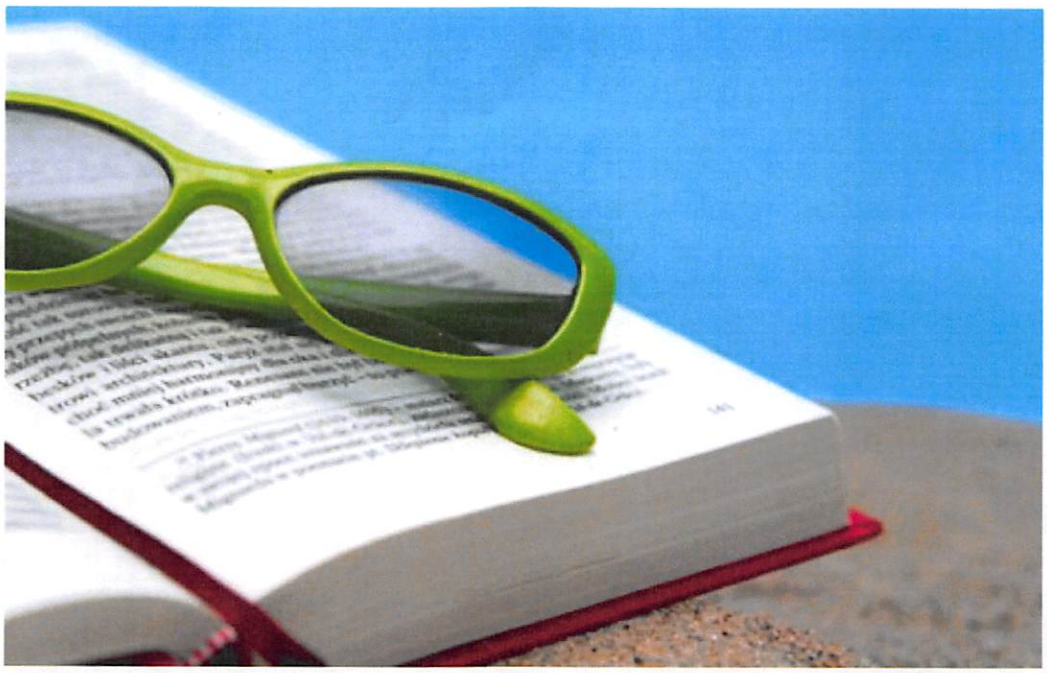
GPA

A UCSD Partnership



Summer Reader

Class of 2021

GOMPERS PREPARATORY ACADEMY

Per Discipulus Primoris

MMIX

Incoming 8th 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! :) This will be collected and graded your first week of school! Be ready! :)

Date	Article Title (Always put article titles in quotes)	Read and Annotated	Notes (Anything that helps you remember main ideas)
3/16	***Example:*** *"Your School Loves You"*	***Ex:*** ✓	***Example:*** • *GPA supports students by making sure all are learning.* • *Gratitude is the KEY.*
	"Oranges"		
	"The Age of Anxiety "		
	"Stephen Curry's" Science of Sweet Shooting"		
	"How Technology Shaped the Civil War"		
	"The World's Best Soccer Team: Using Math to Crack the Barca Code"		
	'Thank You, Ma'am"		
	"Wolf dens provide information about pup survival"		
	"If" poem		
	Enter your own reading choice here (book, article, song lyrics, poem, recipe, etc.) Add title below... _____		
	Reading Reflection (Always 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
Annotation Skills	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
Written Reflection	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

I Used to Think...

GARY SOTO

ORANGES

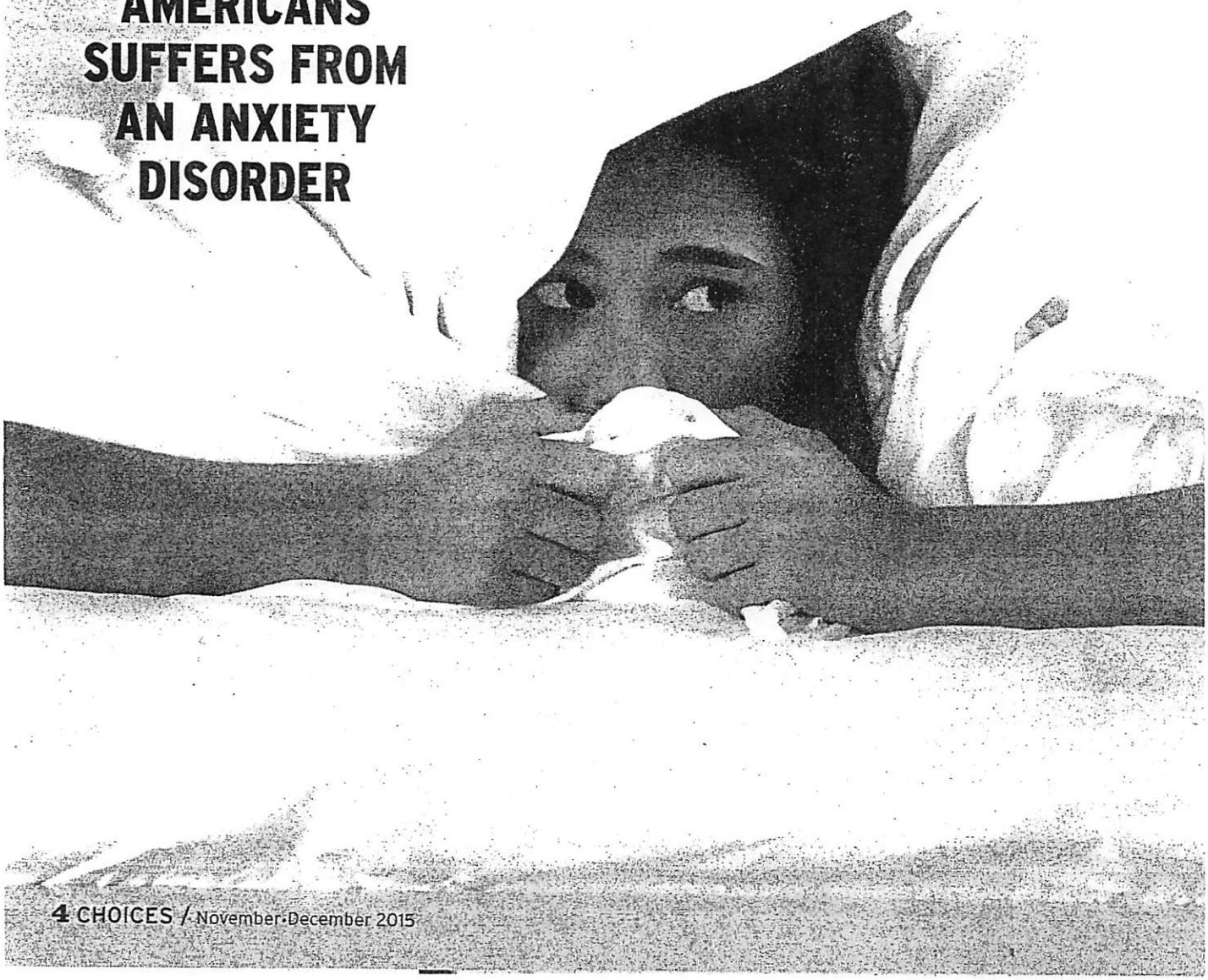
The first time I walked
With a girl, I was twelve,
Cold, and weighted down
With two oranges in my jacket.
December. Frost cracking
Beneath my steps, my breath
Before me, then gone,
As I walked toward
Her house, the one whose
Porchlight burned yellow
Night and day, in any weather.
A dog barked at me, until
She came out pulling
At her gloves, face bright
With rouge. I smiled,
Touched her shoulder, and led
Her down the street, across
A used car lot and a line
Of newly planted trees,
Until we were breathing
Before a drug store. We
Entered, the tiny bell
Bringing a saleslady
Down a narrow aisle of goods.
I turned to the candies
Tiered like bleachers,
And asked what she wanted—
Light in her eyes, a smile

Starting at the corners
Of her mouth. I fingered
A nickel in my pocket,
And when she lifted a chocolate
That cost a dime,

Now I Think...

THE AGE OF

ONE IN FIVE AMERICANS SUFFERS FROM AN ANXIETY DISORDER



By BROOKE LEA FOSTER

ANXIETY

You may get jittery before a big test, but for some people, feeling anxious isn't just an emotion—it's a devastating illness. Here's what it's really like to have an anxiety disorder—and why more teens are being diagnosed than ever before.

CHEYENNE LOFTUS

JUSTIN HEIDEMAN

KAMI BAKER

RAVI PATEL

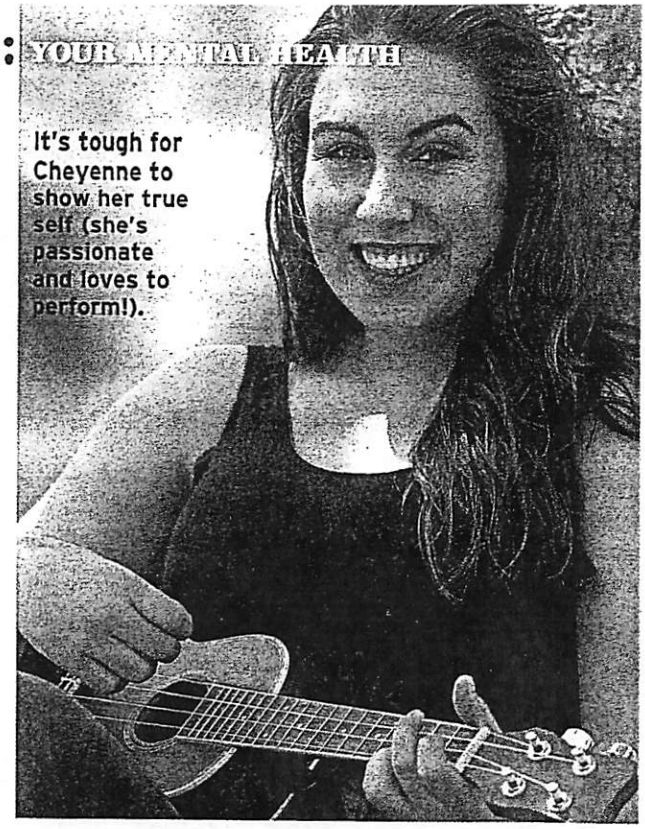
Kami Baker couldn't control her body. The high school sophomore was disoriented and weak, and as she sat—crying and rocking back and forth on a cot in the school nurse's office—she wasn't sure she'd ever have the energy to get up and go home. When she finally did, she didn't talk to friends or return to school for a week. "I felt like I was losing myself," she says.

A million thoughts raced through Kami's mind as the weird symptoms continued: tingly limbs, pounding chest. Was she having a heart attack? Was she dying? Then a trip to the family doctor revealed a surprising diagnosis. Kami was suffering from anxiety disorder, a mental illness commonly described as persistent, overwhelming fear or worry—worry so intense that it can be physically **debilitating**. And she soon learned that she wasn't alone.

Right now, one in five Americans suffers from an anxiety disorder, and those numbers are growing at an alarming rate in teens. Why the spike? Experts cite a complex mix of school stress, jam-packed schedules, and constant social media stimulation. "Teens are facing an incredible amount of pressure, and they don't know how to handle it," says Karen Cassiday, managing director of the Anxiety Treatment Center of Greater Chicago.

But don't confuse anxiety with feeling nervous before, say, a big track meet. Anxiety disorders can trigger what has been compared to an oversensitive internal alarm system—a complete mind-body reaction that makes you feel like you're about to die in a plane crash (even though there's no **imminent** danger whatsoever).

To learn what it's really like to live with anxiety, *Choices* spoke to Kami and three other teens with distinct daily struggles, but surprisingly similar messages of hope. As Kami says: "The best thing you can do is talk about it. Once you know that you're not crazy—that what you feel is OK—you'll know you can get better."



It's tough for Cheyenne to show her true self (she's passionate and loves to perform!).

"MY SOCIAL ANXIETY HOLDS ME BACK"

Cheyenne Loftus, 16, Santa Cruz, California

If you were to be introduced to Cheyenne, you'd think she was laid-back. But when she meets someone new, she feels anything but. Instead, her stomach is tied up in knots. *Did I say the right thing? Do they like me?* "I work really

"MY FEARS OVERPOWER ME"

Justin Heideman, 15, Maynard, Massachusetts

When most people see a headline about a far-off country developing nuclear weapons, they think about the story for a moment, then click out of the article and do something else.

When Justin reads that same headline, however, he almost feels like his house is in the middle of the combat zone—with a warhead pointing at his bedroom. That's because the high school sophomore battles a severe form of anxiety that causes his brain to immediately jump to the worst-case scenario, no matter how unlikely it is. Experts call this *catastrophic thinking*. "I struggle with not being able to control certain things and that you can't guarantee that everything will be OK," Justin says.

When Justin's obsessing over something, he has a hard time thinking about anything else, so he'll bring it up to anyone who will listen. "I'll talk about it at dinner, in the car, to my sister, then my mom, then my dad," he says. When he senses that others are tired of listening, he grows self-conscious, which only makes him more anxious.

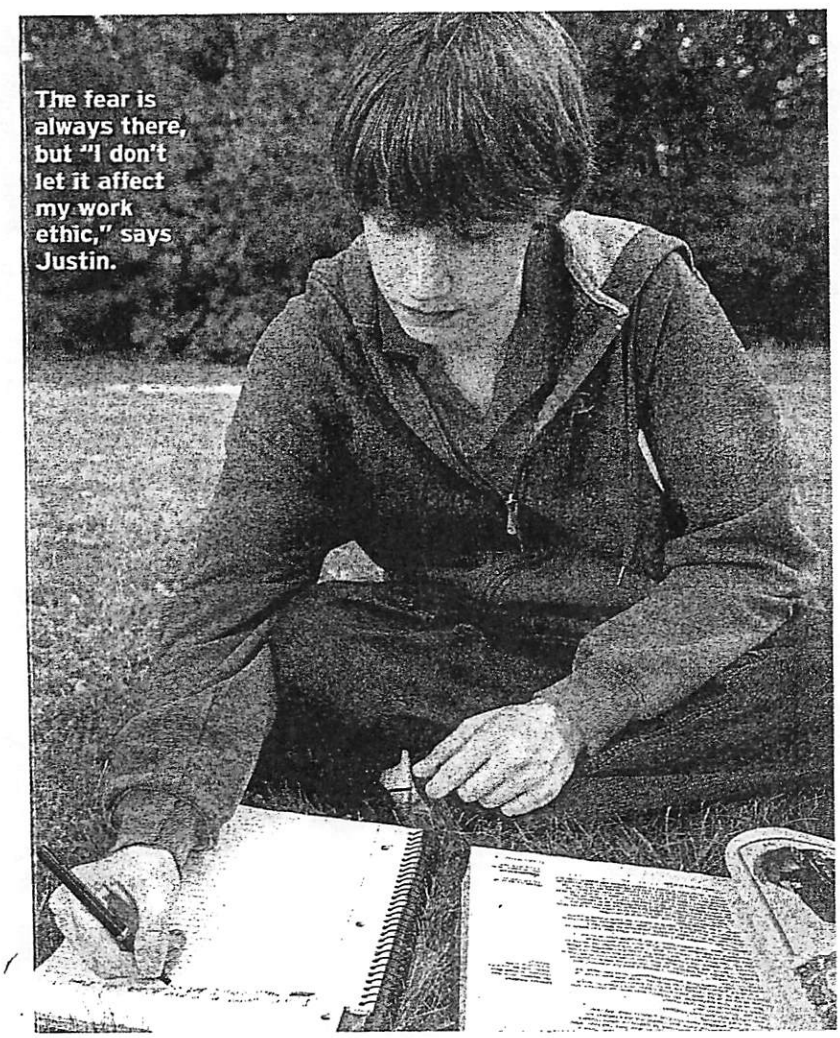
Recently, Justin's been working to combat his condition in a new way: He's shifting the focus of his anxiety. Whenever he begins feeling anxious about a situation he can't control, he'll try to distract himself with something he *can* control, like schoolwork. He'll start studying for an upcoming test, for example, or dive into his homework.

In those moments, he often hears his dad's words in his head: *You have to live your life as if everything is fine.* He'll remind himself that he's safe, and that today is going to be a good day. And it usually is.

hard at seeming comfortable," she says, "but I'm just not."

That's because Cheyenne struggles with social anxiety disorder, which is an extreme fear of being judged by others. Not only has she had trouble making friends at her high school (holing up in her room feels *much* safer than striking up a conversation), but the idea of talking to a teacher is so paralyzing, she would rather let her grades suffer.

For a full year, Cheyenne kept her anxious feelings inside. "I thought having anxiety was something to be ashamed of," she explains. But that changed recently when she discovered healthier ways to cope with her stress. Cheyenne often writes in a journal because it helps her reflect on her feelings, and when she's angry, she'll play guitar or **ukulele** to work out her aggression. Letting anxiety build up inside of you can make you crazy, she says. Talk about it, laugh about it—but don't keep it inside. Cheyenne adds, "The only way to cope is to have an outlet."



The fear is always there, but "I don't let it affect my work ethic," says Justin.

BEAT STRESS BEFORE IT BEATS YOU

These simple tips will help you cope with anxiety anywhere, anytime.

Breathe deeply.

Next time you're on edge, try this exercise to release pent-up pressure: Clench your fists and count to five as you breathe in, then exhale for eight counts as you relax your hands. (Feels good, right?)

Silence your inner critic.

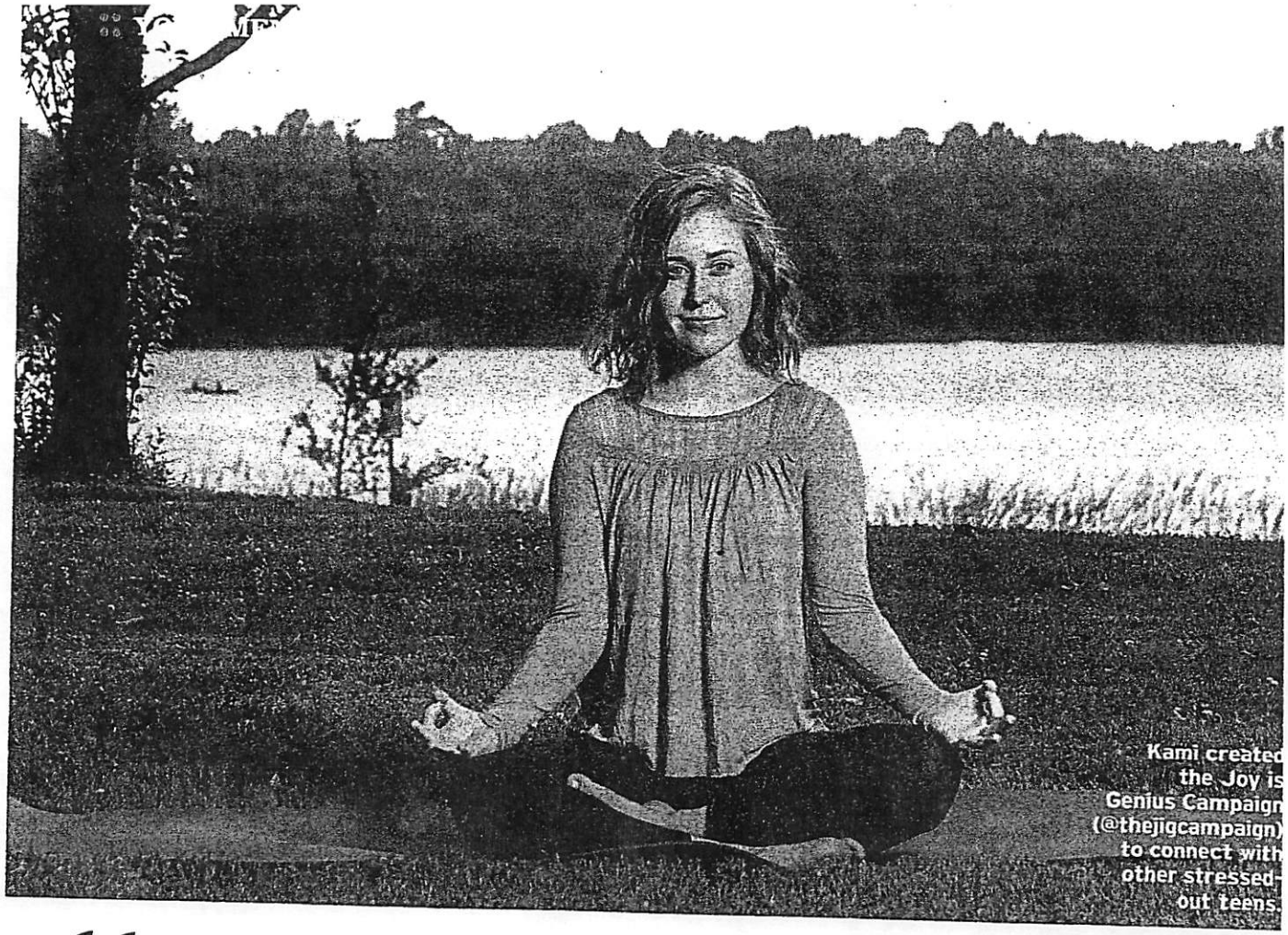
Do you know for sure you'll tank that exam? Of course not! But negative self-talk can quickly overpower your ability to concentrate. Try reframing put-downs as positives. Say to yourself: "I studied. I've got this."

Picture the best-ever scenario.

Instead of worrying your way to a party, picture yourself wowing someone with your killer sense of humor. Visualization actually creates a pathway in the brain that the real you is more likely to follow!

–By Jacquie Itsines

EXPERT: Jane Pernotto Ehrman, M.Ed., a stress management specialist in Brunswick, OH



Kami created the Joy is Genius Campaign (@thejigcampaign) to connect with other stressed-out teens.

"MY PANIC HITS ME WHEN I LEAST EXPECT IT"

Kami Baker, 17, Omaha, Nebraska

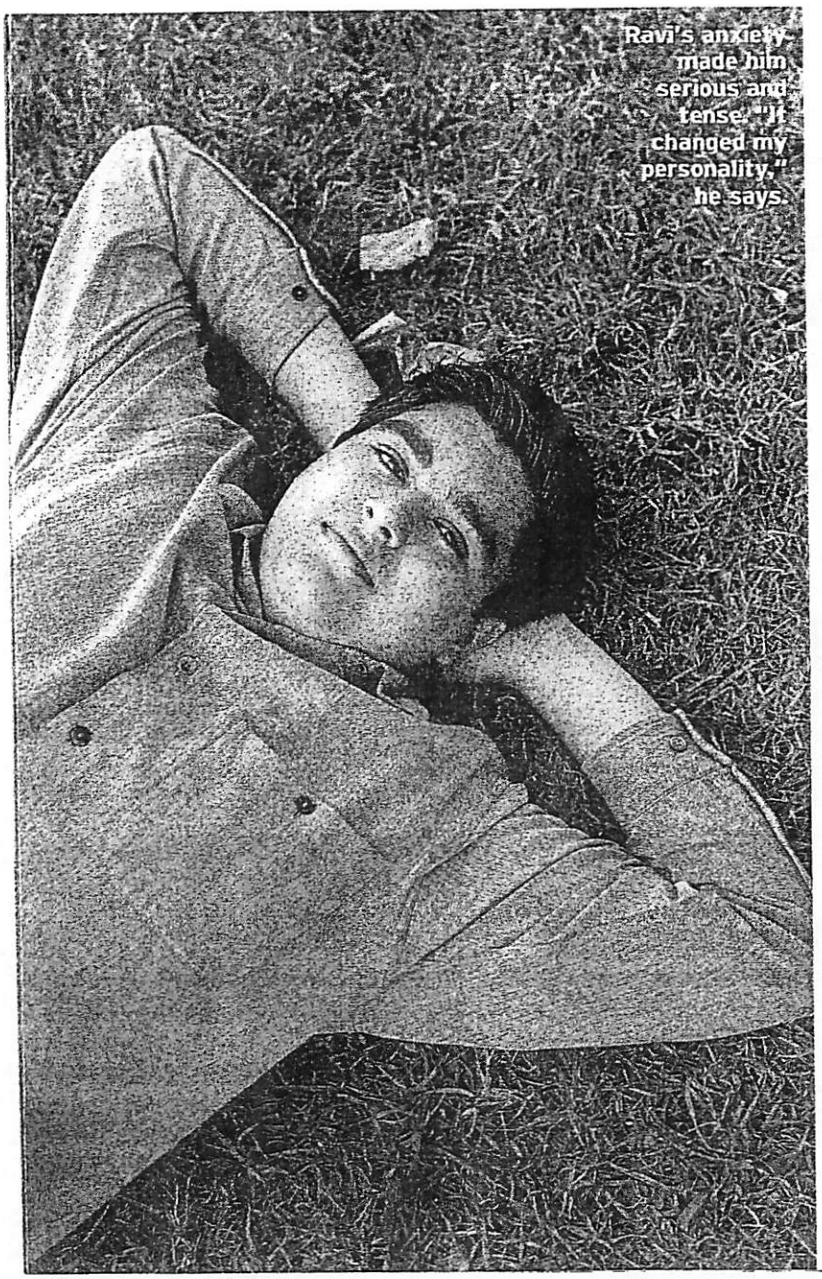
Kami's anxiety shocks her body: Her hands go tingly, her heart races, her head spins. That's because Kami's anxiety takes the form of panic attacks, or sudden episodes of intense fear. At first, Kami was confused by the diagnosis. "Nothing **traumatic** had happened to me," Kami says. But she learned that a panic attack can be triggered by *anything*. (That day? It was a disturbing video she watched in psychology class.)

After Kami's anxiety kept her in bed for a week, she knew she needed help. She began attending therapy sessions to talk about her feelings, and soon life returned to normal. She **reconnected** with friends. She vowed to take better care of herself. She even started practicing yoga as a form of relaxation. And today, when she senses a panic attack coming on, she distracts herself with pictures of cute dogs and pretty sunsets while taking deep breaths. "It doesn't make anxiety go away entirely," she says, "but it helps me until it passes."

Having an anxiety disorder makes Kami feel weak at times—like a **burden** to everyone around her. Sometimes she'll ask friends to take her home before they even get to a party, just because she's feeling anxious. "I'll beat myself up about it, but then I remind myself that this is a mental illness," she says. "It's something that's making me *sick*."

"MY STRESS EVENTUALLY SHUT ME DOWN"

Ravi Patel, 17, San Diego, California



Ravi's anxiety made him serious and tense. "It changed my personality," he says.

It seemed as if Ravi's anxiety exploded out of nowhere one day during his junior year. But today Ravi, now a senior, understands that it was actually building slowly since he was first bullied at age 10. "I kept stuffing everything inside of me—all of this trauma—and eventually the top just blew off," he says.

Before long, Ravi didn't recognize himself. His A average dropped to a C, and he even quit the basketball team, which he loved. Then he started having panic attacks, which is when a psychologist told him he was suffering from anxiety. Still, Ravi's dad shrugged off the diagnosis, saying, "There's no such thing." Ravi explains, "Everyone at my school was telling my dad that something was wrong, but he couldn't see it."

After several meetings with school counselors, however, Ravi's father was finally convinced that his son needed to focus less on getting good grades—and more on being happy again. To make that happen, Ravi worked three times a week with a psychologist, who taught him the value of sitting in nature and taking breaks to clear his mind. He also put down his phone, so it couldn't distract him. Most of all, though, he tried to focus on himself, and not worry as much about his grades or whether or not he made the winning shot at basketball.

Says Ravi: "You *can* get better."

FEELING OVERWHELMED?

Tell an adult you trust, like a parent or your doctor, and visit **reachout.com** to learn more about anxiety disorders. The good news is anxiety is totally treatable. And with a little help, you'll feel like yourself again.

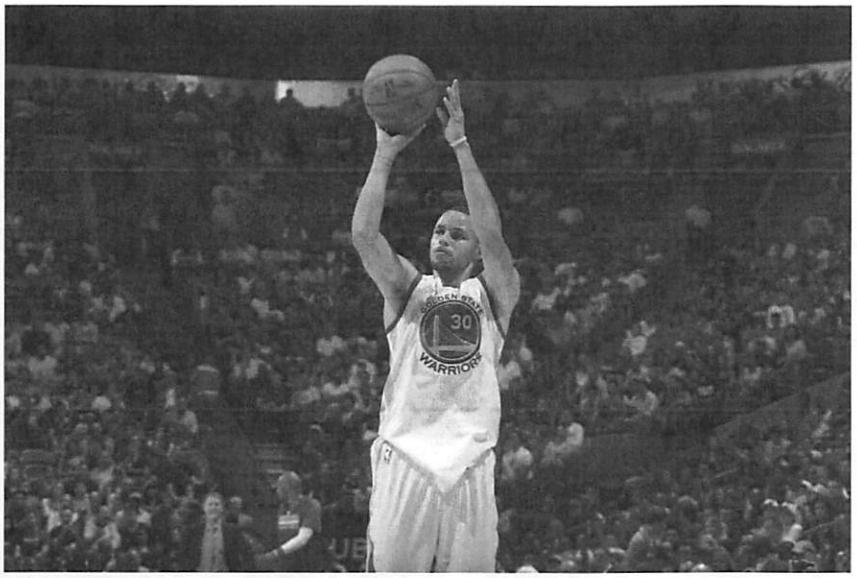
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

http://www.wsj.com/articles/stephen-currys-science-of-sweet-shooting-1418766120

NBA

Stephen Curry's Science of Sweet Shooting

How a Nearly Perfect Shot Changes Every Golden State Warriors Game



Stephen Curry ranks first among players who have tried more than 2,000 three-point shots. *NBAE/GETTY IMAGES*

By **BEN COHEN**

Updated Dec. 17, 2014 9:26 a.m. ET

Oakland, Calif.

To watch Stephen Curry play basketball is to witness a shooter unlike any the NBA has ever seen.

Statistically, he is on his way to rewriting the NBA record book. Mechanically, he makes physicists marvel. Curry three-pointers are like everyone else's dunks: Only his misses are surprising.

Curry's touch also makes everything work for the Golden State Warriors, who have the league's best record at 21-3, despite having their 16-game win streak snapped Tuesday

by the Memphis Grizzlies. It is a strategic advantage, regardless of opponent, each time they take the court. Curry's shooting ability—like Michael Jordan's will and LeBron James's physique—is now one of the deadliest weapons in the NBA.

RELATED

- The Secret to Stephen Curry's Game: Ballhandling (http://www.wsj.com/articles/SB10001424127887323372504578467400060577048)
- The Revenge of the Curry Brothers (http://www.wsj.com/articles/SB123681216980401339)

Curry's career three-point average is 43.7%, which ranks third since the NBA introduced its three-point line in 1979. But that doesn't properly measure his value. Curry, who is only 26, is first among players who have tried more than 2,000 three-point shots.

But he doesn't shoot like most people, and what puzzles shooting gurus is why more players don't shoot like Curry. "I don't know," said his father, Dell Curry, a former NBA guard. "Everybody's trying to mimic Tiger Woods' golf swing—but not Steph's jumper."

Shooting is the most basic skill in basketball. So what, exactly, makes Curry the best? It is a question for the entire league, given Golden State's hot start, and for any aspiring NBA player, given Curry's remarkable development into a Most Valuable Player candidate. The surest shooters in NBA history all have their own theories.

"He happens to have maybe the best hand-eye coordination of anyone in the world," said Warriors coach Steve Kerr, the NBA's all-time leader in career three-point percentage.

"It's the quick release," said former Indiana Pacers guard Reggie Miller. "It doesn't matter how close a defender is guarding him."

"Parents ask me: What's the key to getting my son to shoot like yours?" Dell Curry said. "Repetition. You have to have confidence you can do it, and that only comes by putting in work, and then doing it when the game's on the line."

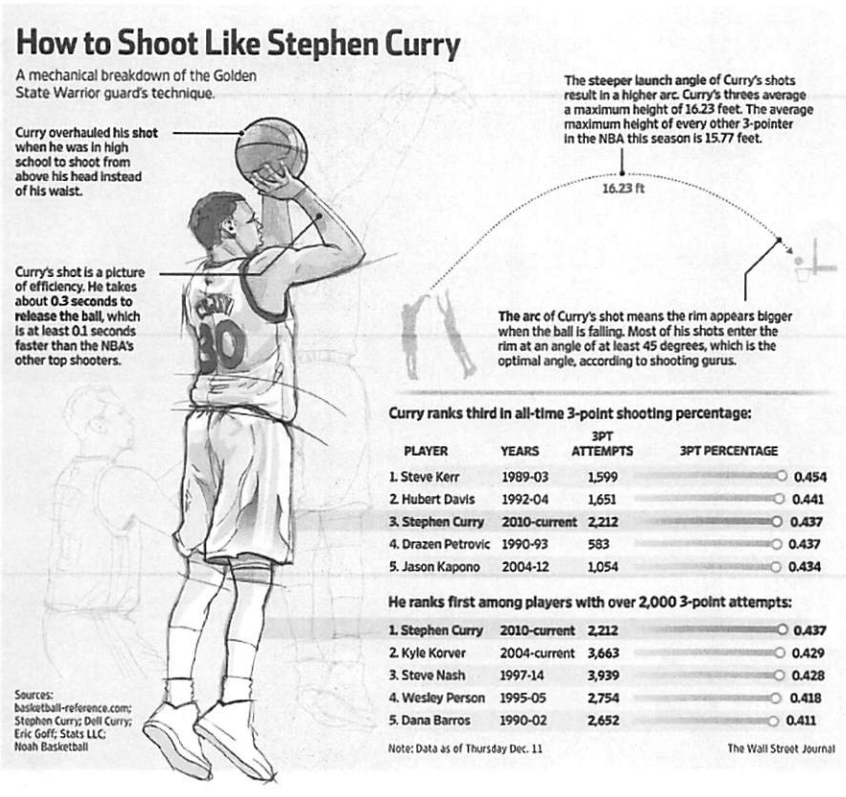
The answer is all that and more.

Here is how the shot works. Curry quietly lifts off but stays so low that an Oxford English Dictionary could trip him. His kinetic efficiency comes from Curry shooting as he's jumping, rather than jumping and then shooting, which also lets him release the ball in as little as 0.3 second.

The result is a sharp arc that has become Curry's shooting hallmark. The average three-pointer this season reaches a maximum height of 15.77 feet, according to Stats LLC, which tracks such geospatial coordinates with high-resolution cameras in every NBA arena. Curry threes average 16.23 feet.

This is the science to Curry's art: The steeper a shot, the wider the opening into the rim. Dallas Mavericks free-throw coach Gary Boren has a peculiar way of illustrating this fact. He lowers a hoop to the floor and has players climb a ladder. "You can't change the size of the ball," he said, "but you can change the size of the target."

Curry's shot is mathematically optimal, said John Carter of Noah Basketball, whose technology has determined that the ideal entry angle for a three-point shot is about 45 degrees. Carter says the most skilled shooters he has studied use even higher trajectories. At the request of The Wall Street Journal, Lynchburg College physicist Eric Goff analyzed Curry's in-game threes and found that they entered the rim around 46 degrees.



Curry came to this shot in an unconventional way. Despite his genetic edge—Curry's father was one of the NBA's purest shooters—he wasn't expected to play much in college. The NBA was completely out of the question. "On every team he ever played on, he was the smallest guy, so he had to find ways to get around that," Dell Curry said.

Stephen Curry was still shooting from his waist in high school, but his father knew he needed to remake his shot to keep up with bigger and better players.

So he took a summer off from his usual basketball activities and focused on one tweak: changing his release point. By moving the ball above his head, Curry made his shots

How Technology Shaped the Civil War

Secession not only spurred rapid improvements in warships and weapons, but also led to advances in communications and medicine

By James Marten on September 7, 2012, *Scientific American*

Any Civil War buff is familiar with the technological advances of that era: the carnage caused when tactics failed to accommodate breech-loading rifled muskets and artillery pieces, the truly revolutionary introduction of armored ships and railroad networks, and the merely tantalizing deployment of submerged warships and reconnaissance balloons. Historians still argue about the extent to which the Civil War was the first "modern" war, but it is impossible to deny that the technology with which it was fought foretold the ways in which future wars would become bigger, bloodier and more devastating. Fewer people realize, however, that a similar explosion in technological creativity occurred away from the battlefield.

Newspapers became tools of mass communication in the 1830s with the invention of the rotary press and the application of steam power to printing. These and other innovations brought down the price of newspapers; by the 1830s and 1840s newspapers such as the trio of New York papers founded during this time—the *Tribune*, the *Sun* and the*Herald*—were sold for a penny and reached massive audiences. The development of the telegraph in the late 1840s sped the gathering and distribution of news; the Associated Press was founded in 1849 to take advantage of the new technology. The gradual knitting together of the nation by railroads—especially in the North and Midwest—further hastened communication.

During the antebellum years, these communication technologies facilitated the anti-slavery campaign that started in earnest in the early 1830s, allowing abolitionist

broadsides, brochures, books and newspapers to be distributed cheaply and widely throughout the North and helping Frederick Douglass and other abolitionist speakers spread their message to northern towns large and small. Indeed, it could be argued that the rapid expansion of communication technologies in the decades leading up to the war, which made it easier for reformers to get their arguments out, gave abolitionists a far greater role in the sectional conflict than their numbers would suggest.

Once the war started, communications technologies ensured that Americans would have much better access to war reports and images than in any previous war. Hundreds of newspaper reporters traveled with armies from Virginia to Mississippi, bringing news to soldiers' families back home faster than ever before. Although often wildly inaccurate—newspapers ran stories without checking facts or independently confirming accounts—they pulled civilians into the war. Newspapers were filled with stories and maps and casualty lists; people who had been children during the Civil War recalled years later that they had eagerly followed the progress of "their" armies—in which fathers or older brothers often marched—through their local papers.

Magazines such as *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and *Harper's Weekly* went a step further: They sent dozens of intrepid professional artists and illustrators into the field—Alfred Waud and Winslow Homer were only the most famous—and employed the fairly new technology of "electrotyping," which used a combination of chemicals and electric current to make more detailed and easily reproduced prints. As a result, these "illustrated weeklies" could *show* realistic images of the war in as little time as a few days. Readers could see lines of battle or columns of retreating men, dead and wounded soldiers, freed slaves and war heroes.

Like other weeklies of the time, the *Scientific American* covered the Civil War extensively, with a lengthy section of each issue devoted to reports of the latest skirmishes and assessments of the situation—including naval activities along the coast. In addition to these field reports, the magazine also published hundreds of articles

about the new technologies that were being deployed during the war or tested for possible use. Almost every issue that appeared during the war years contained multiple articles on the newest developments in the construction of warships and weaponry. A sampling of those articles, which focused on the technology of the war rather than its chronology, appears in this *Scientific American Classics*compilation.

If the development of mass communication technologies during this period made the war seem more real to civilians, a very different stream of technological innovation reflected the grim actualities of war during the years afterward. The thousands of men maimed by the improved arsenals of both armies inspired entrepreneurs to design new and improved prosthetic limbs. The Patent Office granted 133 patents for artificial limbs and other prosthetic devices between 1861 and 1873; at the same time, the federal government and many states also established programs that distributed artificial arms and legs to veterans free of charge.

The empty sleeve and the crutch became the most obvious symbols of patriotism and sacrifice in the years following the war. Perhaps 60,000 men survived the war as amputees, and inventors and investors sought to make the prosthetics industry more profitable by turning out more realistic-looking artificial arms and legs. They used natural woods, dyes and leather covering to make artificial limbs appear more natural, but also tried to make them more functional by inventing new types of joints, ball bearings, springs and rubber bands to substitute for ligaments and tendons, and other mechanical innovations to try to create a natural gait and to allow men to conceal their disability if they so desired. A promotional book by one manufacturer of prosthetic limbs attributed the growing markets for entrepreneurs and inventors to the bloody, increasingly industrialized wars of the 1850s, 1860s and 1870s—when the British, French and Russians fought in the Crimea; the United States and Confederacy fought in America; and Prussia crushed France.

In words that no doubt represented the attitudes of most of the inventors of the technologies described in the following pages, one inventor of prosthetic limbs bluntly stated "the bent of human ambition is for the acquisition of money instead of a few plaudits from the world." The Civil War provided a huge market for the application of new technologies to the myriad facets of warfare, from the political to the medical. Most of the inventions and ideas reported by the *Scientific American* during this crisis probably failed to earn fortunes for anyone. But they were nevertheless part of the grim yet creative application of technology to the challenges and opportunities created by the Civil War.

The World's Best Soccer Team

Using Math to Crack the Barca Code

By Cordt Schnibben

The new soccer season is just warming up as leagues across Europe get into gear, but the biggest clash of all is already on the cards. Two of the world's best teams, bitter rivals FC Barcelona and Real Madrid, will battle it out on August 14 and 17 in the Spanish Super Cup.

As long as people have been watching soccer, they have loved the unpredictability of the game, the marvel of a sudden run down the wing, or a shot from distance or a slick passing move. And for as long as people have been playing football they have tried to make it predictable; training hard to master the perfect run down the wing, the perfect shot from distance, the perfect passing move.

Since Pep Guardiola took over as coach at Barcelona and José Mourinho arrived at Real, football fans have witnessed two teams attempting to perfect the sport using thoroughly contrasting methods.

Both teams have scored exactly the same number of goals: 2.4 per match on average. Both teams play an attacking game with art and grace. Both dominated La Liga, the Spanish championship, and both stormed through the early phases of the Champions League last year.

And so football fans everywhere were set for a historical treat when the two best teams in the world played four games in three weeks at the end of last season: a league match, a cup final and a two-legged semi-final in the Champions League. But it was no feast of football for the fans; rather, the games developed into one intense battle strung out over 390 minutes, which revealed everything that can be said about modern football.

The Magic of Barca's Passing

You could rave about Messi's slalom run which made it 2-0 to Barca in the first leg of the semi-final, or about the move which saw Real player Angel di María set up Cristiano Ronaldo's match-winning header in the cup final, or about the magic of Barcelona's incredibly fast passing between the 30th and the 40th minutes of the semi-final second leg. You certainly could rave about those things.

But the true story of these games is told in numbers. Math and geometry, with angles and diagonals, must be applied to the game in order to grasp why Barcelona won the Champions League and La Liga while Real Madrid only took home the Copa del Rey. It is something many football coaches occupy themselves with before and after the game, and some even during halftime.

José Mourinho is obsessed with modern match analysis, like many other coaches in Spain and England. Since his time at Chelsea, and then at Inter Milan and now Read Madrid, he has trusted stats company Amisco to supply him with match data collected in 60 stadiums all over Europe. Every little movement of every player is captured by sensors, then analyzed and sent to him.

This tracking system, which was developed from a military research program, can register up to 3,000 individual events and collect 4.5 million pieces of information per game. In preparation for the four matches with Barcelona, Mourinho learned the customary movement profile of every opposition player -- their sprinting, their stamina, their likelihood of suffering an injury -- and he accumulated thousands of facts about the passing utilized by Barcelona to leave good teams in a trance. He could even present his players

with the normal running routes of Xavi, Messi, and the rest as 2D animations.
Mourinho also had all the knowledge garnered from the disastrous 5-0 loss in the season's first league meeting between the teams in November at Barcelona's Camp Nou stadium. He developed a strategy from the experience of that defeat, a strategy that was typical Mourinho, but a humiliating degradation for the proudest football club on the planet. He ordered that the turf in the Bernabéu Stadium in Madrid be neither mowed nor watered in order to blunt the playing field and slow the passing. He then ceded the ball to Barcelona for the majority of the game -- Real only had 23 percent of ball possession in the first half -- and stuck two banks of four in front of their own penalty box. Normally only teams fighting relegation would play this way.

The Mouse vs. the Lion

It was only when Barcelona, who were markedly superior but could only score once, had established a one-goal lead and Real had lost a player to a red card that Mourinho changed tack. He sent on playmaker Mesut Özil, had the team playing more offensively and eventually salvaged a 1-1 draw. But Madrid legend Alfredo di Stéfano was clearly unconvinced by the team's performance, likening Real to a "mouse" against the "lion" of Barcelona.
After analyzing the data collected during this primarily defensive game, Mourinho had his team defend from a bit further forward in the cup final in Valencia four days later. Whenever the playmaking trio of Xavi, Iniesta and Messi attempted to start up their passing game, Madrid players Pepe, Xabi Alonso and Sami Khedira smothered the movement of the ball in Barcelona's half of the field.
Real applied this strategy for the entire first half of the game, and Barca simply could not get their famous carousel of short passes working. Xavi, 1.7 meters (5 feet, 7 inches) tall and slender, is the fulcrum of this carousel; Iniesta, also 1.7 meters tall, pale, and even more slender, plays slightly to the left and forward of Xavi. Lionel Messi, who only reached his current 1.69 meters thanks to growth hormones, plays slightly to the right. In any given game, Xavi will pass the ball more than a hundred times, and about a quarter of these passes are directed to one of these two players. This triangle plays out from the center circle all the way up to the penalty box. It is secured from behind by the defensive midfielder Busquets and is supported on the right flank by the attacking wingback Dani Alves.
Xavi is constantly sought out by the other four -- he receives one-third of their passes. Xavi is always running, and normally clocks up a kilometer (0.6 miles) more than the rest of his team, but his movement is almost completely confined to in and around the center circle, occasionally heading in the direction of the goal.

"The Best Team in the World"

Many teams and coaches are envious of Barcelona's accurate and intense passing game thatproduces so few errors. With their precision, ease and grace the 11 players are celebrated like few teams before them. Arsène Wenger, coach of London side Arsenal, felt compelled to call Barca "the best team in the world."
What does Wenger mean by this?
Every team that moves the ball quickly and through many players until a goal chance is created offers spectators a unique choreography of man and ball. Each pass, every move can be marvelled at -- how ball and player find each other without allowing the opponent

even a sniff of the ball. Experts certainly recognize this quality, but ordinary people also appreciate its artistic creativity. With Barcelona it seems that the ball travels between players 20 or 30 times before either an opponent interception or a shot on goal ends the spectacle. This is what Wenger meant when he declared Barcelona to be the world's premier team. By contrast, in an average game in the German Bundesliga the ball usually changes possession after the fifth or sixth pass.
From the 60th minute of the cup final at the latest, Read Madrid's players were clustered in front of their own penalty box like a handball team, surrendering to Barca's rapid passing. Short movements alone were enough for the Camp Nou team, who sought to create new angles in the 38 meter long, 70 meter wide strip between the halfway line and the Madrid penalty box by forming triangles, squares and pentagons within which to pass. With these strategic formations they attempted to maintain constant numerical superiority.

Pincers Engulfing the Opposition

This seemingly automatic passing game results from a system drilled into the team through thousands of hours of training. Regardless of whether Barcelona is playing Real Madrid, FC Copenhagen or Arsenal, the total passes completed during the 90 minutes -- printed by the tracking system onto a sheet of paper -- yields the same image; compact like an oil painting and identical like a fingerprint. The center circle always appears as an interconnected hub of passes, and further forward a pair of pincers appears that engulf the opponents. After 90 minutes, other teams leave behind a much less uniform image that reflects an increasingly haphazard passing game. Real Madrid sometimes paint a passing network that is thicker on the left than on the right or vice versa, and sometimes it is very tightly concentrated around the penalty box, but it always depends on the opposing team and its tactics.
This basic geometric order is the constant in Barcelona's game, whereas the disorder of street football is often found in that of other teams. After minutes of routine passing the team can launch into attacks with extreme speed, attacks that are as unpredictable as a lightning strike. Football players who have faced Barcelona on the pitch tell of how inaccessible their opponents were, how seamless their game was, and how quiet they were. Barcelona's players communicate through their passes; every pass speaks physically to their team mates. "Our grouping isn't right," says a ball that Xavi allows to bounce back to his passing team mate. "Wait a bit," "Now we're positioned just right," "Run to this area," "Heads up, we're about to make a dash for goal," "Attack!" -- this is how they speak amongst themselves when they play cross passes, back passes, hard passes, diagonal passes, and passes down the pitch.
This alternation between geometry and anarchy is the allure of their style, and because the team lets this strategy playfully run wild, the repetition of the same pass patterns over and over can be rather entertaining. Nevertheless, danger always lurks behind this easy-going, relaxed façade. The strategy is meant to wear out the opponents by forcing them to run after the ball time and again; "negative running," as the coaches call it, is demotivating. Occasionally Barcelona meet a team that can endure this mental torment, with a trainer is well-versed in psychological warfare. When this happens, the methods used to entrance and disarm opponents against a violent and sudden sprint towards goal can backfire, leading to a self-hypnosis of the Barcelona players.

Thank You, Ma'am (by Langston Hughes)

She was a large woman with a large purse that had everything in it but hammer and nails. It had a long strap, and she carried it slung across her shoulder. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and she was walking alone, when a boy ran up behind her and tried to snatch her purse. The strap broke with the single tug the boy gave it from behind. But the boy's weight and the weight of the purse combined caused him to lose his balance so, intsead of taking off full blast as he had hoped, the boy fell on his back on the sidewalk, and his legs flew up. the large woman simply turned around and kicked him right square in his blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

After that the woman said, "Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here." She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to stoop and pick up her purse. Then she said, "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, "Yes'm."

The woman said, "What did you want to do it for?"

The boy said, "I didn't aim to."

She said, "You a lie!"

By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

"If I turn you loose, will you run?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," said the boy.

"Then I won't turn you loose," said the woman. She did not release him.

"I'm very sorry, lady, I'm sorry," whispered the boy.

"Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain't you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?"

"No'm," said the boy.

"Then it will get washed this evening," said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and willow-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

The woman said, "You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?"

"No'm," said the being dragged boy. "I just want you to turn me loose."

"Was I bothering *you* when I turned that corner?" asked the woman.

"No'm."

"But you put yourself in contact with *me*," said the woman. "If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones."

Sweat popped out on the boy's face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

She said, "What is your name?"

"Roger," answered the boy.

"Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face," said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose—at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door—*and went to the sink.*

Let the water run until it gets warm," she said. "Here's a clean towel."

"You gonna take me to jail?" asked the boy, bending over the sink.

"Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere," said the woman. "Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain't been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?"

"There's nobody home at my house," said the boy.

"Then we'll eat," said the woman, "I believe you're hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pockekbook."

"I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes," said the boy.

"Well, you didn't have to snatch *my* pocketbook to get some suede shoes," said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. "You could of asked me."

"M'am?"

The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, *run!*

The woman was sitting on the day-bed. After a while she said, "I were young once and I wanted things I could not get."

There was another long pause. The boy's mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not knowing he frowned.

The woman said, "Um-hum! You thought I was going to say *but*, didn't you? You thought I was

going to say, *but I didn't snatch people's pocketbooks.* Well, I wasn't going to say that." Pause. Silence. "I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son—neither tell God, if he didn't already know. So you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable."

In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an icebox. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman *not* to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

"Do you need somebody to go to the store," asked the boy, "maybe to get some milk or something?"

"Don't believe I do," said the woman, "unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here."

"That will be fine," said the boy.

She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

"Eat some more, son," she said.

When they were finished eating she got up and said, "Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto *my* pocketbook *nor nobody else's*—because shoes come by devilish like that will burn your feet. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from here on in."

She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. "Good-night! Behave yourself, boy!" she said, looking out into the street.

The boy wanted to say something else other than "Thank you, m'am" to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn't do so as he turned at the barren stoop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say "Thank you" before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

Wolf dens provide information about pup survival

By Duluth News Tribune, adapted by Newsela staff on 06.09.16
Word Count **833**

Wolf pups pile up on one another to keep warm in their den just west of Cloquet on land within the Fond du Lac Band of Lake Superior Chippewa Reservation on April 12, 2016. Wildlife officials with the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources and the Fond du Lac Band visited the den and examined the pups as part of ongoing research to better manage the state's wolf population. Photo: Sam Cook/Duluth News Tribune/TNS

From somewhere in the dark recesses of the den came nearly inaudible squeaks and whimpers. Carolin Humpal, a wildlife biologist for the state of Minnesota, peeked inside.

There were five 2-week-old wolf pups.

Humpal and her team had come to examine the pups. The team placed a trail camera outside their den. Their research is part of an effort by Minnesota's government and Native American tribes to better understand the state's wolf population.

Monitoring Dens And Counting Pups

John Erb is a wolf research biologist on the same team as Humpal. They all work for the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources (DNR). Spotting pups through a trail camera is part of their broader plans for wolf monitoring. He says, "the pup part of it is kind of a pilot project. We're trying to get some experience with locating dens." They are looking at new ways to monitor dens and count pups.

The work eventually will help wolf researchers monitor pup survival and what things influence that survival.

Along with Humpal on this mission to find wolf pups on a mid-April afternoon were wolf research biologists Barry Sampson and Mike Schrage, and a technician, Terry Perrault.

Long Time To Locate The Den

Just finding the den was a challenge. It took nearly an hour to locate the den. We worked from mapped GPS-tracking movements of a radio-collared adult wolf in this pack — though not the pups' mother. Schrage had led us to a patch of wood to look for a hole in the ground with freshly excavated dirt all around.

"Found it!" Sampson called out.

He and Humpal assumed the wolf that had given birth to these pups was not far away, and would be observing our visit and waiting for us to leave.

"They were all piled together," Humpal said. "It was still fairly chilly, so they have to be huddled up together to share body heat."

The pups' eyes were open, indicating they probably were a couple of weeks old, Sampson said. Although they moved away from Humpal a bit, she said the plump little furballs didn't struggle as she picked them up one at a time and handed them out to Sampson.

Minimal Disturbance To Wolves

Perrault eased the pups into soft flannel bags. He weighed them quickly — about 3 1/2 pounds each. Schrage recorded the pups' weights and genders — four male, one female. One by one, the pups went back to Sampson, and then to the waiting hand of Humpal, who still was mostly inside the den.

The biologists performed their tasks quickly and in hushed voices. These intrusions into dens are kept to a minimum, Sampson explained, to ensure minimal disturbance to the wolves.

The biologists completed the work in less than 15 minutes. They hung the trail camera and smoothed the dirt at the edge of the den. The pups were all in a heap again.

Their mother was never seen.

So far, researchers have visited and examined pups in 12 to 15 dens over the past three or four years. Pup counts and pups' survival are not needed for the DNR's wolf population estimates, but tracking birth and death rates are. This information can help the agency make better population models, he said.

Will The Mothers Move The Pups?

Also, Erb says understanding how the wolf pups live can help researchers. They can relate that information to other wolf population factors such as number of prey or the presence of parvovirus, a deadly virus that some wolves get.

Sampson said that after visiting the den site, they didn't know how their visit affected the pups' mother.

"There's no doubt she's going to know we've been here," Sampson said. "The question is whether it's enough to make her move them."

"Any time you visit the den of an animal, at some level there's an effect," Erb said. Their research suggests that some mothers will move their pups to a new den after a visit.

But there's no information yet, he said, that it has any important effect on pup survival. They haven't seen an effect in studies that have deployed radio-collars on pups or surgically implanted radio-transmitters in the pups.

Often, wolves change den sites even when humans don't enter the sites, he added.

A wolf pack and its pups typically remain at a den site through early to mid-summer. Later in summer, the pack often moves to a rendezvous site. The pups are mobile, but not hunting. When pups are large enough, the meeting site becomes less important. By then, the young wolves are traveling more with their parents.

According to the DNR's research, Minnesota has an estimated 374 wolf packs. The average number of wolves in a pack at mid-winter was 5.1 in 2015, according to the agency. Pack size typically doubles once pups are born in the spring. But not all of them survive through the next year. The number of wolves usually goes back down to about the same number as the past winter.

If—

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Audio Player

('Brother Square-Toes'—*Rewards and Fairies*)
If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Source: *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1943)

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