

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Class: \_\_\_\_\_

Instructor: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Questions 1 – 10:**

Read the following text carefully before choosing the best answer for each question.

Excerpt from *My Antonia*

Willa Cather

North of the house, inside the ploughed fire-breaks, grew a thick-set strip of box-elder trees, low and bushy, their leaves already turning yellow. This hedge was nearly a quarter of a

5 mile long, but I had to look very hard to see it at all. The little trees were insignificant against the grass. It seemed as if the grass were about to run over them, and over the plum-patch behind the sod chicken-house.

10 As I looked about me I felt that the grass was the country, as the water is the sea. The red of the grass made all the great prairie the colour of wine-stains, or of certain seaweeds when they are first washed up. And there was so much

15 motion in it; the whole country seemed, somehow, to be running.

I had almost forgotten that I had a grandmother, when she came out, her sunbonnet on her head, a grain-sack in her hand, and asked

20 me if I did not want to go to the garden with her to dig potatoes for dinner.

The garden, curiously enough, was a quarter of a mile from the house, and the way to it led up a shallow draw past the cattle corral.

25 Grandmother called my attention to a stout hickory cane, tipped with copper, which hung by a leather thong from her belt. This, she said, was her rattlesnake cane. I must never go to the

30 garden without a heavy stick or a corn-knife; she had killed a good many rattlers on her way back and forth. A little girl who lived on the Black Hawk road was bitten on the ankle and had been sick all summer.

I can remember exactly how the country looked to me as I walked beside my grandmother along the faint wagon-tracks on that early September morning. Perhaps the glide of long railway travel was still with me, for more than anything else I felt motion in the

40 landscape; in the fresh, easy-blowing morning wind, and in the earth itself, as if the shaggy grass were a sort of loose hide, and underneath it herds of wild buffalo were galloping, galloping

- setting
- characterization
- figurative language
- theme

45 Alone, I should never have found the garden—except, perhaps, for the big yellow pumpkins that lay about unprotected by their withering vines— and I felt very little interest in it when I got there.

I wanted to walk straight on  
50 through the red grass and over the edge of the world, which could not be very far away. The light air about me told me that the world ended here: only the ground and sun and sky were left, and if one went a little farther there would be

55 only sun and sky, and one would float off into them, like the tawny hawks which sailed over our heads making slow shadows on the grass. While grandmother took the pitchfork we found standing in one of the rows and dug potatoes,

60 while I picked them up out of the soft brown earth and put them into the bag, I kept looking up at the hawks that were doing what I might so easily do.

1. In the first paragraph, the description of the box-elders is significant because—

- (A) they symbolize the insignificance of man's existence
- (B) the box-elders establish a rectangular boundary for the farm
- (C) the box-elder trees emphasize the immensity of the prairie grass
- (D) it shows the spatial relationship between the plum-patch and the chicken-house
- (E) the box-elders will eventually provide shade to protect the farm from the

2. The images in the second paragraph are primarily—

- (A) light and dark
- (B) danger and carelessness
- (C) control and order
- (D) desolation and destruction
- (E) movement and expanse

3. All of the following details refer to the box-elders except—

- (A) firebreaks (lines 1 – 2)
- (B) low and bushy (line 3)
- (C) turning yellow (lines 3 – 4)
- (D) This hedge (line 4)
- (E) insignificant (line 6)

fall is this a farm?

metaphor - makes the grass more impressive

the grandmother is strong, brave, independent

imagery

pensive! reflective

personification the land is alive!

practical woman

large property, definitely a farm

past

she's not from here.

again referring to the way the land is alive! wild.

insignificant

the practical!

she thinks she'll fly away. so freedom?