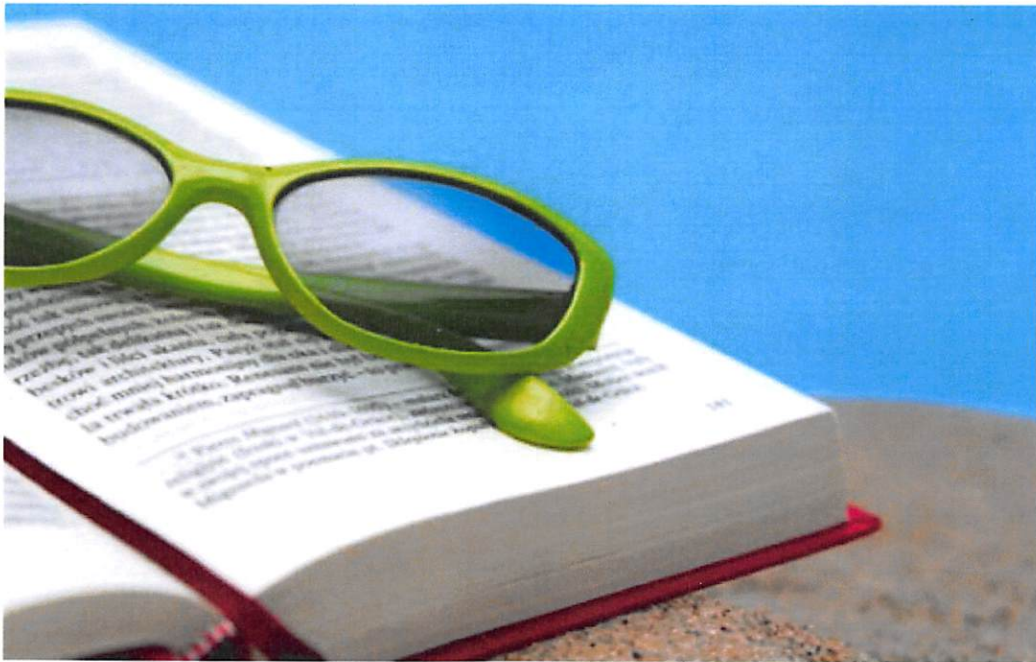


# GPA

A UCSD PARTNERSHIP



## Summer Reader

*Class of 2019*



## Incoming 10th Grade Summer Reader - Checklist

Check off the articles once you read and annotate them. Once you complete them all - reflect in writing on the following page. You are expected to read and annotate ALL of the articles in this reader. Thank you incoming Sophomores! This will be collected and graded your first week of school! Be ready! :)

<u>Date</u>	<u>Article Title</u> (Always put article titles in quotes)	<u>Read and Annotated</u>	<u>Notes</u> (Anything that helps you remember main ideas)
07/25	<b>Example:</b> "Your School Loves You"	<b>Ex:</b> ✓	<b>Example:</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>GPA supports students by making sure all are learning.</li> </ul>
	"The Boy Died in My Alley"		
	"Water Found On Mars"		
	"Ask Well: Does Skipping Breakfast Cause Weight Gain?"		
	"Bringing Out the Chef in Children"		
	"Why Did People Wear Powdered Wigs"		
	"What Happened to Marie Antoinette's Children?"		
	"More Students in Sign Language Classes"		
	"I am Joaquin"		
	"Interesting Facts of Pi"		
	"The Interlopers"		
	Enter your own reading choice here (book, article, song lyrics, poem, recipe, etc.) Add title below... _____		
	Reading Reflection (Remember to use your BEST writing skills)		

**Don't forget to complete your reading reflection at the end of your reader using your BEST writing skills. We are so proud of you!**

**Your Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Parent/Guardian Signature** \_\_\_\_\_

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Evaluator Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## 2016 Summer Reader Grading Rubric - Grades 6 -11

Categories for Evaluation	5	4	3
<b>Annotation Skills</b>	Text has been thoroughly annotated with questions, observations, and reflections of the content as well as the writing. Comments demonstrate analysis and interpretation – thinking goes beyond the surface level of the text. Thoughtful connections are made to other texts, life experiences. Marginal comments accomplish a great variety of purposes. Consistent markings appear throughout text (not bunched).	Text has been annotated reasonably well with questions, observations, and/or reflections of the content as well as the writing. Comments demonstrate some analysis and interpretation – thinking somewhat beyond the surface level of the text. Attempts at making connections are evident. Marginal comments accomplish a variety of purposes. Some lapses in entries exist; may be sporadic.	Text has been briefly annotated. Commentary remains mostly at the surface level. The commentary suggests thought in specific sections of the text rather than throughout. There is little or no attempt to make connections
<b>Written Reflection</b>	Demonstrate a thoughtful understanding of the writing prompt and the subject matter. Use relevant examples from the texts studied to support claims in your own writing, making applicable connections between texts.	Demonstrate a basic understanding of the writing prompt and the subject matter. Use examples from the text to support most claims in your writing with some connections made between texts.	Demonstrate a limited understanding of the writing prompt and subject matter. This reflection needs revision. Use incomplete or vaguely developed examples to only partially support claims with no connections made between texts.

**Point Conversion Chart (ADDING the two categories together):**

Points Possible: 10 (A)      9 (A-)      8 (B)      7 (C)      6 (D)      \*Circle Student Score

# Gwendolyn Brooks, "The Boy Died in My Alley"

## to Running Boy

Sounds like  
it will be sad

Sad!

The Boy died in my alley <sup>I wonder why these are capitalized.</sup>  
without my Having Known.  
Policeman said, next morning,  
"Apparently died Alone." - Murder?

1st time

"You heard a shot?" Policeman said.  
Shots I hear and Shots I hear. - Cool play on words w/ repetition. I like this  
I never see the Dead.

The Shot that killed him yes I heard - cool phrasing  
as I heard the Thousand shots before;  
careening tinnily down the nights  
across my years and arteries. - age + experience?

Policeman pounded on my door. - Jump back in time  
"Who is it?" "POLICE!" Policeman yelled.  
"A Boy was dying in your alley.  
A Boy is dead, and in your alley, <sup>Your Alley</sup>  
And have you known this Boy before?"

Decorates, cool way to say, hangs around.

I have known this Boy before.  
I have known this boy before, who ornaments my alley.  
I never saw his face at all, <sup>good rhyme</sup>  
I never saw his futurefall.  
But I have known this Boy.

Drug deal/Dangerous

Does she mean she knows this boy because she knows men like this boy. Does he symbolize all troubled youth?

I have always heard him deal with death.  
I have always heard the shout, (the volley). - Bird + faith holler? Warning sounds of cops?  
I have closed my heart-ears late and early.  
And I have killed him ever. - what does this mean? How has she killed him? Did she literally kill him?

I joined the Wild and killed him  
with knowledgeable unknowing. - Cool  
I saw where he was going.  
I saw him Crossed. And seeing, <sup>Double-crossed, angry, Making a cross (death)?</sup>  
I did not take him down.

He cried not only "Father!"  
but "Mother!"  
Sister!  
Brother." - He was not only a thug; he was also a son, a brother, a loved one.  
The cry climbed up the alley.  
It went up to the wind. - Cool  
It hung upon the heaven for a long <sup>Alliteration</sup>  
stretch-strain of Moment. - moment lasts long

Blood imagery  
The red floor of my alley  
is a special speech to me.

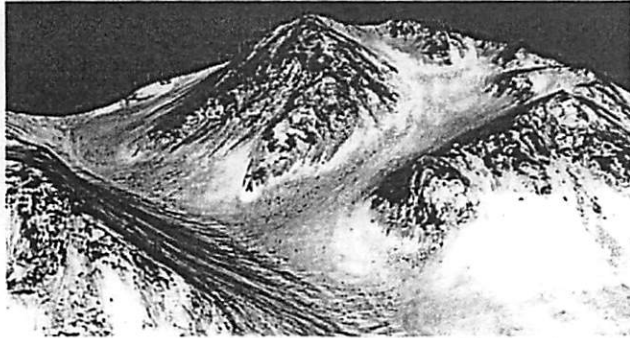
- Ⓟ - she understands the alley?
- Ⓢ - The cry affects her like a speech?



# Water Found on Mars

NASA scientists have discovered evidence of liquid water flowing on the Red Planet

SEP 28, 2015 | By Stephanie Kraus with TIME and AP reporting



UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA/JPL/NASA

There are still no signs of little green men, but NASA announced on Monday the discovery of proof of recent flowing liquid water on Mars. These findings boost the odds that there is life on the Red Planet.

A new study published in the journal *Nature Geoscience* reveals that Earth's next-door neighbor has multiple dribbles of salt-laden water that were wet, or at least damp, as recently as last year. This is not the first discovery of water on Mars. Scientists confirmed in 2008 that the Red Planet has frozen water. Now instruments aboard NASA's Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter have found the strongest evidence yet that salt water in liquid form trickles down certain Martian slopes each summer, according to the researchers. Mars is now the only planet in our solar system to show signs of water on its surface, other than our own.

"Mars is not the dry, arid planet that we thought of in the past," said Jim Green, director of planetary science for NASA. "Under certain circumstances, liquid water has been found on Mars."

## Mysterious Streaks

Five years ago, researchers spotted dark narrow streaks on Mars's surface that tend to appear and grow during the warmest Martian months and fade the rest of the year. The streaks looked like signs of liquid water, but landslides or dust couldn't be ruled out. Scientists used the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter to examine the evidence. The spacecraft found wet molecules of perchlorate, which are chemicals made up of chlorine and oxygen.

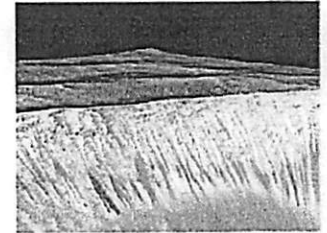
The study's lead author, Lujendra Ojha, determined that something must be moistening Mars's deposits of perchlorate—and that it must be liquid water.

## Life Beyond Earth?

Because liquid water is necessary for life, the findings suggest "that it would be possible for there to be life today on Mars," NASA's science mission chief, John Grunsfeld, said at a news conference.

Ojha, however, notes the salty water spotted by his team would not be a good home for living creatures, since perchlorates are toxic.

Michael Meyer, lead scientist for NASA's Mars exploration program, said the best way for now to determine whether there's life on Mars is to collect rocks and soil for study on Earth. A U.S. lander set for liftoff in 2020 will do just that.



UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA/JPL/NASA  
Streaks can be seen on the walls of a crater on Mars..

« Back to Article

**The New York Times**

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# Ask Well: Does Skipping Breakfast Cause Weight Gain?

By Anahad O'Connor March 11, 2016 5:45 am

Q

## **Does skipping breakfast cause weight gain?**

**When I was younger, my mother said that if I don't eat breakfast then I'll "train" my metabolism to slow down, thus leading to weight gain and associated health issues. I prefer to just have some tea and eat a snack a few hours after getting up. Any truth to her theory?**

Reader Question • 544 votes

A

The food industry has promoted this claim for decades to sell breakfast cereal. But rigorous scientific studies have found no evidence that it's true.

The idea that a hearty breakfast is good for your health dates back to the 1920s, when Edward Bernays, a public relations guru, led a nationwide media campaign encouraging people to start their mornings with bacon and eggs. One of Mr. Bernays's clients at the time was Beech-Nut Packing Company, which sold bacon and other pork products.

In the decades that followed, dozens of observational studies reported that breakfast eaters tended to be leaner. Though these studies could not show cause and effect, many health authorities and food companies asserted that they proved that eating breakfast protects against weight gain.

But experimental studies that randomly assigned people to eat or skip breakfast have found no such thing. One of the most recent, published in

February, found no difference “in weight change and most health outcomes” between people assigned to eat breakfast for six weeks and those assigned to skip it.

“Whether or not you have breakfast in itself is not going to impact your body weight,” said James Betts, an author of the study and an associate professor of nutrition and metabolism at the University of Bath in England.

Dr. Betts said that unlike randomized trials, observational studies of breakfast consumption could be misleading. They show, for example, that people who eat breakfast also follow other behaviors associated with good health. They tend to drink and smoke less, consume less sugar, eat more fiber and exercise more than those who skip a morning meal.

“All we know from observational studies is that people who have breakfast are leaner,” he said. “But it may be other factors that are the reason.”

*Do you have a health question? Submit your question to Ask Well.*

### **Related:**

“Making the Case for Eating Fruit”

Ask Well: Is Day-Old Kale Salad Less Nutritious Than Fresher Kale?

Ask Well: Should You Filter Your Water?

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**The New York Times**

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# Bringing Out the Chef in Children

By Jane E. Brody January 4, 2016 5:45 am

Jane Brody on health and aging.

“I had no idea the world of food was so big. There are so many simple, tasty foods from all these cultures that are so easy to make. You don’t have to eat them in a restaurant or be a trained chef to prepare them.”

This is what Lynn Fredericks, the creator of FamilyCook Productions, discovered when, divorced with two young sons, she sought to reduce tension in her household by enlisting the boys’ help in the kitchen and introducing them — and herself — to cooking healthful, easy-to-prepare and delicious foods, and eating them together in a civilized fashion.

You might call it gracious dining: cloth napkins in rings, tea lights, flowers occasionally and, most important of all, no TV, mail or toys at the table.

“The food industry keeps telling parents to go out to eat and order from the children’s menu for the kids,” Ms. Fredericks said. As an alternative to the ubiquitous burgers and fries, mac ’n’ cheese and sodas, she said, “I began offering cooking workshops for young mothers, encouraging them to use some time each day to connect in a happy way with their children.”

What began as a personal mission grew into a nonprofit organization, now 20 years old, that teaches schoolchildren and their families the delights that can ensue from preparing affordable, fresh and tasty foods that benefit their

health and well-being.

Though lacking credentials in dietetics, Ms. Fredericks was aided by two experts, Mercedes Sanchez, a food-loving dietitian who grew up in Spain and who specializes in one-pot cooking, and Antonia Demas, founder of the Food Studies Institute and creator of the “Food Is Elementary” curriculum that teaches children about organic gardening, environmental issues, plant-based nutrition and healthy cooking.

With support from foundations and government agencies, Ms. Fredericks and a number of professional collaborators created curriculums that teach nutrition through cooking for preschoolers through high schoolers.

No elaborate equipment is needed. Classrooms can perform culinary miracles with just a sink, a portable induction stove and a good knife or two, Ms. Fredericks said.

“Parents initially looked at me as if I had six heads, and wondered why I was having the kids make Thai-inspired fish chowder and not mac ‘n’ cheese with broccoli,” she said. Despite parental protests that “my kids would never eat that,” the children really enjoyed the more exotic dishes they prepared, she added.

The programs, which have been field-tested with great success, provide nutrition education through hands-on cooking in schools and community organizations, on farms and in other settings around the country. The organization estimates it has reached more than 200,000 families, some members of which have gone on to become health educators themselves.

Fatima Basir of Brooklyn started in the program at 16 and lost so much weight — some 50 pounds — that her first summer out of college, she got a job at a weight-loss camp for children. Now 22, Ms. Basir works for the Harlem Children’s Zone’s healthy eating initiative.

Joel Allette, 21, who lost about 20 pounds as a teenage participant, is jointly talented in cooking and music. He now teaches Teen Battle Chef, a FamilyCook program, at Urban Assembly School of Music and Art in Brooklyn and has composed three songs for Ms. Fredericks's endeavor to promote healthy eating and exercise.

"You wouldn't believe how many kids lose weight in our program," Ms. Fredericks said. "No crash diets allowed. The kids know it's a lifestyle change."

But good health is hardly the only goal of her programs. Cooking by the children in schools is coordinated with lessons in mathematics, science and culture. For example, young children learn both math and portion control when divvying up a recipe for six among themselves. They learn where food comes from and the importance of sustainability, as well as food science and safety.

In preparing meals together, the children learn teamwork. And teens who participate in groups of six in the semester-long Teen Battle Chef program (fashioned like a TV show competition) hone their public speaking skills when describing the cultural background and nutritional value of the dishes they prepare.

"Teens do presentations for their parents, who are then more inclined to let the kids prepare foods at home," said Ms. Fredericks, who is also the author of "Cooking Time Is Family Time" and "Get Your Family Eating Right!"

The program inspires insight into other cultures and tolerance. While learning about Japan, for example, elementary school students might prepare a Japanese tea ceremony. "The world of food is a much bigger place, and it can be fun to explore the cuisines of other cultures," Ms. Fredericks said.

The emphasis, too, is on simple ingredients that can produce tasty and colorful dishes. "There's no need for special ingredients," she said. In making a stir-fry dish, the children learn to use whatever is in the fridge.

The program for preschoolers focuses on introducing children to a wide range of colorful fruits, vegetables and healthy snacks. An evaluation in Women, Infants and Children centers showed it increased the amount and variety of fruits and vegetables purchased at farmers' markets by participating families.

The 15 weeks of the elementary school curriculum are seasonally linked, and emphasize these nutritional priorities: breakfast, portion control, juices, avoiding fast food, understanding food marketing, restaurants and snacking. At "family night" sessions, parents help their young chefs prepare a meal at school.

FamilyCook Productions uses a business model to train facilitators around the country. Some come from departments of public health, others from nonprofit organizations, as well as schools and community groups. Parents, too, can become facilitators. In addition to food preparation and teaching techniques, trainees learn how to store food and equipment, and must pass an assessment in food safety.

"We now have the capacity to train anyone anywhere because everything is online," Ms. Fredericks said.

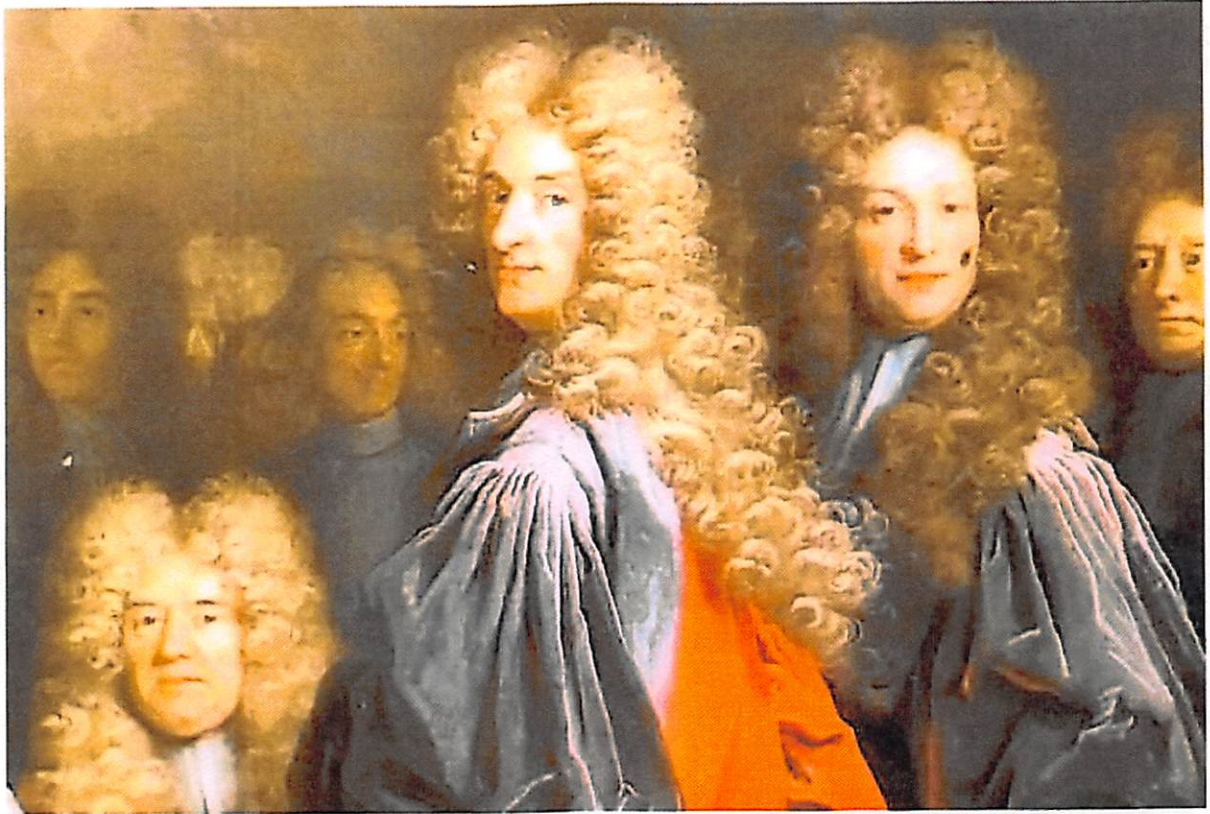
She added that FamilyCook Productions is "constantly retooling our programs." For example, with a research grant from the National Institutes of Health, trained Teen Battle Chef students are working to improve high school wellness by sharing easy ways to make healthier foods and drinks with their peers.

**For more fitness, food and wellness news, follow us on Facebook and Twitter, or sign up for our newsletter.**

A version of this article appears in print on 01/05/2016, on page D5 of the New York edition with the headline: Bringing Out the Chef in Children.

# Why Did People Wear Powdered Wigs?

Lucas Reilly



For nearly two centuries, powdered wigs—called perukes—were all the rage. The chic hairpiece would have never become popular, however, if it hadn't been for a venereal disease, a pair of self-conscious kings, and poor hair hygiene.

The peruke's story begins like many others—with syphilis. By 1580, the STD had become the worst epidemic to strike Europe since the Black Death. According to William Clowes, an "infinite multitude" of syphilis patients clogged London's hospitals, and more filtered in each day. Without antibiotics, victims faced the full brunt of the disease: open sores, nasty rashes, blindness, dementia, and patchy hair loss. Baldness swept the land.

At the time, hair loss was a one-way ticket to public embarrassment. Long hair was a trendy status symbol, and a bald dome could stain any reputation. When Samuel Pepys's brother

acquired syphilis, the diarist wrote, "If [my brother] lives, he will not be able to show his head—which will be a very great shame to me." Hair was that big of a deal.

## **COVER-UP**

And so, the syphilis outbreak sparked a surge in wigmaking. Victims hid their baldness, as well as the bloody sores that scoured their faces, with wigs made of horse, goat, or human hair. Perukes were also coated with powder—scented with lavender or orange—to hide any funky aromas. Although common, wigs were not exactly stylish. They were just a shameful necessity. That changed in 1655, when the King of France started losing his hair.

Louis XIV was only 17 when his mop started thinning. Worried that baldness would hurt his reputation, Louis hired 48 wigmakers to save his image. Five years later, the King of England—Louis's cousin, Charles II—did the same thing when his hair started to gray (both men likely had syphilis). Courtiers and other aristocrats immediately copied the two kings. They sported wigs, and the style trickled down to the upper-middle class. Europe's newest fad was born.

The cost of wigs increased, and perukes became a scheme for flaunting wealth. An everyday wig cost about 25 shillings—a week's pay for a common Londoner. The bill for large, elaborate perukes ballooned to as high as 800 shillings. The word "bigwig" was coined to describe snobs who could afford big, poufy perukes.

When Louis and Charles died, wigs stayed around. Perukes remained popular because they were so practical. At the time, head lice were everywhere, and nitpicking was painful and time-consuming. Wigs, however, curbed the problem. Lice stopped infesting people's hair—which had to be shaved for the peruke to fit—and camped out on wigs instead. Delousing a wig was much easier than delousing a head of hair: you'd send the dirty headpiece to a wigmaker, who would boil the wig and remove the nits.

## **WIG OUT**

By the late 18th century, the trend was dying out. French citizens ousted the peruke during the Revolution, and Brits stopped wearing wigs after William Pitt levied a tax on hair powder in 1795. Short, natural hair became the new craze, and it would stay that way for another two centuries or so.

# What Happened to Marie Antoinette's Children?

Linda Rodriguez McRobbie



The tragic tale of Marie Antoinette's death during the French Revolution is the stuff of legend. But while the story of Marie Antoinette ends with her beheading in 1793, the tragedy of her family continued to unfold long after her death.

Marie Antoinette and her husband, the Dauphin, were married for seven years before consummating their marriage -- much to the chagrin of Marie's family, particularly her critical mother, the Empress Maria Teresa of the Holy Roman Empire. Marie's place in the royal household of France and Franco-Austrian relations absolutely depended on her producing a male heir, even before her husband became the King of France in 1774. Despite the rocky start, Marie and Louis XVI would have four children -- only one of whom lived to adulthood.

Marie Antoinette's first child was a girl, named **Marie Thérèse** after Marie's mother. When she was born on December 9, 1778, Marie Antoinette suffered a convulsive fit and collapsed, not surprising after 12 hours of labor in her stuffy room and the possibly dangerous incompetence of her doctor. The Queen wasn't informed the sex of the child until hours later. But when she woke, she reportedly said, "Poor little girl, you are not what was desired, but you are no less dear to me on that account. A son would have been property of the state. You shall be mine." There certainly would have been witnesses to the episode: Court custom at the time dictated that queens gave birth in full view of their courtiers.

**Louis Joseph**, the King's male heir and the next Dauphin of France, was born three years later, followed by **Louis Charles** in March of 1785 and **Sophie** in July of 1786. But Sophie, who was born premature, died just a month shy of her first birthday, and Louis Joseph, who'd been a delicate child most of his life, died two years later, at the age of 7, likely from tuberculosis.

## **REVOLUTION**

While Marie was fulfilling her wifely duties and setting fashion trends in the court at Versailles, France was starving. While Louis XVI continued to send money abroad to support the Americans in the American Revolution, France's national debt exploded; taxes grew, settling most unfairly on the poor; and rampant unemployment combined with poor crops meant that by the late 1780s, France was a powder keg of dissension, anger and resentment. And Marie, with her courtly ways, detached Austrian air, and unfortunate proclivity for spending masses of money, became the scapegoat.

On July 14, 1789, the fuse was lit with the storming of the Bastille; by October, Marie, her husband and her two surviving children were removed from Versailles and moved to the Tuileries in Paris, placed under house arrest. In 1792, the King was deposed and the family was imprisoned in the Temple in Marais.

Louis XVI was executed on January 21, 1793; Marie followed 10 months later, on October 16. On June 8, 1795, their son, the Dauphin and the boy royalists had named Louis XVII, died at the age of 10, most likely of tuberculosis exacerbated by his brutal prison conditions.



## **MARIE THÉRÈSE: THE SURVIVOR**

**Now Marie Thérèse, the oldest of Marie Antoinette's children, was a true orphan. Her parents killed, her brothers and sisters all dead, she was left for a time alone in the Temple prison, before being released at the age of 17 in December of 1795. Soon after, she was married to the Duc d'Angoulême, nephew to the new King, the self-styled Louis XVIII, and now heir to the throne of France. As the Duchesse d'Angoulême, however, her life did not improve: Her marriage was an unhappy one and never consummated, the tragic circumstances of her early life had left her bitter and angry, and she was to spend most of her life exiled from France. She had not inherited her mother's famed beauty -- she suffered from bad teeth, a red face, and a rather masculine build -- or her grace, though for a time, as her husband's claim on the throne became even more assured, she bore her mother's title: Madame la Dauphine.**

**In 1830, Marie Thérèse technically did achieve the title of Queen of France — for about 20 minutes, long enough for her husband the Duc to sign the abdication papers. She died in October 1851, at the age 72, still in exile. In her last testament, she forgave those who'd made her life so miserable, following, she said, the example of her parents.**

# More Students in Sign Language Classes: Countywide, more than a dozen public and private high schools offer American Sign Language



By [Maureen Magee](#) | 1 p.m. Nov. 29, 2014



11/19/2014 San Diego, Ca | More San Diego high schools are considering American Sign Language classes in preparation for new graduation requirements that call on kids to take two years of the same language. Not all kids want or do well in language classes, so this is becoming a popular option. Patrick Henry is one of four SD high schools that offers the class this year. Kelly McCormack and Adriana Taranto (right) in a class taught by Jenny Ronco (center) work on an exercise. | Sean M. Haffey/U-T San Diego

On a recent afternoon at Patrick Henry High School, a classroom packed with teenagers is teeming with lively exchanges between students trying to grasp a new language with help from their bilingual teacher — in total silence.

**Their nimble fingers bend, point and contort, tapping their hands and faces as they communicate in American Sign Language.**

**The course is recognized as a world language and counts toward graduation and on college applications, with the same status as Spanish, French and Chinese. It's also become increasingly fashionable with teenagers, due in part to the popularity of the television series "Switched at Birth," a drama that features deaf actors who use American Sign Language to communicate.**

**The once-obscure high school class could get yet another boost next year.**

**As the San Diego Unified School District prepares to implement tougher new graduation standards (that require two consecutive years of the same world language) starting with the class of 2016, American Sign Language has been billed as a class that might be an alternative for students who struggle with learning a traditional language.**

**The new language standard has been flagged as a potential obstacle to graduation for some students by district administrators who have studied student transcripts and course-taking trends. A recent San Diego Unified report showed that at the beginning of this school year, 61 percent of juniors were poised to meet the language requirement.**

**The district is looking for creative ways to help students meet the standards and make it to commencement ceremonies. That could mean expanding American Sign Language classes, which are now offered at four of the district's 25 high**

schools; allowing students to prove fluency in their native language by “testing out” without having to take a course; and adding more world language classes in middle schools to better position students for high school classes.

“It’s fabulous that more options are going to be offered to students,” said Jenny Ronco, who has watched American Sign Language become more popular since she started teaching at Patrick Henry High three years ago. “Exposing more students to American Sign Language is good for the deaf community. It’s also good for those students who are self-conscious about speaking in class and they want to express themselves in a different way.”



11/19/2014 San Diego, Ca. | More San Diego high schools are considering American Sign Language classes in preparation for new graduation requirements that call on kids to take two years of the same language. Not all kids

want or do well in language classes, so this is becoming a popular option. Patrick Henry is one of four SD high schools that offers the class this year. Kelly McCormack signs to fellow students during an exercise in the class. | Sean M. Haffey/U-T San Diego

**Freshman Alexa Vizcaino enrolled in Ronco's American Sign Language class because she thought it would fun to learn a "secret language."**

**"Sometimes I'll sign with my friend in the halls or at lunch," Alexa said. "It's fun to learn. You have to pay attention in class."**

**Because Ronco rarely speaks in her classes, students watch her closely as she signs lessons and organizes class projects and games. Students are constantly called on to express themselves and demonstrate their signing abilities.**

**In one exercise, Ronco calls on students to stand in front of her large computer screen with vocabulary words on display. Another student will sign words, while the others compete to find them on the screen. Students also study the history and culture of deaf America.**

**This year, Patrick Henry High offers six separate classes covering three different levels, each with about 35 students.**

**"I have to turn kids away," said Ronco, a former math teacher whose deaf daughter prompted her to learn sign language. "Kids are just drawn to American Sign Language."**

**Efforts to increase availability of American Sign Language in San Diego schools come at a time when the class is already in demand. It's also hard to staff since it's often difficult to find a credentialed teacher who is fluent in the language.**

**"There is increasing demand. A lot of schools contact me looking for teachers so they can start a class or add more classes," said Peggy Swartzel Lott, who sits on the executive board of the San Diego American Sign Language Teachers Association. "Sign language looks fun and people want to try it. I think there is a misconception that American Sign Language is easier to learn than a spoken language."**

**Madison High School, which offers a program for deaf students, was the first school in San Diego Unified to offer American Sign Language. Scripps Ranch and La Jolla high schools have added the course. Countywide, more than a dozen public and private high schools offer American Sign Language. Some students said they enrolled in the class because they are huge fans of "Switched at Birth," which debuted in 2011 as the first mainstream series featuring deaf and hard-of-hearing characters.**

**Others take on the language so they can communicate with a deaf relative or friend. Still others admit they thought the class would be easier than German or Spanish.**

**“I tried Spanish in middle school. I mean, I passed. But I didn’t really like it. It was hard for me,” said Dylan Luge, a freshman. “This class is easier for me. You still have to do work and everything. I think I’ll keep it up in college.”**

**If Dylan does continue to take American Sign Language classes in college, he won’t be alone, said Lott, who is the academic coordinator for American Sign Language at UC San Diego’s Linguistics Language Program.**

**“A few years ago, I started seeing more students coming to UCSD testing into high-level classes after taking American Sign Language in high school,” Lott said. “Increased awareness of ASL is good. It benefits the deaf community greatly. Some students will love it and become a counselor, teacher, interpreter or advocate.”**

**It’s unclear how many students may be steered into American Sign Language classes next year, when San Diego’s the new graduation standards go into effect. The district is working to align courses to the criteria in the coming months, while also educating parents and students about the changes.**

## **"I am Joaquin"**

By **RODOLFO "CORKY" GONZALES**

I am Joaquin,  
Lost in a world of confusion,  
Caught up in a whirl of a gringo society,  
Confused by the rules, Scorned by attitudes,  
Suppressed by manipulations, And destroyed by modern society.  
My fathers have lost the economic battle and won the struggle of  
cultural survival.  
And now! I must choose between the paradox of  
Victory of the spirit, despite physical hunger  
Or

to exist in the grasp of American social neurosis,  
sterilization of the soul, and a full stomach.  
YES,  
I have come a long way to nowhere, Unwillingly dragged by that  
monstrous, technical industrial giant called  
Progress and Anglo success  
I look at myself. I watch my brothers.  
I shed tears of sorrow.  
I sow seeds of hate.  
I withdraw to the safety within the  
Circle of life . . .  
**MY OWN PEOPLE**

I am Cuauhtemoc,  
Proud and Noble Leader of men, King of an empire,  
civilized beyond the dreams of the Gachupin Cortez,  
Who also is the blood, the image of myself.

I am the Maya Prince.  
I am Netzahualcoyotl,  
Great leader of the Chichimecas.  
I am the sword and flame of Cortez the despot.  
And

I am the Eagle and Serpent of the Aztec civilization.  
I owned the land as far as the eye could see under the crown of Spain,  
and I toiled on my earth and gave my Indian sweat and blood for the  
Spanish master,  
Who ruled with tyranny over man and beast and all that he could trample  
But . . .

**THE GROUND WAS MINE.**  
I was both tyrant and slave.  
As Christian church took its place in God's good name,  
to take and use my Virgin strength and Trusting faith,  
The priests both good and bad, took  
But



**gave a lasting truth that  
Spaniard, Indian, Mestizo  
Were all God's children  
And from these words grew men who prayed and fought  
for their own worth as human beings, for that  
GOLDEN MOMENT  
Of  
FREEDOM.**

**I was part in blood and spirit of that courageous village priest  
Hidalgo in the year eighteen hundred and ten  
who rang the bell of independence  
and gave out that lasting cry:  
El Grito de Dolores,  
"Que mueran los Gachupines y que viva la Virgen de Guadalupe"  
I sentenced him who was me.  
I excommunicated him my blood.  
I drove him from the Pulpit to lead a bloody revolution for him and me I  
killed him.  
His head, which is mine and all of those who have conic this way,  
I placed on that fortress wall to wall for Independence.  
Morelos!  
Matamoros!  
Guerrero!  
All Compañeros in the act,  
STOOD AGAINST THAT WALL OF INFAMY  
to feel the hot gouge of lead which my hands made.  
I died with them . . . I lived with them  
I lived to see our country free.  
Free from Spanish rule in eighteen -hundred- twenty-one.  
Mexico was Free  
The crown was gone  
but**

**all his parasites remained and ruled and taught with gun and flame and  
mystic power.  
I worked, I sweated, I bled, I prayed and  
waited silently for life to again commence.  
I fought and died for Don Benito Juarez Guardian of the Constitution.  
I was him on clusty roads on barren land  
as he protected his archives as Moses did his sacraments.  
He held his Mexico in his hand on  
the most desolate and remote ground  
which was his country And this Giant  
Little Zapotec gave not one palm's breadth  
of his country's land to Kings or Monarchs or Presidents  
of foreign powers.**

**I am Joaquin.  
I rode with Pancho Villa, crude and warm.  
A tornado at full strength, nourished and inspired by the passion and  
the fire of all his earth, people.**

I am Emillano Zapata.  
"This Land This Earth Is OURS"  
The Villages  
The Mountains  
The Streams  
belong to Zapatistas.  
Our life  
Or yours is the only trade for soft brown earth and maiz.  
All of which is our reward, A creed that formed a constitution for all  
who dare live free!  
"This land is ours . . . Father, I give it back to you.  
Mexico must be free . . ."  
I ride with Revolutionists  
against myself.  
I am Rural Course and brutal,  
I am the mountain Indian, superior over all.  
The thundering hoof beats are my horses.  
The chattering of machine guns'  
are death to all of me:  
Yaqui  
Tarahumara  
Chamula  
Zapotec  
Mestizo  
Español

I have been the Bloody Revolution,  
The Victor,  
The Vanquished,  
I have killed and been killed.  
I am despots Diaz and Huerta and the apostle of democracy  
Francisco Madero.  
I am the black shawled faithful women who die with me  
or live depending on the time and place.  
I am faithful, humble, Juan Diego, the Virgen de Guadalupe,  
Tonatzin, Aztec Goddess too.

I rode the mountains of San Joaquin. I rode as far East and North as the  
Rocky Mountains  
And all men feared the guns of Joaquin Murrietta.  
I killed those men who dared to steal my mine,  
who raped and Killed my Love my Wife  
Then  
I Killed to stay alive.  
I was Alfego. Baca, living my nine lives fully.  
I was the Espinoza brothers of the Valle de San Luis.  
All, were added to the number of heads that in the name of civilization  
were placed on the wall of independence.  
Heads of brave men who died for cause or principle.  
Good or Bad.  
Hidalgo! Zapata!  
Murrietta! Espinozas!  
are but a few.

They dared to face The force of tyranny of men who rule  
by farce and hypocrisy I stand here looking back, and now I see the  
present  
and still I am the campesino I am the fat political coyote  
I, of the same name,  
Joaquin.

In a country that has wiped out All my history, stifled all my pride.  
In a country that has placed a different weight of indignity upon my age  
old burdened back.  
Inferiority is the new load . . .  
The Indian has endured and still emerged the winner,  
The Mestizo must yet overcome, and the Gachupin will just ignore.  
I look at myself and see part of me who rejects my father and my mother  
and dissolves into the melting pot to disappear in shame.  
I sometimes sell my brother out and reclaim him  
for my own when society, gives me token leadership  
in society's own name.

I am Joaquin, who bleeds in many ways.  
The altars of Moctezuma I stained a bloody red.  
My back of Indian Slavery  
was stripped crimson from the whips of masters who would lose their  
blood so pure when Revolution made them pay Standing against the walls  
of Retribution, Blood . . .  
Has flowed from me on every battlefield  
between Campesino, Hacendado Slave and Master and Revolution.  
I jumped from the tower of Chapultepec into the sea of fame;  
My country's flag my burial shroud;  
With Los Niños, whose pride and courage  
could not surrender with indignity their country's flag . . . in their land.

To strangers now I bleed in some smelly cell from club.  
or gun. or tyranny.  
I bleed as the vicious gloves of hunger  
cut my face and eyes, as I fight my way from stinking Barrios  
to the glamour of the Ring and lights of fame or mutilated sorrow.  
My blood runs pure on the ice caked  
hills of the Alaskan Isles, on the corpse strewn beach of Normandy,  
the foreign land of Korea and now Viet Nam.

Here I stand  
before the Court of Justice Guilty for all the glory of my Raza to be  
sentenced to despair.  
Here I stand Poor in money Arrogant with pride  
Bold with Machismo Rich in courage and Wealthy in spirit and faith  
My knees are caked with mud.  
My hands calloused from the hoe.  
I have made the Anglo rich yet Equality is but a word, the Treaty of  
Hidalgo has been broken  
and is but another treacherous promise. My land is lost  
and stolen,

My culture has been raped, lengthen  
the line at the welfare door and fill the jails with crime.  
These then are the rewards this society has For sons of Chiefs  
and Kings and bloody Revolutionists.  
Who gave a foreign people all their skills and ingenuity  
to pave the way with Brains and Blood  
for those hordes of Gold starved Strangers  
Who changed our language and plagiarized our deeds  
as feats of valor of their own. They frowned upon our way of life  
and took what they could use.  
Our Art  
Our Literature  
Our music,  
they ignored so they left the real things of value and grabbed at their  
own  
destruction by their Greed and Avarice  
They overlooked that cleansing fountain of nature and brotherhood  
Which is Joaquin.  
The art of our great señors Diego Rivera  
Siqueiros Orozco is but another act of revolution for the Salvation of  
mankind.  
Mariachi music, the heart and soul of the people of the earth,  
the life of child, and the happiness of love  
The Corridos tell the tales of life and death, of tradition,  
Legends old and new, of Joy of passion and sorrow of the people:

who I am.  
I am in the eyes of woman, sheltered beneath  
her shawl of black, deep and sorrowful eyes,  
That bear the pain of sons long buried or dying, Dead  
on the battlefield or on the barbwire of social strife.  
Her rosary she prays and fingers  
endlessly like the family working down a row of beets to turn around and  
work and work  
There is no end.  
Her eyes a mirror of all the warmth and all the love for me,  
And I am her And she is me.  
We face life together in sorrow.  
anger, joy, faith and wishful thoughts.  
I shed tears of anguish as I see my children disappear behind the shroud  
of mediocrity  
never to look back to remember me.

I am Joaquin.  
I must fight And win this struggle for my sons,  
and they must know from me Who I am.  
Part of the blood that runs deep in me  
Could not be vanquished by the Moors  
I defeated them after five hundred years,  
and I endured.  
The part of blood that is mine  
has labored endlessly five-hundred years under the heel of lustful

**Europeans  
I am still here!**

**I have endured in the rugged mountains of our country  
I have survived the toils and slavery, of the fields.  
I have existed in the barrios of the city,  
in the suburbs of bigotry, in the mines of social snobbery,  
in the prisons of dejection, in the muck of exploitation  
and in the fierce heat of racial hatred.  
And now the trumpet sounds,  
The music of the people stirs the  
Revolution, Like a sleeping giant it slowly rears its head  
to the sound of Tramping feet Clamouring voices Marlachi strains  
Fiery tequila explosions The smell of chile verde and  
Soft brown eyes of expectation for a better life  
And in all the fertile farm lands, the barren plains,  
the mountain villages, smoke smeared cities**

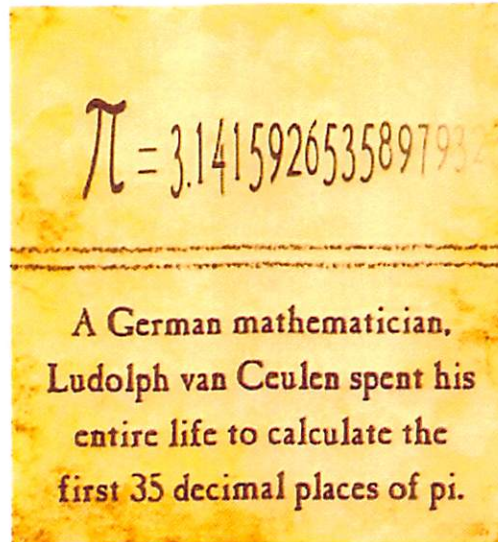
**We start to MOVE.  
La Raza!  
Mejicano!  
Español!  
Latino!  
Hispano!  
Chicano!  
or whatever I call myself,  
I look the same  
I feel the same  
I cry  
and  
Sing the same  
I am the masses of my people and I refuse to be absorbed.  
I am Joaquin  
The odds are great but my spirit is strong  
My faith unbreakable  
My blood is pure  
I am Aztec Prince and Christian Christ**

**I SHALL ENDURE!**

**Rodolfo Gonzales, boxer, civil rights organizer and poet, died on April 12, 2005.**

## Interesting Facts about Pi

Are you aware of the fact that the first 100 decimal digits of pi had already been calculated by the year 1701?



"And he made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other: it was round all about, and his height was five cubits: and a line of thirty cubits did compass it about."

~1 Kings 7:23

The above biblical verse was found in the list of specifications of King Solomon's Temple that was built around 950 BC. There are historical evidences to prove that the area of a circle was calculated by taking 3 times the square of its radius by the Babylonians. An ancient Babylonian tablet found between the 1900 - 1680 BC had the value of pi as 3.125. Ancient Egyptians calculated the area of a circle using the formula  $[(8d)/9]^2$ . Where "d" is the diameter of the circle. This formula gives an approximate pi value of 3.1605. An ancient mathematician, Archimedes of Syracuse, who lived between 287 - 212 BC, derived the value of pi based upon the area of a regular polygon inscribed within the circle and the area of a regular polygon within which the circle was circumscribed.

### Facts about Pi

In 1706, an English mathematician introduced the Greek alphabet pi ( $\pi$ ) to represent the said value. However, in 1737, Euler officially adopted this symbol to represent the value.

In 1897, a legislature of Indiana tried to legally establish the most accurate value of pi. However, the bill was never passed.

Most people are ignorant of the fact that a circle has infinite numbers of corners. The value of pi is the number of times the diameter of a circle would fit around its circumference.

The approximate value of pi is  $22/7$  and it is written as  $\pi=22/7$  or as  $\pi=3.14$ .

The value of pi with first 100 decimal places is:

3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419716939937510582097494459230781  
64062862089986280348253421170679

Another interesting fact is that you would not find a zero value (0) in the first 31 digits of pi.

Besides everyday geometry calculations, the value of pi is also used in numerous scientific equations including genetic engineering, measuring ripples, super strings, normal distribution and so on.

Pi not only an irrational number but also a transcendental number.

Another interesting fact about pi is that it was taken from the Greek letter "Piwas". It is also the 16th Greek alphabet.

A businessman in Cleveland, US, published a book in 1931 to announce the value of pi to be  $256/81$ .

If you were to print a billion decimal values of pi in ordinary font it would stretch from New York City to Kansas.

The first 144 digits of pi, when added up, yield the number 666, which is also called Satan's number.

Hiroyuki Gotu, a Japanese man, has memorized pi to up to 42,195 places. Some scientists claim that this is possible as the Japanese language is better suited for memorizing and recalling long strings of numbers.

There exists a crop circle in Britain, which has the first ten digits of pi encoded into it. Ludolph van Ceulen (1540-1610) spent his lifetime trying to calculate the first 35 digits of pi. This string of numbers is now known as the Ludolphine Number, and was supposedly engraved on his tombstone.

A Hitachi SR 8000 supercomputer took over 400 hours to calculate pi up to 1.24 trillion digits.

Computers are made to compute the value of pi as a form of stress testing.

Pi day is celebrated on March 14, which also happens to be Albert Einstein's birth date.

Pi approximation day is celebrated on July 22.

The digits of pi contain all possible permutations and combinations of numbers, such that one can find any significant date, birth date, death date, etc, within these digits.

The number 360 occupies the 360th position in the digits of pi.

Did you know that it took Yasumasa Kanada, a professor at the University of Tokyo, approximately 116 hours to compute 6,442,450,000 decimal places of Pi on a computer?

In 1706, John Machin introduced a rapidly converging formula for the calculation of pi. It was  $\pi/4 = 4 * \arctan(1/5) - \arctan(1/239)$ .

In 1949, it took 70 hours to calculate 2,037 decimal places of pi using ENIAC (Electronic Numeric Integrator and Computer).

A German mathematician, Ludolph van Ceulen, devoted his entire life to calculate the first 35 decimal places of pi.

In 1768, Johann Lambert proved that the value of Pi is an irrational number and in 1882, Ferdinand Lindemann, a renowned mathematician proved that Pi is a transcendental number.

There are a lot of people who memorize all the decimal digits of pi. People make up songs and music based on the digits of pi. There are many more interesting and fun facts about pi.





# The Interlopers

*A short story by Saki*

In a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Karpathians, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirts was not remarkable for the game it harboured or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous law suit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighbouring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbour feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a look-out for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck, which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm-wind, were running like driven things to-night, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild

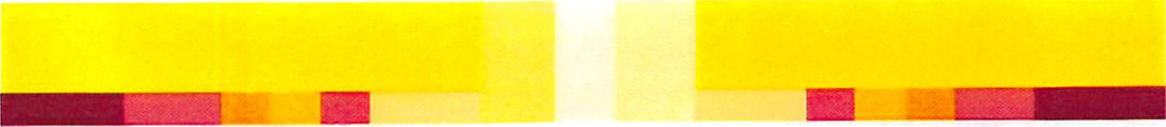
tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight and sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness – that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilisation cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbour in cold blood and without word spoken, except for an offence against his hearth and honour. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action, a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting-boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till some one came to release him. The descending twig had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinioned down as himself. All round them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank-offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was early blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!" And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

"I'm caught in my own forest-land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to



release us you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbour's land, shame on you." Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly:

"Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest to-night, close behind me, and THEY will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these damned branches it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out – I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands I don't think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

"The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest-thief, game-snatcher."

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavours to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat-pocket to draw out his wine-flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat.

But what a Heaven-sent draught it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

"Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?" asked Ulrich suddenly; "there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can."

Let us drink, even if to-night one of us dies."

"No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes," said Georg, "and in any case I don't drink wine with an enemy."

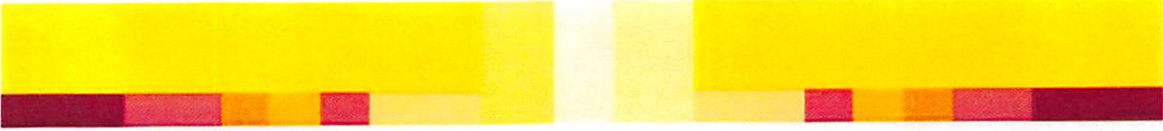
Ulrich was silent for a few minutes, and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

"Neighbour," he said presently, "do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I've changed my mind. If my men are the first to come you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarrelled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can't even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here to-night thinking I've come to think we've been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbour, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel I – I will ask you to be my friend."

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

"How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market-square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud to-night. And if we choose to make peace among our people there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside ... You would come and keep the Sylvester night beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle ... I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wineflask ... Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend."

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree-trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the



first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence. "Let's shout for help," he said; "in this lull our voices may carry a little way."

"They won't carry far through the trees and undergrowth," said Georg, "but we can try. Together, then." The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

"Together again," said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

"I heard nothing but the pestilential wind," said Georg hoarsely. There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

"They hear us! They've stopped. Now they see us. They're running down the hill towards us," cried Ulrich.

"How many of them are there?" asked Georg.

"I can't see distinctly," said Ulrich; "nine or ten,"

"Then they are yours," said Georg; "I had only seven out with me."

"They are making all the speed they can, brave lads," said Ulrich gladly.

"Are they your men?" asked Georg. "Are they your men?" he repeated impatiently as Ulrich did not answer.

"No," said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

"Who are they?" asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

"Wolves."

# Reading Reflection

After reading, annotating, and questioning the texts, write a reflection that shares your connections, main ideas, thoughts, questions, and themes. Please be sure to support your thinking by using specific examples from the texts. Remember to ALWAYS write in paragraphs using your BEST punctuation, spelling, and grammar skills.

**\*\*Review your rubric to be sure you are reaching for EXCELLENCE and fulfilling the expectations of this assignment!**

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**Parent/Guardian Signature \_\_\_\_\_**