Name: _____

New York State Testing Program

2016 Common Core English Language Arts Test Book 1

Grade 8

April 5–7, 2016

Released Questions

"Excerpt from *The Peerless Four*": From THE PEERLESS FOUR by Victoria Patterson © 2013 by Victoria Patterson. Reprinted by permission of Counterpoint Press.

"An Uncomfortable Bed": From ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES: VOLUME 13 (OF 13) by Guy De Maupassant, translated by Albert M. C. McMaster, B.A., A. E. Henderson, B.A., MME. Quesada and Others, August 16, 2006. Produced by David Widger. Used with permission of Project Gutenberg.

"Fun 101 (aka How to Escape Boredom)": From "Fun 101 (aka How To Escape Boredom)" by Aaron Millar, ODYSSEY Magazine—May/June 2013, Vol. 22, Issue 5, issue: Future of Fun, © 2013 Cobblestone Publishing Company, published by Cobblestone Publishing, 30 Grove Street, Suite C, Peterborough, NH 03458. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission of the publisher. www.cobblestonepub.com

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Book 1

TIPS FOR TAKING THE TEST

Here are some suggestions to help you do your best:

- Be sure to read all the directions carefully.
- Most questions will make sense only when you **read the whole passage**. You may read the passage more than once to answer a question. When a question includes a quotation from a passage, be sure to keep in mind what you learned from reading the whole passage. You may need to review **both** the quotation and the passage in order to answer the question correctly.
- Read each question carefully and think about the answer before choosing your response.
- Plan your time.

Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 1 through 7.

Excerpt from *The Peerless Four*

by Victoria Patterson

Basketball brought me to life, and once I was awake and alive, there was no turning back. I'm not good at school, never have been. There's a clarity and straightforwardness to basketball, to sports, that I understand. There are rules. You follow the rules and try to win. Life isn't like that. Too bad, because in life you have to work to make anything make sense. Life is deceptive. In basketball, I'm asked to be smart: to get the ball, pass the ball, fake a pass, dribble, and to shoot the ball through the hoop. When I run, I'm asked to run as fast as I can, beat the others. Cross the finish line first. I have a job to do, and I either get it done or don't. There's nothing vague about it. It's very clear. Life is tough and disappointing and I can't control anything, so to me the best answer is sports. There's no right or wrong answer like with arithmetic. I'm not asked to come up with something like you have to in English. I don't have to decipher a story or a poem. I'm connected to others, and we're connected through time, when it was clear and straightforward then, like it is now. There's no trick answer, nothing that you have to interpret or guess. I don't understand Shakespeare or algebra or why a poem makes people cry, but give me the ball, and I'll dribble and pass, and I'll take the elbow to the face, the lumps and the bruises, gladly, to know that I'm doing something truly fine, something that's as good as Shakespeare, if you ask me, as good as any poem, even better, if you ask me. It's action. It has the kind of power and force of the known, and I gave myself over as soon as I discovered basketball. I knew that I'd found an answer to my life. I was alive.

At first, my dad wouldn't let me play basketball. I was ten and we would go to my brother's games at the high school. I'm the only girl of five children, and being from a family of boys, I did everything that they did, which confused my dad, since it wasn't ladylike. That's how I got into running, because of my three older brothers. I ran to keep away from them.

"I want to do that," I told my dad at the basketball game, and he shook his head and said, "That's not for girls." It's very simple, really. Boys play sports and girls watch the boys play sports. My dad believes that girls should stay home and work and bring the money home until they get married. Girls shouldn't go to college—fine by me! Only the boys should. But I wanted to be on the basketball court, and I didn't care what my dad said.

I'd watch my brother with his squeaking shoes crossing the court, dribbling and passing, making his shots, and he gave meaning to my life, gave me a purpose. I cheered for him with such yearning and enthusiasm that my dad would put his hands on my

GO ON

shoulders, beg me to sit back down. But he couldn't keep me sitting. It was bigger than him, bigger than me. I became so involved in the games, in my desire to break free from life's confusions, to have a purpose within me. It was like I became my brother, and I was in the competitive world of men, and I was important.

Before the games, I couldn't eat because of nerves. I'd pace the house, going over game plans in my head. "Sit down!" my dad would say. "You're making everyone nervous." During the games, I'd pace the stands, clenching my fists, waving my fists, shouting. I couldn't stay still. Cheering is what you call it, but it was more than that. I strutted up and down the aisles, dribbling my imaginary ball with my brother. I faked defenders, turned and made my shots. I took low, sweeping passes. I trotted and swerved and blocked players, careful not to foul. All this I did with a very loud commentary, letting my dad and the spectators and the refs know that I knew everything, that I was in the game, and that I was part of this world whether my dad let me play for real or not. Truly, I believed that my brother depended on me, that in some magical way, I was him, and that his success and his team's depended on my vigilance. When he made a shot, when he passed the ball with beauty, and the crowd clapped and roared, I believed that they were roaring for me, as much as for him. It felt like an assurance that life could be understandable.

I couldn't stop moving and talking and my dad became concerned. People stared, moved away from us. A few stayed, fascinated by my antics.

"You're like a crazy person," my dad said.

Then my dad decided that I couldn't come to the basketball games anymore. My cheering was too much. The games were my delight, my reason for living, and I locked myself in a closet and cried for two days. I refused to eat. My family couldn't get me to come out. Even my brother, whom I love with all my heart, because he believes in me and plays sports with me, and he taught me what he knows about basketball—he couldn't get me to come out. My mom made blueberry pie, my favorite, put it right outside the closet so that I smelled it. But I didn't care.

"Let her play," I heard my mom tell my dad. "Girls play basketball all the time now," said my brother, and my dad said, "Not my daughter." But he gave in, because I wouldn't come out of the closet or eat, and I'm his daughter, and he loves me.

1 According to the narrator, what makes playing basketball appealing?

A She likes the feeling of knowing exactly what to do when she plays basketball.

B She feels the skills needed for playing basketball are simple to master.

C She thinks that when she plays basketball she is likely to succeed.

D She gets to be like her brothers when she plays basketball.

2 According to the narrator, why is basketball "as good as Shakespeare" (lines 16 and 17)?

A It connects her to important people.

B It helps her to understand her life.

C It has the power to strongly affect her.

D It helps her deal with disappointments in life.

3 Based on lines 20 through 29, what can readers conclude about the narrator's father?

A He thinks boys and girls should pursue different activities.

B He believes that siblings should support one another.

C He values sports more than he values education.

D He wishes that all of his children were boys.

4 What does the narrator discover in lines 30 through 36 that affects the plot of the story?

A Watching basketball gives her the same feeling as studying.

B She wants other people to pay more attention to her.

C She is jealous of the opportunity her brother has.

D Her passion for basketball is overwhelming.

5 How does the incident described in lines 53 through 59 affect the story?

A It shows how the narrator and her family attempt to compromise.

B It escalates the conflict so that the father is forced to make a choice.

C It reveals the influence the mother and brother have on the father's behavior.

D It demonstrates the father's beliefs and his realization that his beliefs are wrong.

6 How does the structure of the story contribute to its meaning?

A The narrator describes how she differs from her brothers, which leads to a conflict with her father.

B The narrator expresses her point of view, which provides background for the conflict with her father.

C The narrator describes her frustration with life at home and school, which leads to problems with her father.

D The narrator begins with a reflection on rules, which leads to an improvement in her relationship with her father.

7 How does the basketball game setting relate to a theme of the story?

A by showing where the narrator feels the most alive

B by showing how the narrator utilizes her knowledge

C by showing how the narrator differs from other girls

D by showing why the narrator supports her brother

Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 22 through 28.

An Uncomfortable Bed

by Guy de Maupassant

One autumn I went to spend the hunting season with some friends in a chateau[1] in Picardy.

My friends were fond of practical jokes. I do not care to know people who are not.

When I arrived, they gave me a princely reception, which at once awakened suspicion in my mind. They fired off rifles, embraced me, made much of me, as if they expected to have great fun at my expense.

I said to myself:

"Look out, old ferret! They have something in store for you."

During the dinner the mirth was excessive, exaggerated, in fact. I thought: "Here are people who have more than their share of amusement, and apparently without reason. They must have planned some good joke. Assuredly I am to be the victim of the joke. Attention!"

During the entire evening everyone laughed in an exaggerated fashion. I scented a practical joke in the air, as a dog scents game. But what was it? I was watchful, restless. I did not let a word, or a meaning, or a gesture escape me. Everyone seemed to me an object of suspicion, and I even looked distrustfully at the faces of the servants.

The hour struck for retiring; and the whole household came to escort me to my room. Why?

They called to me: "Good-night." I entered the apartment, shut the door, and remained standing, without moving a single step, holding the wax candle in my hand.

I heard laughter and whispering in the corridor. Without doubt they were spying on me. I cast a glance round the walls, the furniture, the ceiling, the hangings, the floor. I saw nothing to justify suspicion. I heard persons moving about outside my door. I had no doubt they were looking through the keyhole.

An idea came into my head: "My candle may suddenly go out and leave me in darkness."

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[1]**chateau:** a large house in France

Then I went across to the mantelpiece and lighted all the wax candles that were on it. After that I cast another glance around me without discovering anything. I advanced with short steps, carefully examining the apartment. Nothing. I inspected every article, one after the other. Still nothing. I went over to the window. The shutters, large wooden shutters, were open. I shut them with great care, and then drew the curtains, enormous velvet curtains, and placed a chair in front of them, so as to have nothing to fear from outside.

Then I cautiously sat down. The armchair was solid. I did not venture to get into the bed. However, the night was advancing; and I ended by coming to the conclusion that I was foolish. If they were spying on me, as I supposed, they must, while waiting for the success of the joke they had been preparing for me, have been laughing immoderately at my terror. So I made up my mind to go to bed. But the bed was particularly suspicious-looking. I pulled at the curtains. They seemed to be secure.

All the same, there was danger. I was going perhaps to receive a cold shower both from overhead, or perhaps, the moment I stretched myself out, to find myself sinking to the floor with my mattress. I searched in my memory for all the practical jokes of which I ever had experience. And I did not want to be caught. Ah! certainly not! certainly not! Then I suddenly bethought myself of a precaution which I considered insured safety. I caught hold of the side of the mattress gingerly, and very slowly drew it toward me. It came away, followed by the sheet and the rest of the bedclothes. I dragged all these objects into the very middle of the room, facing the entrance door. I made my bed over again as best I could at some distance from the suspected bedstead and the corner which had filled me with such anxiety. Then I extinguished all the candles, and, groping my way, I slipped under the bed clothes.

For at least another hour I remained awake, starting at the slightest sound. Everything seemed quiet in the chateau. I fell asleep.

I must have been in a deep sleep for a long time, but all of a sudden I was awakened with a start by the fall of a heavy body tumbling right on top of my own, and, at the same time, I received on my face, on my neck, and on my chest a burning liquid which made me utter a howl of pain. And a dreadful noise, as if a sideboard laden with plates and dishes had fallen down, almost deafened me.

I was smothering beneath the weight that was crushing me and preventing me from moving. I stretched out my hand to find out what was the nature of this object. I felt a face, a nose, and whiskers. Then, with all my strength, I launched out a blow at this face. But I immediately received a hail of cuffings which made me jump straight out of the soaked sheets, and rush in my nightshirt into the corridor, the door of which I found open.

Oh, heavens! it was broad daylight. The noise brought my friends hurrying into my apartment, and we found, sprawling over my improvised bed, the dismayed valet[2], who, while bringing me my morning cup of tea, had tripped over this obstacle in the middle of the floor and fallen on his stomach, spilling my breakfast over my face in spite of himself.

The precautions I had taken in closing the shutters and going to sleep in the middle of the room had only brought about the practical joke I had been trying to avoid.

Oh, how they all laughed that day!

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[2]**valet:** a manservant

22 Read these sentences from line 3.

My friends were fond of practical jokes. I do not care to know people who are not.

These statements impact the story by explaining

A why the narrator laughs so hard at dinner

B the narrator's presence at the dinner

C the narrator's reason for suspicion

D why the guests embraced him

23 What does the phrase "as a dog scents game" in line 14 of the story suggest about the narrator's actions?

A He is enjoying the laughter of the other guests.

B He feels on the verge of finding the prankster.

C He feels left out of the dinner conversation.

D He is alert to some hidden plan.

24 Read lines 14 and 15 of the story.

I did not let a word, or a meaning, or a gesture escape me.

This sentence suggests that the narrator

A feels anxious about his current situation

B is highly critical of his friends' interactions

C feels defenseless against the coming events

D is too distracted to join his friends' conversation

25 How do lines 25 through 33 build suspense?

A They suggest that someone is looking in the window.

B They extend the narrator's search for deceit.

C They indicate unusual details about the room.

D They reveal the narrator's fear of the dark.

26 Which words reveal the irony of the narrator's situation?

A "I thought: 'Here are people who have more than their share of amusement, and apparently without reason. They must have planned some good joke.'" (lines 9 through 11)

B "The hour struck for retiring; and the whole household came to escort me to my room." (line 17)

C "However, the night was advancing; and I ended by coming to the conclusion that I was foolish." (lines 35 and 36)

D "The precautions I had taken in closing the shutters and going to sleep in the middle of the room had only brought about the practical joke I had been trying to avoid." (lines 68 and 69)

27 What effect does the point of view of the story have on the reader?

A The point of view increases suspense by limiting the reader to the narrator's understanding of events.

B The point of view creates humor by showing how the narrator's friends misunderstand him.

C The point of view raises the reader's sympathy for the questions the narrator faces.

D The point of view adds to the reader's mistrust of what the narrator reports.

28 Which detail **best** expresses a theme of the story?

A "One autumn I went to spend the hunting season with some friends . . ." (line 1)

B "Assuredly I am to be the victim . . ." (line 11)

C "I heard persons moving about outside my door." (line 23)

D "For at least another hour I remained awake, starting at the slightest sound." (line 51)

Directions
Read this article. Then answer questions 29 through 35.

Fun 101
(aka How to Escape Boredom)

by Aaron Millar

Confession Time: I once had a class that was so boring I fell asleep—head flat on desk—completely out! I'm not proud of it and I'm sure it didn't help my grade, but it's not too uncommon. After all, there's nothing more thumb-twiddle tedious than being stuck in a boring class. Every second takes an eternity to tick by. You begin to wish you had your cell phone and could at least send off a few texts.

Boredom is the enemy of fun. If fun is pulling a 360 air on your mountain bike,[1] boredom is a flat tire. If fun is the big drop of a roller coaster, boredom is waiting in line. If we want to figure out the future of fun, we have to first figure out how to end boredom. Imagine that: a world where each second is interesting and nothing is dull. That sounds like science fiction, but new psychological research hints that being bored—even in class—may one day be a thing of the past.

Boredom in Society

The next time your parents complain when you say you're bored, you might remind them that you're not alone. A recent survey of American kids revealed that 91 percent experience boredom. In fact, adolescence is considered a peak period for the malady. One study showed that while roughly one in three teenagers were bored at school, less than one in 20 adults were bored at work. That's more serious than it sounds for teens. Chronic boredom is associated with a range of mental and social problems, including drug and alcohol abuse . . . definitely not fun!

Unfortunately, the problem seems to be getting worse. Peter Stromberg, professor of anthropology at the University of Tulsa and author of *Caught in Play: How Entertainment Works on You*, believes that the way we have fun in modern society sets us up to become bored. "If you're driving fast on the highway and you suddenly have to slow down to 30 miles per hour, it feels like you're going about two. That's because our brains adapt really quickly to certain levels of stimulation—in this case, speed. But entertainment systems do the same thing: We get used to the media providing levels of highly emotional stimulation, and when we're not getting them we feel bored." As our society develops increasingly sophisticated ways of keeping us entertained, we may discover that rather

[1] **pulling a 360 air on your mountain bike:** a mountain biking trick where the rider rotates the mountain bike in a complete circle while airborne

than eliminating boredom, we're amplifying it. Luckily, new research is hinting at a way that we can combat the trend.

So What Is Boredom?

There's no doubting it when you feel it, but defining what boredom is and how it's caused has proven tricky for scientists to pin down. A longing for something but not knowing what it is or how to get it; feeling like there's no point in doing anything; a sense of frustration, laziness, and maybe even depression are all aspects of being bored. They don't, however, describe what's going on in our brains to cause the feelings. Professor John D. Eastwood of the University of York in Ontario decided to do something about that. Pooling all existing research on the subject, he and his team developed a new theory of boredom, which links it to the brain's attention system—literally the part of the brain that we use to focus.

Here's how it works: Imagine your brain is a spaceship. You have a high-tech control panel and each touch command controls a specific system on the ship. The attention system is very important because it's like the starship *Enterprise*'s "tractor beam"—the ray of energy that extends outward from the ship pulling objects toward it like a magnet. Just like that tractor beam, anything the attention system in your brain locks onto will be automatically sucked up into your conscious awareness—it might be a bird outside the window, the smell of lunch drifting down from the cafeteria, or even someone sleeping in the back of the class (Not me!).

The problem is that your attention system doesn't like being told what to do. It wants to focus on stuff that you find fun and interesting. For the parts of school that you enjoy, this isn't a problem: Your tractor beam naturally and effortlessly will suck up all the information you need. But for those classes that don't interest you, or present too much (or too little) challenge, the story is very different. In those situations, you're going to have to spend a lot of effort constantly redirecting that tractor beam to focus on things it would rather ignore. And the effort is going to wear you out. Eastwood describes it as "wanting, but being unable, to engage in a satisfying activity." It's like a block in the system. And it's the awareness of that block (your mind won't stop wandering; you can't concentrate) coupled with a sense that the environment is to blame (math is pointless; this teacher is so boring) that leads to feelings of boredom.

The End of Boredom

When we're bored we blame the world around us, but Eastwood's theory challenges this assumption: Boredom doesn't exist out there; it exists in here—inside your brain. What that means is—hard as it may be to hear—boring lessons aren't *only* the fault of your teacher or the subject, they're *your* fault too. Each of us has the ability to make *every* situation interesting; all we need to do is change the way we look at it, and our attention system—our tractor beam—will do the rest.

Stromberg says, "We live in a society where there is a constant ratcheting-up of the
65 level of entertainment, and boredom is a consequence of that." In this view the harder we try to constantly entertain ourselves, the more bored we're likely to become. But Eastwood's theory gives us a way out. The future of fun is not only to be found in the latest games, gadgets, and gizmos; it's found inside of us too. I just wish I knew that before I fell asleep in class . . .

29 Which words from the article provide the **best** clue to the meaning of the word "tedious" in line 3?

A "Confession Time" (line 1)

B "head flat on desk" (lines 1 and 2)

C "takes an eternity to tick by" (line 4)

D "You begin to wish you had your cell phone" (lines 4 and 5)

30 Read this sentence from line 6 of the article.

Boredom is the enemy of fun.

Which quotation **best** helps the reader understand this sentence?

A "If fun is the big drop of a roller coaster, boredom is waiting in line." (line 7)

B "If we want to figure out the future of fun, we have to first figure out how to end boredom." (line 8)

C "Imagine that: a world where each second is interesting and nothing is dull." (line 9)

D "That sounds like science fiction, but new psychological research hints that being bored—even in class—may one day be a thing of the past." (lines 9 through 11)

31 Lines 19 through 26 connect modern entertainment to boredom by suggesting that it causes us to

A want more challenging games to play

B misunderstand the role of fun in our lives

C develop expectations for high levels of excitement

D avoid adapting to new technological innovations

32 How does Professor Eastwood's work differ from previous research?

A by attempting to create a new definition for boredom

B by failing to look into a connection to brain activity

C by focusing on the human attention system

D by using data from earlier studies on boredom

33 Read lines 9 through 11 of the article.

> **That sounds like science fiction, but new psychological research hints that being bored—even in class—may one day be a thing of the past.**

Which quotation provides the **best** evidence to support this claim?

A ". . . less than one in 20 adults were bored at work." (lines 15 and 16)

B ". . . our brains adapt really quickly to certain levels of stimulation . . ." (lines 23 and 24)

C ". . . anything the attention system in your brain locks onto will be automatically sucked up into your conscious awareness . . ." (lines 43 and 44)

D "Each of us has the ability to make *every* situation interesting; all we need to do is change the way we look at it . . ." (lines 61 and 62)

34 The final sentence in lines 68 and 69 **best** contributes to the article by

A suggesting that the author often fell asleep in classes

B connecting the information to the incident described at the beginning

C encouraging students to stay awake and avoid boredom in class

D emphasizing that teenagers are often more bored than other groups

35 Which sentence states a central idea that is supported throughout the article?

A Modern entertainment decreases boredom.

B Boredom is present in teenagers more than in adults.

C Everyone experiences boredom occasionally.

D People have the ability to control their boredom.

STOP

Grade 8
2016 Common Core
English Language Arts Test
Book 1
April 5–7, 2016

Name: _____

New York State Testing Program

2016 Common Core English Language Arts Test Book 2

Grade 8

April 5–7, 2016

Released Questions

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Book 2

TIPS FOR TAKING THE TEST

Here are some suggestions to help you do your best:

- Be sure to read all the directions carefully.
- Most questions will make sense only when you **read the whole passage**. You may read the passage more than once to answer a question. When a question includes a quotation from a passage, be sure to keep in mind what you learned from reading the whole passage. You may need to review **both** the quotation and the passage in order to answer the question correctly.
- Read each question carefully and think about the answer before choosing your answer or writing your response.
- For written-response questions, be sure to

  —clearly organize your writing and express what you have learned;

  —accurately and completely answer the questions being asked;

  —support your responses with examples or details from the text; and

  —write in complete sentences using correct spelling, grammar, capitalization, and punctuation.

- For the last question in this test book, you may plan your writing on the Planning Page provided but do NOT write your final answer on this Planning Page. Writing on this Planning Page will not count toward your final score. Write your final answer on the lined response pages provided.
- Plan your time.

Directions

Read this article. Then answer questions 36 through 42.

The Silver Dream Machine

by Jan Greenberg and Sandra Jordan

The story of Bilbao reads like a fairy tale. The proud port city in the Basque region of northern Spain had survived fires, floods, and civil war in its seven hundred years. But by 1990 the once-handsome city had fallen on hard times. Shipyards sat idle; steel mills, silent.

Faced with widespread unemployment and irate citizens, the city fathers and government officials put their heads together and came up with a bold scheme. Their master plan included a first-class museum, so original that it would attract worldwide attention and rescue their town from its slow decline. But they couldn't do it alone.

They called on Thomas Krens, the powerful head of the Guggenheim Museum, headquartered in New York City. A new Guggenheim in Spain appealed to Krens. To continue the museum's tradition of great architecture, he announced a competition.

Three architects from Austria, Japan, and the United States were invited to submit proposals. In 1991 Frank Gehry and his wife, Berta, who speaks fluent Spanish, went to Bilbao. Enthusiastic about the city but not the site, Gehry and Krens offered a suggestion. Instead of redoing a warehouse in the town's old historic district, what about a new site across town on a bend in the Nervión River? The tall bridge spanning the river would cross through the museum and become an integral part of the composition.

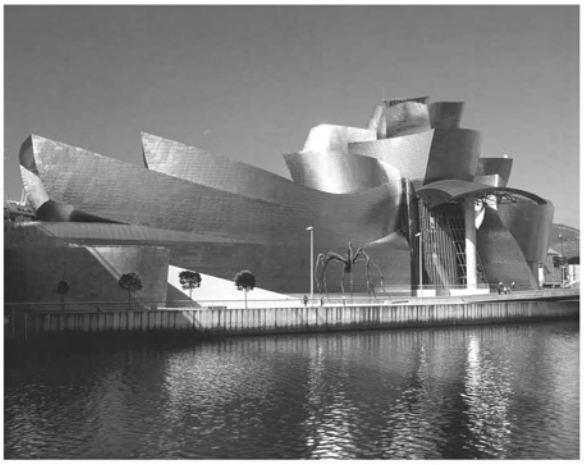
True to form, Gehry submitted a radical design, a model he constructed of sheets of paper rolled and taped by hand, like a sculptor molding clay. Everyone knew his plan went beyond all expectations. The big question was, Could it be built?

The secret weapon was a three-dimensional imaging computer program developed by the French aerospace industry to design fighter planes, CATIA. Gehry already had used CATIA for parts of several other buildings, including Fred and Ginger in Prague. But for Bilbao he took full advantage of the computer's modeling possibilities.

He says, "Many artists over time have thought about movement, talked about flow. The only thing that holds back or restricts shape is technology and money—because it costs! In our culture technology has evolved so that it's cheaper to build a rectangular building. But if you figure out a way to make technology work for you, you can explore curved shapes and make them possible at competitive costs. You can do this because of the computer."

Gehry doesn't use the computer himself. "I can't stand to look at it for more than four minutes." He designs in drawings and then on physical models of wood, paper, and cloth. So what does CATIA do? The program can turn any wild shape or volume into working drawings. It also talks to other computers—for example, at steel mills and stone quarries—and gives them exact dimensions. With the help of CATIA, Gehry's office made 565 working drawings and hundreds of models in only two years. Without CATIA it would have taken decades.

Gehry chose titanium, a strong, silvery metal used for missiles, to be the skin of the structure. Even with a budget of one hundred million dollars, the cost was too high. Then someone must have waved a magic wand. The Russians dumped tons of titanium on the market, and the surplus briefly caused the price to drop. It was affordable.



It took four years to build the museum, and when the titanium was installed on the roof, the workers on the top level could see panoramic views of the city and the building blossoming like silver petals beneath them.

For Frank Gehry, who had studied art before he became an architect, Bilbao was his own fantasy come true. "To be at the bend of a working river, connecting the urban fabric of a fairly dense city with a place for modern art, is my idea of heaven." From chain link to titanium: It might seem as if he had come a long way from his bungalow in Santa Monica. But what looks like a giant leap is actually an evolution. You find his fish motif appearing here and there throughout the museum. The metal cladding, seen in his own house and in many other Gehry buildings, reaches its peak in the titanium walls of Bilbao. Jutting skylights, glass partitions, towers, the cluster of connected spaces: They're all there but grander, more monumental. He's done it before, Frank admits. "You can't escape your own language."

What about the city of Bilbao? In 1997 its museum opened to rave reviews. AN INSTANT LANDMARK! SPAIN-ISH CONQUEST! BASQUE-ING IN GLORY! read the headlines.

The city hoped it would attract a half million visitors the first year. Instead more than a million came to marvel at the titanium-clad miracle. It announced the arrival of a new era in architecture, and people wanted to see it for themselves. The streets swarmed with tourists. Bright shops, restaurants, and hotels opened to serve them. The city fathers had asked Frank Gehry for a building that would become a destination, a wonder of the world

like the Eiffel Tower or the Pyramids. As it happens in all fairy tales, their wish—with plenty of help from talent and hard work—came true.

What follows the tremendous success of the Guggenheim in Bilbao? Where does Frank Gehry go from here? Is the pressure on to do something bigger and better? He has won more than one hundred prestigious awards for his architecture, and his desk is piled high with requests from people who want another Bilbao. "The good thing is that my part in Bilbao was over five years ago. So before everyone got excited about it, I'd merrily gone on my way doing what I always did. I'm way beyond Bilbao."

Asked how he reacts to being a celebrity, Gehry says, "The famous thing gets in the way of creativity, especially if a lot of people come in and tell you how great you are and you're scared of this thing you're working on." However, he admits feeling pleased when people on the streets of Bilbao come up and give him a hug.

At seventy Gehry finds his creativity is speeding up. His shapes are becoming looser, flowing even more freely, as if the swelling forms fly, float, and dance from the sheer exuberance of his imagination. "I'm trying to get more liquid, to put feeling and passion and emotion into my buildings through motion."

36 How was CATIA essential to the success of Gehry's plan for the museum?

A It helped him find less expensive materials.

B It allowed him to work earlier ideas into his design.

C It suggested unique materials to use for construction.

D It allowed him to add less-common shapes into his design.

37 What do lines 25 through 30 contribute to the development of ideas in the article?

A They explain a way of thinking that allowed an obstacle to be overcome.

B They show how preferences in the shapes of buildings have changed.

C They describe a step in the building process.

D They illustrate how different artists work.

38 The phrase "waved a magic wand" (line 40) suggests that the

A museum fulfilled the city's wishes

B project's success amazed many people

C project succeeded in part because of luck

D museum resembled a creation from a fairy tale

39 According to the article, what quality is the author referring to by comparing the Bilbao museum to the Eiffel Tower and the Pyramids (lines 67 through 69)?

A the impact of its height

B the ability to generate revenue

C the effort needed to construct it

D the widespread amazement felt about it

40 Which phrase has the strongest connection to the photo?

A ". . . someone must have waved a magic wand." (line 40)

B ". . . blossoming like silver petals . . ." (line 48)

C ". . . connecting the urban fabric of a fairly dense city . . ." (lines 52 and 53)

D "I'm trying to get more liquid . . ." (line 83)

41 Which sentence **best** supports the central idea of the article?

A "Three architects from Austria, Japan, and the United States were invited to submit proposals." (lines 12 and 13)

B "Gehry already had used CATIA for parts of several other buildings, including Fred and Ginger in Prague." (lines 22 and 23)

C "Instead more than a million came to marvel at the titanium-clad miracle." (lines 64 and 65)

D "However, he admits feeling pleased when people on the streets of Bilbao come up and give him a hug." (lines 79 and 80)

42 Which information would be **most** important to include in a summary of the article?

A "Shipyards sat idle; steel mills, silent." (lines 3 and 4)

B "Their master plan included a first-class museum, so original that it would attract worldwide attention and rescue their town from its slow decline." (lines 6 through 8)

C "You find his fish motif appearing here and there throughout the museum." (lines 55 and 56)

D "At seventy Gehry finds his creativity is speeding up." (line 81)

Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 43 and 44.

Excerpt from *Stranger from the Tonto*

by Zane Grey

One morning from a black slope of a desolate bluff the old prospector located, away to the southward, three red crags. He had grown tremendously excited and nothing could have held him back. These colourful hills seemed far away to the younger man, who ventured a suggestion that it might be wise, considering the time of year, to make for the cool altitudes instead of taking a risk of being caught in that stark and terrific contact with the hot rock.

They went on down into the labyrinth[1] of black craters and red canyons, and across fields of cactus, ablaze with their varied and vivid blossoms. The *palo verde* shone gold in the sun, the *ocotillo* scarlet, and the dead *palo christi*[2] like soft clouds of blue smoke in the glaring sand washes. The luxuriance of the desert growths deceived the eye, but at every end of a maze of verdure[3] there loomed the appalling desolation and decay of the rock fastnesses of the earth.

From time to time the gold seekers caught a glimpse of the three crags that began to partake of the deceitfulness of desert distance. They grew no closer, apparently, but higher, larger, changing as if by magic into mountains. These glimpses spurred Bill Elway on, and Kent Wingfield, knowing they were lost, grew indifferent to the peril and gave himself fully to the adventure.

They had been marvellously fortunate about locating waterholes. Elway had keenness of sight and the judgment of experience. Added to this was the fact that one of his burros,[4] Jenester, could scent water at incredible distances. But one night they had to make dry camp. The next day was hot. It took all of it to find water. And that day the crags disappeared as utterly as if the desert had opened to swallow them.

Cool, sweet desert dawn, with a menacing red in the east, found the adventurers doubly lost, for now they did not even have a landmark to strive for. All points of the compass appeared about the same—barren mountains, dark cones, stark and naked shining ridges, pale blue ranges in the distance.

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[1] **labyrinth**: a maze

[2] ***palo verde, ocotillo,* and *palo christi***: types of desert trees and shrubs

[3] **verdure**: greenery

[4] **burros**: donkeys

But Elway pushed on south, more bowed every day, and lame. The burros became troublesome to drive. Jenester wanted to turn back, and the others were dominated by her instinct. Elway, however, was ruthless. Kent watched him, no longer with blind faith, but with the perturbation[5] of one who saw a man guided by some sixth sense, into which intelligence did not enter.

Nevertheless soon he changed their order of travel, in that they slept in the daytime and went on at night. The early dawn, soft and grey and exquisite, the glorious burst of sunrise, seemed to hold the younger man enthralled, as did the gorgeous sunsets, and the marvellous creeping twilight. As for the other hours, he slept in the shade of an ironwood tree, bathed in sweat and tortured by nightmares, or he stalked silently after the implacable prospector.

They talked but little. Once Elway asked how many days were left in June and Kent replied that he guessed about half.

"August is the hot month. We can still get out," said the prospector, rolling a pebble in his mouth. And by that he probably meant they could find gold and still escape from the fiery furnace of the desert. But he had ceased to pan sand in the washes or pick at the rocks.

The days multiplied. Spent in the shade they were not unendurable or utterly strength-prostrating. But the noon hours, during which the men invariably awoke, had a solemn menacing austerity.[6] The nights were pleasant, so far as atmosphere was concerned. Try as Elway might, he could not drive the burros in a straight line. Jenester edged away to the east, which fact was not manifest until daylight.

Another dry camp, with the last of the water in their canteens used up, brought the wanderers to extremity. Elway had pitted his judgment against the instinct of Jenester, and catastrophe faced them.

Darkness brought relief from the sun, if not from overwhelming dread. The moon came up from behind black hills and the desert became a silvered chaos, silent as death, unreal and enchanting in its beauty.

This night Elway gave Jenester her head and with ears up she led to the east. The others followed eagerly. They went so fast that the men had to exert themselves to keep up. At midnight Kent was lending a hand to the older man. The sand dragged at their leaden feet. But they could not head the burros, which they were now following by the tinkling of Jenester's bell. The moon sank behind the dark horizon. White, blinking, pitiless stars shone piercingly. They paled into grey and when dawn broke the young man was half-supporting the old prospector.

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[5] **perturbation**: uneasiness

[6] **austerity**: harshness

All around, the desert looked precisely as it had for days. The eastern ranges were crowned with fire; those in the west gloomy in purple haze. The burros had travelled uphill. They had passed on out of hearing and had to be trailed. The older man appeared to be fast weakening. But sight of a jack rabbit and the sound of a mockingbird in melodious song saved him from collapse. Where these living creatures were it could not be far to water.

Elway sank less weightily upon Kent's strong arm. They climbed, trailing the tracks through the aisles between the cactus thickets, round the corners of cliffs, up a slow-rising ridge above the top of which three round peaks peeped, and rose, and loomed. Elway pointed with a shaking hand and cried out unintelligibly. His spirit was greater than his strength; it was Kent's sturdy arm that gained the summit for him.

"Look—old timer!" panted Kent hoarsely.

Three symmetrical mesas, singular in their sameness of size and contour, and magnifying all the mystery and glory of reflected sunrise, dominated a wild and majestic reach of desert.

But the exceeding surprise of this sudden and totally unexpected discovery of the three peaks that had lured and betrayed the prospectors instantly gave way to an infinitely more beautiful sensation—the murmur of running water. A little below them ran a swift shallow stream, transparent as glass, yet taking on a tinge of the morning rose. The burros were drinking.

43 In "Excerpt from *Stranger from the Tonto*," how do lines 23 through 26 contribute to the plot? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

44 How does Jenester influence the decisions of the men in the story? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

Directions

Read this story. Then answer question 45.

Saeng and her family emigrated to the United States from Laos four years ago. In this excerpt, Saeng has just failed her driving test. On the walk home, she enters a florist's shop.

Excerpt from *The Winter Hibiscus*

by Minfong Ho

Slowly, Saeng walked down the narrow aisle toward the hibiscus. Orchids, lanna bushes, oleanders, elephant ear begonias, and bougainvillea vines surrounded her. Plants that she had not even realized she had known but had forgotten drew her back into her childhood world.

When she got to the hibiscus, she reached out and touched a petal gently. It felt smooth and cool, with a hint of velvet toward the center—just as she had known it would feel.

And beside it was yet another old friend, a small shrub with waxy leaves and dainty flowers with purplish petals and white centers. "Madagascar periwinkle," its tag announced. *How strange to see it in a pot,* Saeng thought. Back home it just grew wild, jutting out from the cracks in brick walls or between tiled roofs. There had been a patch of it by the little spirit house where she used to help her mother light the incense and candles to the spirit who guarded their home and their family. Sometimes she would casually pick a flower or two to leave on the offerings of fruit and rice left at the altar.

And that rich, sweet scent—that was familiar, too. Saeng scanned the greenery around her and found a tall, gangly plant with exquisite little white blossoms on it. "*Dok Malik*," she said, savoring the feel of the word on her tongue, even as she silently noted the English name on its tag, "jasmine."

One of the blossoms had fallen off, and carefully Saeng picked it up and smelled it. She closed her eyes and breathed in, deeply. The familiar fragrance filled her lungs, and Saeng could almost feel the light strands of her grandmother's long gray hair, freshly washed, as she combed it out with the fine-toothed buffalo-horn comb. And when the sun had dried it, Saeng would help the gnarled old fingers knot the hair into a bun, then slip a *dok Malik* bud into it.

Saeng looked at the white bud in her hand now, small and fragile. Gently, she closed her palm around it and held it tight. That, at least, she could hold on to. But where was the fine-toothed comb? The hibiscus hedge? The well? Her gentle grandmother?

A wave of loss so deep and strong that it stung Saeng's eyes now swept over her. A blink, a channel switch, a boat ride in the night, and it was all gone. Irretrievably, irrevocably gone.

And in the warm moist shelter of the greenhouse, Saeng broke down and wept.

It was already dusk when Saeng reached home. The wind was blowing harder, tearing off the last remnants of green in the chicory weeds that were growing out of the cracks in the sidewalk. As if oblivious to the cold, her mother was still out in the vegetable garden, digging up the last of the onions with a rusty trowel. She did not see Saeng until the girl had quietly knelt down next to her.

Her smile of welcome warmed Saeng. *"Ghup ma laio le?* You're back?" she said cheerfully. "Goodness, it's past five. What took you so long? How did it go? Did you—?" Then she noticed the potted plant that Saeng was holding, its leaves quivering in the wind.

Mrs. Panouvong uttered a small cry of surprise and delight. *"Dok faeng-noi!"* she said. "Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," Saeng answered, dreading her mother's next question.

"How much?"

For answer Saeng handed her mother some coins.

"That's all?" Mrs. Panouvong said, appalled. "Oh, but I forgot! You and the Lambert boy ate Bee-Maags. . . ."

"No, we didn't, Mother," Saeng said.

"Then what else—?"

"Nothing else. I paid over nineteen dollars for it."

"You what?" Her mother stared at her incredulously. "But how could you? All the seeds for this vegetable garden didn't cost that much! You know how much we—" She paused, as she noticed the tearstains on her daughter's cheeks and her puffy eyes.

"What happened?" she asked, more gently.

"I—I failed the test," Saeng said.

For a long moment Mrs. Panouvong said nothing. Saeng did not dare to look her mother in the eye. Instead, she stared at the hibiscus plant and nervously tore off a leaf, shredding it to bits.

Her mother reached out and brushed the fragments of green off Saeng's hands. "It's a beautiful plant, this *dok faeng-noi*," she finally said. "I'm glad you got it."

"It's—it's not a real one," Saeng mumbled. "I mean, not like the kind we had at—at—" She found that she was still too shaky to say the words *at home*, lest she burst into tears again. "Not like the kind we had before," she said.

"I know," her mother said quietly. "I've seen this kind blooming along the lake. Its flowers aren't as pretty, but it's strong enough to make it through the cold months here, this winter hibiscus. That's what matters."

She tipped the pot and deftly eased the ball of soil out, balancing the rest of the plant in her other hand. "Look how root-bound it is, poor thing," she said. "Let's plant it, right now."

She went over to the corner of the vegetable patch and started to dig a hole in the ground. The soil was cold and hard, and she had trouble thrusting the shovel into it. Wisps of her gray hair trailed out in the breeze, and her slight frown deepened the wrinkles around her eyes. There was a frail, wiry beauty to her that touched Saeng deeply.

"Here, let me help, Mother," she offered, getting up and taking the shovel away from her.

Mrs. Panouvong made no resistance. "I'll bring in the hot peppers and bitter melons, then, and start dinner. How would you like an omelet with slices of the bitter melon?"

"I'd love it," Saeng said.

Left alone in the garden, Saeng dug out a hole and carefully lowered the "winter hibiscus" into it. She could hear the sounds of cooking from the kitchen now, the beating of the eggs against a bowl, the sizzle of hot oil in the pan. The pungent smell of bitter melon wafted out, and Saeng's mouth watered. It was a cultivated taste, she had discovered—none of her classmates or friends, not even Mrs. Lambert, liked it—this sharp, bitter melon that left a golden aftertaste on the tongue. But she had grown up eating it and, she admitted to herself, much preferred it to a Big Mac.

The "winter hibiscus" was in the ground now, and Saeng tamped down the soil around it. Overhead, a flock of Canada geese flew by, their faint honks clear and—yes—familiar to Saeng now. Almost reluctantly, she realized that many of the things that she had thought of as strange before had become, through the quiet repetition of season upon season, almost familiar to her now. Like the geese. She lifted her head and watched as their distinctive V was etched against the evening sky, slowly fading into the distance.

When they come back, Saeng vowed silently to herself, *in the spring, when the snows melt and the geese return and this hibiscus is budding, then I will take that test again.*

45 In the story, Saeng and her mother discuss hibiscus plants. What does the hibiscus plant represent to Saeng? What does it represent to Saeng's mother? What thoughts and feelings do Saeng and her mother have about the hibiscus plant in the story? Use details from the story to support your response.

In your response, be sure to
- explain what the hibiscus plant represents to Saeng
- explain what the hibiscus plant represents to Saeng's mother
- explain the thoughts and feelings Saeng and her mother have about the hibiscus plant in the story
- use details from the story to support your response

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Grade 8

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Released Questions

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Book 3

TIPS FOR TAKING THE TEST

Here are some suggestions to help you do your best:

- Be sure to read all the directions carefully.
- Most questions will make sense only when you **read the whole passage**. You may read the passage more than once to answer a question. When a question includes a quotation from a passage, be sure to keep in mind what you learned from reading the whole passage. You may need to review **both** the quotation and the passage in order to answer the question correctly.
- Read each question carefully and think about the answer before writing your response.
- In writing your responses, be sure to

  —clearly organize your writing and express what you have learned;

  —accurately and completely answer the questions being asked;

  —support your responses with examples or details from the text; and

  —write in complete sentences using correct spelling, grammar, capitalization, and punctuation.

- For the last question in this test book, you may plan your writing on the Planning Page provided but do NOT write your final answer on this Planning Page. Writing on this Planning Page will not count toward your final score. Write your final answer on the lined response pages provided.
- Plan your time.

Directions

Read this story. Then answer questions 46 and 47.

It is 1866 and Malachy, only 13 years old, has been hired to help build the Pacific Railroad. In this excerpt, he describes his first train ride as he heads to Cisco, California, where his work will begin.

Excerpt from *Tracks*

by Diane Lee Wilson

The man in Sacramento had said it was ninety-two miles out to the little mountain town of Cisco. Hard to believe we were going to travel that many miles in less than a day! Like most of the others in the car, I perched at the edge of my seat once we got going, because I had one cheek pressed flat to the window to see what was coming.

Brina, on the other hand, was fighting a losing battle to stay awake and had balanced her jaw on my knee. She blinked and yawned, her pink tongue curling around her muzzle like a wet leaf. Occasionally she looked up at me for reassurance, then blinked some more Finally giving in, she sank to the floor and curled up at my feet, her chin secure on my boot. I stroked her fur absently, entranced by the ever-changing spectacle framed within my window.

For a while the rushing scenery was an inviting expanse of grass-covered valley baked to an autumnal gold, and we rolled along smoothly. But bit by bit my insides shifted. An unseen force pushed me back into my seat as the locomotive began chugging with more determination. It seemed we were climbing away from the earth.

I felt like a genie on a flying carpet then, because as we picked up speed we traveled above the land and below it, skirting over gullies and tunneling through solid rock. The man-made wonders piled one upon the other, and between each town lay yet another: a chiseled passage so narrow you held your breath until the car squeezed through or a shallow gorge dammed with the soil of ten thousand wheelbarrows. But surpassing them all were the trestles—man alive, the trestles! Wildly impossible, they were. Time and again we trusted our lives to a scaffold of toothpicks and this metal monster rumbling across them. The trestle at Newcastle, in particular, sent some children screeching in wide-eyed terror. Some of the women even, catching sight of the ambitious aerial feat, shut their eyes and moved their lips in prayer. There were fools among us, of course, who looked down and marveled at the height, at the sheer audacity of it all. Me? I was curious, as usual, but when my hesitant peek shot down, down, and down, meeting nothing but air, I settled back against my seat and left the looking to others.

GO ON

The scenery continued to change its costumes. It proceeded from grassland to hill and valley, then to bolder hills, and soon enough I saw this was a hard land we were entering, a world of coarse-cut mountains and rock-strewn drop-offs. Vistas and gulches. A world of up and down, and these twin iron rails we clung to had been hammered onto the earth's backbone wherever they could fit without falling off into a gulley or rockslide or rushing river.

Twists and turns slowed our progress but at each new climb the engine strained to pull us up the heights, and I felt myself straining with it. Seemed that if I didn't, we might lose our momentum and go whooshing backward all the way to Sacramento. There were times when it felt like I was a child hanging at the tippy top of a swing, at that one moment when you're suspended face-first in the air and hovering without wings. My insides sort of hung in the air like that, expectant, and it was tiring work to make sure we didn't fall back. Before long, I was as exhausted as Brina, even though she wasn't working as hard as I was to keep the train going and, in fact, slept soundly.

We were well into the mountains now, and the spectacular, brilliantly painted scenery on both sides of the train kept everyone in high spirits. Chatter crowded the car. The smaller ones, ignoring the knees of strangers even, ran from window to window to ooh and aah at the splendors. Since I was no child, I only turned my head to look out the opposite windows as well as my own, and kept my oohs and aahs to myself.

I'd not been much of a student in the time that I'd gone to school, and I'd certainly never taken to poetry, but in gazing at the outsize beauty spread in every direction I got an inkling of what drove a man to speak in perfumed words.

Brina lifted her head off my boot at that moment to give me a solemn look, and I felt my cheeks grow hot. She couldn't know my thoughts, of course, but still I put a stopper on that bottle.

We braked to a halt at several towns on our climb, more passengers getting off than getting on. Shortly thereafter we'd lurch forward and return to chugging toward the skies. Bits of ash and the occasional orange ember swept past the windows.

After a while, the rumble and sway got to swishing stomachs, at least it did mine, and I gritted my teeth against the queasiness fingering my throat. Luckily the mountain air delivered a bracing tonic. Clean and cold, like an ice shaving on your tongue, it was laced with the astringent scent of pine trees. Welcome to the wilderness, the wind hailed, though a keen ear would have heeded the scornful laugh underlying its whistle.

46 What impact does the statement "I felt like a genie on a flying carpet" (line 15) have on the story? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

47 In "Excerpt from *Tracks*," how does the narrator's point of view create wonder? Use **two** details from the story to support your response.

Directions

Read this article. Then answer question 48.

Monster Debris

by Loree Griffin Burns

In 1991, scientists in Hawaii found a four-thousand-pound monster in the sea.

"Driving up to it in a small boat, it looked very much like a barely emergent sand islet or reef," remembers Dr. Mary Donohue, one of the team of scientists who eventually captured the beast. "It was so buoyant that we could easily stand on it in the water."

The monster was actually a giant mass of discarded fishing nets that had become hopelessly tangled together at sea. The huge ball of plastic was longer than a school bus and half as heavy.

Unfortunately, abandoned nets like this are fairly common. The nets are lost, ripped, or thrown from fishing vessels, and these days they can be found drifting almost anywhere in the world ocean. Scientists call them "ghost nets" because of their eerie ability to continue the work they were designed for—that is, to catch fish—even when they are no longer attached to a fishing boat. As they drift with the currents, ghost nets silently devour everything in their path: fish, turtles, sharks, whales, seals, sea birds, and even trash.

"When an animal gets tangled," explains Mary, "it attracts other predators who feed on the remains and end up entangled themselves."

As if drowning animals weren't bad enough, drifting ghost nets also crush and scrape coral reefs, ruining hundreds of years' worth of coral growth in the crash of a single wave. Mary has seen some of this damage firsthand.

"In some places it looks as if a bulldozer has been driven over the coral reef," she says. "These ghost nets are really destructive."

With the help of dozens of divers, a Coast Guard cutter, and a crane, scientists were eventually able to pull the monstrous ghost net out of the ocean. But surveys conducted by Mary and others found tons—more than fourteen tons, to be exact—of other ghost nets and net pieces littering the Hawaiian Islands environment. To protect the environment as well as the marine animals that live in it, Mary and her colleagues began a program to find, count, and remove ghost nets. Between 1999 and 2005, this group of dedicated scientists, divers, and ecologists removed five hundred tons of net debris from the area,

mostly by hand. Even with this success, however, Mary is realistic about humankind's status in the battle against ghost nets.

"The bottom line," she says, "is that we're making a difference … but right now we're barely holding steady."

Three thousand miles away, Colorado researcher Jim Churnside is working to tip the scales in favor of net removal. Like Mary, Jim is studying the ghost net problem, but from an entirely different angle. With the help of Alaskan pilot Tim Veenstra, he is studying ghost nets from the sky. Tim and Jim believe that one way to protect Hawaii's delicate habitat is to remove ghost nets from the Pacific Ocean long before they drift near the islands. But how do you find ghost nets the size of a school bus (and most are much smaller than this) in an ocean that is larger than all seven continents combined? The job would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack … unless you know something about Pacific Ocean currents and how floating objects drift in them.

"Our first step was to talk to Jim Ingraham about where in the North Pacific Ocean we should look for the ghost nets," says Jim Churnside. "Then we followed his directions to more specific locations using satellites and aircraft."

In 2003, Churnside and Veenstra launched the GhostNet Project. In collaboration with scientists across the country, the two flew over the Garbage Patch[1] using satellite information, radar, and other technologies to spot ghost nets. In three days' time they saw more than one hundred drifting ghost nets … and thousands of other types of floating debris.

"There is a lot more trash out there than I expected," said Jim Churnside.

The GhostNet Project continues to monitor the Garbage Patch. The hope is that scientists will eventually be able to use information from satellite pictures of the ocean to determine exactly where ghost nets are. Remember that the exact locations of surface currents can change from year to year. As a result, the exact location of the Garbage Patch changes, too. Combining information from satellites with information from computer models like OSCURS will help scientists to locate the Garbage Patch, and therefore ghost nets, more accurately.

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[1]**Garbage Patch:** large area of ocean trash formed by a spiral of currents in the Eastern Pacific Ocean. The Garbage Patch contains approximately 3.5 million tons of trash, mostly plastic debris.

48 Explain why the presence of "ghost nets" in the ocean is an important problem to solve. Use **two** details from the article to support your answer.

Directions
Read this article. Then answer questions 49 through 51.

Too Many Fishermen

by Carole Garbury Vogel

The shimmering blue waters of the ocean cover nearly 71 percent of the Earth's surface. However, if you look at a world map you will most likely see the continents drawn in great detail, while the ocean is depicted as a monotonous blue expanse with no hint of the majestic landscape beneath the waves. If you could explore the vistas[1] on the ocean floor, you would find deeper valleys, wider plains, and mountain ranges longer and more massive than anywhere on land.

You would also discover that the majority of ocean life lives within oyster bays, coral reefs, and other habitats in the shallow water rimming the continents. Impressive as this watery world appears today, it pales in comparison to what it once was. Just three hundred years ago you would have found colossal underwater "cities" packed with sea life along every coast. Overfishing turned many of these lush marine havens into biological deserts.

Overfishing depletes fish stocks by taking fish at a rate faster than they can replace themselves. Many fish are harvested before they are even mature enough to reproduce. As a result, marine species are disappearing at an alarming rate. Some kinds of whales and other sea creatures have already been hunted to extinction. More are on the verge. And development along coasts that drains swamps and fills in wetlands has eliminated precious nurseries for new generations of fish and shellfish.

The same map that gives little information about the ocean realm provides clues about the sea life that previously flourished near shore. Place-names like Cape Cod (Massachusetts), Oyster Bay (New York), Seal Harbor (Maine), and Herring Bay (Maryland) are ghostly reminders of animals once plentiful in these locations.

Historical records provide insight, too. Can you imagine New York's harbor crowded with seals, whales, and porpoises, and its shores teeming with lobsters 6-feet (108-meters) long? The Dutch found such bounty when they settled the region in the early 1600s.

Most people know more about the dinosaurs, which became extinct 65 million years ago, than about the massive sea animals that died out within the last three centuries along their own nation's coasts. However, unlike dinosaurs which will never come back, many sea creatures have a chance of recovery. They are considered to be "ecologically extinct." This means that there are still some left but not enough to make an impact on an ecosystem. Their numbers may increase if they are protected from fishing—commercial as well as sport—and if their habitats are shielded from development and pollution.

[1]**vistas:** views

Overfishing began in the Stone Age. For example, tens of millions of green turtles once lived in the Caribbean Sea. Now so few remain that the survival of the species is threatened. The turtle decline started three thousand years ago when humans settled the region. The turtles were agile in the water but they made easy prey for hunters when they lumbered up sandy beaches to lay eggs. The people came to rely on turtle meat and eggs as a major part of their diet.

On some islands, the turtles disappeared by 800 A.D. From the 1500s on, European settlers hastened the demise of the remaining turtle populations by harvesting them not only for food, but also for their skin to make leather, and their shells for use in jewelry and other ornaments.

49 According to "Too Many Fishermen," what is the **main** reason previously abundant marine environments have declined? Use **two** details from the article to support your answer.

50 The author of "Too Many Fishermen" describes certain place-names as "ghostly reminders." What does the author mean by using the words "ghostly reminders"? Use **two** details from the article to support your answer.

51 "Monster Debris" and "Too Many Fishermen" both indicate that human beings are having a negative impact on ocean life. How does each author support this claim? Describe the evidence each author uses and evaluate the relevance and strength of the evidence. Use details from **both** articles to support your response.

In your response, be sure to
- identify the support given in each article that shows the negative impact human beings have had on the ocean environment
- evaluate the effectiveness, strength, and relevance of the support
- use details from **both** articles to support your response

STOP

Place Student Label Here

Grade 8
2016 Common Core English Language Arts Test Book 3
April 5–7, 2016

THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK / ALBANY, NY 12234

2016 English Language Arts Tests Map to the Standards

Grade 8 **Released Questions Available on EngageNY**

Question	Type	Key	Points	Standard	Subscore	Secondary Standard(s)	Multiple Choice Questions: Percentage of Students Who Answered Correctly (P-Value)	Constructed Response Questions: Average Points Earned	Constructed Response Questions: P-Value (Average Points Earned ÷ Total Possible Points)
Book 1									
1	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.1	Reading		0.59		
2	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.1	Reading		0.58		
3	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.1	Reading		0.96		
4	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Reading		0.89		
5	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Reading		0.63		
6	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.5	Reading		0.73		
7	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.2	Reading		0.75		
22	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Reading		0.72		
23	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.4	Reading		0.69		
24	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.1	Reading		0.55		
25	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Reading		0.52		
26	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.6	Reading		0.63		
27	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.6	Reading		0.73		
28	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.2	Reading		0.57		
29	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.4	Reading		0.61		
30	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.1	Reading		0.75		
31	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.3	Reading		0.65		
32	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.3	Reading		0.53		
33	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.8	Reading		0.67		
34	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.5	Reading		0.59		
35	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.2	Reading		0.60		
Book 2									
36	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.3	Reading		0.54		

Grade 8 **Released Questions Available on EngageNY**

Question	Type	Key	Points	Standard	Subscore	Secondary Standard(s)	Multiple Choice Questions: Percentage of Students Who Answered Correctly (P-Value)	Constructed Response Questions: Average Points Earned	Constructed Response Questions: P-Value (Average Points Earned ÷ Total Possible Points)
37	Multiple Choice	A	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.5	Reading		0.57		
38	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.4	Reading		0.72		
39	Multiple Choice	D	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.1	Reading		0.72		
40	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.7	Reading		0.73		
41	Multiple Choice	C	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.2	Reading		0.54		
42	Multiple Choice	B	1	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.2	Reading		0.85		
43	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.46	0.73
44	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.50	0.75
45	Constructed Response		4	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2, CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9, CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.3	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.1 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.3 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.6		2.37	0.59
Book 3									
46	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.4	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.55	0.78
47	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.8.6	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.49	0.74
48	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.2	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.71	0.86
49	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.1	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.59	0.80
50	Constructed Response		2	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.4	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9		1.43	0.71
51	Constructed Response		4	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.2, CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.8.9, CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RI.8.8	Writing to Sources	CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.1 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.2 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.3 CCSS.ELA-Literacy.L.8.6		2.58	0.65

*This item map is intended to identify the primary analytic skills necessary to successfully answer each question. However, each constructed-response question measures proficiencies described in multiple standards, including writing and additional reading and language standards. For example, two point and four point constructed-response questions require students to first conduct the analyses described in the mapped standard and then produce written responses that are rated based on writing standards. To gain greater insight into the measurement focus for constructed-response questions please refer to the rubrics shown in the Educator Guides.