

Student _____

Date _____

Read the next two selections. Then answer the questions that follow.

Brothers Are the Same

by *Beryl Markham*

1 They are tall men, cleanly built and straight as the shafts of the spears they carry, and no one knows their tribal history, but there is some of Egypt in their eyes and the look of ancient Greece about their bodies. They are the Masai.

My notes about what I
am reading

2 They are the color of worn copper and, with their graceful women, they live on the Serengeti Plain, which makes a carpet at the feet of high Kilimanjaro. In all of Africa there are today no better husbandmen of cattle.

3 But once they were warriors and they have not forgotten that, nor have they let tradition die. They go armed, and to keep well-tempered the mettle¹ of their men, each youth among them must, when his hour comes, prove his right to manhood. He must meet in combat the only worthy enemy his people recognize—the destroyer of their cattle, the marauding² master of the plains—the lion.

4 Thus, just before the dawning of a day in what these Masai call the Month of the Little Rains, such a youth with such a test before him lay in a cleft of rock and watched the shadowed outlines of a deep ravine. For at least eight of his sixteen years, this youth, this young Temas,³ had waited for his moment. He had dreamed of it and lived it in a dozen ways—all of them glorious.

5 In all of the dreams he had confronted the lion with casual courage, he had presented his spear on the charging enemy with steadiness born of brave contempt⁴—and always he had won the swift duel with half a smile on his lips. Always—in the dreams.

6 Now it was different. Now as he watched the place where the real lion lay, he had no smile.

¹ **mettle:** character, spirit

² **marauding:** raiding; taking by force.

³ **Temas** ('te-məs).

⁴ **contempt:** scorn



7 He did not fear the beast. He was sure that in his bones and his blood and in his heart he was not afraid. He was Masai, and legend said that no Masai had ever feared.

8 Yet in his mind Temas now trembled. Fear of battle was a nonexistent thing—but fear of failure could be real, and was. It was real and living—and kept alive by the nearness of an enemy more formidable than any lion—an enemy with the hated name Medoto.⁵

9 He thought of Medoto—of that Medoto who lay not far away in the deep grass watching the same ravine. Of that Medoto who, out of hate and jealousy over a mere girl, now hoped in his heart that Temas would flinch at the moment of his trial. That was it. That was the thing that kept the specter⁶ of failure dancing in his mind, until it already looked like truth.

10 There were ten youths hidden about the ravine, and they would stage and witness the coming fight. They had tracked the lion to this, his lair, and when the moment came, they would drive him, angered, upon Temas and then would judge his courage and his skill. Good or bad, that judgment would, like a brand mark, cling to him all his life.

11 But it was Medoto who would watch the closest for a sign, a gesture, a breath of fear in Temas. It was Medoto who would spread the word—Medoto who surely would cry “Coward!” if he could.

12 Temas squirmed under the heavy, unwholesome thought, then lifted his head and pierced the dim light with his eyes. To the east, the escarpment⁷ stood like a wall against the rising sun. But to the north and to the west and to the south there were no horizons; the grey sky and the grey plain were part and counterpart, and he was himself a shadow in his cleft of rock.

13 He was a long shadow, a lean shadow. The *shuka*⁸ that he wore was now bound about his waist, giving freedom to his legs and arms. His necklace and bracelets were of shining copper, drawn fine and finely spiraled, and around each of his slender ankles there was a copper chain.

14 His long hair, bound by beaded threads, was a chaste black column that lay between his shoulders, and his ears were pierced and hung with gleaming pendants. His nose was straight, with nostrils delicately flanged. The bones of his cheeks were high, the ridges of his jaw were hard, and his eyes were long and dark and a little brooding. He used

⁵ **Medoto** (mə-'dō-tō).

⁶ **specter**: haunting or disturbing image.

⁷ **escarpment** (i-'skärp-mənt): a steep slope or cliff.

⁸ **shuka** ('shü-kə): *Swahili*: a loose, flowing Masai garment.



them now to glance at his weapons, which lay beside him—a spear, a rawhide shield. These, and a short sword at his belt, were his armament.

15 He lowered his glance to the place he watched. The ravine was overgrown with a thicket of thorns and the light had not burst through it yet. When it did the lion within it would wake, and the moment would come.

16 A feeling almost of hopelessness surged through him. It did not seem that he, Temas, could in this great test prove equal to his comrades. All had passed it; all had earned the warrior's title—and none had faltered. Even Medoto—especially Medoto—had proven brave and more than ready for his cloak of manhood. Songs were sung about Medoto. In the evenings in the *manyatta*⁹ when the cattle drowsed and the old men drank their honey wine, the girls would gather, and the young men, too, and they would chant to the heroes of their hearts.

17 But none chanted to Temas. Not yet. Perhaps they never would—not one of them. Not even . . .

18 He shook his head in anger. He had not meant to think of her—of Kileghen¹⁰ of the soft, deep-smiling eyes and the reedbuck's grace. Even she, so rightly named after the star Venus, had only last night sung to Medoto, and he to her, laughing the while, as Temas, the yet unproven, had clung to the saving shadows, letting his fury burn. Could she not make up her mind between them? Must it always be first one and then the other?

19 He saw it all with the eye of his memory—all too clearly. He saw even the sneer of Medoto on the day the elder warrior, the chief of them all, had tendered Temas his spear with the wise words: “Now at last this weapon is your own, but it is only wood and steel and means nothing until it changes to honor, or to shame, within your grasp. Soon we shall know!”

20 And soon they should! But Medoto had laughed then. Medoto had said, “It seems a heavy spear, my comrade, for one so slight—a big weight for any but a man!” And Temas had made no answer. How could he with Kileghen leaning there against the *boma*¹¹ as though she heard nothing, yet denying her innocence with that quiet, ever-questing¹² smile? At whom had she smiled? At Medoto for his needless malice—or at Temas for his acceptance of it?

⁹ **manyatta** (mə-n-'yā-tē) *Swahili*: a Masai camp.

¹⁰ **Kileghen** (kē-'lǝgʳn).

¹¹ **boma** ('bō-mä): *Swahili*: the wall around a Masai camp.

¹² **ever-questing**: always seeking or searching.



21 He did not know. He knew only that he had walked away carrying the unstained spear a little awkwardly. And that the joy of having it was quickly dead.

22 Now he spat on the earth where he rested. He raised a curse against Medoto—a harsh, a bitter curse. But in the midst of it he stiffened and grew tense. Suddenly he lay as still as sleep and watched only the ravine and listened, as to the tone of some familiar silence.

23 It was the silence of a waking lion, for morning light had breached the thicket, and within his lair the lion was roused.

24 Within his lair the lion sought wakefulness as suspicion came to him on the cool, unmoving air. Under the bars of sunlight that latticed his flanks and belly, his coat was short and shining. His mane was black and evenly grown. The muscles of his forelegs were not corded, but flat, and the muscles of his shoulders were laminated like sheaths of metal.

25 Now he smelled men. Now as the sunlight fell in streams upon his sorrel coat and warmed his flanks, his suspicion and then his anger came alive. He had no fear. Whatever lived he judged by strength—or lack of it—and men were puny. And yet the scent of them kindled fire in his brooding eyes and made him contemplate his massive paws.

26 He arose slowly, without sound—almost without motion—and peered outward through the wall of thorns. The earth was mute, expectant, and he did not break the spell. He only breathed.

27 The lion breathed and swung his tail in easy, rhythmic arcs and watched the slender figure of a human near him in a cleft of rock.

28 Temas had risen, too. On one knee now, he waited for the signal of the lifted spears.

29 Of this ten comrades he could see but two or three—a tuft of warrior’s feathers; here and there a gleaming arm. Presently all would leap from the places where they hid, and the Masai battle cry would slash through the silence. And then the lion would act.

30 But the silence held. The interminable instant hung like a drop that would not fall, and Temas remembered many of the rules, the laws that governed combat with a lion—but not enough, for stubbornly, wastefully, foolishly, his mind nagged at fear of disgrace—fear of failure. Fear of Medoto’s ringing laughter in the *manyatta*—of Kileghen’s ever-questing smile.



31 “I shall fail,” he thought. “I shall fail before Medoto and, through his eyes, she will see my failure. I must fail,” he said, “because now I see that I am trembling.”

32 And he was. His hand was loose upon the long steel spear—too loose, the arm that held the rawhide shield was hot and too unsteady. If he had ever learned to weep he would have wept—had there been time.

33 But the instant vanished—and with it, silence. From the deep grass, from the shade of anthills, from clustered rocks, warriors sprang like flames, and as they sprang they hurled upon the waiting lion their shrill arrogant¹³ challenge, their scream of battle.

34 Suddenly the world was small and inescapable. It was an arena whose walls were tall young men that shone like worn gold in the sun, and in this shrunken world there were Temas and the lion.

35 He did not know when or how he had left the rock. It was as if the battle cry had lifted him from it and placed him where he stood—a dozen paces from the thicket. He did not know when the lion had come forward to the challenge, but the lion was there.

36 The lion waited. The ring of warriors waited. Temas did not move.

37 His long Egyptian eyes swept around the circle. All was perfect—too perfect. At every point a warrior stood blocking the lion from improbably retreat—and of these Medoto was one. Medoto stood near—a little behind Temas and to the right. His shield bore proud colors of the proven warrior. He was lean and proud, and upon his level stare he weighed each movement Temas made, though these were hesitant and few.

38 For the lion did not seek escape, nor want it. His shifting yellow eyes burned with even fire. They held neither fear nor fury—only the hard and regal wrath of the challenged tyrant. The strength of either of his forearms was alone greater than the entire strength of any of these men, his speed in the attack was blinding speed, shattering speed. And with such knowledge, with such sureness of himself, the lion stood in the tawny grass, and stared his scorn while the sun rose higher and warmed the scarcely breathing men.

39 The lion would charge. He would choose one of the many and charge that one. Yet the choice must not be his to make, for through the generations—centuries, perhaps—the code of the Masai decreed that the challenger must draw the lion upon him. By gesture and by voice it can be done. By movement, by courage.

¹³ **arrogant:** overwhelmingly proud.



40 Temas knew the time for this had come. He straightened where he stood and gripped his heavy spear. He held his shield before him, tight on his arm, and he advanced, step by slow step.

41 The gaze of the lion did not at once swing to him. But every eye was on him, and the strength of one pair—Medoto’s—burned in his back like an unhealed scar.

42 A kind of anger began to run in Temas’s blood. It seemed unjust to him that in this crucial moment, at this first great trial of his courage, his enemy and harshest judge must be a witness. Surely Medoto could see the points of sweat that now rose on his forehead and about his lips as he moved upon the embattled lion. Surely Medoto could see—or sense—the hesitance of his advance—almost hear, perhaps, the pounding of his heart!

43 He gripped the shaft of his spear until pain stung the muscles of his hand. The lion had crouched and Temas stood suddenly within the radius of his leap. The circle of warriors had drawn closer, tighter, and there was no sound save the sound of their uneven breathing.

44 The lion crouched against the reddish earth, head forward. The muscles of his massive quarters were taut, his body was a drawn bow. And, as a swordsman unsheathes his blade, so he unsheathed his fangs and chose his man.

45 It was not Temas.

46 As if in contempt for this confused and untried youth who paused within his reach, the lion’s eyes passed him by and fastened hard upon the stronger figure of another, upon the figure of Casaro,¹⁴ a warrior of many combats and countless victories.

47 All saw it. Temas saw it, and for an instant—for a shameless breath of time—he felt an overwhelming ease of heart, relief, deliverance, not from danger, but from trial. He swept his glance around the ring. None watched him now. All action, all thought was frozen by the duel of wills between Casaro and the beast.

48 Slowly the veteran Casaro sank upon one knee and raised his shield. Slowly the lion gathered the power of his body for the leap. And then it happened.

49 From behind Temas, flung by Medoto’s hand, a stone no larger than a grain of maize shot through the air and struck the lion.

¹⁴ Casaro (kă-'sə-rō).



50 No more was needed. The bolt was loosed. But not upon Casaro, for if from choice, the regal prowler of the wilderness had first preferred an opponent worthy of *his* worth, he now, under the sting of a hurled pebble, preferred to kill that human whose hand was guilty.

51 He charged at once, and as he charged, the young Tamas was, in a breath, transformed from doubting boy to man. All fear was gone—all fear of fear—and as he took the charge, a light almost of ecstasy burned in his eyes, and the spirit of his people came to him.

52 Over the rim of his shield he saw fury take form. Light was blotted from his eyes as the dark shape descended upon him—for the lion's last leap carried him above the shield, the spear, the youth, so that, looking upward from his crouch, Tamas, for a sliver of time, was intimate¹⁵ with death.

53 He did not yield. He did not think or feel or consciously react. All was simple. All now happened as in the dreams, and his mind was an observer of his acts.

54 He saw his own spear rise in a swift arc, his own shield leap on his bended arm, his own eyes seek the vital spot—and miss it.

55 But he struck. He struck hard, not wildly or too soon, but exactly at the precise, the ripened moment, and saw his point drive full into the shoulder of the beast. It was not enough. In that moment his spear was torn from his grasp, his shield vanished, claws furrowed the flesh of his chest, ripping deep. The weight and the power of the charge overwhelmed him.

56 He was down. Dust and blood and grass and the pungent lion smell were mingled, blended, and in his ears an enraged, triumphant roar overlaid the shrill, high human cry of his comrades.

57 His friends were about to make the kill that must be his. Yet his hands were empty, he was caught, he was being dragged. He had scarcely felt the long crescentic teeth close on his thigh, it had been so swift. Time itself could not have moved so fast.

58 A lion can drag a fallen man, even a fighting man, into thicket or deep grass with incredible ease and with such speed as to outdistance even a hurled spear. But sometimes this urge to plunder first and destroy later is a saving thing. It saved Tamas. That and his Masai sword, which now was suddenly in his hand.

¹⁵ **intimate:** closely acquainted; familiar.



- 59 Perhaps pain dulled his reason, but reason is a sluggard ally¹⁶ to any on the edge of death. Tamas made a cylinder of his slender body and, holding the sword flat against his leg, he whirled, and whirling, felt the fangs tear loose the flesh of his thigh, freeing it, freeing him. And, as he felt it, he lunged.
- 60 It was quick. It was impossible, it was mad, but it was Masai madness, and it was done. Dust clothed the tangled bodies of the lion and the youth so that those who clamored close to strike the saving blows saw nothing but this cloud and could not aim into its formless shape. Nor had they need to. Suddenly, as if *En-Gai* himself—God and protector of these men of wilderness—had stilled the scene with a lifted hand, all movement stopped, all sound was dead.
- 61 The dust was gone like a vanquished shadow, and the great, rust body of the lion lay quiet on the rust-red earth. Over it, upon it, his sword still tight in his hand, the youth lay breathing, bleeding. And, beyond that, he also smiled.
- 62 He could smile because the chant of victory burst now like drumbeats from his comrades' throats—the paeans of praise fell on him where he lay, the sun struck bright through shattered clouds, the dream was true. In a dozen places he was hurt, but these would heal.
- 63 And so he smiled. He raised himself and, swaying slightly like any warrior weak in sinew but strong in spirit from his wounds, he stood with pride and took his accolade.¹⁷
- 64 And then his smile left him. It was outdone by the broader, harder smile of another—for Medoto was tall and straight before him, and with his eyes and with his lips Medoto seemed to say: “It is well—this cheering and this honor. But it will pass—and we two have a secret, have we not? We know who threw the stone that brought the lion upon you when you stood hoping in your heart that it would charge another. You stood in fear then, you stood in cowardice. We two know this, and no one else. But there is one who might, if she were told, look not to you but to the earth in shame when you pass by. Is this not so?”
- 65 Yes, it was so, and Tamas, so lately happy, shrank within himself and swayed again. He saw the young Kileghen's eyes and did not wish to see them. But for Medoto's stone, the spear of Tamas would yet be virgin, clean, unproved—a thing of futile vanity.

¹⁶ **sluggard ally**: a slow-acting helper.

¹⁷ **accolade** ('a-kə-lād): praise or other sign of respect.



66 He straightened. His comrades—the true warriors, of which even now he was not one—had in honor to a fierce and vanquished enemy laid the dead lion on a shield and lifted him. In triumph and with songs of praise (mistaken praise!) for Tamas, they were already beginning their march toward the waiting *manyatta*.

67 Tamas turned from his field of momentary triumph, but Medoto lingered at his side.

68 And now it will come, Tamas thought. Now what he has said with his eyes, he will say with his mouth, and I am forced to listen. He looked into Medoto’s face—a calm, unmoving face—and thought: It is true that this, my enemy, saw the shame of my first fear. He will tell it to everyone—and to her. So, since I am lost, it is just as well to strike a blow against him. I am not so hurt that I cannot fight at least once more.

69 His sword still hung at his side. He grasped it now and said, “We are alone and we are enemies. What you are about to charge me with is true—but, if I was a coward before the lion, I am not a coward before you, and I will not listen to sneering words!”

70 For a long moment, Medoto’s eyes peered into the eyes of Tamas. The two youths stood together on the now deserted plain and neither moved. Overhead the sun hung low and red and poured its burning light upon the drying grass, upon the thorn trees that stood in lonely clusters, upon the steeped shrines of dredging ants. There was no sound of birds, no rasping of cicada wings, no whispering of wind.

71 And into this dearth, into this poverty of sound, Medoto cast his laugh. His lips parted, and the low music of his throat was laughter without mirth, there was sadness in it, a note of incredulity,¹⁸ but not more, not mockery, not challenge.

72 He stared into the proud unhappy face of Tamas. He plunged the shaft of his spear into the earth and slipped the shield from his arm. At last he spoke.

73 He said, “My comrade, we who are Masai know the saying: ‘A man asks not the motives of a friend, but demands reason from his enemy.’ It is a just demand. If, until now, I have seemed your enemy, it was because I feared you would be braver than I, for when I fought my lion my knees trembled and my heart was white—until that charge was made. No one knew that, and I am called Medoto, the unflinching, but I flinched. I trembled.”

¹⁸ **incredulity** (in-kri-ˈdū-lə-tē): disbelief.



74 He stepped closer to Tamas. He smiled. “It is no good to lie,” he said. “I wanted you to fail, but when I saw you hesitate I could not bear it because I remembered my own hour of fear. It was then I threw the stone—not to shame you, but to save you from shame—for I saw that your fear was not fear of death, but fear of failure—and this I understood. You are a greater warrior than I—than any—for who but the bravest would do what you have done?”

75 Medoto paused and watched a light of wonderment kindle in Tamas’s eye. The hand of Tamas slipped from his sword, his muscles relaxed. Yet, for a moment, he did not speak, and as he looked at Medoto, it was clear to both that the identical thought, the identical vision, had come to each of them. It was the vision that must and always will come to young men everywhere, the vision of a girl.

76 Now this vision stood between them, and nothing else. But it stood like a barrier, the last barrier.

77 And Medoto destroyed it. Deliberately, casually, he reached under the folds of his flowing *shuka* and brought from it a slender belt of leather crusted with beads. It was the work and the possession of a girl, and both knew which girl. Kileghen’s handiwork was rare enough, but recognized in many places.

78 “This,” said Medoto, “this, I was told to bring, and I was told in these words: ‘If in his battle the young Tamas proves himself a warrior and a man, make this belt my gift to him so that I may see him wear it when he returns. But if he proves a coward, Medoto, the belt is for you to keep.’”

79 Medoto looked at the bright gift in his hands. “It is yours, Tamas!” He held it out. “I meant to keep it. I planned ways to cheat you of it, but I do not think a man can cheat the truth. I have seen you fight better than I have ever fought, and now this gift belongs to you. It is her wish and between us you are at last her choice.” He laid the belt on the palm of Tamas’s open hand and reached once more for his shield and spear. “We will return now,” Medoto said, “for the people are waiting. She is waiting. I will help you walk.”

80 But Tamas did not move. Through the sharp sting of his wounds, above his joy in the promise that now lay in his hands, he felt another thing, a curious, swelling pride in this new friendship. He looked into the face of Medoto and smiled, timidly, then broadly. And then he laughed and drew his sword and cut the beaded belt in half.

81 “No,” he said. “If she has chosen, then she must choose again, for we are brothers now and brothers are the same!”



- 82 He entwined one half of the severed belt in the arm band of Medoto, and the other half he hung, as plainly, on himself.
- 83 “We begin again,” he said, “for we are equal to each other, and this is a truth that she must know. She must make her choice on other things but skill in battle, since only men may judge a warrior for his worth!”
- 84 It was not far to the *manyatta* and they walked it arm in arm. They were tall together, and strong and young, and somehow full of song. Temas walked brokenly for he was hurt, and yet he sang:
- 85 *Oi-Konyek of the splendid shield
Has heard the lowing of the kine . . .*
- 86 And when they entered the gates of the *manyatta*, there were many of every age to welcome Temas, for his lion had been brought and his story told. They cheered and cried his name and led him past the open doors to the peaceful earthen houses to the *singara*, which is the place reserved for warriors. Medoto did not leave him, nor he Medoto, and it was strange to some to see the enemies transformed and strong in friendship, when yesterday their only bond was hate.
- 87 It was strange to one who stood against the *boma* wall, a slender girl of fragile beauty and level, seeking eyes. She was as young as morning, as anticipant. But this anticipation quickly dimmed as she saw the token she had made, one half borne hopefully by Medoto, the other as hopefully carried by Temas!
- 88 Both sought her in the gathered crowd, both caught the glance and gave the question with their eyes. Both, in the smug, self-satisfied way of men, swaggered a little.
- 89 So the girl paused for an instant and frowned a woman’s frown. But then, with musing, lidded eyes, she smiled a woman’s smile—and stranger yet, the smile had more of triumph in it, and less of wonder, than it might have had.

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Fish Eyes

by *David Brenner*

1 Ladies and Gentlemen and Children of all ages (drum roll, please), I am proud to bring to you, from its very beginning to its very ending, the very true and hopefully very funny story of little David Brenner and his fish eyes.

My notes about what I
am reading

2 Let's have a brief background of the Louis and Estelle Brenner offspring. The oldest, Mel, "Moby Dick"; the middle, Blanche, "Bib"; and the itty-bitsy little baby, David, "Kingy." Very close and very much in love with one another in spite of great differences in age and lifestyle. Whatever sibling rivalry existed was expressed lovingly in the wildest, weirdest, most bizarre practical jokes and most disturbingly creative attacks. The oldest was the most devious. For example:

3 My brother offered me a delicious new drink—and I discovered—pure carrot juice. He pretended to join me in drinking some. I didn't pretend, taking the biggest gulp of all time of the most rancid-tasting liquid of all time, almost causing me to throw up on the spot. The oldest rolled on the floor bursting with laughter as I charged upstairs to brush my teeth and gargle. The youngest strikes back. Every night I poured just a few drops of the awful carrot juice into my brother's milk. Every night he complained that his milk tasted rather peculiar but continued to drink it until all the juice was consumed. As the last glass was finished, I announced what I had been doing. His turn to brush and gargle.

4 The oldest also had the sickest sense of humor. His idea of fun was to sneak up on me while I was reading or sleeping and place a dirty sock of his on my shoulder or over my face. Now remember that this is a man tormenting a boy, a full-grown man with a Ph.D. degree, a college professor, a brilliant intellect.¹ I'd be watching TV and all of a sudden I'm smothered with a dirty gym sock, or I'd be doing my homework and suddenly would smell something rotten, only to see the sock my brother was dangling in front of my forehead. I was never safe in my own house, not even when I went to sleep in the bedroom I shared with my big, demented brother. When he would return home after a date, he would sneak up to the bed and lay a dirty sock over my sleeping face. Sometimes he would pile as many as a half-dozen socks on my face. Of course, I struck back as best I could. For these sock wars, we wouldn't put our dirty socks in the clothing hamper to be

¹ **intellect** ('in-tə-lekt): a person of high intelligence.



washed. My mother was always complaining about the missing socks. So as not to aggravate Mother and in order to better aggravate each other, we both began wearing the same socks for a week or so while throwing clean socks into the hamper. My mother was happy, and we developed more deadly sock bombs.

5 My best attack ended the war forever. While my brother was out on a date, I rigged a series of clothesline pulleys across the ceiling of my bedroom, through which I put a string, on the end of which was a rancid sock. When lowered, this foul article of clothing would come to rest directly above my brother's pillow. A second dreadful sock was rigged so that it could be pulled across his pillow. I then tied the string to my hand and forced myself to stay awake until my brother was back from his date.

6 In the middle of the night he came home. I faked deep breathing as I heard him climb into our bed. I waited until I heard the familiar sound of his sleeping breathing, then I ever so slowly pulled the string that released the sock so that it hung a few inches above his nose. As he sniffed, twisted and turned onto his side, I pulled the string that brought the other sock slowly sliding up onto and across his pillow, coming to rest directly at his nose. He sniffed, coughed, and opened his watering eyes, and stared at the moldy cloth object perched at the tip of his nose. I then released the pulley string so that the first sock came pummeling from the ceiling. A direct hit—right over his face. My brother gagged and shot up. I rolled around the bed in hysterics. Moby Dick, on the merits of originality and ingenuity, conceded victory and called a truce. So ended the War of the Socks.

7 Warfare with sister Bib was of an entirely different nature. She had a proof-perfect aim. She could hit just about any target from any distance, with just about any weapon, her favorite being a rubber band with a semistraightened paper clip or a V-shaped wad made from tightly rolled paper. Then, too, she could throw anything, from a sofa pillow to a stale end of a rye bread, with the same deadly skill. I would tease her, she'd pick up something, I'd run as quickly as I could, she'd haul off and throw, I'd get smacked with it. I never learned my lesson. What I should have done was tease her from behind a protective shield or from another city.

8 Now for the fish-eye incident. One day I challenged a friend of mine to a game of stickball. . . .

9 The fellow I challenged to a game was the best, or second best, according to me, stickball player in the neighborhood. We were to play longways on my street. Kids from all over the neighborhood came to see the playoff.



10 We flipped a coin and he won. I would bat first. I got myself positioned at home plate, a small pothole in the street. The first pitch was a big mistake on his part. It was low and on the outside, just where I liked it. I knew it was going to be a home run as soon as the bat left my shoulder, and it would've been, if I hadn't gotten hit in the back of the head with a small red brick.

11 I collapsed to the street. I didn't know what or who had hit me. I saw who as soon as I rolled over onto my back. There she was, my sister, running across the roofs.

12 The game was called off. I got to my feet dizzily and staggered toward my house. A huge lump was already coming out on the back of my head. It looked like a person was following me. When I got into the house, I didn't say anything to my mother, because there was an unwritten rule in the streets that one never squeals. It was a sacred law.

13 I weaved into the kitchen, where my mother was preparing fish for dinner. The lump on my head reflected a large shadow on the wall.

14 Now, preparing fish for dinner was different in those days. Nowadays you go to a supermarket and there's a fish counter and inside are all the fish already prepared for you. You reach in, you take a white thing wrapped in cellophane paper marked "Fish." It could be anything—a gym sock, anything. When I was a kid, it was a lot different, especially if you were poor. Your mother either went to the local fish market or bought the fish off a pushcart. No matter where you bought it, you had to prepare the fish yourself. It wasn't cleaned. You bought the whole fish, with the head and the tail, a little hat, eyeglasses, sneakers, the works. Then the fisherman would wrap it up in a newspaper. I still feel a little squeamish when I open a newspaper, because as a kid, sometimes you'd open a paper and under the headlines there'd be this open-mouthed carp staring at you.

15 Next, your mother had to prepare the fish herself. She had to cut off the head and the tail and put in her own mercury.² It was entirely different then and it was difficult.

16 While my mother was preparing the fish for dinner, I was standing there wobbling, thinking of how I could get revenge on my sister. I glanced down on the drainboard of the sink and saw a pair of fish eyes staring at me. I scooped them up and put them in my pocket. I got

² **put in her own mercury:** a joking reference to the fact that today some fish contain poisonous levels of the chemical mercury as a result of water pollution.



some Krazy Glue and glued them to my forehead and then climbed into the dirty clothing hamper in the hallway with a flashlight in my mouth, the light flashing inward. I waited until my sister opened the hamper to throw in some of her delicacies,³ then I turned on the flashlight. When my sister saw my red cheeks and the four eyes, she fainted, but, as she fell, she slammed the lid of the hamper against the end of my flashlight, lodging it in my throat. Immediately, I climbed out of the hamper and started running down the hall. My mother saw me, thought I had jammed a pipe in my throat and my eyes were coming out of my head. She collapsed on the spot. I charged downstairs. My father glanced up. Nothing ever bothered my father. He just looked at me and said, “How ya doin’, four-eyes?”

17 My father followed me into the kitchen, where I was removing the fish eyes from my forehead, after having successfully extracted the flashlight from my throat. Lou took a long puff on his cigar and slowly blew the smoke up to the kitchen ceiling. He removed the cigar from his mouth and looked at me. Then in his soft, Godfather-type⁴ whisper, he spoke: “Kinky, I want you to take those fish eyes into the backyard and throw them into the garbage can or else I’m going to see that you eat them for dinner.”

18 I didn’t need more convincing. I ran out into the backyard, opened the garbage can lid and . . . well, I looked into the eyes of the eyes. It was as if we had become friends. I just couldn’t throw my new-found friends into the garbage just like that. They were pleading with me to save them, silently promising that they could offer me more fun. I opened the lid and rattled the can noisily, as though I were throwing away the eyes, which was really dumb because there was no way two eyes could make that much noise. You could throw away an entire cow more quietly.

19 I then carefully put the fish eyes into my pocket and went into the house. I apologized to my sister and mother for the incident. Then I casually walked into the dining room and as silently as possible slid open the top drawer of the dresser where the glue was kept. I took the glue and ducked out into the back alley. I then reglued the fish eyes to my forehead and walked up to 60th Street, the bustling shopping area for the neighborhood.

20 I would walk up to a store whose front window was painted halfway up in order to use the space for advertising, and then I would tap on the window lightly but loudly enough to be heard while

³ **delicacies:** here, underwear; a humorous reference.

⁴ **Godfather-type:** gruff, like the voice of Marlon Brando, star of the movie *The Godfather*, as he played the role of a mobster.



simultaneously raising my head so that the fish eyes would appear first and then my own wide-open eyes. Women shoppers would scream. I did it to about six stores. The rumor was flying that a monster was loose on 60th Street. The neighborhood was terrorized. I was very happy.

- 21 I returned to my house and placed the two fish eyes in the center drawer of my bedroom dresser, a hand-me-down from my brother, who had as a child put a big ball of roofing tar in the center drawer. I think he was trying to corner the black-tar market.
- 22 Well, you know the attention span and memory span of young children. It isn't very long. The world is all new and all exciting, and there is so much to enjoy and remember that one forgets so much, such as a pair of fish eyes casually placed in a drawer.
- 23 The summer rolled along. July came and with it a horrific heat spell. The second floor of our house began to stink. Then the first floor. The whole house reeked of a strange and horrible odor. Although we really could not afford to call an exterminator, we were forced to, because we would gag upon entering the house, and my father's search for the dead animal had failed. We had no choice—Morris the Exterminator Man.
- 24 He arrived in his exterminator truck, which had a huge water bug on the roof almost as big as the truck itself. The water bug was on its back with its legs up in the air, and Morris's slogan was painted across the side paneling: "Nobody Gets Away Alive from Morris the Bug Killer."
- 25 Morris came into the house and sniffed around. He went up the stairs to the second floor. I could hear him open the door to my bedroom and enter. I think I even remember hearing him sniffing around in there. I know I do remember hearing him scream and seeing him charge down the stairs.
- 26 "What is it, Morris? Have you found it?"
- 27 "Yes, it's a dead animal."
- 28 "What kind of animal?"
- 29 "I don't really know, Mrs. Brenner. I've never seen anything like it in my life. It's in the center drawer of David's dresser. It's this real small, soft, black animal and from the look of its eyes, I'd say it's been dead at least two years."
- 30 My father, mother, sister, and brother snapped their heads in my direction. I leaped to my feet and ran out of the house. There was no



way I was going to have fish eyes and tar for dinner.

**My notes about what I
am reading**

31

That's the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth about the pair of fish eyes as it all happened during one of those glorious summers so long ago in the days of my wild, woolly, disturbed—and fun-filled—youth. Would I do it all over again if I could? You're darn right I would.

Excerpt from "Fish Eyes," from *Nobody Ever Sees You Eat Tuna Fish* by David Brenner. Copyright 1986 by David Brenner. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.



Use "Brothers Are the Same" to answer questions 1-16.

- 1 In paragraph 19, the elder warrior gives Temas his spear. What do the words of the warrior mean?
- A This spear is made of wood and steel, but it becomes special when you cover it with the blood of a lion.
 - B When you use this spear, remember that you are now a man of honor.
 - C This spear is only a symbol of manhood—it is through your actions that you become worthy of this honor.
 - D I am giving you this spear to use in your test, but it is not really yours until you use it in battle.

- 2 In paragraph 20, Temas describes how Kileghen watches her two suitors argue and mistreat each other. What does Temas suggest about her reaction?
- A She really has no idea that the men are upset with each other.
 - B She really wishes they would stop fighting.
 - C She does not say anything because she knows it won't help matters.
 - D She enjoys watching them fight, because she knows that ultimately they are fighting over her.

- 3 The lion is first described in paragraphs 24 through 27. How does the writer use personification to add meaning to the story?
- A The personification shows that the lion is brave and strong and will be a worthy opponent for Temas.
 - B The personification shows that the lion is a lazy and cowardly animal that will be no match for Temas.
 - C The personification shows that the lion does not like men and will sneak away before the men try to surround him.
 - D The personification shows that the lion is angry at the Masai and looks forward to the battle.

- 4 In paragraph 30, the narrator describes how Temas felt just before his fellow warriors came out of hiding to attack the lion –

the interminable instant hung like a drop that would not fall

What is an *interminable instant*?

- A A moment that passes so quickly it is almost impossible to remember
- B A moment that seems like it will last forever
- C The moment someone realizes that he or she is about to die
- D The moment that determines the outcome of an event



5 In paragraph 42, Temas feels that it is *unjust* to have his deepest enemy watch him at this important moment in his life. Which word is the best synonym for *unjust* as it is used in this context?

- A Illegal
- B Unfair
- C Inexcusable
- D Unnecessary

6 The lion initially attacks another man. How is this event critical to the development of the plot?

- A This leads Medoto to throw a stone at the lion, drawing it towards Temas.
- B This creates doubt in the other men, forcing Temas to pretend that he threw the stone.
- C This shows Temas's weakness, leading him to feel even more ashamed.
- D This leads to the lion's first injury which enables Temas to kill the lion in the end.

7 Just after Temas stabs the lion with his spear, the lion bites his thigh. Read what happens next.

A lion can drag a fallen man, even a fighting man, into thicket or deep grass with incredible ease and with such speed as to outdistance even a hurled spear. But sometimes this urge to plunder first and destroy later is a saving thing.

What does the narrator mean by the phrase *plunder first and destroy later*?

- A To dismember first and eat him later
- B To ruin his reputation first and then kill him
- C To kill him first and then drag away the body
- D To steal or take the man away and kill him later



8 Read this excerpt from paragraph 62.

the paeans of praise fell on him where he lay, the sun struck bright through shattered clouds

Based on the context, you can determine that *paeans* means —

- A love songs
- B funeral songs
- C celebratory songs
- D healing songs

9 After Temas kills the lion, he is proud and joyous. However, when he sees Medoto his feelings change drastically. This helps to express which theme?

- A Hatred can overpower positive emotions.
- B Dishonesty sometimes has dire consequences.
- C Family can help heal heartbreaks.
- D Everyone needs a friend.

10 What is the remaining conflict at the story's end?

- A Who will claim the ultimate victory for the lion?
- B Which man is the better warrior?
- C Who will Kileghen choose?
- D Will the elders recognize Temas as a man?

11 At the end of the story, the belt comes to symbolize Kileghen's —

- A childish desire to marry a hero
- B artistic skill and value as a Masai woman
- C respect for the warrior(s) who wears it
- D determination to come between Temas and Medoto

12 At the very end of the story, Kileghen smiles when she sees that the men are each wearing half of the belt that she made. She is most likely smiling because —

- A she is happy to see the men's friendship
- B she sees the men are still fighting over her
- C it is funny to think of them tearing her great work in half
- D this is what she hoped they would do all along



- 13** How are the events of the story organized?
- A** In chronological order, with the narrator pausing the action to describe Temas's thoughts or feelings
 - B** By comparing and contrasting Temas's feelings and actions with those of Medoto
 - C** By describing one event and then explaining the causes and effects that result from that one main event
 - D** In chronological order, with several flashbacks of previous events

- 14** Which aspect of the story most suggests that the writer researched the Masai and their traditions?
- A** The use of sensory images to describe the appearance of the Masai warriors
 - B** The explanation of why the Masai continue this tradition
 - C** The fact that the story is about fighting a lion
 - D** The confession of Medoto about his own fight with the lion

- 15** How does the setting contribute to the overall meaning of the passage?
- A** The setting helps explain why this test of manhood is so important to Temas.
 - B** The setting helps explain how love for a young woman can cause such hatred between the two young men.
 - C** The setting helps explain why friendship among warriors is so important to the Masai.
 - D** The setting helps explain why the men are willing to go back to the woman and make her choose based on different criteria.

- 16** One aspect of the story that makes it seem the writer wrote it for young people from all cultures is that it –
- A** takes place in the Serengeti
 - B** is about fighting lions
 - C** is about the traditions of the Masai
 - D** describes a boy's journey toward manhood



Use "Fish Eyes" to answer questions 17-28.

- 17 How does the writer use the first sentence of the story to appeal to the reader?
- A He talks to readers as if they are at a circus or a stage performance.
 - B He makes readers feel like they are at a story hour.
 - C He tells readers to listen as if there is music in the background.
 - D He promises a story they will not forget.
- 18 How does the story of the carrot juice in the milk express the writer's bias?
- A It justifies the desire to harm his siblings.
 - B It shows that the parents did not pay attention to the rivalry.
 - C It presents the writer as the one who outsmarts his older brother.
 - D It creates the idea that the writer is generally the underdog.
- 19 What finally ends the War of the Socks?
- A The boys' mother demands that they put their socks in the hamper for her to wash.
 - B David admits he had been adding carrot juice to his brother's milk.
 - C David pretends to be sleeping and then uses a clothesline to drop a sock onto Moby Dick's sleeping face.
 - D Bib hits David with a brick and gets into big trouble.
- 20 In paragraph 7, David describes how Bib threw things at her brothers. He writes:
- I'd run as quickly as I could, she'd haul off and throw, I'd get smacked*
- What does the phrase *haul off* mean in this sentence?
- A To drag something a long distance
 - B To steal something
 - C To pull a boat out of the water
 - D To pull back the arm in order to throw something



- 21** How does Bib's role in the fish-eye incident make her the antagonist?
- A** She faints when she sees him in the hamper, and he can't get out.
 - B** She hits David in the head with a brick, and he wants to get back at her.
 - C** She forces the flashlight into her brother's throat and laughs at him.
 - D** She tells her parents what he has done, and he gets grounded.

- 22** How is the historical context most critical to the fish-eye incident?
- A** It helps to explain why there are fish eyes at the boy's house.
 - B** It makes it possible for him to scare people in town.
 - C** It develops a reason for the sibling rivalry.
 - D** It explains why his family would call an exterminator.

- 23** In paragraph 22, the narrator comments about the short memory and attention span of children. He does this to –
- A** indicate that the next event will be a flashback
 - B** develop the theme about children
 - C** create comic relief
 - D** foreshadow what is to come later in the story



24 What is the best summary of the fish-eye incident?

- A** David glues fish eyes to his forehead and scares his sister. He throws the eyes away. He then scares people in town by telling them there is a monster on 60th Street. He returns home, digs the eyes out of the trash, and hides the eyes in his dresser. Months later, the smell causes the family to think there is a dead animal in the house somewhere. They call an exterminator who finds the fish eyes in the dresser drawer.
- B** David's sister glues fish eyes to his forehead, but he is the one who gets into trouble. He pretends to throw the eyes away so his father will not get angry. Then he glues the eyes to his forehead. He goes downtown and he scares people into thinking there is a monster on 60th Street. He returns home and hides the eyes in his dresser. Months later, the smell causes the family to think there is a dead animal in the house somewhere. They call an exterminator who finds the fish eyes in the dresser drawer.
- C** David glues fish eyes to his forehead, scares his sister, and makes his mother faint. He gets caught by his father and pretends to throw the eyes away. Then, he glues them onto his forehead again. This time he uses them to scare people in town, making them think there is a monster on 60th Street. He returns home and hides the eyes in his dresser. Months later, the smell causes the family to think there is a dead animal in the house somewhere. They call an exterminator who finds the fish eyes in the dresser drawer.
- D** David glues fish eyes to his forehead and scares his sister. Then he scares his mom and his dad. His dad tell him to throw the eyes away, but instead he uses them to scare people in town, making them think there is a monster on 60th Street. He returns home and hides the eyes in his older brother's dresser drawer. Months later, the family calls an exterminator to investigate the smell, and his brother gets in trouble.



- 25** How does the writer use the organizational structure?
- A** He begins with the weakest argument and then gives a stronger argument and ends with his strongest argument.
 - B** He describes one prank and then compares and contrasts it with another.
 - C** He describes different pranks, telling each one as a distinct story within the larger passage.
 - D** He presents a chronological description of his childhood, from the earliest days to his adulthood.
- 26** Throughout the passage, the writer uses war terms, such as *warfare*, *truce*, and *attacks*. What is the best explanation for the reason he uses this type of analogy or comparison?
- A** To create images of soldiers on a battlefield fighting for their very lives
 - B** To present their sibling rivalry as a serious and dangerous struggle
 - C** To show that they had very strong feelings of animosity towards each other
 - D** To create humor and show how the siblings expressed their love for each other
- 27** What is one theme of this passage?
- A** Discipline teaches children important values and self-control.
 - B** Children need to feel loved by their family members.
 - C** Humor and laughter bring people closer together.
 - D** Parenting is the most rewarding experience in the world.
- 28** Since this story is based upon the writer's memory of what happened, it is likely that –
- A** the entire story is made up
 - B** some of the details are inaccurate
 - C** his siblings would retell the story in the exact same way
 - D** this story was recorded in newspapers at the time



Use "Brothers Are the Same" and "Fish Eyes" to answer questions 29 and 30.

29 What do both stories seem to suggest about the idea of brotherhood?

- A** Brothers are people who care for and look out for each other.
- B** Brothers must be blood relatives.
- C** Friends can only become brothers through adoption.
- D** Fighting among brothers can destroy a family.

30 While the characters in "Fish Eyes" are related, the young men in "Brothers Are the Same" are not related. What is another significant difference between Medoto and Temas and the siblings in "Fish Eyes"?

- A** Medoto and Temas are both in love with the same young woman, but none of the characters in "Fish Eyes" are in love.
- B** Medoto and Temas's fight could have cost Temas his life and honor, but the children in "Fish Eyes" are just playing.
- C** Medoto and Temas do not interact with their parents in the story, but the children in "Fish Eyes" get into trouble with both parents.
- D** Medoto and Temas are close in age, but the children in "Fish Eyes" are very far apart in age.



DIRECTIONS

Read the viewing and representing piece. Then answer the questions that follow.



Use the viewing and representing piece to answer questions 31- 33.

31 The fact that the children have their arms around each other represents –

- A** hope for the future
- B** the desire to keep the ones we love nearby
- C** the innocence of childhood
- D** the love and closeness of a family

32 What is the main message of the photo?

- A** Families with children can adopt another child.
- B** Children are happier when they go to school.
- C** Adopting a child will change your life.
- D** If you can walk a child to school, you can adopt.

33 What is the main persuasive technique used in this poster?

- A** Exaggeration
- B** Plain talk
- C** Testimonial
- D** Bandwagon

**BE SURE YOU HAVE RECORDED ALL YOUR ANSWERS
ON THE ANSWER DOCUMENT.**

