some bewhiskered giants bigger than *several* boys lurk in South America's jungle rivers. Weighing in at 300 pounds, one of them can feed a lot of hungry catfish lovers.

I encountered one of these whoppers at a remote airstrip in Colombia a few years back. Just as I got off the plane, I saw a man offering a giant catfish for sale. It drooped over a wheelbarrow, head and tail almost touching the ground. I figured it weighed more than 150 pounds.

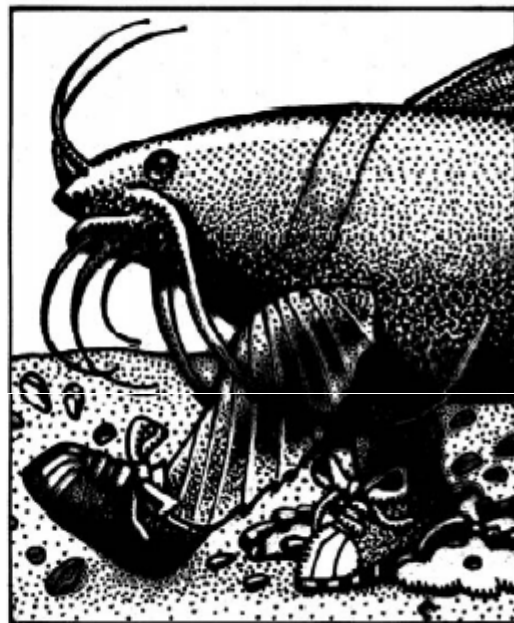
Locals told me about seeing huge catfish gobble down many things. I can

believe it. The mouth of a 300-pound catfish must be as large as a washtub.

There are more than 1,000 kinds of catfish; 28 species are found in the United States' lakes and rivers. This huge family has some mighty peculiar members. Let's meet a few.

Walking catfish. Nature equipped this feisty little catfish, found in southern Florida, with an extra lung for breathing on dry land. When its swimming hole dries up, the walking catfish waddles on stiff forward fins in search of another lake or stream. If an enemy attacks, the fish flares its top and front fins like sabers and leaps at the attacker to scare it off.

Armored catfish. This cat has heavy, bony plates protecting its body. The armor makes the fish difficult to fillet. To cook it, toss the fish whole into a fire. When it is done, crack it open for eating. Some armored catfish are found in



Florida, but the 100-pounders live in South America.

Rounding out the family of odd catfish are *talking catfish*, which make guttural¹ sounds when you pull them from the water; *climbing catfish*, which scramble up shore brush in search of food; *electric catfish*, which can deliver a mild shock; and *blind catfish*, which dwell in the inky blackness of underwater caves. Blind catfish find food through taste buds in their eight whiskers.

Most catfish have four whiskers on the upper jaw and four on the lower jaw. Sensory pores on these whiskers help the fish smell and taste food even in the muddiest of water.

The United States does not have catfish anywhere near the size of those in South America. But in some large U.S. rivers,

blue and flathead catties do top 100 pounds.

Most of the catfish you are likely to catch will be much smaller, about frying-pan size. All 28 kinds of catfish found in the United States are good to eat. When you catch one, remember that the dorsal, or top, fin and the two forward, or pectoral, fins have poison glands at their bases. They can give you painful puncture wounds.

The safest way to handle an average-size catfish is to wear a glove and grab it by the lower jaw. Then use wire cutters to clip off these dangerous fins.

To cook catfish, skin and slice them into fillets or steaks. Flour them and fry in oil until golden brown. You will see how easy it is to overeat these tasty fish.

¹ **guttural:** growling

Why did the author write this article?

- F. to explain how to catch a variety of catfish
 - G. to encourage readers to go fishing for catfish
 - H. to tell readers about the world's largest catfish
 - I. to describe the unusual characteristics of catfish
-