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APPENDICES

Appendix A: Definitions

AET (Assistant English Teachers) Assistant English Teachers who are teaching English through JET Programme; also referred to as ALT (Assistant Language Teachers)

Alteration A type of editing that is a purposeful revision in meaning. The revision may be due to other types of editing, but alteration is selected only when the meaning is completely changed after editing.

Audiolingualism A foreign language acquisition theory based on the premises that a foreign language should be acquired just like L1 has been acquired and that any behavior is a response to a stimuli. Based on these premises, L2 is taught through pattern drills and dialogue memorizing until responses to stimuli in L2 become automatic.

Big C Formal culture – the arts, literature, music, history (Brooks, 1971 cited in Shrum & Glisan, 2005); achievement culture (Tang, 2006)

C1 Learner's own culture

C2 Culture of the people who speak the target language (L2)

C3 Culture that a learner constructs from which s/he views C1 and C2 from an objective standpoint comparing and contrasting both

Elaboration A type of editing by adding words or phrases to clarify the meaning

Grammatical A type of editing that changes the voice from passive to active and vice versa, or changes in mood, tense, etc. This type of editing includes clerical changes as well as punctuational ones. Although a different grammar rule is applied, the event or situation described is not affected.

JET Programme Japan Exchange Teaching Programme; A program sponsored by the Japanese government to invite teachers of English to teach in 1st through 12th grades, kindergartens, and nursery schools. Its inception was in 1987. Teachers are not only from English-speaking countries.

JTE (Japanese Teachers of English) Japanese teachers of English as opposed to AET; they team-teach some English subjects with AET.

L1. A learner's native language or mother tongue.

L2. A language that is "the major language spoken in the community or the language of instruction in the schools" and it is not the native language of the speaker (Finocchiaro, 1989, p. viii).

Lexical editing A type of editing that a word or phrase is replaced by one with an identical or similar meaning.

Small c The culture closely related to daily life, anthropological and sociological aspects, such as social behavior, beliefs, housing, food, and transportation (Brooks, 1971 cited in Shrum & Glisan, 2005); behavioral culture (Tang, 2006)

Simplification A type of editing; the deletion of words, phrases, or sentences; as a result, the equivalent section in the Japanese textbook is shorter.

Textbook Coding

Encounter by Watanabe	ENW
Genesis by Okada	GEO
Milestone by Okuma	MIO
New Stage by Tanioka	NET
One World by Takahashi	ONT
Orbit by Takanashi	ORT
Planet Blue by Negishi	PLN
Polestar by Murakami	POM
Prominence by Uechi	PRU
Provision by Shiozawa	PRS
Sunshine by Kuzumi	SUK
Unicorn by Ichikawa	UNI
Vivid by Minamimura	VIM
Voyager by Okihara	VOO

Unnatural dialogue.

Akiko: Is this your first visit to Japan?
Miss Fields: Yes, it is.
Hideo: Do you like Japan?
Miss Fields: Yes I do. Japan is really clean and safe.
Takeshi: Where do you live in Canada?
Miss Fields: I live in Toronto

Appendix B: Coding Results

Editing Categories							
Textbook	Chapter	L	S	G	A	E	Total
ENW	1	9	11	4	13	4	41
	2	1	5	2	3	0	11
	4	1	4	2	12	0	19
	5	10	15	22	23	4	74
	6	2	6	4	9	2	23
	7	18	14	6	27	1	66
	8	12	6	4	9	0	31
	GEO	1	1	41	15	12	10
6		7	4	10	14	1	36
9		1	8	5	11	1	26
11		10	26	27	56	16	135
12		9	8	9	11	4	41
Extra		2	5	1	8	1	17
MIO	6	7	9	12	12	7	47
	11	0	0	1	0	0	1
	Extra	0	1	5	5	7	18
NET	1	1	1	2	0	2	6
	2-4	0	0	1	1	0	2
	2-7	1	17	12	15	19	64
	2-12	3	2	2	0	0	7
ONT	6	7	4	9	10	2	32
	8	14	18	32	35	15	114
	12	18	18	21	13	23	93
ORT	9	3	14	22	14	13	66
	16	0	2	1	0	0	3
	17	11	31	12	49	23	126
	18	11	42	25	40	24	142
	22	6	28	19	28	29	110
PLN	2	5	2	1	2	0	10
	4	2	1	1	2	1	7
	9-1	4	4	14	18	6	46
	9-2	0	1	2	0	2	5
	10	1	1	4	1	4	11
	16	2	7	1	2	2	14
	17	3	1	2	4	2	12
	18	2	10	4	6	0	22
	20	2	1	0	5	1	9

Editing Categories

Textbook	Chapter	L	S	G	A	E	Total
PLN	21-1	1	3	1	2	1	8
	21-3	1	0	0	1	0	2
	25	18	73	40	75	50	256
	26	10	7	9	8	1	35
	27	10	7	8	7	0	32
POM	8	17	44	42	44	31	178
	9	10	18	14	28	10	80
	12	7	18	17	32	7	81
	Extra 1	2	18	23	24	13	80
	Extra 2	14	47	57	68	26	212
PRU	5	1	7	8	6	2	24
	6	16	21	32	34	18	121
	7	6	50	27	55	29	167
	10	15	8	24	31	15	93
	11	5	26	29	54	19	133
	Extra 1	5	28	17	23	25	98
	Extra 2	5	48	29	31	25	138
PRS	1	4	17	16	13	6	52
	2	3	23	11	21	6	61
	3	18	44	1	103	36	184
	6	12	22	16	34	11	83
	7	17	18	9	43	8	78
	8	0	3	6	3	2	14
	9	7	30	15	36	3	84
	11	30	27	23	47	19	146
	15	12	16	12	23	8	71
	16	25	14	14	36	7	96
	Extra 1	0	1	1	0	0	2
	Extra 2	1	23	3	3	1	31
	Extra 3-2	1	2	8	0	3	14
	Extra 4	0	4	2	0	0	6
SUK	7	21	22	45	42	32	162
	8	24	52	51	82	42	251
	9	16	26	27	17	20	106
	10	24	68	68	41	7	208
	11	2	9	4	2	14	31
	12	9	27	25	9	14	84
	Extra 1	4	11	3	4	0	22
UNI	1	24	79	92	71	38	304
	2	12	14	18	17	18	79
	3	12	107	81	90	73	363
	4	9	37	24	24	37	131
	5	23	34	34	40	24	155
	10	4	8	10	41	14	77
	12	9	59	50	62	52	232
	14	4	33	52	43	25	157
Extra 1	0	19	104	19	9	0	47
VIM	2-2	12	16	9	53	7	97

Editing Categories							
Textbook	Chapter	L	S	G	A	E	Total
VIM	3-6	19	16	11	37	6	89
	3-8	4	15	11	27	1	58
VOO	4-2	1	1	0	0	1	3
	15	12	17	29	31	10	99
	16	37	36	61	69	29	232
Total		741	1741	1554	2166	1072	7274
(%)		10.19%	23.93%	21.36%	29.78%	14.74%	100.00%

Appendix C: Samples of Passage Comparison

The edited versions are written in parentheses. Editing is coded with S, A, G, L, and E. Depending on each editing, this coding process is more complicated than others. Notes added by the researcher is in Arial font. Some parts in the originals are changed in multiple ways. To indicate how each element in the originals was edited, the element and the edited version in () are underlined, dotted-underlined, double-underlined, and *italics*.

ENW Lesson 1: Original (King, 1994)

How to be a Successful Conversationalist

I. My Inauspicious (Unsuccessful A) Debut

If you could have been a fly on the wall in a Miami Beach Radio studio thirty-seven years ago and witnessed (seen L) my first morning in broadcasting, you would have bet the ranch (said A-2) that I was the *last* (last G) guy (person A) who could even survive, much less succeed, as a professional talker.

I happened at station WAHR, a small station across the street from the police station, on First Street, just off Washington, on the morning of May 1, 1957. I had been there three weeks, hanging around (waiting L-1) (and E+1) hoping to break into my dream world of radio. The station's general manager, Marshall Simmond, told me he liked my voice, (another thing I can't take any credit for S-8) but he didn't have any openings. That didn't discourage me. I was willing to take my chances, and I told him so. He said fine – (if G+1) I hung around (stayed L) (close E+1) I'd get the job the next time he had an opening.

Suddenly, after three weeks, the morning dee-jay quit. Marshall called me into his voice on a Friday and told me I had the job, starting at nine o'clock Monday morning. (I'd make fifty-five dollars a week. S-6) I'd be on from nine until noon Monday through Friday. In the afternoon I would be doing newscasts and sportscasts until getting off at five o'clock. My dream had come true! <

I didn't sleep that whole weekend. I kept rehearsing (practicing L) things to say on the air. By eight-thirty on my first morning, I was a basket case (so nervous A-1), I was drinking coffee and water for the dryness in my mouth and throat. I had the record with my theme song, Les Elgart's "Swingin' Down the Lane," with me, ready to cut it up (play it A-1) on the turntable (S-3) as soon as I went into the studio. In the meantime I was getting more nervous by the minute.

The news comes on at nine, and I'm sitting in the studio, with "Swingin' Down the Lane" cued up, (S-7) ready to broadcast *The Larry King Show* to a waiting world. My mouth feels like cotton.

As my own engineer (always the case at a small station), I started on the theme. The music comes on. Then I fade the music down so I can begin to talk. Only nothing comes out.

So I bring the music up again and fade it again. Still no words coming out of my mouth. It happens a third time. The only thing my listeners are hearing is a record going up and down in volume, unaccompanied by (without A-1) any human voice.

Finally Marshall Simmonds, the man who had been so kind in giving me such a tremendous (great L) opportunity, exploded (got very E+1 angry L+1) as only a general manager can (S-6). He kicked open the door to the control room with his foot (S-7) and said five words to me, loud and clear: "This is a communications business!"

Then he turned and left, [slamming the door behind him].

In that instant I leaned forward toward the microphone and (S-6) said the first words I ever spoke as a broadcaster:

"Good morning. This is my first day ever on the radio. I've always wanted to be on the air. I've been practicing all weekend. Fifteen minutes ago they gave me my new name. (S-9) I've had a theme song ready to play. But my mouth is dry. I'm nervous. And the general manager just kicked open the door and, said, 'This is a communications business.'"

Being able to say at least something gave me the confidence to go on' and the rest of the show went fine.

HONESTY

I learned something about talking that morning in Miami Beach, whether you're on the air or off: Be honest. You can never go wrong, in broadcasting or in any area of speech. Arthur Godfrey told me the same thing about how to be a successful broadcaster: Let your listeners and viewers share your experiences and how you feel.

When I (later E+1) made my debut as (became A-3) a television talk show host, also in Miami, I had a similar experience –I told them I was nervous. I said I had been in radio for three years, but this was my first time on television.

So now everybody knew my situation, and I wasn't nervous anymore. That made me talk better, which made me more successful on that first night in TV, all because I was honest with the people I was talking to.

When I do that, immediately the whole audience knows I've never done news, I don't know what's coming, I'm reading something that's strange to me, I don't know which camera to look at-now the viewers are all in my boat. We're going through this together. They know I've been honest with them, and that I'm going to give them my best effort.

THE REST OF THE FORMULA FOR SUCCESS

The right attitude - the *will* to talk even when it might not be comfortable at first – is another basic ingredient for becoming a better talker. After that fiasco (failure L) on the radio in Miami, I formed that attitude. When I managed to survive that case of "mike fright," I made a commitment to myself (made up my mind A-1) that I was going (S-4) to do two things:

1. I was going to keep right on talking.
2. I was going to improve my ability to talk by working at it-hard.

What did I do? Everything. I hosted the morning show. I did the weather. I filled in as the afternoon sports reporter. The business report. I anchored the news. I gave speeches. If somebody called in sick or wanted to take a day off, I volunteered to work a double shift (in their

place A). I grabbed every opportunity I could to do as much talking on the air as possible. My objective (aim L) was to be on the air and to be a success at it, so I told myself I was doing just what Ted Williams did when he felt it was necessary-I was taking extra batting practice.

You can take batting practice as a talker, too. In addition to consulting books and, now, videos on how to talk, there's a lot you can do yourself. You can talk out loud to yourself around your house or apartment (S-2). I do. Not often, I hasten to add (S-4), but sometimes. I live alone, so from time to time I'll say a few words off the cuff (to myself A-1) for try out something I might want to say later in a speech or on one of my shows. There's no reason for me to feel embarrassed about it because there's nobody else around anyhow. You can do the same thing even if you don't live alone. You can go into a room by your self, or into the basement, or use the time when you're driving your car (S-13). And then you can practice simply talking better.

You can also stand in front of a mirror and talk to the image. This is a common technique, especially for people trying to improve their ability as public speakers. But it works for everyday conversation, too. And it helps you to train yourself to make good eye-to-eye contact because you're automatically looking at the image across from you, your reflection in the mirror.

Besides the willingness to work on it, you need at least (S-2) two other ingredients (one more thing A) to be a good conversationalist: a sincere interest in the other person and an openness to them about yourself.

I think it's apparent to viewers of my nightly talk shows on CNN (television A) that I'm interested in my guests. I make sure to look them right in the eye. (The failure to do this is the downfall of many people and one we will talk about later. S-18) Then I lean forward on my chair and I ask them a question about themselves.

I respect everyone on my shows-from presidents and Hall of Fame athletes to Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy of the Muppets, and yes, I've had them on, too. You cannot talk to people successfully if they think you are not interested in what they have to say or you have no respect for them.

I remember something Will Rogers once said: "Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects." It's worth remembering this whether you're talking to one person on your way to work or to a TV guest in front of an audience of ten million people. The corollary on this is (You should know A-2) that everybody is an expert on something. Everybody's got at least one subject they love to talk about.

Always respect that expertise (what G people know G+1). Your listeners will always be able to tell whether you respect them. If they feel you do, they will listen more attentively (carefully L) as you talk. If they don't, nothing you say or do will win them back to what you're talking about.

GEO Reading: Original (Green, 1985)

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.-I finished shaving in the bathroom of my room at the Amway (S-1) Grand Plaza Hotel, and turned the knob to return to the bedroom. The door stuck. It stuck for only a moment; one good shove opened it up. But in that moment my life flashed before my eyes, and I was transported back through time to a day in the distant past, a day that was one of those breakthrough experiences in a man's walk through this world.

Some people remember when a bullet intended for someone else whizzed (flew A) past their ear. Some remember when a car on the highway swerved (turned A) threateningly toward their own. Some remember when a snake on a forest path struck out at them.

(p. 17)

My brush with the (S-1) hereafter (death A) was not quite so dramatic. But it has stuck with me all these years.

It was the summer of 1968. I was a college kid from Ohio, assigned by my hometown newspaper to work as a copyboy at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, doing errands for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain.

I was very excited. This was my first out-of-town trip as a newspaperman—all right, a copyboy—and Chicago promised to be a thrilling place.

I received my assignment only a few days before the convention was to begin; much too late to get a room reservation. I was told, though, that a veteran Scripps-Howard reporter named Jim G. Lucas was ill, and that I could have his room. All I had to do was (to G+1) show up at the Palmer House, tell the desk clerk that I was Lucas, and take his room.

This I did. I checked in at the hotel on the afternoon before the convention was to begin. The city was packed; every room in the hotel was taken. In the morning I was supposed to report to press headquarters and meet my Scripps-Howard bosses.

So I had some dinner by myself, and decided to get a good night's sleep. I went back to my room, put the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outside doorknob, then locked the door and fastened the chain lock.

In the morning I was up early. I wanted to get started on time and impress my bosses. I went into the bathroom, took a shower, shaved, and headed back into the room.

But it (I A) was (could A) not to (G-1) be (get out A+1). The door had stuck in the closed position. It was jammed (shut A) solid (tight A). The knob would not even turn.

This struck me as unusual—even as a naïve twenty-year-old I realized that hotel doors were supposed to open when you wished them to. Still, I did not see any reason to panic. There would be some way to open the door, and I would be on my way.

Alas, no. The door was stuck and stuck good. I was in that bathroom, like it or not.

As the minutes passed, the situation became progressively

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less humorous. I tried the door, I pushed at the knob, I hit my knee against the wood. Not only did it not open—it didn't budge.

That is when the facts of the situation struck me. I was in a jam-packed hotel where all the employees, this particular week, were overworked and harried (under heavy pressure A+2). I had the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outside of the room's main door. That door was double-locked and chained. No one from the Scripps-Howard papers realized I had even arrived in Chicago. My family back in Columbus knew I had set out for my trip—but did not realize that Bob Greene was registered not as "Bob Greene," but as "Jim G. Lucas."

No one in Chicago would come looking for me; the hotel staff would be too busy to investigate a "Do Not Disturb" sign that remained on a door for days on end, and the Scripps-Howard People would assume that I had simply never arrived. Anyone back home who phoned the Palmer House would be told that there was no Bob Greene registered.

I sat on the floor of the bathroom and reached a calm, rational conclusion: I was going to slowly starve in this bathroom. This bathroom would be where I died.

I began to scream and shout. I began to bang on the walls. My voice soon grew hoarse, but I heard only echoes. The Palmer House is built as solidly as any great old hotel can be built; no one was going to hear me.

I tried to pace, but there was nowhere to go; this was a small bathroom. I was naked, of course; for some reason my nose had started to bleed, and when I looked in the steamed-up mirror what I saw did not please me: a nude, bedraggled (soaking-wet A+1) youth from the American heartland, with terror in his eyes and blood running down to his chin, trapped like a hamster.

An hour passed; it seemed like a day. I sat on the edge of the sink. I knew I was a (S-1) goner (dead A-1). And what a way to die-slowly feeling the life seep (drip A) out of me while, only a few feet away, in the Palmer House corridor, other men and women walked blithely (without concern L+1) to the elevators.

I began to use my only weapon-my frail (weak L) but willing (determined A) body.
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I stood at one end of the bathroom, picked up as much speed as I could in five or six (a short A-1) feet (space A), leaped into the air, and slammed myself against the door, like a human battering-ram (hammer A-1). Every time I did this I picked myself up from the cold tile and made myself do it again. I hurt, and the vision in the mirror was ridiculous. But it was my sole chance.

For at least nineteen times I flew through the air and hit the floor. On what seemed to be the twentieth try, though, the miracle happened. I hit the door-and went sailing into the bedroom. I had (somehow E+1) unjammed (unstuck A) it (the door A+1). I felt as if I had escaped from Alcatraz.

When I got to work, the Scripps-Howard editor asked why I was so late; I thought about explaining, but then thought better of it. "I got locked in my bathroom" didn't seem like the proper response for a fledgling (S-1) tough-guy reporter. And now, fifteen years later, here I am in Grand Rapids, still gun-shy (afraid A-1) at the first hint of a sticky bathroom door. You can be in my nightmare if I can be in yours.

MIO Extra Reading: Original (Chaplin, 1964)

THE CONCLUDING SPEECH OF THE DICTATOR

I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor. That's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone – if possible – Jew, Gentile – (, G) black men – (,) white.

We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness – not by each other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone. And the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone.

The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way. Greed has poisoned men's souls – has barricaded the world with hate – has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives

abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical; our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness, we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost.

The airplane (aeroplane A) and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these things (inventions A) cries out for the goodness in man – cries out for universal brotherhood – for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world – millions of despairing men, women, and little children – victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people.

To those who can hear me, I say: “Do not despair.” The misery that has come (is now A) upon us is but the passing of greed – the bitterness of men who fear the way of

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human progress. The hate of men will pass, and dictators die, and the power they took from the people will return to the people. And so long as men die, liberty will never perish.

Soldiers! Don’t give yourselves to these brutes – (men E+1) who despise you – enslave you – who regiment your lives – tell you what to do – what to think and what to feel! Who drill you – diet you – treat you like cattle and use you as cannon fodder. Don’t give yourselves to these unnatural men – machine men with machine minds and machine hearts! You are not machines! (You are not cattle! E+5) You are men! With (You have A+1) the love of humanity in your hearts! (You E+1) Don’t (don’t G) hate! Only the unloved hate – the unloved and the unnatural!

Soldiers! Don’t fight for slavery! Fight for liberty! In the seventeenth chapter of St Luke, it is written that the kingdom of God is within man – not one man nor a group of men, but in all men! In you! You, the people, have the power – the power to create machines. The (, the G) power to create happiness! You, the people, have the power to make this life free and beautiful – to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then – in the name of democracy – let us use that power – let us all unite. Let us fight for a new world – a decent world that will give men a chance to work – that will give youth a future and old age a security.

By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lie! They do not fulfill that promise. They never will! Dictators free themselves but they enslave the people. Now (let us fight to fulfil *spelled as is in textbook that promise! E+7) let (Let G) us fight to free the world – to do away with national barriers – to do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason – a world where science and progress will lead to the happiness of us all (all men’s happiness A-2). Soldiers, in the name of democracy, let us (all E+1) unite!

Hannah, can you hear me? Wherever you are, look up (, Hannah E+2)! Look up, Hannah! (S-3) The clouds are lifting! The sun is breaking through! We are coming out of the darkness into the light! We are coming into a new world – a kindlier world, where men will rise above their greed, their hate (their hate, their greed G) and their brutality. Look up, Hannah! The soul of man has been given wings and at last he is beginning to fly. He is flying into the rainbow – into the light of hope, into the future, the glorious future that belongs to you, to me and to all of us (E+18). Look up, Hannah! Look up!

NET Lesson 1: Original (Ikeda, Lummis, 2001)

My daughter's junior high school teacher is a wonderful woman who sends out an e-mail every day to her student, in the form of a class paper. Among those messages there was one that so moved me that I want to send it to you. Sorry it's a bit long. (S-50)

When you woke this morning, did you look forward joyously to the day?
When you go to bed tonight, do you think you will be filled with satisfaction?
Do you think the place you are is precious?

It is to you who cannot say right away, "Yes, of course" that I send this message.
If you read this, the things around you might start to look a little different.

In the world today, 6 billion 300 million people live.
If this world were shrunk to the size of a village,
what would it look like?
If 100 people lived in this village,

52 would be women, 48 would be men.
30 would be children, 70 would be adults.
7 would be aged.

90 would be heterosexual, 10 would be homosexual.
70 would be nonwhite, 30 would be white. (S-28)
61 would be Asian, 13 African, 13 from North and South America, 12 Europeans, and the remaining one from the South Pacific.

33 would be Christians, 19 believers in Islam, 13 would be Hindus, and 6 would follow Buddhist teachings. 5 would believe that there are spirits in the trees and rocks and in all of nature. 24 would be believe in other religions, or would believe in no religion.

17 would speak Chinese, 9 English, 8 Hindi and Urdu, 6 Spanish, 6 Russian, and 4 would speak Arabic. That would account for half the village. The other half would speak Bengal (Bengali G), Portuguese, Indonesian, Japanese, German, French, or some other language.

In such a village with so many sorts of folks, it would be very important to learn to understand people different from yourself and to accept others as they are. But consider this. Of the 100 people in this village, (G *moved to another place)

20 are undernourished, 1 is dying of starvation, while 15 are overweight.
Of the wealth in this village, 6 people own 59% (all of them from the United States), 74 people own 39%, and 20 people share the remaining 2%. (S-40)

Of the energy of this village, 20 people consume 80%, and 80 people share the remaining 20%.
(G *moved to another place)
75 people have some supply of food and a place to shelter (protect L) them from the wind and

the rain, but 25 do not. 17 have no clean, safe water to drink.

If you have money in the bank, money in your wallet and spare change somewhere around the house, then (S-1) you are among the richest 8.

If you have a car, you are among the richest 7.

Among the villages, 1 has a college education. 2 have computers. 14 cannot read.

If you can speak and act according to your faith and your conscience without harassment, imprisonment, torture or death, then you are more fortunate than 48, who can not.

If you do not live in fear of death by bombardment, armed attack, landmines, or of rape or kidnapping by armed groups, then you are more fortunate than 20, who do. (S-60)

In one year, 1 person in the village will die, but in the same year, 2 babies will be born, so that at the year's end the number of villagers will be 101.

If you can read this site, that means you are thrice-blessed.

First, because someone thought of you and sent you this message.

Second, because you are able to read.

Third, and most important, because you are alive.

Someone once said: "What you send out comes back again".

So sing from the bottom of your heart,

dance with your body waving free,

and live, putting your soul into it.

And when you love,

love as though you have never been wounded,

even if you have.

And love the fact that you and others,

live here in this village. (S-97)

Perhaps if enough of us learn to love our village,

it may yet be possible to save it from being torn apart (the violence that is tearing it apart E+4).

This is the only village we can live in (E+9).

NET Lesson 2-12: Original (Grant, 2000)

The Slave Trade (S-3)

European traders found few spices and little gold when they first arrived in West Africa. But they soon discovered another, very valuable product – people. Between the 17th and 19th centuries about 20 million people were captured in Africa, carried across the Atlantic, and sold as slaves to colonists in the Americas.

Cheap labour (labor G)

The first African slaves were sold in Portugal as early as 1434, and by 1700 the slave trade was a big international business. European colonists in the Caribbean and other warm regions (areas L) in the New World needed large numbers of workers for their sugar and cotton plantations. They paid high prices for African slaves, who were good workers – and did not have to be paid.

Slavery

Slavery has existed in most countries since ancient times. Trade in slaves, run mainly by Muslims, (S-4) existed in East and other parts of Africa too, but the slave trade to the Americas was particularly cruel. People were uprooted and shipped like cattle to another continent, with no hope of freedom. Families were broken up, and slaves were often overworked and cruelly treated on the plantations. Many owners thought blacks were not fully human, which made slavery seem less evil. In west Africa, large regions were ruined by the raids of slavers from the coast. (S-29)

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The triangular trade

Huge profits could be made in the slave trade. The ships started out from European Atlantic ports, such as Liverpool in England or Bordeaux in France, carrying cheap guns, strong drink and other goods. They sold these to people on the West African coast, who used the guns to round up helpless villagers from farther inland. The captives were sold to the European traders, and shipped across the Atlantic to be sold again, at a large profit, at auctions in the colonies. The ships then took on cargoes of sugar or other produce (products L) from the colonies, which they carried back to Europe. With luck, they made (could make G+1) a profit on all three parts of this ‘triangular’ trade.

The abolition of slavery

As time went by, more and more Europeans were disgusted by slavery and the cruelties of the slave trade. Britain, the chief (main L) trading nation, made the trade illegal in 1807. But there was still a big demand for slaves in the plantations of the American South, the West Indies and Brazil, so the trade went on. Slavery continued in the Southern states until the Civil War (1861-65), and in Brazil until 1888. In some countries slavery was still legal up to the 1960s. (S-11)

ONE Lesson 6: Original (Fulghum, 1997)

The big band era was an exciting time in America. Live music and dancing was the fashion. As a young woman, I loved to dance. Along with (*changed to ‘and I’ on next line A) my (G) three sisters and (S-1) my neighborhood girlfriends (and I), we could be found at the Trianon Ball Room on Saturday nights.

I could (dance several different dances including E+5) (the G+1) waltz, (the G+1) two-step, (and the G+2) jitterbug, polka, and schottische (S-3). During the summer, we would go to the lakes to dance for (becauseA) they would always have live music.

Once particular (One A-1) evening, a man asked me to dance. He was pleasant but not an (a G) extraordinary (great L) dancer and he talked all the time. Little did I know then, (G-1) what an impact he would have on my life.

We danced the (a G) fox-trot and then came a jitterbug rhythm and he still would use the same old steps. This annoyed me. As (When L) the dance ended, he deposited (dropped L) me next to my sister and asked us if we would like a soft drink. "Sure," she said. As we finished our drink (drinks G), he reached over and took my hand and led me out onto the dance floor, same old two-step again.

When we had completed (finished L) our dance, I excused myself and headed for the ladies lounge (room A). I wasted time there. By now he would surely have another partner. I strolled out and there he was!... (S-1) HORRORS (! A+1) ... (S-1) I thought, he is like glue to wallpaper, and (I E+1) couldn't seem to get rid of him.

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We danced the last dance and he asked to take me home. "No!" I said. "My father's rules are my sister and I go together, my sister and I come home together." "May I have your phone number?" he asked. "All right." At least over the phone I could say no.

He never called me.

The following Sunday, I took the bus to see a girlfriend who lived on Alki Avenue and I had to transfer (change A) to another bus. While I waited at the bus stop, he drove up in a new car and opened the passenger door and said, "Hi!, get (Get G-1) in."

"No, I am waiting for my bus."

The bus approached and stopped behind him while he just sat. The bus driver honked and he still just sat. It didn't appear that he would ever move so I jumped into the car.

We drove off around Alki beach (Beach G) and talked and then I said, "That green house is where my friend lives and I get off." He drove past the house and kept on going. I yelled "Let me out!!" Panic stricken (In a panic A+1), I fumbled to find (for A-1) the door handle.

"All right! Did I miss your stop?" he calmly replied. He made a U turn and stopped at her door.

"How did you find me?" I asked him. "I went to your house and visited (talked A) with your father, he told me where you would be."

Often he would phone and say, "Pat, I want

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to go to the movies." I would yell, "NO!" and a half hour later he would be at my door.

Sometimes there were long hesitations over the phone before he announced (said L) his message (what he wanted to say A+3). What an unusual person I thought, but my family adored (loved L) him, especially my father and brother.

When my brother bought his first car and took him for a ride, the faulty wiring burned up. He was there to help him repair it and teach him mechanics.

Two months had gone by before he told me he was stone deaf and had been educated at the Iowa State School for the Deaf. He relied on lip reading and was very proficient (good L) at it. He could talk and also used sign language to communicate.

After I realized the problem, I learned to cope. We never talked to each other over the phone, or in the dark, and I learned to face him when speaking. He was always such a happy person and very good for my personality.

We often went dancing and I even taught him a few new steps. What I didn't realize was that I was falling in love with that big Dane from Iowa.

Six months later, he asked me to marry him and gave me a beautiful diamond ring. We were married in Seattle and had a happy marriage for forty-three years.

- Patricia Jensen, Seattle, WA

ORT Lesson 16: Original (Daley, 1999)

PARIS, Oct. 15 -- Doctors Without Borders, which sends medical personnel to some of the most destitute and dangerous parts of the world and encourages them not only to save lives, but also to condemn the injustices they see, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize today (Friday A).

Founded here in 1971 as Medecins Sans Frontieres by a band of French doctors disillusioned with the neutrality of the Red Cross, the volunteer group now has more than 2,000 personnel who are treating the wounded, the sick and the starving in 80 countries, including 20 war zones.

Over the years, the group has been expelled from several countries for denouncing what it saw as wrong. In 1985 it was banned from Ethiopia for saying the Government had diverted aid and forced migration. In late 1995, the group withdrew from Zaire and Tanzania and denounced the operation of the refugee camps, because, it said, the camps were being controlled by Hutu leaders who had been responsible for the genocide in neighboring Rwanda.

In recognizing the work of the organization, the Norwegian Nobel Committee highlighted the willingness to send volunteers quickly to scenes of disaster, regardless of the politics of a situation. And it praised the group for drawing the world's attention to the causes of catastrophes, which "helps to form bodies of public opinion opposed to violations and abuses of power."

"In critical situations marked by violence and brutality, the humanitarian world of Doctors Without Borders enables the organization to create openings for contacts between the opposed parties," the citation said. "At the same time, each fearless and self-sacrificing helper shows each victim a human face, stands for respect for that person's dignity, and is a source of hope for peace and reconciliation."

At the modest headquarters here, dozens of workers gathered to drink Champagne.

The president of the group in France, Phillippe Biberson, said the award was an occasion to shine some light once again on those his group tried to help, the starving, those living in battle zones and those suffering from diseases like malaria that rarely get the world's attention.

"If we are not sure that words can save," Mr. Biberson said, "we do know that silence kills."

One in four of the doctors who travel with the group to trouble spots are French, although in recent years volunteers from 45 other countries have taken part.

The doctors and nurses, who receive a stipend of about \$750 a month, often work under extreme conditions. In Angola this year, they have maintained a clinic in Kuito, a town that has repeatedly been cut off by rebel fighters.

Although some work is in hot spots like Kosovo, many of the projects are far out of the limelight: family planning in Armenia, basic health care in Haiti and care for the homeless in

Moscow. In recent years, the agency has also achieved some logistical triumphs. In 1995 in response to a meningitis epidemic in Nigeria, staff members vaccinated four million people in three months.

Since the prize was first awarded in 1901, 18 other organizations have been named as winners or co-winners. Those have included the International Red Cross, International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War and Amnesty International. The most recent was the International Campaign to Ban Land Mines, which shared the award in 1997 with its coordinator, Jody Williams of the United States.

Nobel officials said they had 136 nominees this year, of which 101 were individuals and 35 were organizations. The committee members are highly guarded about their deliberations and rarely let slip advance word on the winner. But nominees for the prize are often identified publicly by the individuals and organization that put forward the candidates.

On that basis, Norwegian newspapers have reported the nominations of President Clinton, President Ezer Weizman of Israel and two Chinese dissidents, Wei Jingsheng and Wang Dan, among others.

Last week, a newspaper in Oslo, Dagbladet, said it had learned that the prize would be shared by the Chinese dissidents. The false report spurred Chinese officials here to protest the supposed choice with the Norwegian Government, though the Government has nothing to do with the selection.

The choice of Doctors Without Borders is not expected to help along some delicate peace process. But the chairman of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, Francis Sejersted, said the panel hoped that it would inspire Doctors Without Borders and similar organizations to step up their work. "There is growing need for humanitarian organizations of this kind in today's world," Mr. Sejersted said. But he singled out the group's commitment to Africa, because the misery there often fades from public consciousness.

In recent years the agency, like many others, has complained of growing difficulty in raising money. Today, officials said that they would probably simply put the nearly \$1 million of prize money into their budget.

It is also more difficult to find volunteers.

"Many doctors today are facing economical constraints," the medical director of the group, Dr. Marc Gastellu Etchegorry, said. "Taking six months off when they have school bills to pay is hard. And, yes, some of them are thinking more about playing golf."

The group grew out of the frustration of a group of young doctors who worked for the Red Cross and treated the starving in Biafra at the end of the 60's. But Red Cross confidentiality prevented them from speaking out. They organized themselves in 1971 after the severe flooding in Bangladesh (then East Pakistan).

Poorly equipped and, perhaps, a little too media-hungry, they were dismissed by some aid agencies as cowboys. That criticism is long gone now. But some aid agencies still scorn Doctors

Without Borders for its cozy relationship with the news media and its sometimes glitzy image of attractive young doctors in the field. It is sometimes cattily referred to by its rivals as "Publicite Sans Limites," Publicity Without Limits. (S-884)

Many founders of the group insist that speaking out about atrocities would help prevent them. Bernard Kouchner, a founder who is the senior United Nations representative in Kosovo, said today that agencies like Medecins Sans Frontieres would help make massacres like Auschwitz, Cambodia and Rwanda impossible in the next century.

"It is very important that M.S.F. does not offer shelter for disgraceful acts and suffering," Mr. (S-1) Kouchner said. "We need to convince people that the suffering of one man was the responsibility of all men. This work is not done, far from it." (S-3)

PLN Lesson 2: Original (Lobel, 1980)

THE BEAR AND THE CROW

The Bear was on his way to town. He was dressed in his finest coat (jacket L) and vest. He was wearing his best derby (S-1) hat and his shiniest shoes.

"How grand I look," said the Bear to himself. "The townfolk (people in town A+2) will be impressed. My clothes are at the height of fashion."

"Forgive me for listening," said a Crow, who was sitting on the branch of a tree, "but I must disagree. Your clothes are *not* (not G) at the height of fashion. I have just flown in from town. I can tell you exactly how the gentlemen are dressed there."

"Do tell me!" cried the Bear. "I am so eager to wear the most proper (fashionable A) attire (clothes L)!"

"This year," said the Crow, "the gentlemen are not wearing hats. They all have frying pans on their heads. They are not wearing coat (jacket L) and vests. They are covering themselves with bed sheets. They are not wearing shoes. They are putting paper bags on their feet."

"Oh, dear," cried the Bear, "my clothes are completely wrong!"

The Bear hurried home. He took off his coat (jacket L) and vest and hat and shoes. He put a frying pan on his head. He wrapped himself in a bed sheet. He stuffed his feet into large paper bags and rushed (hurried L) off (S-1) toward the town.

When the Bear arrived on Main Street, the people giggled and smirked and pointed their fingers.

"What a ridiculous Bear!" they said.

The embarrassed Bear turned around and ran home. On the way he met the Crow again.

"Crow, you did not tell me the truth!" cried the Bear.

"I told you many things," said the Crow, as he flew out of the tree, "but never once did I tell you that I was telling the truth!"

Even though the Crow was high in the sky, the Bear could still hear the shrill sound of his cackling laughter.

When the need is strong, there are those who will believe anything. (S-12)

PLN Lesson 4: Original (Bocarro, 1996)

Experience: that most brutal of teachers. But you learn, my God do you learn.
C. S. Lewis

I grew up in the south of Spain in a little community called Estepona. I was 16 when (, E) one morning, my father told me I could drive him into (to A) a remote village called Mijas, about 18 miles away, on the condition that I take the car in to be serviced at a nearby garage. Having just learned to drive, and hardly ever having the opportunity to use the car, I readily accepted. I drove Dad into Mijas and promised to pick him up at 4 P.M. (p.m. G), then drove to a nearby garage and dropped off the car. Because I had a few hours to spare, I decided to catch a couple of movies at a theater near the garage. However, I became so immersed (absorbed L) in the films that I completely lost track of time. When the last movie had finished, I looked down at my watch. It was six o'clock. I was two hours late!

I knew Dad would be angry if he found out I'd been watching movies. He'd never let me drive again. I decided to tell him that the car needed some repairs and that they had taken longer than had been expected. I drove up to the place where we had planned to meet and saw Dad waiting patiently on the corner. I apologized for being late and told him that I'd come as quickly as I could, but the car had needed some major repairs. I'll never forget the look he gave me.

"I'm disappointed that you feel you have to lie to me, Jason."

"What do you mean? I'm telling the truth."

Dad looked at me again. "When you did not show up, I called the garage to ask if there were any problems, and they told me that you had not yet picked up the car. So you see, I know there were no problems with the car." A rush of guilt ran through me as I feebly (-1S) confessed to my trip to the movie theater and the real reason for my tardiness. Dad listened intently as a sadness passed through him.

"I'm angry, not with you but with myself. You see, I realize that I have failed as a father if after all these years you feel that you have to lie to me. I have failed because I have brought up a son who cannot even tell the truth to his own father. I'm going to walk home now and contemplate (think...about L+1) (deeply E+1) where I have gone wrong all these years."

"But Dad, it's 18 miles to home. It's dark. You can't walk home."

My protests, my apologies and the rest of my utterances were useless. I had let my father down, and I was about to learn one of the most painful lessons of my life. Dad began walking along the dusty roads. I quickly jumped in the car and followed behind, hoping he would relent (stop A). I pleaded all the way, telling him how sorry I was, but he simply ignored me, continuing on silently, thoughtfully and painfully. For 18 miles I drove behind him, averaging about 5 miles per hour.

Seeing my father in so much physical and emotional pain was the most distressing and painful experience that

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I have ever faced. However, it was also the most successful lesson. I have never lied to him since.

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We Get Letters: E-mail Etiquette

E-mail is a wonderful invention. Think of it: no postage, no time-consuming longhand letters (handwriting A-1), and instant delivery. But this fast method of communication can have some drawbacks that a teen (teenager L) should know about before she (S-1) clicks (clicking G) the “Send” button that delivers the mail.

Faster than a speeding bullet. There is an old expression, “Look Before You Leap.” The computer screen might not have (be A) a mountainous cliff (unless it is a teen’s screen-saver)(S-6), but the saying still applies. If a friend happens to write an e-mail that sounds angry or upset, the teen (person A) who receives it might be angry in turn. Her (The receiver’s A+1 G?) first impulse would be to write an angry e-mail back. But think back a moment to those old days of “snail mail.” It took more than a few minutes to write a letter, lick on (S-1) a stamp, and take it (envelope A) to the post office. That was enough time for tempers to cool and reason to set in. There is no such luxury with e-mail, and (once E+1) a teen who (you G-2) launches (launch G) off a nasty note into cyberspace (you E+1 G?) cannot change her (your G) mind. (The one exception is America Online. A person can click “Unsend” if the recipient has not yet read it.) (S-19) Think before replying to any e-mail.

Use spellcheck. Sure, it is easy to send an e-mail. It is almost like doodling. But no one likes to see a messy letter whether in (on G) paper or on the net. Before sending an e-mail out into the cyberwilderness, teens (teenagers L) and adults alike should check over their notes for spelling, grammar, and punctuation.

Dot every i and then some. E-mail only works if it gets to the person it is meant for. Computers are not post office workers. They do not know that .col is really .com. They do not know that .ort is really.org. If a teen (you A-1) uses (use G) the wrong e-mail address, it will either go to the wrong person or be returned as undeliverable. The person who e-mailed not only might be waiting for a reply and

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wondering what happened, but also the wrong person might be reading his (the A) mail (message A).¹

Protect the privacy of others. People should not give out phone numbers easily. No one should give out someone else’s phone number without permission. It is an invasion of privacy. Similarly, someone’s email address should be considered a private number. If a teen (you A-1) wants (want G) to give out her (your A) e-mail address, she (you A) should make sure she (you A) knows (know G) who is getting it. And she (you A) should never give out a friend’s email address without asking first. When it comes to (you use A-1) “forward to” and (or A) “copy to” on the e-mail form, a teen (you A-1) should (consider E+1) forward (sending LG) (the E+1) mail (e-mail L) as blind copies (a “blind copy” G) so (that E+1) no one else (S-3) sees (is not shown +2 G) the other e-mail addresses (the original e-mail A-1). It is no one’s business who gets what when.

Protect personal privacy. (Protect personal privacy. G Last sentence in the previous paragraph in the original) If a teen (you G-1) does (do G) not recognize an e-mail address, he or she (you A)

¹ Gene Wilburn, “Growing Pains on the Internet,” *Computing Canada*, April 12, 1995, p. 9.

should never open it. Check all new mail entries and delete all the ones that are not familiar so (that E+1) strange ones are not opened even accidentally. Similarly, Instant Messages from people a teen does not know should be instantly ignored. (S-14)

PLN Lesson 9-2: Original (Sperling, 1997)

Netiquette

Finally, I need to touch a little upon Internet etiquette, or **Netiquette**, as it's called in Cyberspace. (S-17) It's each to come across as being rude when communicating over the Net, especially for the newbie (S-1) (new user) (new user G no parentheses in the textbook). However, a few rules of (Internet etiquette E+2), (or so-called E+2) netiquette (**Netiquette** G) will help you get off to a good start.

Remember:

1. There is a human being on the other end, so don't forget to be nice.
2. Be clear in your message; it's easy to cause a misunderstanding.
3. Don't forget to add your name to the end of a message.
4. Keep your signature short.
5. Use a spell checker!
6. Don't send the same message out to multiple newsgroups and mailing lists. This is called **spamming** and it's despised on the Internet.
7. Don't engage in bitter online arguments. This is called **flaming**.
8. DON'T WRITE IN ALL-CAPITAL LETTERS LIKE THIS! This is called SHOUTING and it's irritating and hard to read.
9. Spend some time getting used to the discussion group before making your first posting.
10. Use descriptive titles in the subject line of all your postings.
11. When everything else fails, use common sense.

More on the subject of netiquette can be found at the *Netiquette Home Page* (<http://www.fau.edu/rinaldi/netiquette.html>). (S-15)

PLN Lesson 10: Original (Steiner, 1995)

(p. 12)

ONE SMALL STEP

The Boston Marathon is (in E+1 moved) America's (America G moved) (that is the E+3 moved) most famous (the E+1) foot race. Professional and amateur athletes from all over the world dream of joining the crowd at the starting line, and many do. The race attracts thousands of runners each year.

When the Boston Marathon was founded (in 1897 E+2), women weren't allowed to participate. It was believed that women couldn't endure long-distance running (A marathon is

(run A+1) 26.2 miles (42.195 km G.) No woman could run the entire route, officials believed. It was too dangerous to even consider.

But some women wanted to run. In 1966, Roberta Gibb Bingay was sure she could run the entire distance. She was a fine athlete, and she had been running on her own for years. When officials told her she couldn't enter, she joined the marathon in secret, jumping out of the forsythia (S-1) bushes along the sidelines when the starting gun sounded. She finished in the middle of the pack after 3 (three G) hours and 20 (twenty G) minutes. The next day, a headline in the Boston Record American read: "Bride Beats 22 Men in Marathon."

Another woman, Kathrine Switzer, followed in Roberta's footsteps. She entered the marathon in 1967, giving her name as K. Switzer. Race registration officials assumed she was a man, so she was allowed to enter. On race day, a Boston Marathon official, Bill Cloney, spotted Kathrine in the crowd of runners. He and other officials tried to push her out of the race, but other runners blocked them. She ran the rest of the way and finished, but her time was not recorded. Five years later, in 1972, women were finally allowed to compete (participate L) in this race.

(p. 13)

caption: When Boston Marathon official Jock Semple (in street clothes) tried to prevent Kathrine Switzer (No. 261) from running in the 1967 race, male runners helped her elude him.

(p. 14) (a photograph)

(p. 15)

The same year, 12 women staged a sit-down strike on the starting line of the New York Marathon. They were protesting a rule that required women to start 10 minutes before the men's race began. After sitting on the starting line for 10 minutes, they got up and ran with the men. Later, the rules were changed. Since 1972, male and female runners have started at the same time.

PLN Lesson 16: Original (Jones, 1991)

George Washington never tasted one.

Neither did Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, nor Mark Twain.

Unfortunately (for them E+2), they died before the chocolate chip cookie was invented.

Thanks to Ruth Wakefield, chocolate chip cookies were invented in 1930 and are available all over America today.

(p. 6)

Wakefield did not plan to invent a cookie that would become the country's favorite. She was busy with the chores of (S-4) running the Toll House Inn, located on the toll road between Boston and New Bedford, Massachusetts.

While mixing a batch of cookies, Wakefield discovered she was out of baker's chocolate (chocolate powder A). As a substitute (Instead L-2) she broke some semi-sweetened (sweet L) chocolate into small pieces and added them to the dough. She expected the chocolate bits to melt and the dough to absorb them, producing chocolate cookies.

When she removed the pan from the oven, Wakefield was surprised. The chocolate had not melted into the dough, and her cookies were not chocolate cookies. Wakefield had accidentally invented the chocolate chip cookie.

They were named Toll House cookies after Ruth Wakefield's inn and are the most popular variety in America today. Estimates say seven billion chocolate chip cookies are consumed annually, and half the cookies baked in American homes are chocolate chip.

These popular treats have even provided full-time jobs; some vendors (shops A) sell nothing but chocolate chip cookies.

They also made a political appearance in 1980. After Canadian diplomats assisted six American hostages to escape from Iran, the American people sent chocolate chip cookies to the Canadian embassy – our way of saying “thanks.” (S-35)

If you would like to make chocolate chip cookies, the following recipe is furnished by Nestlé Foods (S-4) for the original Toll House Cookies:

- 2 ¼ cups of unsifted flour
- 1 measuring teaspoon baking soda
- 1 measuring teaspoon salt
- 1 cup butter, softened
- ¾ cup white sugar
- ¾ cup firmly packed (S-2) brown sugar
- 1 measuring teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2 eggs
- One 12-ounce package (S-4) (2 cups) Nestle (S-1) (chopped E+1) Semi-Sweet (semi-sweet G) Real (S-1) Chocolate Morsels (S-1)
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Preheat oven to 375° F. In small bowl, combine flour, baking soda, and salt; set aside. In large bowl, combine butter, white sugar, brown sugar, and vanilla extract; beat (p. 7) until creamy. Beat in eggs. Gradually add flour mixture; mix well. Stir in chocolate morsels and nuts. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheets.

Bake at 375° F.

Time: 8-10 minutes

Makes one hundred 2” cookies (S-68)

PLN Lesson 17: Original (Fraser, 2000)

MY CAREER AS A WRITER (An Interview with J.K. Rowling A+1)

(Have you ever read a Harry Potter book? Harry Potter is now the most famous child wizard in the world because the stories about him have been published in at least 47 languages and read by many people all over the world. The author of the Harry Potter series is Joanne Kathleen Rowling, who once lived on public assistance and has now become one of the wealthiest women in Britain. The following is part of an interview with this world-famous woman. E+81)

When did the idea for Harry Potter first enter your head?

My boyfriend was moving to Manchester and wanted me to move too. It was during the train journey back from Manchester to London, after a weekend looking for a flat, that Harry Potter made his appearance. I have never felt such a huge rush of excitement. I knew immediately that this was going to be such fun to write. I didn't know then that it was going to be a book for children – I just knew that I had this boy, Harry. During that journey I also discovered Ron, Nearly Headless Nick, Hagrid and Peeves. But with the idea of my

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life careering (moving A) round my head, I didn't have a pen that worked! And I never went anywhere without my pen and notebook. (S-10) So rather than trying to write it, I had to think it. And I think that was a very good thing. I was besieged (surrounded L) by a mass of detail, and if it didn't survive that journey, it probably wasn't worth remembering.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was the first thing I concentrated on. I was thinking of a place of great order, but immense danger, with children who had skills with which they could overwhelm their teachers. Logically it had to be set in a secluded place, and pretty soon I settled on Scotland in my mind. I think it was in subconscious tribute (way of showing respect A+3) to (for G) where my parents had married. People keep saying they know what I based Hogwarts on – but they're all wrong. I have never seen a castle anywhere that looks the way I imagine Hogwarts.

So I got back to the flat that night and began

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to write it all down in a (very E+1) tiny cheap notebook. I wrote lists of all the subjects to be studied – I knew there had to be seven. (S-17) The characters came first, and then I had to find names to fit them. Gilderoy Lockhart is a good example. I knew his name had to have an impressive ring to it. I was looking through the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* – a great source for names – and came across Gilderoy, a handsome (S-1) Scottish highwayman. Exactly what I wanted. And then I found Lockhart on a war memorial to the First World War. The two together said everything I wanted about the character.

Can you describe the process of creating the stories?

It was a question of discovering why Harry was where he was, why his parents were dead. I was inventing it, but it felt like research. By the end of that train journey I knew it was going to be a

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seven-book (seven book G) series. I know that's extraordinarily arrogant for somebody (someone L) who had never been published, but that's how it came to me. It took me five years to plan the series out, to plot through each of the seven novels. I know what and who's coming when, and it can feel like greeting old friends. Professor Lupin, who appears in the third book, is one of my favorite (favourite L) characters. He's a damaged person, literally and metaphorically. I think it's important for children to know that adults, too, have their problems, that they struggle. His being a werewolf is really a metaphor for people's reactions to illness and disability.

I almost always have complete histories for my characters. If I put all that (the A) detail in, each book would be the size of *the Encyclopaedia Britannica*, but I do have to be careful that I don't just assume that the reader knows as much as I do. Sirius Black is a good example. I have a whole childhood worked out for him. The readers don't need to

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know that but I do. I need to know much more than them because I'm the one moving the characters across the page.

I invented the game of Quidditch after a huge row with the boyfriend I lived with in Manchester. I stormed out of the house, went to the pub – and invented Quidditch. (S-31)

PLN Lesson 20: Original (Pease & Pease, 1998)

p. 8

THE NATURE VERSUS NURTURE ARGUMENT

Melissa gave birth to twins, a girl and a boy. Jasmine she wrapped in a pink blanket, and Adam, in a blue one. Relatives brought soft fluffy toys as gifts for Jasmine and a toy soccer ball and a tiny football jersey for Adam. Everyone cooed and gooed and talked softly to Jasmine, telling her she was pretty and gorgeous, but it was usually only the female relatives who picked her up and cuddled her. When the male relatives visited, they focused mostly on Adam, speaking noticeably (S-1) louder poking his belly, bouncing him up and down, and proposing a future as a football player.

Such a scenario will be familiar to everyone. It does, however, raise the question: Is this adult behavior caused by our biology, or is it learned behavior that is perpetuated from generation to generation? Is it nature or nurture?

For most of the twentieth century (Until recently A-4), psychologists and sociologists believed that most of our behavior and preferences were learned from our social conditioning and our environment. However (Indeed A), we know that nurturing is a learned phenomenon – adoptive mothers, whether they are human or monkey, usually do a superb job of nurturing their infants. Scientists, on the other hand, have argued that biology, chemistry, and hormones (E+1) are largely respon-

p. 9

sible. Since 1990, there has been overwhelming evidence to support this scientific view that we are born with much of our brain software already in place. The fact that men were usually the hunters and woman the nurturers even today dictates our behavior, beliefs, and priorities.

Yet (According to this view A+3) giving Barbie (pretty A) dolls to girls and action figures to boys does not create their behavior; it simply exacerbates (intensifies L) it. Similarly, the (A G) (at G+1) Harvard (University E+1) (major E+1) study found that adults' distinctive behavior toward baby girls and boys only accentuated (emphasized L) the differences that already exist. When you put a duck on a pond, it starts to swim. Look beneath the surface, and you'll see that the duck has webbed feet. If you analyze its brain, and you'll find that it evolved with a "swimming module" already in place. The pond is just where the duck happens to be at the time. It is not causing the duck's behavior.

Research shows that we are more products of our biology than the victims of social stereotypes. We are different because our brains are wired differently. This causes us to perceive the world in different ways and have different values and priorities. Not better or worse - different.

PLN Lesson 21-1: Original (Sauce lands, 2001)

LONDON – (-1S) Four suspected thieves who robbed a Chinese food delivery (food-delivery G) man by hitting him with a bag of prawn (shrimp A) crackers were nabbed (caught A) after police followed a tell-tale trail of spicy sauce, British police said on Tuesday (-2S).

Police in the West Midlands said the takeaway (-1S) delivery driver was jumped on by a group of people who bashed (hit L) him (hard E+1) over the head with the light-weight crackers before stealing his food.

When officers arrived, they noticed a thin path of sauce had leaked from one of the containers. They followed it to a nearby apartment where they arrested three men and a woman.

The driver, who has not been named, was not seriously hurt, police said.

The four arrested were due to appear before magistrates in Walsall charged with robbery. Another man was released without charge. (-20S)

PLN Lesson 21-3

Scientists have invented a mechanical version of one of nature's most disgusting creatures.

For hundreds of years, leeches - worms that live in fresh water and often suck blood from other animals - have been used by doctors to help get blood flowing through a patient's wounds after surgery.

But there are problems with using leeches: they are not sterile and can cause infections, they sometimes slip off the area where they are needed, and patients often think they are just plain (extremely -1A) gross (unpleasant L).

So a team of researchers at the University of Wisconsin have created a mechanical leech.

The sterile, glass device keeps blood flowing better than a real leech does, and it never gets full.

"But perhaps the mechanical device's biggest advantage is that it is not a leech," said Nadine Connor, a physiologist at the University of Wisconsin. "People don't want this disgusting organism hanging on their body."

Source: CBC News Online

PLN Lesson 26: Original (Brumfit, 2001)

World language (situation +1E) changed in the 1990s. The internet gave all languages potential access to an international audience, while (-1S) simultaneously (At the same time +3L) (at least in the short-term) (-6S) revealing (it revealed +1G) yet (-1S) again the dominance of American English in technological advance. International concern (worry L) about the rate at which languages are dying increased rapidly (quickly L). English, the language spoken more widely than any other in the history of the world, was for the first time spoken by more second-language users than native speakers.

But the non-linguistic changes these reflect (-2S) are even more profound (greater -1A). The internet releases (sets free -1A) even (-1S) written language from the control of publishers, schools, universities and governments. Concern (worry L) about dying languages is matched by concern (worry L) about the pressure of international economies and global culture on local traditions and local identity (identities G). And, simultaneously (at the same time L), the language of global domination (power L) is no longer in the control of native speakers. The English language, an effective export for countries such as Britain, the US (United States G), Canada and Australia, is now a weapon of resistance and of opposition (-3S).

One effect of these changes is that more creative writers throughout (all over -1L) the world are using second languages that draw on (in order to A) international literary and cultural traditions (audience -3A). Another is that supra-regional languages co-exist with regional and local ones. It is becoming the norm (not unusual -1A) for societies to recognise (recognize G) varied roles for different languages within single communities. Whatever is gained and lost by these changes, they are being produced by television, jet travel and aspirations for cross-cultural communication that are going to continue for the foreseeable future. (-30S)

So where can English teaching fit into this pattern? A number of assumptions of the recent past need challenging if teachers (learners A) are to recognise (recognize G) the changed linguistic environment in which they are operating. Firstly (First G), most users of English in international contact will be non-native speakers, so (that +1A) the goal for many learners will be communication with other non-native speakers. Secondly (Second G), second-language use is not solely (only L) a pragmatic, transactional (-1S) activity, for the language may well (-1A) be used to express identities, for creative purposes and for play. Thirdly (Third G), reading and writing (via the internet) will be increasingly important for more and more users. Fourthly (Fourth G), using English will be a contested activity, with the language symbolising, for some, external domination (control L), for others, liberation into an international culture or the opportunity to fight back against real or imagined oppressions.

Each of these demands a response different from that of much traditional teaching. Our teaching goals, the models of the language that we refer to, need to change. But we cannot be sure of the best models to use any more, because we simply do not have descriptions of English as used very competently by non-native speakers.

Speech poses the main problem, for writing in many fields is relatively standardised across international boundaries. If we start by aiming in speech for imitation of the most competent regional models, we shall not go far wrong. What we must avoid, though, is the preoccupation with American, British or Australian pronunciation models that has been a feature of much curriculum planning. A mixed mode is increasingly acceptable, particularly when an accent indicates for non-native speakers, as it does for native-speakers, their place of origin.

At the moment, though, and perhaps for a long time, issues of intelligibility will have to be left to experience and the accumulated professional wisdom of teachers, for there are no precise descriptions to rely on.

Using language and literature creatively is relatively easier, for there are many traditions from the past of language teaching to draw upon, and a range of books available from inspiring

teachers on both the theory and practice of language play. Nor in principle should it be difficult to return to an earlier involvement with reading and writing. Indeed, where there is adequate provision of facilities, moving to internet use at a very early stage in learning is a matter primarily of good organisation.

Including an awareness of the contested role of English (within the teaching of general knowledge about language) is less well served by current trends, but it is an essential part of using the language to make sense of our role in a changing world. Without such understanding, learners will be vulnerable to simplistic and antagonistic arguments that at best will confuse them and at worst will put them off effective learning altogether. Understanding that we ourselves make languages serve our needs, while at the same time recognising the symbolic position they are invested with, is especially necessary for any user of English.

But while the teaching of English changes, wider changes in the processes of reading and writing are occurring. The shift to English as a widespread second language reflects a cultural shift, increasing use of English for creative purposes, and for casual conversation as well as weighty discussion. Through these, English will be changed by speakers bringing a wider repertoire of both linguistic and non-linguistic experience from the other languages and cultures that they share. We cannot predict the exact nature of these changes, but teaching while all this goes on will certainly be exciting. (-456S)

PRU Lesson 5: Original (Patterson, 1998)

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Fine Animal Gorilla

Those of us who study apes have always known that gorillas are highly intelligent and communicate with each other through gestures. I had always dreamed of learning to communicate with Gorillas (a gorilla G+1). When I heard about (a G+1) project in which other scientists tried to teach a chimpanzee American Sign Language (ASL) (American Sign Language (ASL) to a chimpanzee G+1), I was intrigued (made a plan of my own A+4) and (got E+1) excited. I thought ASL might be the perfect way to talk to gorillas because it used hand gestures to communicate whole words and ideas. As a graduate student at Stanford University, I decided to try that same experiment with a gorilla. All I had to do was find the right gorilla.

(Q: What experiment did the author want to try with a gorilla? E+12)

In 1971, on the fourth of July, a gorilla was born at the San Francisco Zoo. She was named Hanabi-Ko, a Japanese word meaning “fireworks child,” but everyone called her Koko. She was three months old when I first saw her, a tiny gorilla clinging to her mother’s back.

Soon after that, an illness spread through the entire gorilla (S-1) colony. Koko almost died, but she was nursed back to health by doctors and staff at the zoo. Her mother was unable to care for her, and even though Koko was healthy again, she wasn’t old enough to live among older

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gorillas. It seemed the perfect solution that I begin (began G) my work with her.

I started visiting Koko at the zoo every day. At first, the baby gorilla clearly didn't like me. She ignored me or bit (hit A) me when I tried to pick her up. Then slowly, because I never failed to come see her every day, (S-11) Koko began to trust me.

(Q: How did the young gorilla feel about the writer at first? E+12)

The first words I attempted to teach Koko in sign language were "drink," (and E+1) "food" and "more (S-2)." I asked the zoo assistants who helped in the nursery to form the sign for "food" with their hands whenever they gave Koko anything to eat. I signed "drink" each time I gave Koko her bottle and formed her small hand into the sign for "drink," too.

One morning, about a month after I began working with Koko, I was slicing fruit for her snack and Koko was watching me.

"Food," she signed.

I was too surprised to respond.

"Food," she clearly signed again.

I wanted to jump for joy. Koko could sense I was happy with her. Excited, she grabbed a bucket, plunked it over her head and ran wildly around the playroom.

(Q: How did the writer begin to teach Koko sign language? E+11)

By age two, Koko's signs were more than just simple, one-word requests. She was learning signs quickly and stringing them together.

"There mouth, mouth – you there," Koko signed when she wanted me to blow fog on the nursery window to draw in (on A) with our fingers. And "Pour that hurry drink hurry," when she was thirsty.

The next year, Koko moved into a specially remodeled trailer on the Stanford University campus, where I could be with her more of the time (S-3) and she could concentrate on her language lessons with fewer distractions (S-3).

(Q: What was Koko able to do by the age of two? E+12)

We had a big birthday party for Koko when she turned three. She carefully ate almost all of her birthday cake with a spoon. But when it came time for the last bite, the (293)

little gorilla couldn't resist. She scooped the cake up with her hand and stuffed it into her mouth.

"More eat," she signed. (S-57)

By the age of five, Koko knew more than 200 words in ASL. I recorded every sign that she used and even videotaped (video-taped G) her actions so I could study her use of sign language later. The more signs Koko learned, the more she showed me her personality. She argued (argued A) with me, displayed a very definite sense of humor (, G+1) and expressed strong opinions. She even used sign language to tell lies.

Once I caught her poking the window screen of her trailer with a chopstick.

"What are you doing?" I signed to her.

Koko quickly put the stick in her mouth like a cigarette. "Mouth smoke," she answered.

(Q: How did the writer get to know Koko's personality better? E+11)

Another time I caught her chewing a crayon when she was supposed to be drawing a picture.

"You're not eating that, are you?" I asked her.

"Lip," Koko signed, and she quickly took the crayon out of her mouth and moved it across her lips, as if putting on lipstick. I was so amazed, I almost forgot to reprimand her.

Like any naughty child when Koko behaved badly, she was sent to a corner in her trailer. She was quite aware that she had misbehaved: "Stubborn devil," she would sign to herself. If it

was only for a small thing, she would excuse herself after a little while in the corner. But if she felt she had been very bad, she soon turned around to get my attention. Then she would sign, “Sorry. Need hug.”

I decided to find a companion for Koko and so Michael, a three-year-old male gorilla, came to live with us. I wanted to teach him sign language and I also hoped that one day, Koko and Michael would mate. Would they teach their baby ASL? It was a question I was eager to have answered.

Michael was a good student. He often concentrated even longer on his lessons than Koko did. At first, Koko
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was very jealous for her new playmate. She called Michael names and blamed him for things he hadn’t done. They squabbled like a couple of typical human toddlers.

“Stupid toilet,” she signed, when asked about Michael.

“Stink bad squash gorilla,” Michael answered back.

Koko loved to see Michael get scolded, especially when it was for doing something that Koko had encouraged him to do. She would listen to me telling Michael to be a good gorilla, and a deep breathy sound would come out of her – it was the sound of a gorilla laughing.

But they loved to play together and spent a lot of time wrestling, tickling and signing to each other. (S-322)

If you asked Koko (S-1) what her favorite animal was, she would invariably (always L) sign “gorilla.” But she also loved cats. Her two favorite books were *Puss in Boots* and *The Three Little Kittens*. Still, nothing prepared me for the way Koko reacted when a small, gray, tailless kitten came to live with us. (S-33)

When asked what presents she wanted for her birthday or Christmas, Koko always asked for a cat. When she was twelve, we brought her three kittens to choose from and she picked the one kitten who (which A) didn’t have a tail. The very first time she picked the little kitten, she tried to tuck him in the crease of her thigh, and then on the back of her neck, two of the places mother gorillas carry their babies. (S-37) She called him her “baby” and picked the name “All Ball.” Without a tail, the kitten did look like a ball.

All Ball was the first kitten Koko had, but he was not her first pet; she had played with a rabbit and a bird among other small animals. (S-28)

“Koko love Ball. Soft good cat,” she signed.

Then one morning All Ball was hit and instantly killed by a car. I had to tell Koko what happened. At first Koko acted as if she didn’t hear me, but when I left the trailer I heard her cry. It was her distress call – a loud, long series
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of high-pitched hoots. I cried too. Three days later, she told me how she felt.

“Cry, sad, frown,” Koko signed.

“What happened to All Ball?” I asked her.

“Blind, sleep cat,” she answered. She had (S-1) seemed to have grasped the concept of death.

Koko finally chose another kitten, a soft gray one.

“Have you thought of a name yet?” I asked her.

“That smoke. Smoke smoke,” she answered.

The kitten was a smoky gray, so we named her Smoky. (S-36)

Many days when Koko has her reading lessons, she sees the written word for cat and then forms the sign for that word. We can't show her too many pictures of cats, though. She still gets sad when she sees any cat that looks at all like All Ball, her adored first kitten (S-5).

(Q: Does Koko remember All Ball long after the cat dies? E+11)

My language project with Koko, which I began in 1972, has become my life's (life A) work. Over the years, I have watched Koko grow up. As a scientist, I have documented every phase of her development. As a "parent," I have cared about and for her and have been proud of her every accomplishment. Koko has surprised, enlightened (, G+1) and inspired me. Although raised by humans and now part of a family of humans and gorillas, Koko has no illusions that she is a human. When asked who she is, she always signs, "Fine animal gorilla."

(Q: Does Koko think she is a human or a gorilla? E+11)

Francine (Penny) Patterson, D.V.M. (S-4)

PRU Supplementary Reading 1: Original (Canfield, 1997)

A High School Love Not Forgotten

When they saw him walking across our high school campus, most students couldn't help but notice Bruce. Tall and lanky, (S-3) he (He G *moved to back) was (looked AG *moved to back) a thinner (S-1) replica of (just like A) James Dean, his hair flipped (turned L) back above his forehead, and his eyebrows always cocked (raised L) upward when he was in deep conversation. He was tender, (and E+1) thoughtful and profound (S-2). He would never hurt anyone.

(However, E+1) I was scared of him.

I was just breaking up with my not-so-smart boyfriend, the one you stayed with and went back to 30 times out of bad habit, (S-16) when Bruce headed me off at a campus pass (I met Bruce on campus A-3) one morning to walk with me (S-4). He helped me carry my books and made me laugh a dozen times with giddiness (S-2). I liked him. I really liked him.

He scared me because he was (so E+1) brilliant. But in the end, I realized I was more scared of myself than of him.

(Q: Why was the writer afraid of Bruce even though she liked him? E+13)

We started to walk together more at school. I would peer (look A) up at him from my stuffed locker, my heart beating rapidly, wondering if he would ever kiss me. We'd been seeing each other for several weeks and he still hadn't tried to kiss me.

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Instead, he'd (would G) hold my hand, puts his arm around me (, G) and send me off with one of my books to class. When I opened it, a (his A) handwritten note in his highly stylized writing (S-5) would be there, speaking of love and passion in a deeper sense than I could understand at 17 (seventeen G).

He would send me books, cards, notes, and would sit with me at my house for hours listening to music. He especially liked me to listen to the song. (S-1) “You Brought Some Joy Inside My Tears,” by Stevie Wonder.

(Q: What did they often do together at her house? E+10)

At work (S-2) one (One G) day (, G+1) I received a card from him that said, “I miss you when I’m sad. I miss you when I’m lonely. But most of all, I miss you when I’m happy.”

I remember walking down the street of our small village (town L), cars honking, the warm lights from stores beckoning (inviting A) strollers (you A) to come in from the cold, and all I could think about was, “Bruce misses me most when he’s happy. What a strange thing (to say E+2). (! A)”

I felt deeply uncomfortable to have such a romantic spirit by my side, a boy – (... G) really a man at 17 (seventeen G) – (... G) who thought his words out wisely, listened to every side of an argument, read poetry deep into the night (, E+1) and weight (weighed G) his decisions carefully. I sensed a deep sadness in him but couldn’t understand it. Looking back, I now think the sadness stemmed (came A) from (his E+1) being a person who really didn’t fit into the high school plan (life A).

(Q: what does she think made Bruce so sad? E+9)

Our (My A) relationship (with Bruce +E2) was so different from the one I’d had with (my E+1) prior boyfriend. (With him E+2) Our (, my GA) lives (life G) had been mostly movies and popcorn and gossip. We (soon E+1) broke up routinely (S-1) and dated other people. At times, it seemed like (that A) the whole campus was focused on the drama of our breakups (break-ups A), which were always intense and (S-2) grand entertainment for our friends to discuss. A good soap opera. (S-4)

(When E+1) I talked to (told A-1) Bruce about these things and with each story (S-4), he’d (would G) respond by putting his arm around me and telling me he’d wait while I sorted things out. And (S-11) then (Then G)

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he would read to me. He gave me the book *The Little Prince*, (S) with the words underlined, “It’s only in thy mind’s eye (with the heart A-1) that one can see rightly.”

In response – the only way I knew how – (S-6) (, E) I wrote (intensely E+1) passionate letters of love and poetry to him with an intensity (G *moved) I (had E+1) never knew (done A) (that E+1) before. But still I kept my walls up, keeping him at bay (away A-1) because I was always afraid that he’d (would G) discover I was fake, (S-1) not nearly (S-1) as intelligent or as deep a thinker (S-5) as I found (S-2) him (he G) to be (was G).

(Q: What did Bruce do when she talked about her old relationship? E+12)

I wanted (to get back E+3) the old habits of popcorn, movies and gossip back (S-1). It was so much easier. I remember well the day when Bruce and I stood outside in the cold and I told him I was going back to my old boyfriend. “He needs me more,” I said in my girlish voice. “Old habits die hard.”

Bruce looked at me with sadness, more for me than himself. He knew, and I knew then, I was making a mistake.

Years went by. Bruce went off to college first; (, and E+1) then I did. Every time I came home for Christmas, I looked him up and (S-4) went over for a visit with (to see A-2) him and his family. I always loved his family – (... A) the warm greetings they gave me when they ushered (showed A) me into their house, always happy to see me. I knew just by the way his family behaved that Bruce had forgiven me for my mistake.

(Q: Why did she leave Bruce though she knew it was a mistake? E+13)

One Christmas, Bruce said to me: “You were always a good writer. You were so good.”

“Yes.” His mother nodded in agreement. “ (S-11) You wrote beautifully. I hope you’ll never give up your writing.”

“But how do you know my writing?” I asked his mom.

“Oh, Bruce shared all the letters you wrote him with me,” she said. “He and I could never get over how beautifully you wrote.”

Then I saw his father’s head nod, too. I sank back in my chair and blushed deeply. (S-52) What exactly had I written in those letters?

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I never knew Bruce had admired my writing as (so L) much as I had his intelligence (S-5).

Over the years, we lost touch. The last I heard from his father, Bruce had gone off to San Francisco and was thinking about becoming a chef. I went through dozens of bad relationships until I finally married a wonderful man – also very smart. I was more mature by then and could handle my husband’s intelligence – especially when he’d remind me I had my own (S-15).

There’s not one other boyfriend I ever think about with any interest, except for Bruce. Most of all, I hope he is happy. He deserves it. In many ways, I think he helped shape me, (. He E+1) helped me learn how to accept the side of myself I refused to see (wouldn’t have seen A) amid (among L) movies, (S-1) (the E+1) popcorn and gossip. He taught me how to see my spirit (myself A-1) and my (the A) writer inside (me E+1).

(Q: Why does she look back on Bruce with respect? E+10)

Diana L. Chapman

PRS Lesson 1: (Myers, 1998)

Laughing matters. (research on why people laugh); Myers, Jack
Highlights for Children 02-01-1998 (S-11)

You can hear it from people all over the world, no matter what language they may speak. Babies

laugh long before they can talk. It's not something you learn in school or from your parents. Laughter must be something that is programmed and (S-2) built in, a (S-1) part of what we call human nature.

We usually think of laughter together with humor – a response (S-5) to something funny (when something is funny G+1). And we know that laughter also works the other way. Things seem funnier when someone else is laughing. Radio and TV shows seem funnier when a background (S-3) recording of (taped L+1) laughter is played at the right times. And you may have seen (sometimes E+1) (see G-1) people break out laughing just (S-1) from (when A) seeing (they see G+1) someone else (people A-1) doing it (laughing G-1). That's another characteristic (S-3) that (This GA) (also E+1) tells us (that E+1) laughter is a (S-1) built-in (built in A) (and E+1) part of us.

A Fresh Look ([2] A-2)

So what can we possibly learn by studying laughter? A scientist who did study (studied G-1) it began by thinking about laughter in a new way.

He imagined that he was an alien visiting Earth from another planet to study people. He watched how people behave (acted LG). He tried to understand a (the A) strange part of their behavior (actions L) called laughter. He studied how people laugh, why they laugh, and how they use laughter in their lives.

That's the way scientists study (the E+1) behavior in (actions of L) wild animals. They ask the same kinds of questions about birds and their songs. The scientist, Dr. Robert Provine, realized that we know more about bird songs than about human laughter.

Ha-ha-ha! (S-1)

Just as one might do in studying bird songs, Dr. Provine studied the sound pattern of laughter. He found that each person has a characteristic laugh (that is special to that person A+5 *前の characteristic). (If we think of laughter as a kind of music, E+10) Women's (women's G) laughter is usually higher pitched (has a... pitch G+1) than that of (S-2) men (men's G).

But we all have a common laugh pattern. We make the ha-ha-ha (*ha-ha-ha* G) sounds all in one breath (at the same time A+1) and (S-1) while we are breathing out. The first ha's (*ha* is G G **italic**) are (is G) louder, and the last (later ones A+1) are weaker, as if we are running out of breath.

The ha's come in a nice rhythm, about five in a second. It's hard to change that simple pattern. If you purposely try to change the pattern, you will discover how standard and automatic your laugh really is.

Checking out other animals showed that none of them laughs the way people do. The closest is the chimpanzee, which makes laughlike sounds when tickled. But chimpanzee laughter seems

more like panting because there is only one ha with each breathing-in and each breathing-out. Real laughter is special for humans. (S-88)

A Serious Side ([3] A-2)

How do people use laughter in their lives? You already know part of the answer. We don't laugh very often when we are alone. Laughter is something we use socially, when we are interacting with (talking or listening to A+2) another person (other people G), or in groups (S-4).

To find out more, Dr. Provine trained his students at the University of Maryland Baltimore County (S-2) to listen in on laughter and find how it is used. The students listened in on twelve hundred group conversations in public places, such as schools, (and A) malls, and college campuses (S-4).

What they learned was a surprise. Most laughter did not come after jokes. It happened just as a part of conversation. In fact, it came from the speaker (speakers G) even more often than from the listeners. And it usually came at the end of a sentence.

They found that people often use laughter in almost the same way we use punctuation in writing -- like a period or a question mark. Laughter is sprinkled in (comes A-2) between sentences to separate ideas and to make some ideas stand out.

When we use laughter, what message are we giving? You may have noticed we use laughter in two different ways. Sometimes we use it to laugh- at someone, to make fun of them. To me, that has always seemed unfair -- like hitting someone who is already down.

Laughing Together

More often we laugh with someone. Then it's a way of showing approval or agreement, that we are thinking alike. Laughter is a part of the way we communicate.

Dr. Provine's study has taught us interesting things about something so common that most of us have never thought about it. There is still a lot to be learned, such as why laughing is so contagious. (S-115)

Most of what Dr. Provine learned came from watching and listening to people. You and I can do that, too. It's like bird watching, except that people are more fun.

PRS Lesson 2: Original (The view ahead, 1999)

In the 10th installment in a series of interviews with world leaders and prominent figures, (S-46) (The E+1) Yomiuri Shimbun London Bureau chief (Chief G) Toshiaki Arai (S-2) talks to Seiji **Ozawa**, the internationally acclaimed (famous A) conductor.

Born in 1935 in northern China, **Ozawa** studied conducting at Toho Gakuen School of Music. He won the 1959 Besancon international conducting contest and became the musical director of the Boston Symphony in 1973. (S-34)

With Boston (Vienna A) and Tokyo as his home bases, he (*Ozawa* A) is active around the world.

Ozawa offers his views on music, **creativity and individuality**.

Yomiuri Shimbun: What do you think music will be like in the 21st (this A) century?

Ozawa: Music is very individualistic. People have different feelings about music even if they listen to the same notes. Some may think the notes are too loud. Others may not. Some may be attracted to them. Others may not. If you sit one meter away from me at a concert, the impact of the concert will be different for you and me. In that sense, (S-7) music (Music G) is really personal, and I don't think it (this A) will change in the 21st century.

Furthermore, there are no sources of sound that can produce music better than musical instruments and vocal chords, not even high-tech devices.

For example, when an (a G) excellent (trained A) soprano (vocalist A) sings, her vocal chords vibrate, creating beautiful music (S-3). There is no way that you can enjoy better sounds than that (voice E+1). The progress of (S-3) technology (Technology G) may create sounds infinitely (very A) close to music produced by instruments and vocal chords, but I can't imagine that it will be able to create the same kind of sounds. So, it will remain important to go to concerts to listen to beautiful music.

I can't tell what will happen in the 21st century, but I think there will be no West and East and no countries. Even though there will be different faces and hair colors, many things will be mixed up.

You conducted singers on five continents in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the opening ceremony of the Nagano Winter Olympics in February 1998.

When I conducted the piece, the African singers used (their own) symbols with German words written underneath, instead of using the usual musical staff. When I went to Africa to practice with them, I told them to move their bodies when they felt that the music became too fast for them. In the opening ceremony, they moved their bodies, as did white singers. That was the best part of the singing. Later, I heard that it was the first time black and white singers had sung the piece together. (S-114)

If cultures mix, like international marriages, (S-3) what is important (remains A-1) is the individual. What you like, what you think and what you do for a living (S-3) become very important. Countries become trivial (lose importance GL). There will be no West and East. What counts are individuals. (S-4)

The Ozawa born in China, raised in Japan with Japanese citizenship, is not (no longer A+1) important anymore (S-1). What matters is myself as an individual. When the existence of individuals becomes important, regulations will become barriers. (S-11)

(Do you feel E+3) It's not (S-1) important (to you, E+2) (as a conductor working in foreign countries, E+7) to be Japanese?

Japanese, or in a broader sense, Asians (Asians in general GG+2 *word order and 'broad' to 'broader'), feel guilty if they do not work. They are diligent, which (. That AG) is good for music. Asians may be more delicate than Westerners. It would be great if they could display (show L) their delicacy in music. On the other hand, their delicacy may sound weak and lacking in continuity (S-4).

In terms of creativity, I always think that Japanese people don't like doing things differently from others because they are always (S-1) conscious of (so much E+2) (care...about A-1, G *noun to verb) other people's reactions.

I have the same shortcoming (problem A). I've lived a long time in foreign (Western A) countries, and because of my job, I'm like a lone wolf. In my business, I have more freedom to do what I want, but when I am with my foreign conductor friends, I still feel that I (S-3) care about what they think about (their opinion of GA-1) me. It frustrates (troubles A) me even though it may not appear to.

When teaching music at school, teaching overseas and teaching in Japan are different. The junior high school I went to is a free school, but when compared with schools in the United States, students at my school always worked orderly in groups. No one ever crossed the line (S-48)

Can education develop creativity?

Creativity is individual. You have individuals before creativity. In that sense, (S-3) foreigners (Westerners A) are much more individual. Japanese people (S-1) lack creativity, but I think education can make the difference. If education is not done correctly, it takes time to develop creativity. In that case, we have to wait for geniuses to appear. Any country can wait. If Japan can make good use of its diligence and hammer out (develop A-1) good educational methods (ideas A), Japanese people (the Japanese A) can be creative too. I'm confident (sure L) that (S-1) they can be creative in music.

If we place priority on developing individual personalities, then musical education will go well too. You need teachers with strong personalities to help students develop their own personalities during their formative years. You need good teachers to teach junior and senior high school students to compose, conduct and sing. Good teachers to teach students the piano and violin long before they go to high school.

The problem is that a teacher who stresses personality must also have musical talent. That's why it's so difficult. We don't have the right environment for good musicians to become teachers, and

some who should not be teachers are teachers now. For example, there are teachers for tea ceremony and flower arrangement. Even though not every teacher is a good teacher, people still go to tea ceremony and flower arrangement classes. I don't think a person should teach just because he or she has a license, but we have become a society based on credentials. The same can be said of music.

Japan is on the wrong track and is close to reaching the point of no return. I think Japanese people have to believe in and respect individuals, realizing that individuals are important to them. (S-201)

I've heard that you wanted to be a pianist.

By the time I was about to finish primary school, I decided to be a pianist. I didn't know whether (if A) I was cut out for it, but I liked it. I went to Seijo Junior High to play music. I played both the piano and rugby when I was a junior high school student. I broke my finger in an important game when I was a senior. That was my last rugby game, and I could not play the piano any more. My teacher then told me that I could be a conductor if I could not play the piano. If I had not played rugby and broken my finger, I would have been a pianist.

You went to study in France when you were 23 years old. Were you confident that you could compete with internationally acclaimed conductors?

When I went to France, I knew nothing about the country, and I could not speak the language. I was surprised by a concert by a symphony orchestra from the United States. The impact ignited my desire to study in foreign countries. I didn't know if I could compete with foreign conductors. I didn't even think of working in a foreign country.

There were not many Japanese conductors then. My high school had a great influence on me. It has changed a lot since then, but I was taught that freedom was the most important thing and that I could achieve what I really wanted to do.

My teacher, Hideo Saito, taught me everything, and his teachings were always with me, as if they were in my pocket. When I took part in a contest in a foreign country, I used his teachings from this pocket. When I made my debut in Berlin, I used another of his teachings from this pocket. His teachings had an enormous impact on me.

It seems to me that you are a genius.

All active conductors received good educations, and I think some of them are geniuses, but I am not. I love music and I might have a basic talent for it. I learned it. I became a disciple of Herbert von Karajan, and he considered me his disciple until he died. He invited me to conduct in Berlin every year even though I sometimes was criticized for my performances. He kept saying that I needed more experience. He was very patient with me.

Karajan invited me to conduct every year in Berlin, and I later became a musical director in

Chicago. I came under fire because people in Chicago were not happy to have an Asian who knew nothing about Bach and Beethoven. I didn't have a good resume at that time as I had worked only as an assistant for Leonard Bernstein, but the orchestras in Berlin and Chicago supported me. I think it was probably because I was from the East. It was the first time for them to have an Asian conductor. (S-376)

(*Last paragraph)

When I go to foreign countries or teach in Japan, I always say that music is the international language. Music is easier to understand than language, because language is a tool for communication, but music is not a tool. It can be understood right away. Just (, just G) like the sunset, which is beautiful wherever you watch it.

However, Asians have something special, although I don't know how to explain it. I was comparatively rare as a Japanese classical music conductor. Over the last 20 years ago, I have come to realize that I am an experiment and that people wanted to see if I would make it. I think people wanted to see how well I could understand classical music before I die. In the beginning, I never thought about it.

Your good friend Toru Takemitsu is renowned for blending Eastern and Western cultures.

Takemitsu is a character. He did not intentionally try to blend Eastern and Western cultures. He was very Westernized. He loved movies and jazz. Songs he composed happened to be a mixture of Eastern and Western cultures. He had a strong personality. He could make it anywhere he wanted to.

Our job is a difficult one because we compete under the same conditions. Music is international. People won't give you a break just because you come from Japan. You can't say Japan has its customs when it comes to music. It's wrong to say so in music, anyway. People have to rid themselves of this kind of thinking as soon as possible. We are in an era where people who listen to a Japanese orchestra will listen to a Vienna orchestra the next day. Musicians can never stop studying.

You are 63 now. Will you continue to conduct when you are 90?

When you get older, you have more experience, which can help you. When I was young, I used to get up early and worked from 4 a.m. to 9 a.m. without taking a break. Now I have to take a short break every 20 minutes. My concentration is not as good as before. I know my energy is sagging.

But in this business, you tend to forget about your age. Since I study new pieces every day, I forget that I'm aging. This is pretty dangerous though, because people often tell me that I am energetic. I am not energetic, because I'm wearing out.

LOAD-DATE: January 14, 1999 (S-347)

PRS Lesson 15: Original (Fulghum, 1988)

There is a person who has profoundly (S-1) disturbed (troubled L) my peace of mind for a long time. She doesn't even know me, but she continually goes around (never stops A-1) minding my business. We have very little in common. She is an old woman, an Albanian who grew up in Yugoslavia; she is a Roman Catholic nun who lives in poverty in India. I disagree (don't agree L+1) with her on (such E+1) fundamental (basic L) issues of (as A) population control, (and E+1) the place of women in the world and in the church (S-4), and I am turned off by her naïve (simple A) statements (ideas A) about "what God wants." She stands at the center of great contradictory (S-1) notions (ideas L) and strong forces that shape human (our A) destiny (future L). She drives me crazy. I get upset every time I hear her name or read her words or see her face. I don't even want to talk about her.

In the studio where I work, there is a wash basin. Above the wash basin is a mirror. I stop at this place several times each day to tidy up and look at myself in
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the mirror. Alongside (Next to L+1) the mirror is a photograph of the (this A) troublesome woman. Each time I look in the mirror at myself, I also look at her face. In it I have seen more than I can tell; and from what I see, I understand more than I can say.

The photograph was taken in Oslo, Norway, on the tenth of December, in 1980 (1979 A). This (It A) is (was G) (the day E+2) what (when this A+1) happened there:

A small, stooped woman in a faded blue sari and worn sandals received an award. From the hand of a king. An award funded from the will of the inventor of dynamite. In a great glittering hall of velvet and gold and crystal. (S-11) Surrounded by the noble and famous in formal (S-1) black (suits E+1) and in elegant (beautiful A) gowns (evening dresses L+1). The rich, the powerful, the brilliant, the talented of the world in attendance (had come GA). And there at the center of it all – a little old lady in sari and sandals. Mother Teresa, of India. Servant of the poor and sick and dying. To her, the Nobel Peace Prize.

No shah or (S-2) president or king or general or scientist or pope (S-2); no banker or merchant or cartel or oil company or ayatollah (S-7) holds the key to as much power as she has. None is as rich. For hers is the invincible weapon (that cannot be beaten in the fight E+7) against the evils of this earth: the caring heart. And hers are the everlasting (real A) riches of this life: the wealth of the compassionate spirit.

To cut through the smog of helpless (S-1) cynicism, (; G) to take only the tool of uncompromising love; to make
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manifest the capacity for healing humanity's wounds (S-2); to make the story of the Good Samaritan a living reality; and to live so true a life as to shine out from the back streets of Calcutta (– these things E+2) takes (take G) courage and faith we cannot admit (find A) in ourselves and cannot be without.

I do not speak her language. Yet the eloquence of (S-3) her life speaks to me. And (, and G) I am chastised (shamed A) and blessed at the same time. I do not believe one person can do much in this world. Yet there she stood, in Oslo, affecting the world around (whole world A). I do not believe in her version (idea A) of God. But the power of her faith shames me. And I believe in Mother Teresa.

December in Oslo. The message for the world at Christmastide (Christmas A) is one of peace. Not the peace of a child asleep in the manger of (in the Bethlehem stable A-4) long ago.

Nor the peace of a full dinner and a nap (sleep L) by the fire on December 25. But a tough, vibrant, vital peace that comes from the extraordinary (S-1) gesture one simple woman in a faded sari and worn sandals makes this night. A peace of mind that comes from a piece of work.

Some years later, at a grand (great L) conference of quantum (important A) physicists (scientists A) and religious mystics at the Oberoi Towers Hotel (S-5) in Bombay, I saw that face again. Standing by the door at the rear of the hall, I sensed a presence (S-13) beside me. And (S-1) there (There G) she was. Alone. Come to speak to the conference as its guest. She looked at me and smiled. I see her face still.

She strode (stepped up LA+1: 'up' changed the meaning) to the restrum (front A) and changed the agenda (subject A)
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of the conference from intellectual inquiry to moral activism. She said, in a firm voice to the awed assembly (S-4): "We can do no great things; only small things with great love."

The contradictions of her life and faith are nothing compared to my own. And while I wrestle (fight L) with frustration about the impotence of (how little power LG) the individual (has E+1), she goes right on changing the world. While I *wish* for more power and resources, she *uses* her power and resources to do what she can do at the moment.

She upsets me, disturbs me, shames me. *What does she have that I do not?* (What does she have that I do not? G)

If ever there is truly peace on earth, goodwill to men, it will be because of women like Mother Teresa. Peace is not something you *wish* for; it's something you *make* (make G), something you *do* (do G), something you *are* (are G), and something you *give away* (*give away* G)!

(By Robert Fulghum (*adapted*) E+4)

PRS Lesson 16: Original (Henry, 1914)

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue (street L) impressively. The (This A) impressiveness (S-1) was habitual (a habit G+1) and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely (hardly L) ten-o'clock (10 o'clock G+1) at night, but chilly (cold L) gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh (nearly L-1) depeopled (emptied A) the streets (of people E+2).

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and (S-2) artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown (over A) the pacific (peaceful L) thoroughfare (street L), the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, (S-8) made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The (This A) vicinity (part L)(of town E+2) was one that kept early
(96)

hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority (most L-1) of the doors (that G: moved from back) belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway (half way A) of (up A) a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened (dark L) hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

“It’s all right, officer,” he said, reassuringly (calmly A). “I’m just waiting for a friend. It’s an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn’t it? Well, I’ll explain if you’d like to make certain it’s all straight (right A). About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands – ‘Big Joe’ Brady’s restaurant.”

“Until five years ago,” said the policeman. “It was torn down then.”

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit (lighted G) his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen (sharp L) eyes, and a little white scar near (above A) his right eyebrow (eye A). (He wore a scarf with E+5) His (S-1) scarfpin (pin A) was (S-1) a (G: moved to front) large (S-1) diamond, oddly set (strangely set diamond LG: word order) (in it E+2).

“Twenty years ago tonight,” said the man, “I dined (had dinner L+1) here at ‘Big Joe’ Brady’s with Jimmy Wells (, G+1) my best chum (friend L), and the finest chap (man L) in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, Just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn’t have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth.

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Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have (to E+1) come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to (would A-1) have our destiny worked out and our (S-5) fortunes made, whatever they were going to be.”

“It sounds pretty interesting,” said the policeman. “Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven’t you heard from your friend since you left?”

“Well yes, for a time we corresponded (wrote L),” said the other. “But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition (place A), and I kept hustling (running A) around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he’s alive, for (because L) he always was the truest, staunchest old (S-3) chap (friend A) in the world. He’ll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door tonight, and it’s worth it if my old partner turns up.”

The waiting man pulled out a handsome (pretty A) watch, the lids (lid G) of it set with small diamonds.

“Three minutes to ten,” he announced. “It was exactly ten o’clock when we parted here at the restaurant door.”

“Did pretty well out West, didn’t you?” asked the policeman.

“You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder (slow LG), though, good fellow as he was. I’ve had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going (people around A) to get my pile. A

(100)

man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him (make him sharp A-2).”

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

“I’ll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him (leave at ten o’clock A) sharp?”

“I should say not!” said the other. “I’ll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he’ll be here by that time. So long, officer.”

“Good night (Good-night G), sir,” said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, (S-1) cold drizzle (light rain L+1) falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir (people walking A-1) in that quarter hurried dismally and (S-2) silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands (hands in their pockets A+2). And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, (terribly E+1) uncertain almost to absurdity (S-3), with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

“Is that you, Bob?” he asked, doubtfully.

“Is that you, Jimmy Wells?” cried the man in the door.

“Bless my heart!” exclaimed (said A) the new arrival (man who had just arrived A+3), grasping (holding L) both the other’s hands with his own. “It’s Bob, sure as fate, (all right. A-1) I was

(101)

certain I’d find you here if you were still in existence (alive A). Well, well, well! Twenty (-twenty G) years is a long time. The old restaurant’s gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?”

“Bully; it (Great! It GA) has given me everything I asked it (S-1) for. You’ve changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches.”

“Oh, I grew a bit (a little L) after I was twenty.”

“Doing well in New York, Jimmy?”

“Moderately (Not so bad A-2). I have a position in one of the city departments (government offices A+1). Come on, Bob; we’ll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times.”

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his (S-1) egotism enlarged by (proud of GL-1) success, was beginning to outline (tell A) the history of his career. The other, (almost E+1) submerged (hidden A) in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drugstore, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously (at the same time A) to gaze upon (look at L) the other’s face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released (let ... go L+1) his (the A) arm (of the other man E+4).

“You’re not Jimmy Wells,” he snapped (said A). “Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man’s nose from a Roman to a pug (flat one A+1).”

“It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one,” said the tall man. “You’ve been under arrest for ten minutes, ‘Silky’

(102)

Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That’s sensible. Now, before we go to the station here’s a note I was to (asked A) hand to (S-1) you. You may read it here at the window. It’s from Patrolman Wells.”

The man from the West unfolded (opened up L) the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled (shook L) a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

Bob:

I was at the appointed (meeting A) place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plainclothes (plain clothes G) man to do the job.

Jimmy

PRS Extensive reading 1(2): Original (The United Nations Children's Fund, 2002)

(Subject: Images of African youth

Name: Alison Ojany Owuor

Age: 17

Country: Kenya

My name is Alison Ojany. I am 17 years old and from Kenya. E+25)

(As a young African Kenyan girl it is so frustrating to see the stereotype of the African youth in images made by people of the West. I feel humiliated and also helpless because there is no way to voice my objection. I feel it is wrong not to be able to have a say in how we as Africans, as youthful women, see ourselves. If I tell a Western person that I don't have flies on my face while my mother carries water on her head in a desert with lions in the background, most of my Internet friends are very surprised. E+102)

"As an African youth and a girl (S-3), I feel disadvantaged several times not because of my circumstances but because of the images and stories created by others and distributed about my life, my past, my dreams and even my future (S-13). When the time comes for me to play a role in the world, there is none left for me because other's prejudices, backed up by images which they have selected as 'African' (, G+1) have already determined a place for me without respecting my right to own my own image." young girl, 17, Kenya

(It makes me wonder how many images of the world are real. I am not even sure this forum will make a difference but at least it is a chance to state how I feel and why the future seems so bleak. E+42)

PRS Extensive reading 2: Original (Diaz, Downs, & Walters, 1997)

ANNOUNCER

From ABC News, "20/20" continues. Once again, Barbara Walters. (S-10)

BARBARA WALTERS

Now, (S-1) (You're about to get a jump on tomorrow's news- E+9) the inside scoop on a meal so many Americans love to order, (- G+1) steak. If it tastes so good, how bad can it be for your health? A while back, (S-16) ("20/20" went along as E+4) a leading consumer group analyzed exactly what you're getting at your favorite steakhouse (. That eye-opening report is coming out tomorrow. But you don't have to wait. E+14) and (S-1) Arnold Diaz brought (puts A) you (S-1) the (their A) results (findings L) (on the table right now E+5). What's the best steak to eat, and the worst? Repeating the warning can't hurt. (S-14)

ARNOLD DIAZ ABC News (S-2)

(voice-over) (S-1) The undercover operation begins with a phone call.

JAYNE HURLEY, Center for Science in the Public Interest

I want to place a carryout order. You ready?

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) This woman is no ordinary customer.

JAYNE HURLEY

I know it's a weird request. But I'm sure you hear weirder ones. (S-21)

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) She and others like her are traveling from restaurant to restaurant, often under cover of darkness, never eating in, always taking out. They are what some call "the food police." The objective of this mission -- bring back the beef.

This steak will never be eaten. It's one of 135 dinners being transported from different parts of the country to an independent testing laboratory. Here, technicians will slice it, grind it and turn it into liquid. Their quest --to ferret out the fat. The results of one popular dish shocked even **the food police** (the food police G).

JAYNE HURLEY

It's worse than anything, anything we've ever analyzed.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) Jayne Hurley works for the Center for Science in the Public Interest -- CSPI. (In previous studies, the previous studies, the nonprofit consumer group clobbered the coconut oil in movie theater popcorn, and dubbed spaghetti carbonara "a heart attack on a plate." Now, E+29) The (the G) center is targeting one of America's sacred cows, the steak dinner. After the health-conscious '80s, beef is back. Americans may be eating less red meat at home, but when they go out, steak is in.

(on camera) (S-2) You like that steak, huh?

(Laughter) (S-1)

Singer: We got thick Texas steaks and ice cold beer.

Arnold Diaz: Business is sizzling at a new breed of casual steak houses. They offer up moderate prices and a lively atmosphere that draws steak lovers of all ages.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) But here comes the food police to spoil the fun.

(on camera) (S-2) You went into all these restaurants, brought the food back to a lab, ground it up, analyzed it. Were there any surprises?

JAYNE HURLEY

Steak can be a decent meal or it can be a disaster. But the worst thing you can buy at a steak house isn't the steak, it's the appetizers.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) Not the appetizers! They're so good. A heaping plate of cheese fries or a batter (butter A)-dipped fried onion shaped like a flower. The appetizers are half the fun at these places and sometimes half the meal. (The key to clogged arteries, says Hurley, if you order the cheese fries. E+13)

JAYNE HURLEY

Think about what's on the plate -- fries, loaded with fat. They're coated with cheese -- high in fat -- and then sprinkled with bacon, which is also high in fat. Then they serve it with a side order of ranch dressing, which is, again, loaded with fat. It's like fat, fat, fat and fat.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) How bad is it? Would you believe 3,000 calories and a whopping 217 grams of fat in one order of cheese fries, according to CSPI's lab tests. That's more fat than you should have in three days.

JAYNE HURLEY

It has as much fat as eight Big Macs. I doubt people go into a steak house thinking, "Gee, I'll start my meal off with eight Big Macs."

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) Even worse, cheese fries have as much artery-clogging saturated fat as 11 sirloin steaks. Almost as bad as the cheese fries is that belly-busting...

WAITER

Blooming onion.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) The bloomin' onion is the signature dish at Outback, one of the nation's largest chains of steak houses.

JAYNE HURLEY

If you ate one deep-fried whole onion, you're going to get more than two days' worth of fat.

1st FEMALE STEAK HOUSE CUSTOMER

That's not fat-free, and neither am I.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) Most people say they generally share these appetizers. Still, they know it's not exactly diet food. It's a treat, a splurge.

5th MALE STEAK HOUSE CUSTOMER

There's got to be thousands and thousands and thousands of calories in this thing. I mean, but it's delicious, though, you know? I mean, it's all fried.

2nd FEMALE STEAK HOUSE CUSTOMER

You'll enjoy it if you don't think about it.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(on camera) Is that right? You don't think about it, right?

2nd FEMALE STEAK HOUSE CUSTOMER

Don't think about it.

ARNOLD DIAZ

So what do you say? Don't order these?

JAYNE HURLEY

Skip the appetizers.

ARNOLD DIAZ

Skip the appetizers?

JAYNE HURLEY

Skip the appetizers.

ARNOLD DIAZ

That's part of the treat of going out.

(voice-over) Sitting down to dinner with Jayne Hurley wasn't a whole lot of fun, but I did learn a lot. Although the upscale steak houses like this one, Ruth's Chris, were not part of the CSPI study, the facts on fat apply here as well.

WAITRESS

What kind of salad would you like tonight?

ARNOLD DIAZ

(on camera) I would like a Caesar salad.

WAITRESS

Caesar salad? Very good.

JAYNE HURLEY

Let me mention just a couple things about Caesar salad.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) Tests found a Caesar salad has twice as many calories and six times more fat than a house salad with fat-free dressing.

WAITRESS

Have you made any decisions about what steak you'd like to have this evening?

ARNOLD DIAZ

(on camera) Yes.

(voice-over) The good news, says CSPI, is even health-conscious diners can have their steak and eat it, too -- if you choose the right cut.

JAYNE HURLEY

Sirloin and filet put all other steaks to shame. (S-442)

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) The average sirloin steak has 390 calories and only 15 grams of fat. The typical filet mignon is also relatively lean.

(on camera) What about the rib eye?

JAYNE HURLEY

Well, let me put it this way. You could have two sirloin steaks and get no more fat than you would from one rib eye.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-37) Next comes the New York strip, which has even more fat than two sirloins. Then the T-bone steak, almost three sirloins worth of fat. The 20-ounce Porterhouse has as much fat as an entire pepperoni pizza. And the absolute worst cut of meat?

3rd FEMALE STEAK HOUSE CUSTOMER

Can't beat this prime rib. Excellent. Best flavor.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) It's the flavor of fat. (S-28) Prime rib weighed in at 94 fat grams and 1,280 calories. By trimming the fat off the meat, you can lose up to a third of that. Here's another fat-saving tip.

JAYNE HURLEY

I'd go ahead and order a plain baked potato, and if we could have sour cream on the side?

WAITRESS

Very good.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(on camera) No butter?

JAYNE HURLEY

No butter.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) You want to save even more fat at the steakhouse? Skip the steak.

JAYNE HURLEY

Well, if you want to get the lowest fat item on the menu, my suggestion would be the grilled chicken or the grilled fish of the day.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) But fish or chicken misses the point of going to a steakhouse. Steak is a meal that satisfies the carnivore in us. And when you're among meat eaters, as TV's Seinfeld learned, ordering anything but a steak can be a bit embarrassing.

(Clip from "Seinfeld")

ACTRESS

You don't eat meat? What are you, one of those...

JERRY SEINFELD

Well, no. I'm not one of those. You know what? I think I'll just have a salad.

WAITER

Thank you.

JERRY SEINFELD

(Thinking) Just a salad, just a salad.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-176) No need to starve. A sirloin, baked potato with sour cream and a salad with fat-free dressing totals 21 fat grams and 840 calories. Not bad, but for many, not a truly satisfying meal.

(on camera) (S-2) Why not just throw caution to the wind and splurge and get what you want?

JAYNE HURLEY

That's fine. Get what you want. Know what you're getting.

ARNOLD DIAZ

(voice-over) (S-1) Now you know. The food police have completed their mission. The next move is yours. Case closed.

HUGH DOWNS

I'm hungry. Arnold, the beef industry has made a move to answer these concerns I understand?

ARNOLD DIAZ

Yes. What they're doing is they're breeding leaner cattle. And in fact, The government guidelines say there's nothing wrong with a serving of lean beef, but their definition of a serving is three ounces, that's the size of a deck of cards. As you know, these steak houses, they run from 12 to 20 plus ounces.

HUGH DOWNS

People have known for some time that red meat isn't the best of diets. Has this affected the business in the steakhouses?

ARNOLD DIAZ

Just the opposite. The business is booming. This is the fastest-growing segment of the restaurant industry. And I guess people say, if I'm going to go out, I'm going to splurge with steak.

HUGH DOWNS

Thank you.

ARNOLD DIAZ

Okay.

BARBARA WALTERS

Anyone got a raw carrot?

Next, a love story for all ages. You'll be glad you met this special couple. What they know about love and marriage, you may have forgotten. Bob Brown with a twilight love affair, after this.

(Commercial Break)

ANNOUNCER

ABC News 20/20 will continue in a moment. (S-195)

(adapted from ABC News Magazine "20/20" E+6)

PRS Extensive reading 3(2): Original (Ward, 1996)

Oahu

Around eighty percent of the population of Hawaii – almost 900,000 people - live on the island of **OAHU**. More than half of them are packed into the city of **Honolulu** (Honolulu G), which remains the economic powerhouse of the whole archipelago. They're here because the jobs and the tourists are here; ninety percent of visitors to Hawaii spend at least one night on Oahu.

With virtually every hotel room on the island located in the tower-block enclave of **Waikiki** (Waikiki G), just east of downtown Honolulu, Oahu offers less scope for a personal, individual travel experience than anywhere else in the state. **Surfers** (Surfers G), of course, flock to the fabled **North Shore** (North Shore G), but almost everyone else ends up in Waikiki, where even the most determined hedonist can find the hectic resort lifestyle palls after a few days.

That said, Oahu has (does have G+1) its strong points. Honolulu is an (a G) (remarkably E+1) attractive city, ringed by eroded volcanoes and reaching back into a succession of gorgeous valleys, while as a major world crossroads it has a broad ethnic mix. (There are E+2) Great (great G) beaches are (S-1) scattered all over the island – not just in Waikiki – and there are (S-2) plantation towns, ancient ruins and luscious scenery to reward (await GL) (more E+1) adventurous explorers.

What makes a global language?

Why a language becomes a global language has little to do with the number of people who speak it. It is much more to do with who those speakers are. Latin became an international language throughout the Roman Empire, but this was not because the Romans were more numerous than the peoples they subjugated. They were simply more powerful. And later, when Roman military power declined, Latin remained for a millennium as the international language of education, thanks to a different sort of power – the ecclesiastical power of Roman Catholicism.

There is the closest of links between language dominance and cultural power, and this relationship will become increasingly clear as the history of English is told (see chapters 2-4) (S-3). Without a strong power-base, whether political, military or economic, no language can make progress as an international medium of communication. Language has no independent existence, living in some sort of mystical space apart from the people who speak it. Language exists only in the brains and mouths and ears and hands and eyes of its users. When they succeed, on the international stage, their language succeeds. When they fail, their language fails.

This point may seem obvious, but it needs to be made at the outset, because over the years many popular and misleading beliefs have grown up about why a language should become internationally successful. It is quite common to hear people claim that a language is a paragon, on account of its perceived aesthetic qualities, clarity of expression, literary power, or religious standing. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic and French are among those which at various times have been lauded in such terms, and English is no exception. It is often suggested, for example, that there must be something inherently beautiful or

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logical about the structure of English, in order to explain why it is now so widely used. ‘It has less grammar than other languages’, some have suggested. ‘English doesn’t have a lot of endings on its words, nor do we have to remember the difference between masculine, feminine, and neuter gender, so it must be easier to learn’. In 1848, a reviewer in the British periodical *The Athenaeum* wrote:

In its easiness of grammatical construction, in its paucity of inflection, in its almost total disregard of the distinctions of gender excepting those of nature, in the simplicity and precision of its terminations and auxiliary verbs, not less than in the majesty, vigour and copiousness of its expression, our mother-tongue seems well adapted by *organization* to become the language of the world.

Such arguments are misconceived. Latin was once a major international language, despite its many inflectional endings and gender differences. French, too, has been such a language, despite its nouns being masculine or feminine; and so – at different times and places – have the heavily inflected Greek, Arabic, Spanish and Russian. Ease of learning has nothing to do with it. Children of all cultures learn to talk over more or less the same period of time, regardless of the differences in the grammar of their languages.

This is not to deny that a language may have certain properties which make it internationally appealing. For example, learners sometimes comment on the ‘familiarity’ of

English vocabulary, deriving from the way English has over the centuries borrowed thousands of new words from the languages with which it has been in contact. The ‘welcome’ given to foreign vocabulary places English in contrast to some languages (notably, French) which have tried to keep it out, and gives it a cosmopolitan character which many see as an advantage for a global language. From a lexical point of view, English is in fact more a Romance than a Germanic language. And there have been comments made about other structural aspects, too, such as the absence in English grammar of a system of coding social class differences, which can make the language appear more ‘democratic’ to those who speak a language (e.g. Javanese) that does express an intricate system of class relationships. But these supposed traits of appeal are

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incidental, and need to be weighed against linguistic features which would seem to be internationally much less desirable – notably, in the case of English, the many irregularities of its spelling system.

A language does not become a global language because of its intrinsic structural properties, or because of the size of its vocabulary, or because it has been a vehicle of a great literature in the past, or because it was once associated with a great culture or religion. These are all factors which can motivate someone to learn a language, of course, but none of them alone, or in combination, can ensure a language’s world spread. Indeed, such factors cannot even guarantee survival as a living language – as is clear from the case of Latin, learned today as a classical language by only a scholarly and religious few. Correspondingly, inconvenient structural properties (such as awkward spelling) do not stop a language achieving international status either. (S-637)

A language becomes an international language for one chief reason: the political power of its people – especially their military power. The explanation is the same throughout history. Why did Greek become a language of international communication in the Middle East over 2,000 years ago? Not because of the intellects of Plato and Aristotle: the answer lies in the swords and spears wielded by the armies of Alexander the Great. Why did Latin become known throughout Europe? Ask the legions of the Roman Empire. Why did Arabic come to be spoken so widely across northern Africa and the Middle East? Follow the spread of Islam, carried along by the force of the Moorish armies from the eighth century. Why did Spanish, Portuguese, and French find their way into the Americas, Africa and the Far East? Study the colonial policies of the Renaissance kings and queens, and the way these policies were ruthlessly implemented by armies and navies all over the known world. The history of a global language can be traced through the successful expeditions of its soldier/sailor speakers. And English, as we shall see in chapter 2, (S-8) has been no exception.

But international language dominance is not solely the result of military might. It may take a militarily powerful nation to establish a language, but it takes an economically powerful one

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to maintain and expand it. This has always been the case, but it became a particularly critical factor early in the twentieth century, with economic developments beginning to operate on a global scale, supported by the new communication technologies – telegraph, telephone, radio – and fostering the emergence of massive multinational organizations. The growth of competitive

industry and business brought an explosion of international marketing and advertising. The power of the press reached unprecedented levels, soon to be surpassed by the broadcasting media, with their ability to cross national boundaries with electromagnetic ease. Technology, in the form of movies and records, fuelled new mass entertainment industries which had a world wide (worldwide G) impact. The drive to make progress in science and technology fostered an international intellectual and research environment which gave scholarship and further education a high profile.

Any language at the centre of such an explosion of international activity would suddenly have found itself with a global status. And English, as we shall see in chapters 3 and 4, (S-10) was in the right place at the right time. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Britain had become the world's leading industrial and trading country. By the end of the century, the population of the USA (then approaching 100 million) was larger than that of any of the countries of western Europe, and its economy was the most productive and the fastest growing in the world. British political imperialism had sent English around the globe, during the nineteenth century, so that it was 'a language (' G *moved from the front) on which the sun never sets'. During the twentieth century, this world presence was maintained and promoted, almost single-handedly, through the economic supremacy of the new American superpower. And the language behind the US dollar was English.

SUK Lesson 12: Original (Goodrich and Hacket, 1954)

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ANNE *quietly goes to PETER's room, closing the door after her. PETER is lying face*

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down on the cot. ANNE leans over him, holding him in her arms. Trying to bring (draw A) him out of his despair.)

ANNE

Look, Peter, the sky. (*She looks up through the skylight (. G+1)*) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I *think* (imagine L) myself (to be E+2) out. I think (imagine L) myself on a walk (walking G-2) in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and (S-3) the crocus (crocuses G) and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about *thinking* (imagining L) yourself (to be E+2) out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time . . . It's funny . . . (S-2) I used to take it all for granted . . . and now I've gone crazy about everything (having E+1) to do with nature. Haven't you?

PETER

I've just gone crazy. I think if something doesn't happen soon . . . if we don't get out of here . . . I can't stand much more of it!

ANNE

(Softly)

I wish you had a religion, Peter.

PETER

No, thanks! Not me!

ANNE

Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox . . . or believe in heaven and (or A) hell and purgatory and (S-2) things (like that E+2) . . . I just mean
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some religion . . . it doesn't matter what (it is E+2). Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there . . . the trees . . . (, G) and (S-1) (the G+1) flowers . . . and seagulls (the sea birds A+2) . . . when (When G) I think of the dearness of (how dear A-2) you (are E+1), Peter . . . (, G-2) and the goodness of the people we know . . . (S-11) Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, (S-1) the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us every day . . . When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more . . . I find myself, and God, (S-2) and I . . .

(PETER interrupts, getting up and walking away.)

PETER

That's fine! But when I begin to think, I get mad! Look at us, hiding out for two years. Not able to move! (, G) Caught here like . . . (S-6) waiting for them to come and get us . . . (, G-2) and all for what?

ANNE

We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to . . . (S-10) sometimes (Sometimes G) one race . . . (S-3) (and E+1) sometimes another . . . and yet . . . (S-5)

PETER

That doesn't make me feel any better!

ANNE

(Going to him (Peter G))

I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith . . . (, G) when people are doing such horrible (things E+1) . . . (S-2) But you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, (just E+1) the way (as A-1) I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day (someday G-1) . . . I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

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PETER

I want to see something now . . . Not a thousand years from now!

(He goes over, sitting down again on the cot.)

ANNE

But, Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern . . . that we're just a little minute in the life . . . *(She breaks off)* Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups (grown-ups G)! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely? *(She holds out her hand to him. PETER takes it and rises, standing with her at the window looking out, his arms around her)* Some day (Someday G-1), when we're outside again, I'm going to . . .

(She breaks off as she hears the sound of a car, its brakes squealing (There's a screech A) as it comes to a sudden stop (stops suddenly G-3). The people in the other rooms also become aware of (hear A-2) the sound. They listen tensely. Another car roars up to a screeching (and screeches to a G+1) stop. Anne and Peter come from PETER's room. MR. and MRS. VAN DAAN creep down the stairs. (S-4) (and E+1) DUSSEL comes out (S-1) (quietly E+1) from his room (their rooms G). Everyone is listening, hardly breathing. A doorbell clangs (rings L) again and again in the building below. MR. FRANK starts quietly down the steps to the door. DUSSEL and PETER follow him. The others stand rigid (still A), waiting, terrified.

In a few seconds (, G+1) DUSSEL comes stumbling back up the steps. He shakes off PETER's help (S-6) and goes to his room. MR. FRANK bolts the door below, (S-1) and comes slowly back up the steps. Their eyes are (S-1) all (fix E+1) on him as he stands there for a minute. They realize that what they feared has happened.

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MRS. VAN DAAN starts to whimper (bursts into tears A). MRS. VAN DAAN puts her gently in a chair, and then hurries off up the stairs to their room to collect their things. PETER goes to comfort his mother. There is a sound of violent (S-1) pounding on a door below.)

MR. FRANK

(Quietly)

For the past two years we have lived in fear. Now we can live in hope.
(The pounding below becomes more insistent. There are muffled (S-1) sounds of voices, shouting commands.)

MEN'S VOICES

Auf machen! Da drinnen! Auf machen! Schnell! Schnell! Schnell! (Open up! You in there! Open up! Quick! Quick! Quick! G) etc., etc. (S-2)

(The street door below is forced open. We hear the (S-1) heavy tread of (S-2) footsteps coming up. MR. FRANK gets two school (S-1) bags from the shelves, and gives one to ANNE and the other to MARGOT. He goes to get a bag for MRS. FRANK. The sound of feet coming up grows louder, PETER comes to ANNE, kissing her good-bye, (; G) then he goes to his room to collect his things. The buzzer of their door starts to ring. MR. FRANK brings MRS. FRANK a bag. They stand together, waiting. We hear the thud of (S-3) gun butts (beating E+1) on the door, (S-1) trying to break it down.

ANNE stands, holding her school (S-1) satchel (bag L), looking over at her father and mother with a soft, reassuring smile. She is no longer a child, but a woman with courage to meet whatever lies ahead.

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The lights dim out. The curtain falls on the scene. We hear a mighty (strong L) crash as the door is shattered (broken L) (down E+1). After a second ANNE's voice is heard.)

ANNE'S VOICE

And so it seems our stay here is over. They are waiting for us now. They've allowed us five minutes to get our things. We can each take a bag and whatever it will hold of clothing (clothing it will hold G+1). Nothing else. So, dear Diary, that means I must leave you behind. Good-bye (Goodbye G) for a while. P.S. Please, please, Miep, or Mr. Kraler, or anyone (, G+1) else. If you should find this diary, will you (S-9) please keep it safe for me, because some day (someday G-1) I hope . . .

(Her voice stops abruptly (suddenly L), There is silence. After a second the curtain rises. S-6)

UNI Supplementary Reading: Original (Capote, 1956)

Imagine a morning in late November. A coming of winter morning more than twenty years ago. Consider the kitchen of a spreading old house in a country town. A great black stove is its main feature; but there is also a big round table and a fireplace with two rocking chairs placed in front of it. Just today the fireplace commenced its seasonal roar. (S-8)

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A woman with shorn white hair is standing at the kitchen window. She is wearing tennis shoes and a shapeless gray sweater over a summery calico dress. She is small and sprightly, like a bantam hen; but, due to a long youthful illness, her shoulders are pitifully hunched. Her face is remarkable – not unlike Lincoln's, craggy like that, and tinted by sun and wind; but it is delicate too, finely boned, and her eyes are sherry-colored and timid. "Oh my," she exclaims, her breath smoking the windowpane, "it's fruitcake weather!"

The person to whom she is speaking is myself. I am seven; she is sixty-something. We are cousins, very distant ones, and we have lived together – well, as long as I can remember. Other people inhabit the house, relatives; and though they have power over us, and frequently make

(p. 13) us cry, we are not, on the whole, too much aware of them. We are each other's best friend. She calls me Buddy, in memory of a boy who was formerly her best friend. The other Buddy died in the 1880's, when she was still a child. She is still a child.

"I knew it before I got out of bed," she says, turning away from the window with a purposeful excitement in her eyes. "The courthouse bell sounded so cold and clear. And there were no birds singing; they've gone to warmer country, yes indeed. Oh, Buddy, stop stuffing biscuit and fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat. We've thirty cakes to bake."

It's always the same: (S-67) a (A G) morning arrives in November, and my friend, as though officially inaugurating the Christmas time of year that exhilarates her imagination (p. 14) and fuels the blaze of her heart (S-11), announces: "It's fruitcake weather! Fetch our buggy. Help me find my hat."

The hat (with faded velvet roses G move from behind) is found, a straw cartwheel corsaged (S-4) with velvet roses out-of-doors has faded: it once belonged to a more fashionable relative. Together, we guide our buggy, a dilapidated baby carriage, (S-4) out to the garden and into a grove of pecan trees. The buggy is mine; that is, it was bought for me when I was born. It is made of wicker, rather unraveled, and the wheels wobble like a drunkard's legs. But it is a faithful object; (S-21) springtimes (Springtimes G), we take it to the woods and fill it with flowers, herbs, wild fern (S-3) for our porch pots; in the summer, we pile it with picnic paraphernalia and sugar-cane fishing poles (goods A-4) and roll it down to the edge of a creek; it has its winter uses, too: as a truck for hauling firewood from the yard to the kitchen, (p. 15) as a warm bed for Queenie, our tough little orange and white rat (S-1) terrier who has survived distemper and two rattlesnake bites (S-8). Queenie is trotting beside it now.

Three hours later we are back in the kitchen hulling a heaping buggyload (S-3) of (removing the shells from A+2) windfall pecans. Our backs hurt from gathering them: how hard they were to find (the main crop having been shaken off the trees and sold by the orchard's owners, who are not us) among the concealing leaves (, G+1) and (S-1) the frosted, deceiving grass. Caarackel (Caarackle A)! A cheery crunch, scraps of miniature thunder sound (S-5) as the shells collapse and the golden mound of sweet oily ivory meat mounts in the milk-glass bowl. Queenie begs to taste, and now and again my friend sneaks her a mite, though insisting we deprive ourselves. "We mustn't, Buddy. If we start, we won't stop. And there's scarcely (p. 16) enough as there is. For thirty cakes." The , kitchen is growing dark. Dusk turns the window into a mirror: our reflections mingle with the rising moon as we work by the fireside in the firelight. (S-67) At last, when the moon is quite high, we toss the final hull into the fire and, with joined sighs, watch it catch flame. The buggy is empty, the bowl is brimful.

We eat our supper (cold biscuits, bacon, blackberry jam) and discuss tomorrow. Tomorrow the kid of work I like best begins: buying. Cherries and citron, ginger and vanilla and canned Hawaiian pineapple, rinds and (S-2) raisins and walnuts and whiskey and oh, so much flour, butter, so many eggs, spices, flavorings: why, we'll need a pony to pull the buggy home.

But before these purchases can be made, there is the (p. 17) question of money. Neither of us has any. Except for skinflint sums persons in the house occasionally provide (a dime is considered very big money); or what we earn ourselves from various activities: holding rummage sales, selling buckets of hand-picked blackberries, jars of home-made jam and apple jelly and peach preserves, rounding up flowers for funerals and weddings. Once we won seventy-ninth prize, five dollars, in a national football contest. Not that we know a fool thing about football. It's just that we enter any contest we hear about: at the moment our hopes are centered on the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize being offered to name a new brand of coffee (we suggested "A.M."; and, after some hesitation, for my friend thought it perhaps sacrilegious, the slogan "A.M.! Amen!"). To tell the truth, our only *really* profit-

(p. 18) able enterprise was the Fun and Freak Museum we conducted in a back-yard woodshed two summers ago. The Fun was a stereopticon with slide views of Washington and New York lent us by a relative who had been to those places (she was furious when she discovered why we'd borrowed it); the Freak was a three-legged biddy chicken hatched by one of our own hens. Everybody hereabouts wanted to see that biddy: we charged grownups a nickel, kids two cents.

And took in a good twenty dollars before the museum shut down due to the decease of the main attraction.

But (S-167) one (One G) way and another we do each year accumulate Christmas savings, a Fruitcake Fund. These moneys we keep hidden in an ancient bead purse under a loose board under the floor under a chamber pot (S-4) under my friend's (p. 19)

bed. The purse is seldom removed from this safe location except to make a deposit, or, as happens every Saturday, a withdrawal; for on Saturdays I am allowed ten cents to go to the picture show. My friend has never been to a picture show, nor does she intend to: "I'd rather hear you tell the story, Buddy. That way I can imagine it more. Besides, a person my age shouldn't squander their eyes. When the Lord comes, let me see Him clear." In addition to never having seen a movie, she has never: eaten in a restaurant, traveled more than five miles from home, received or sent a telegram, read anything except funny papers and the Bible, worn cosmetics, cursed (S-1), wished someone harm, told a lie on purpose, let a hungry dog go hungry. Here are a few things she has done, does do: killed with a hoe the biggest rattlesnake ever seen in this (p. 20)

county (sixteen rattles), dig snuff (secretly), tame hummingbirds (just try it) till they balance on her finger, tell ghost stories (we both believe in ghosts) so tingling they chill you in July, talk to herself, take walks in the rain, grow the prettiest japonicas in town, know the recipe for every sort of old-time Indian cure, including a magical wart-remover. (S-81)

Now, with supper finished, we retire to the room in a faraway part of the house where my friend sleeps in a scrap-quilt-covered iron bed painted rose pink, her favorite color. Silently, wallowing in the pleasures of conspiracy (S-6) we take the bead purse from its secret place and spill its contents on the scrap quilt. Dollar bills, tightly rolled and green as May buds. Somber fifty-cent pieces, heavy enough to weight a dead man's eyes. Lovely dimes, (p. 21)

the liveliest coin, the one that really jingles. Nickels and quarters, worn smooth as creek pebbles. But mostly a hateful heap of bitter-odored pennies. Last summer others in the house contracted to pay us a penny for every twenty-five flies we killed. Oh, the carnage of August: the flies that flew to heaven! Yet it was not work in which we took pride. And, as we sit counting pennies, it is as though we were back tabulating dead flies. (S-102) Neither of us has a head for figures; we count slowly, lose track, start again. According to her calculations, we have \$12.73. According to mine, exactly \$13. "I do hope you're wrong, Buddy. We can't mess around with thirteen. The cakes will fall. Or put somebody in the cemetery. Why, I wouldn't dream of getting out of bed on the thirteenth." This is true: she always spends thirteenths in bed. So, to (p. 22)

be on the safe side, we subtract a penny and toss it out the window.

Of the ingredients that go into our fruitcakes, whiskey is the most expensive, as well as the hardest to obtain: State laws forbid its sale. But everybody knows you can buy a bottle from Mr. Haha Jones. And the next day, having completed our more prosaic shopping, we set out for Mr. Haha's business address, a "sinful" (to quote public opinion) fish-fry and dancing (S-7) café down by the river. We've been there before, and on the same errand; but in previous years our dealings have been with Haha's wife, an iodine-dark Indian woman with brassy peroxidized hair and a dead-tired disposition (S-13). Actually, we've never laid eyes on her husband, though we've heard that he's an Indian too. A giant with razor scars across his cheeks.

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They call him Haha because he's so gloomy, a man who never laughs. As we approach his café (a large log cabin festooned inside and out with chains of garish-gay naked light bulbs and standing by the river's muddy edge under the shade of river trees where moss drifts through the branches like gray mist) (S-37) our steps slow down. Even Queenie stops prancing and sticks close by. People have been murdered in Haha's café. Cut to pieces. Hit on the head. There's a case coming up in court next month. Naturally these goings-on happen at night when the colored lights cast crazy patterns and the victrola wails. In the daytime Haha's is shabby and deserted. (S-48) I knock at the door, Queenie barks, my friend calls: "Mrs. Haha, ma'am? Anyone to home?"

Footsteps. The door opens. Our hearts overturn. It's

(p. 24)

Mr. Haha Jones himself! And he *is* a giant; he *does* have scars; he *doesn't* smile. No, he glowers at us through Satan-tilted eyes and demands to know: "What you want with Haha?"

For a moment we are too paralyzed to tell. Presently my friend half-finds her voice, a whispery voice at best: "If you please, Mr. Haha, we'd like a quart of your finest whiskey."

His eyes tilt more. Would you believe it? Haha is smiling! Laughing, too. "Which one of you is a drinkin' man?"

"It's for making fruitcakes, Mr. Haha. Cooking."

This sobers him. He frowns. "That's no way to waste good whiskey." Nevertheless, he retreats into the shadowed café and seconds later appears carrying a bottle of

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daisy-yellow unlabeled liquor. He demonstrates its sparkle in the sunlight and says: "Two dollars."

We pay him with nickels and dimes and pennies. Suddenly, as he jangles the coins in his hand like a fistful of dice, his face softens. "Tell you what," he proposes, pouring the money back into our bead purse, "just send me one of them fruitcakes instead."

"Well," my friend remarks on our way home, "there's a lovely man. We'll put an extra cup of raisins in *his* (his G) cake."

The black stove, stoked with coal and firewood, glows like a lighted pumpkin. Eggbeaters whirl, spoons spin round in bowls of butter and sugar, vanilla sweetens the air, ginger spices it; melting, nose-tingling odors saturate the kitchen, suffuse the house, drift out to the world

(p. 26)

on puffs of chimney smoke. In four days our work is done. Thirty-one cakes, dampened with whiskey, bask on window sills and shelves.

Who are they for?

Friends. Not necessarily neighbor friends: indeed, the larger share is intended for persons we've met maybe once, perhaps not at all. People who've struck our fancy. Like President Roosevelt. Like the Reverent and Mrs. J. C. Lucey, Baptist missionaries to Borneo who lectured here last winter. Or the little knife grinder who comes through town twice a year. Or Abner Packer, the driver of the six o'clock bus from Mobile, who exchanges waves with us every day as he passes in a dust-cloud whoosh. Or the young Wistons, a California couple whose car one afternoon broke down outside the house and who spent a

(p. 27)

pleasant hour chatting with us on the porch (young Mr. Wiston snapped our picture, the only one we've ever had taken). (S-67) Is it because my friend is shy with everyone *except* (except G) strangers that these strangers, and merest acquaintances, seem to us our truest friends? I think yes. Also, the scrapbooks we keep of thank-you's on White House stationery, time-to-time communications from California and Borneo, the knife grinder's penny post cards, make us feel connected to eventful worlds beyond the kitchen with its view of a sky that stops.

Now a nude December fig branch grates against the window. The kitchen is empty, the cakes are gone; yesterday we carted the last of them to the post office, where the cost of stamps turned our purse inside out. We're broke. That rather depresses me, but my friend insists on cele- (p. 28)

brating – with two inches of whiskey left in Haha's bottle. Queenie has a spoonful in a bowl of coffee (she likes her coffee chicory-flavored and strong) (S-7). The rest we divide between a pair of jelly glasses. We're both quite awed at the prospect of drinking straight whiskey; the taste of it brings screwed-up expressions and sour shudders. But by and by we begin to sing, the two of us singing different songs simultaneously. I don't know the words to mine, just: *Come on along, come on along, to the dark-town strutters' ball*. But I can dance: that's what I mean to be, a tap-dancer in the movies. My dancing shadow rollicks on the walks; our voices rock the chinaware; we giggle: as if unseen hands were tickling us. Queenie rolls on her back, her paws plow the air, something like a grin stretches her black lips. Inside myself, I feel warm and sparky as those

(p. 29)

crumbling logs, carefree as the wind in the chimney. My friend waltz (waltzes A) round the stove, the hem of her poor calico skirt pinched between her fingers as though it were a party dress: *Show me the way to go home*, she sings, her tennis shoes squeaking on the floor. *Show me the way to go home*.

Enter: two relatives. Very angry. Potent with eyes that scold, tongues that scald. Listen to what they have to say, the words tumbling together into a wrathful tune: "A child of seven! whiskey on his breath! are you out of your mind? feeding a child of seven! must be loony! road to ruin! (S-6) remember Cousin Kate? Uncle Charlie? Uncle Charlie's brother-in-law? shame! scandal! humiliation! (S-1) kneel, pray, beg the Lord!"

Queenie sneaks under the stove. My friend gazes at her (p. 30)

shoes, her chin quivers, she lifts her skirt and blows her nose and runs to her room. Long after the town has gone to sleep and the house is silent except for the chimings of clocks and the sputter of fading fires, she is weeping into a pillow already as wet as a widow's handkerchief.

"Don't cry," I say, sitting at the bottom of her bed and shivering despite my flannel nightgown (night gown G+1) that smells of last winter's cough syrup (S-7), "don't cry," I beg, teasing her toes, tickling her feet, (S-6) "you're too old for that."

"It's because," she hiccups, "I *am* too old. Old and funny."

"Not funny. Fun. More fun than anybody. Listen. If you don't stop crying you'll be so tired tomorrow we can't go cut a tree."

She straightens up. Queenie jumps on the bed (where (p. 31)

Queenie is not allowed) (S-5) to lick her cheeks. "I know where we'll find real pretty trees, Buddy. And holly, too. With berries big as your eyes. It's way off in the woods. Farther than

we've ever been. Papa used to bring us Christmas trees from there: carry them on his shoulder. That's fifty years ago. Well, now: I can't wait for morning."

Morning. Frozen rime lusters the grass/ (; G) the sun, round as an orange and orange as hot-weather moons, balances on the horizon, burnishes the silvered winter woods. A wild turkey calls. A renegade hog grunts in the undergrowth (S-17). Soon, by the edge of knee-deep, rapid-running water, we have to abandon the buggy. Queenie wades the stream first, paddles across barking complaints at the swiftness of the current, the pneumonia-making coldness of it. We follow, holding our shoes and equipment (a
(p. 32)

hatchet, a burlap sack) above our heads. A mile more: of chastising thorns, burs and briars that catch at our clothes; (. G) of rusty pine needles brilliant with gaudy fungus and molted feathers. Here, there, a flash, a flutter, an ecstasy of shrillings remind us that not all the birds have flown south. Always, the path unwinds through lemony sun pools and pitch-black vine tunnels. (S-43) Another creek to cross: (. G) a disturbed armada of speckled trout froths the water round us, and frogs the size of plates practice belly flops; beaver workmen are building a dam. (S-26) On the farther shore, Queenie shakes herself and trembles. My friend shivers, too: not with cold but enthusiasm. One of her hat's ragged roses sheds a petal as she lifts her head and inhales the pine-heavy air. (S-19) "We're almost here (there A); can you smell it, Buddy?" she says, as though we were approaching an ocean.
(p. 33)

And, indeed, it is a kind of ocean. Scented acres of holiday trees, prickly-leaved holly. Red berries shiny as Chinese bells: black crows swoop upon them screaming. (S-6) Having stuffed our burlap sacks with enough greenery and crimson to garland a dozen windows, we set about choosing a tree. "It should be," muses my friend, "twice as tall as a boy. So a boy can't steal the star." The one we pick is twice as tall as me. A brave handsome brute that survives thirty hatchet strokes before it keels with a creaking rending cry. (S-17) Lugging it like a kill, we commence the long trek out. Every few yards we abandon the struggle, sit down and pant. But we have the strength of triumphant huntsmen; that and the tree's virile, ice perfume revive us, goad us on. (S-20) Many compliments accompany our sunset return along the red clay road to town; (. G)
(p. 34)

but my friend is sly and noncommittal when passers-by praise the treasure perched in our buggy: what a fine tree and where did it come from? "Yonderways (Yonder-ways G)," she murmurs vaguely. Once a car stops and the rich mill owner's lazy wife leans out and whines: "Giveya two-bits cash for that ol tree." Ordinarily my friend is afraid of saying no; but on this occasion she promptly shakes her head: "We wouldn't take a dollar." The mill owner's wife persists. "A dollar, my foot! Fifty cents. That's my last offer. Goodness, woman, you can get another one." In answer, my friend gently reflects: "I doubt it. There's never two of anything." (S-80)

Home: Queenie slumps by the fire and sleeps till tomorrow, snoring loud as a human.
(p. 35)

A trunk in the attic contains: a shoebox of ermine tails (off the opera cape of a curious lady who once rented a room in the house), coils of frazzled tinsel gone gold with age (S-24), one silver star, a brief rope of dilapidated (ancient A), undoubtedly dangerous candy-like light bulbs. Excellent decorations, as far as they go, which isn't far enough: my friend wants our tree to blaze "like a Baptist window," droop with weighty snows or ornament. But we can't afford the

made-in-Japan splendors at the five-and-dime. So we do what we've always done: sit for days at the kitchen table with scissors and crayons and stacks of colored paper. I make sketches and my friend cuts them out: lots of cats, fish too (because they're easy to draw), some apples, some watermelons, a few winged angels devised from saved-up sheets of Hershey-bar tin foil. We (p. 36)

use safety pins to attach these creations to the tree; as a final touch, we sprinkle the branches with shredded cotton (picked in August for this purpose). My friend, surveying the effect, clasps her hands together. "Now honest, Buddy. Doesn't it look good enough to eat?" Queenie tries to eat an angel.

After weaving and ribboning holly wreaths for all the front windows, our next project is the fashioning of family gifts. Tie-dye scarves for the ladies, for the men a home-brewed lemon and licorice and aspirin syrup to be taken "at the first Symptoms of a Cold and after Hunting." (S-14) But when it comes time for making each other's gift, my friend and I separate to work secretly. I would like to buy her a pearl-handled knife, a radio, a whole pound of chocolate-covered cherries (we tasted some once, and (p. 37)

she always swears: "I could live on them, Buddy, Lord yes I could – and that's not taking His name in vain (S-13)"). Instead, I am building her a kite. She would like to give me a bicycle (she's said so on several million occasions: "If only I could, Buddy. It's bad enough in life to do without something *you* want; but confound it, what gets my goat is not being able to give somebody something you want *them* to have. (S-31) Only one of these days I will, Buddy. Locate you a bike. Don't ask how. Steal it, maybe"). Instead, I'm fairly certain that she is building me a kite – the same as last year, and the year before: (; G) the year before that we exchanged slingshots. All of which is fine by me. For we are champion kite-fliers who study the wind like sailors; my friend, more accomplished than I, can get a kite aloft when there isn't enough breeze to carry clouds. (p. 38)

Christmas Eve afternoon we scrape together a nickel and go to the butcher's to buy Queenie's traditional gift, a good gnawable (S-1) beef bone. The bone, wrapped in funny paper, is placed high in the tree near the silver star. Queenie knows it's there. She squats at the foot of the tree staring up in a trance of greed (S-5): when bedtime arrives she refuses to budge. Her excitement is equaled by my own. I kick the covers and turn my pillow as though it were a scorching summer's night. Somewhere a rooster crows: falsely, for the sun is still on the other side of the world.

"Buddy, are you awake?" It is my friend, calling from her room, which is next to mine; and an instant later she is sitting on my bed holding a candle. "Well, I can't sleep a hoot," she declares. "My mind's jumping like a jack (p. 39)

rabbit. Buddy, do you think Mrs. Roosevelt will serve our cake at dinner?" We huddle in the bed, and she squeezes my hand I-love-you. "Seems like your hand used to be so much smaller. I guess I hate to see you grow up. When you're grown up, will we still be friends?" I say always. "But I feel so bad, Buddy. I wanted so bad to give you a bike. I tried to sell my cameo Papa gave me. Buddy" – she hesitates, as though embarrassed – "I made you another kite." Then I confess that I made her one, too; and we laugh. The candle burns too short to hold. Out it goes, exposing the starlight, the stars spinning at the window like a visible caroling that slowly, slowly daybreak

silences. Possibly we doze; but the beginnings of dawn splash us like cold water: we're up, wide-eyed and wandering while we wait for others to
(p. 40)

waken. Quite deliberately my friend drops a kettle on the kitchen floor. I tap-dance in front of closed doors. One by one the household emerges, looking as though they'd like to kill us both; but it's Christmas, so they can't. First, a gorgeous breakfast: just everything you can imagine – from flapjacks (pancakes A) and fried squirrel to hominy grits (S-1) and honey-in-the-comb. Which puts everyone in a good humor except my friend and me. Frankly, we're so impatient to get at the presents we can't eat a mouthful.

Well (, G+1) I'm disappointed. Who wouldn't be? With socks, a Sunday school shirt, some handkerchiefs, a hand-me-down sweater and a year's subscription to a religious magazine for children. *The Little Shepherd*. It makes me boil. It really does.

My friend has a better haul. A sack of Satumas (Satumas G), that's
(p. 41)

her best present. She is proudest, however, of a white wool shawl knitted by her married sister. But she *says* (says G) her favorite gift is the kite I built her. And it is very beautiful; though not as beautiful as the one she made me, which is blue and scattered with gold and green Good Conduct stars; moreover, my name is painted on it, "Buddy."

"Buddy, the wind is blowing."

The wind is blowing, and nothing will do till we've run to a pasture below the house where Queenie has scooted to bury her bone (and where, a winter hence, Queenie will be buried, too). There, plunging through the healthy waist-high grass, we unreel our kites, feel them twitching at the string like sky fish as they swim into the wind. Satisfied, sun-warmed, we sprawl in the grass and peel Satumas (Satumas G) and watch our kites cavort. Soon I forget the
(p. 42)

socks and hand-me-down sweater. I'm as happy as if we'd already (S-1) won (won G-1) the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize in the coffee-naming contest.

"My, how foolish I am!" my friend cries, suddenly alert, like a woman remembering too late she has biscuits in the oven. "You know what I've always thought?" she asks in a tone of discovery, and not smiling at me but a point beyond. "I've always thought a body would have to be sick and dying before they saw the Lord. And I imagined that when He came it would be like looking at the Baptist window: pretty as colored glass with the sun pouring through, such a shine you don't know it's getting dark. And it's been a comfort: to think of that shine taking away all the spooky feeling. But I'll wager it never happens. I'll wager at the very end a body realizes the
(p.43)

Lord has already shown Himself. That things as they are" – her hand circles in a gesture that gathers clouds and kites and grass and Queenie pawing earth over her bone – "just what they've always seen, was seeing Him. As for me, I could leave the world with today in my eyes."

This is our last Christmas together.

Life separates us. Those who Know Best decide that I belong in a military school. And so follows a miserable succession of bugle-blowing prisons, grim reville-rid-
(p. 44)

den (S-1) summer camps. I have a new home too. But it doesn't count. Home is where my friend is, and there I never go.

And there she remains, puttering around the kitchen. Alone with Queenie. Then alone. ("Buddy dear," she writes in her wild hard-to-read script. "yesterday Jim Macy's horse kicked Queenie bad. Be thankful she didn't feel much. I wrapped her in a Fine Linen sheet and rode her in the buggy down to Simpson's pasture where she can be with all her Bones . . ."). For a few Novembers she continues to bake her fruitcakes single-handed; not as many, but some: and, of course, she always sends me "the best of the batch." Also, in every letter she encloses a dime wadded in toilet paper: "See a picture show and write me the story." But gradually in her letters she tends to confuse me with her other friend, the Buddy who died
(p. 45)

in the 1880's; more and more thirteenthths are not the only days she stays in bed: a morning arrives in November, a leafless birdless coming of winter morning, when she cannot rouse herself to explain (exclaim A): "Oh my, it's fruitcake weather!"

And when that happens, I know it. A message saying so merely confirms a piece of news some secret vein had already received, severing from me an irreplaceable part of myself, letting it loose like a kite on a broken string. That is why, walking across a school campus on this particular December morning, I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying toward heaven.

VIM Lesson 3-8: Original, (Villiard, 1996)

Information Please

When I was quite young, my family had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember well the polished oak (wooden A-1) case fastened to the wall on the lower (S-1) stair landing. The shiny (S-1) receiver hung on the side of the box. I even remember the number – 105. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination (eagerly A-1) when my mother talked to it. Once she lifted me up to speak to my father, who was away on business. Magic!

Then I discovered that somewhere inside that wonderful device lived an amazing person – her name was "Information Please" and there was nothing she did not know. My mother could ask her for anybody's number; when our clock ran down, Information Please immediately supplied the correct time.

My first personal experience with this genie(woman A)-in-the-receiver came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbor. Amusing myself at the toolbench in the basement (S-6) (with a hammer G move from back), I whacked (hit L) my finger (with a hammer move to front). The pain was terrible, but there didn't seem to be much use crying because there was no one home to offer sympathy (hear me A). I walked around the house sucking my throbbing (S-1) finger,
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finally arriving at the stairway (landing A). The telephone! Quickly I ran for the footstool in the parlor (S-3) and dragged (took A) it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked (took A) the receiver and held it to my ear. "Information Please," I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two, and a small, clear voice spoke into my ear. "Information."

“I hurt my fingerrr (fingerrrr G) –“ I wailed (cried A) into the phone. The tears came (began running down A+2) readily enough (S-2), now that I had an audience.

“Isn’t your mother home?” came the question.

“Nobody’s home but me,” I blubbered (said A).

“Are you bleeding?”

“No,” I replied. “I hit it with the hammer and it hurts.”

“Can you open your icebox?” she asked. I said I could.

“Then chip (break L) off a little piece of ice and hold it on your finger. That will stop the hurt. Be careful when you use the ice pick,” she admonished (warned L). “And don’t cry. You’ll be all right.”

After that, I called Information Please for everything. I asked for help with my geography and she told me where Philadelphia was, and the Orinoco – the romantic (S-1) river I was going to explore when I grew up. She helped me with my arithmetic, and she told me that a pet chipmunk – I had caught him in the park just the day before – would eat fruit and nuts.

And there was the time that Petey, (S-1) our pet canary, (S-1) died. I called Information Please and told her the sad story. She listened, then said the usual things grown-ups say to soothe the (a A) child. But I was unconsolated (did not feel better A+2): Why was it that (S-3) (should G move from back) birds (should move to front) sing so beautifully and bring joy to whole families, only to end as a heap of feathers feet up, on the bottom of a cage?

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, “Paul, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in.”

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Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was at the telephone. “Information,” said the now familiar voice.

“How do you spell fix?” I asked.

“Fix something? F-I-X.”

At that instant my sister, who took unholy joy (trying A-3) in scaring (to scare G) me, jumped off the stairs at me (. G+1) with a banshee shriek – “Yaaaaaaaaaaaa!” (S-5) I fell off the stool (footstool A), pulling the receiver out of the box by its roots (S-3). We were both terrified – Information Please was no longer there, and I was not at all sure that I hadn’t hurt her when I pulled the receiver out.

Minutes later there was a man on the porch (at the door A). “I’m a telephone repairman. I was working down the street and the operator said there might be some trouble at this number.” He reached for the receiver in my hand. “What happened?”

I told him.

“Well, we can fix that in a minute or two.” He opened the telephone box, exposing a maze of wires and coils, and fiddled for a while with the end of the receiver cord, tightening things with a small screwdriver. He (S-26) jiggled the hook up and down (did some repair work A-2) a few times (S-3), (and E+1) then spoke into the phone. “Hi, this is Pete. Everything’s under control at 105. The kid’s sister scared him and he pulled the cord out of the box.”

He hung up, smiled, gave me a pat on the head and walked out (of G+1) the door.

All this took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. Then, when I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston – and I missed my mentor (Information Please A) acutely (very much A+1). Information Please (She G-1) belonged in that old wooden box back

home, and I somehow never thought of trying the tall, skinny new phone that sat on a small table in the hall.

Yet, as I grew into my teens, the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me; often in
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moments of doubt and perplexity (worry A) I would recall the serene sense of security I had when I knew that I could call Information Please and get the right answer. I appreciated now how very patient, understanding and kind she was to have wasted her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down (landed L-1) in Seattle. I had about half an hour between plane connections (before my plane left A+1), and I spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister (, G+1) who lived there now, happily mellowed by marriage (had a A-1 happy G marriage there now) and motherhood (S-2). Then, really without thinking what I was doing, I dialed my hometown (home town A+1) operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard again the small, clear voice I knew so well: "Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you tell me, please, how to spell the word 'fix'?"

There was a long pause. Then came the softly spoken answer. "I guess," said Information Please, "that your finger must have healed (be all right A+1G time frame) by now."

I laughed. "So it's really still you. I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during all that time. . . ."

"I wonder," she replied, "if you know how much you meant to me? I never had any children, and I used to look forward to your calls. Silly, wasn't it?"

It didn't seem silly, but I didn't say so. Instead I told her how often I had thought of her over the years, and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister after the first semester was over.

"Please do. Just ask for Sally."

"Good-bye (Goodbye A), Sally." It sounded strange for Information Please to have a name. "If I run into any chipmunks, I'll tell them to eat fruit and nuts."

"Do that," she said. "And I expect one of these days you'll be off for (visit A-2) the Orinoco. Well, good-bye (goodbye A)."
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Just three months later I was back again at the Seattle airport. A different voice answered, "Information," and I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?"

"Yes," I said. "An old friend."

"Then I'm sorry to have to tell you. Sally had only been working part-time in the last few years because she was ill. She died five weeks ago." But before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a (G) minute. Did you say your name was Villiard (Willard A)?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down."

"What was it?" I asked, almost knowing in advance what it would be.

"Here it is, I'll read it – 'Tell him I still say there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean.'"

I thanked her and hung up. I did know what Sally meant.

VOO Lesson 4-2: Original (Remen, 1996)

JUST LISTEN

I suspect (think L) that the most basic and powerful way to connect to another person is to listen. Just listen. Perhaps the most important thing we ever give each other is our attention. And especially if it's given from the heart. When people are talking, there's no need to do anything but receive them. Just take them in. Listen to what they're saying. Care about it. Most times caring about it is even more important than understanding it. Most of us don't value ourselves or our love (S-3) enough to know this. It has taken me a long time to believe in the power of simply saying, "I'm so sorry," when someone is in pain. And (actually E+1) meaning it.