

**INTERNATIONAL LEADERSHIP CHARTER HIGH SCHOOL**

# **English II** **2023**

(Diagnostic & Assessment)



***Teacher: Mr. Knox, English II***

# GRAMMAR FOCUS

## **DIRECTIONS:**

**Complete all elements of the tasks below by filling in the correct answers.**

### **Noun**

Underline each noun in the sentences below. Then, write *C* above the noun if it is a common noun, or *P* if it is a proper noun.

1. Look at these photographs of my friend James, who is a relative of Victor.
2. Did the two men visit Madagascar, a large island near Africa?
3. Courage and curiosity are two qualities you will find in my friends.
4. Many different countries make up the large continent of Africa.
5. On his journey back to America, Victor sailed on the *Princess*.

### **Pronoun**

Underline each personal pronoun in the following sentences. Some sentences have more than one personal pronoun.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Many teens volunteer their time to worthy causes.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Lonny volunteers at an animal shelter. He grooms the dogs.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Does Alfredo teach songs to the children at his church?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. At the local hospital, Nina helps the nurses; she does simple chores for them.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Search the Internet for ideas. It lists volunteer programs in many cities.

## Adjective

Underline each adjective in the following sentences. Each sentence has more than one adjective. Do not underline the articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. There is a large family of healthy ducks by the lake.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. During the hot afternoon, several deer crossed the grassy meadow.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Look at the small, brown rabbit near the trees.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. A gray dove looked for tiny seeds beneath a leafy, green bush.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Did you see the beautiful fur on that fox?

## Verb: Underline the verbs in the following sentences.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Soon after breakfast, Amy and I go outside and begin our chores.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. We start early because by noon the weather is usually too hot.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. The minute the dew dries, Amy says to me, "Grab the lawn mower!"
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. While I cut the grass, Amy edges the lawn.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. After we neatly clip the grass, we weed the flower garden.

## Adverb

Underline each adverb in the following sentences. Above each adverb, write whether it tells

*where, when, how, or to what extent.*

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. During summer vacations I usually go to camp.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. The swirling river tossed the boat wildly.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. We will meet you later at the library.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Dangerously strong winds threatened the coastal villages.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Hurry! Our bus is already here!

**Preposition:** Underline the preposition in each of the following sentences.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Everyone was frightened during the scary movie.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Without a hat, Ellen's hair always lightens.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Jeff, you can use chicken in place of the beef.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. The beautiful full moon disappeared behind thick clouds.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. How can I choose between two good choices?

### **Conjunctions**

Identify the conjunctions in the following sentences. Draw one line under coordinating conjunctions and two lines under correlative conjunctions.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. I had met the girl before, yet I couldn't remember her name.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. We heard the fire alarm not only in the hallways but also in the classrooms.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. After the assembly, I couldn't find Mark or Chi anywhere.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Do you know whether Carlos sanded or painted the bookcase?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. On the beach and in the water, the family played happily.

### **Interjection**

Underline the interjection in each of the following sentences.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Ouch! Did you know that blackberry vines have thorns on them?
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. In that patch I planted, ah, lettuce.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Whoa! Watch where you step in the garden!
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. After an hour's work, we had finally pulled all the weeds. Whew!
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. A new one will cost, oh, about ten dollars.

## Parts of Speech;

Please identify the Part of Speech of the italicized and underlined words in the sentences below. If two words are given for a particular number, they are the same part of speech.

A. Noun

B. Pronoun

C. Adjective

D. Verb

E. Adverb

AB. Preposition

AC. Conjunction

AD. Interjection

\_\_\_\_\_ 1. The Museum of Modern Art is located in New York City.

\_\_\_\_\_ 2. The museum houses collections of art from 1880 to the present.

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. The exhibits include painting, sculptures, photographs, and much more.

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. Built in 1939, the original building showcases the International Style of architecture.

\_\_\_\_\_ 5. In the 1950s and 1960s, the museum was expanded.

\_\_\_\_\_ 6. Money to keep the museum open is raised through admission fees, contribution, and sales of publications.

\_\_\_\_\_ 7. Also located in New York City is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the largest museum of art in the United States.

\_\_\_\_\_ 8. It houses over two million works of art, including works from almost every culture of the last five thousand years.

\_\_\_\_\_ 9. Wow! That must be a huge place!

\_\_\_\_\_ 10. Although it covers four city blocks, the museum cannot display its entire collection at one time.

\_\_\_\_\_ 11. My grandfather, a Texas rancher, loves dogs.

\_\_\_\_\_ 12. The porch of his ranch house ordinarily is full of dogs of all shapes and sizes.

\_\_\_\_\_ 13. My grandmother, who is fond of cats, has several big Persian cats.

\_\_\_\_\_ 14. They generally feel happiest inside the house because, outside, the dogs will chase them up the nearest tree.

- \_\_\_\_\_15. Some of the smaller cats cannot climb back down, and a ranch hand must rescue them with a ladder.
- \_\_\_\_\_16. "Whew, those dogs can be such a bother!" my grandmother exclaims.
- \_\_\_\_\_17. Needless to say, the quiet cats and the playful dogs do not mix well.
- \_\_\_\_\_18. Grandfather keeps the mischievous dogs away from the cattle.
- \_\_\_\_\_19. Many of the steers angrily charge all dogs.
- \_\_\_\_\_20. Grandfather's dogs usually stay inside the wooden fence, but occasionally they leave this safe place.

## Usage:

Choose the correct answer

1. (A, **An**) owl once nested in our backyard.
2. Will our honored guest (**except, accept**) this certificate of appreciation?
3. (**I ain't, I'm not**) too sure about the answer to this math problem.
4. Every pencil needs to be sharpened (**except, accept**) this one.
5. Is this dresser (**a, an**) antique?
6. (**Their, They're, There**) are over fifty volunteer opportunities listed in today's paper!
7. (**Them, Those**) books are heavy.
8. How many students are willing to volunteer (**there, their, they're**) time?
9. The detective opened the door just a crack and (**than, then**) peered inside.
10. The dogs wagged (**their, they're, there**) tails.

# READING & WRITING SKILL ASSESSMENT 1:

*In this essay, Judith Ortiz Cofer recalls how her childhood fantasies and her mother's dreams intersect. Read the essay "Volar," which means "to fly" in Spanish, and answer the questions that follow.*

## **Volar**

by Judith Ortiz Cofer

1 At twelve I was an avid consumer of comic books—*Supergirl* being my favorite. I spent my allowance of a quarter a day on two twelve-cent comic books or a double issue for twenty-five. I had a stack of *Legion of Super Heroes* and *Supergirl* comic books in my bedroom closet that was as tall as I. I had a recurring dream in those days: that I had long blond hair and could fly. In my dream I climbed the stairs to the top of our apartment building as myself, but as I went up each flight, changes would be taking place. Step by step I would fill out: my legs would grow long, my arms harden into steel, and my hair would magically go straight and turn a golden color. . . . Supergirl had to be aerodynamic. Sleek and hard as a supersonic missile. Once on the roof, my parents safely asleep in their beds, I would get on tip-toe, arms outstretched in the position for flight and jump out my fifty-story-high window into the black lake of the sky. From up there, over the rooftops, I could see everything, even beyond the few blocks of our barrio;<sup>1</sup> with my X-ray vision I could look inside the homes of people who interested me. Once I saw our landlord, whom I knew my parents feared, sitting in a treasure-room dressed in an ermine coat and a large gold crown. He sat on the floor counting his dollar bills. I played a trick on him. Going up to his building's chimney, I blew a little puff of my super-breath into his fireplace, scattering his stacks of money so that he had to start counting all over again. I could more or less program my Supergirl dreams in those days by focusing on the object of my current obsession. This way I "saw" into the private lives of my neighbors, my teachers, and in the last days of my childish fantasy and the beginning of adolescence, into the secret room of the boys I liked. In the mornings I'd wake up in my tiny bedroom with the incongruous—at least in our tiny apartment—white "princess" furniture my mother had

chosen for me, and find myself back in my body: my tight curls still clinging to my head, skinny arms and legs . . . unchanged.

2 In the kitchen my mother and father would be talking softly over a café con leche.<sup>2</sup> She would come “wake me” exactly forty-five minutes after they had gotten up. It was their time together at the beginning of each day and even at an early age I could feel their disappointment if I interrupted them by getting up too early. So I would stay in my bed recalling my dreams of flight, perhaps planning my next flight. In the kitchen they would be discussing events in the barrio. Actually, he would be carrying that part of the conversation; when it was her turn to speak she would, more often than not, try shifting

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<sup>1</sup> *barrio* — a Spanish-speaking neighborhood

<sup>2</sup> *café con leche* — coffee with m

the topic toward her desire to see her *familia* on the Island: *How about a vacation in Puerto Rico together this year, Querido?*<sup>3</sup> *We could rent a car, go to the beach. We could*

. . . And he would answer patiently, gently, *Mi amor*,<sup>4</sup> *do you know how much it would cost for the all of us to fly there? It is not possible for me to take the time off . . . Mi vida*,<sup>5</sup> *please understand. . . .* And I knew that soon she would rise from the table. Not abruptly. She would light a cigarette and look out the kitchen window. The view was of a dismal alley that was littered with refuse thrown from windows. The space was too narrow for anyone larger than a skinny child to enter safely, so it was never cleaned. My mother would check the time on the clock over her sink, the one with a prayer for patience and grace written in Spanish. A birthday gift. She would see that it was time to wake me. She'd sigh deeply and say the same thing the view from her kitchen window always inspired her to say: *Ay, si yo pudiera volar*.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> *Querido* — dear

<sup>4</sup> *Mi amor* — my love

<sup>5</sup> *Mi vida* — my life, used as a term of endearment

<sup>6</sup> *Ay, si yo pudiera volar* — Oh, if only I could fly



14 In paragraph 1, which specific action changes the author from a girl into a superhero?

- A. turning a page in one of her comic books
- B. looking out over the houses in her neighborhood
- C. climbing the stairs to the top of her apartment building
- D. playing a trick on the landlord of her apartment building

15 Read the sentence from paragraph 1 in the box below.

16 Based on the essay, which characteristic **best** describes the author's father?

- A. ambitious
- B. practical
- C. content
- D. harsh

17 What is the **main** effect of the author's use of Spanish phrases in the essay?

- A. It captures the author's cultural environment.
- B. It identifies the intended audience for the essay.
- C. It emphasizes the tension between the author's parents.
- D. It indicates the time period in which the essay takes place.

**Question 18 is an open-response question.**

- **Read the question carefully.**
- **Explain your answer.**
- **Add supporting details.**
- **Double-check your work.**

**Write your answer to question 18 in the space provided in your Student Answer Booklet.**

- 18 Based on the essay, compare the dreams of the author and her mother. Support your answer with relevant and specific details from the essay.

[illegible]

# READING & WRITING SKILL ASSESSMENT 2:

## DIRECTIONS

This session contains one reading selection with eight multiple-choice questions and one open-response question. Mark your answers to these questions in the spaces provided in your Student Answer Booklet.

*In this excerpt from the novel Bridge of Sighs, the narrator reminisces about “surfing” in the back of his father’s milk delivery truck with his friend, Bobby Marconi. Read the excerpt and answer the questions that follow.*

*from* **Bridge of Sighs**  
*by Richard Russo*

- 1 There were no milk deliveries to residences on Saturdays, just to commercial businesses, and there were relatively few of these in the Borough. My father would finish his deliveries early, then swing by the house for Bobby Marconi and me so we could “surf the truck.” The empty metal milk crates were by then stacked and roped off against the side panels to prevent them from sliding and bouncing around when he turned corners. His careful stacking left most of the back empty, and Bobby and I would stand in the space created, our feet planted firmly on the ribbed floor, and pretend to surf, our arms out at our sides to keep our balance as the truck rattled along the wide Borough streets. I always surfed in the forward position, an advantage because you could see the turns coming. Bobby, as athletic in the milk truck as he was elsewhere, surfed more or less blind behind me. Not being able to see what was coming made the game that much more fun, he claimed, though I did help him by calling out “Left!” or “Sharp right!” when a turn approached. The idea was to make it through these turns without grabbing the empty milk crates for balance or the rail that ran the length of the truck, my father chortling appreciatively up front in the driver’s seat as we crashed about.
- 2 Of course my father wasn’t supposed to take Bobby and me on his route, but the rules were lax and people did it all the time, was his thinking. There was no passenger seat, since there weren’t supposed to be any passengers, so if my father braked hard, there was nothing to stop Bobby and me but the metal dash. My father would try to grab us as we flew by, and he was good at it, but you never knew what his big fist would grab hold of—an arm, your hair—and being saved from hitting the console sometimes hurt worse than colliding with it.
- 3 “No, you ain’t gonna do no surfing today,” he’d tell us first thing each Saturday. “Bobby’s dad don’t want him doing that no more.” Mr. Marconi had made that pretty clear early on. Bobby had come home with a knot on his forehead, and his father had wanted to know why, so he’d explained how we always surfed the milk truck. It was fun, he said, and not really dangerous because my father never went fast. Which was true—you *couldn’t* go fast in a milk truck if you tried.
- 4 But the next Saturday, when we pulled up in the truck, Mr. Marconi came out, too, and took my father aside. “Tell me about this surfing,” he demanded, leaning toward him aggressively, his birthmark a bright purple. Lately, things had gotten a little easier between them, so much so that my father had remarked on it, even speculating that his neighbor had decided to bury the hatchet.
- 5 My father explained to him how devoted we were to our surfing on Saturday mornings, how we looked forward to it all week, how Mr. Marconi should hear how we laughed and

shouted there in the back of the truck, how we hated it when he finally said that was enough. He said he was sorry about Bobby getting that lump on his noggin last week. “He don’t like to grab on till the last second,” he explained, which was true. It was Bobby’s fearlessness, his refusal to grab on to the rail or the stacked crates to keep from going flying, that had caused the injury. “Don’t worry,” my father assured him. “I keep a pretty good eye on ’em.”

6 “You better had,” Mr. Marconi said. “Anything happens to my boy in that truck, you’re responsible.”

7 So the following Saturday, the new rule was No Surfing the Truck, but that made us miserable. There was no reason to be *in* the truck if we weren’t allowed to surf. “Just a *little*,” we pleaded. “Just five minutes? Just around this one corner? Pleeeeeease?” And so it was that we wore my father down. Over time we went from No Surfing to No Surfing Till We’re Headed Back Home, thus limiting the amount of time for an injury to occur, to Be Careful, You Two, Because Bobby’s Dad Will Skin Me Alive If He Gets Hurt, and If He Don’t Your Mother Will, because, truth be told, she didn’t like the idea either.

8 Why so much worry about us getting hurt? Well, because that’s what invariably happened. Otherwise, how would we know the game was over? Of course our injuries were not serious—a jammed finger, a skinned knee, usually—and most Saturdays we surfed until I cried, because Bobby, when he was injured, refused to cry, so my father didn’t know he’d been hurt and the fun could continue. I deeply envied Bobby his self-control and tried my best to emulate him, even as I suspected I’d never master the trick. Why he never cried was an even deeper mystery to me than why he never had to pay the bridge toll back when we lived on Berman Court. Every Saturday I’d tell myself that I wasn’t going to cry, but when the time came and I went crashing into the side of the truck, and my father, hearing the impact, turned around in his seat to check on us, my resolution would dissolve, not so much because of the pain as from his expression, which suggested that he knew I was hurt, that I couldn’t fool him anyway, so why try? And then the tears would just *be* there, brimming over, no holding them back.

9 Still, before long we’d forgotten all about Mr. Marconi’s solemn warning, and why not? He had to know we were back at it. One or the other of us always got off the milk truck limping or rubbing an elbow, but we were also in high spirits, laughing and shouting and trying to get my father to promise we’d do it again next Saturday. Which wasn’t hard work, since he enjoyed the whole thing about as much as we did. He never talked about his own childhood, but according to my mother it couldn’t really be called a childhood at all, just an unrelenting series of chores, from sunrise to sunset, bleak and unending, which was why, she explained, he wasn’t anxious for me to have a paper route like Bobby or to be overburdened with responsibilities around the house. I was to keep my room clean and study when I was supposed to, but otherwise I was simply to be the sort of boy my father never had a chance to be. The pleasure he took in our joy when we surfed his milk truck was purely vicarious, and his grin was ear to ear.

10 My own Saturday morning happiness was more complex. It’s true that I looked forward all week to our surfing. As I said, it was about the only time Bobby and I got to spend together. But as the summer wore on I became troubled by the knowledge that part of me was waiting for, indeed looking forward to, my friend getting hurt. It had, of course, nothing to do with him and everything to do with my own cowardice and jealousy. The jealous part had to do, I think, with my understanding that Bobby’s bravery meant he was having more fun, something

that my own cowardly bailing out had robbed me of. Each week I told myself I'd be braver, that this Saturday I wouldn't reach out and hold on for safety. I'd surrender control and be flung about, laughing and full of joyous abandon. But every outing was the same as the last, and when the moment came, I grabbed on. Gradually, since wishing for courage didn't work, I began wishing for something else entirely. I never wanted Bobby to be seriously injured, of course. That would have meant the end of everything. But I did wish that just once he'd be hurt bad enough to cry, which would lessen the gulf I perceived between him and me.

11 And so our milk-truck surfing ended the only way it could. I didn't actually see Bobby break his wrist when he was flung against the side of the truck. I heard the bone snap, though. What saved me from suffering the same fate was my cowardice. I'd seen the curve coming and at the last second reached out and grabbed one of the tied-off milk crates. Bobby, taken by surprise, went flying.

12 He must've known that his wrist was broken, because he went very pale, and when our eyes met and he saw my shock and fear, he immediately sat down with his back to the panel, cradling his hand in his lap against the truck's vibrations. I think what my father heard wasn't the terrible crack of Bobby's wrist but only the silence that followed, and he immediately called back to us, wanting to know if we were all right. When Bobby refused to speak, I said that we were, but he knew better. If we weren't whooping and hollering back there, something was wrong, and more seriously wrong than what happened every other Saturday morning. He didn't just pull over and climb back into the dark interior of the truck, but instead got out, came around and threw the big rear doors wide open so the light could pour in. After one look at the angle of Bobby's wrist, the blood drained out of my father's face. While I expected him to get mad, he didn't, and when he simply closed the doors again, got back into the truck and turned for home, it wasn't Bobby but me who began to cry.

13 Mr. Marconi was sitting on their upstairs front porch reading a magazine when we pulled up at the curb, and he seemed to know something had happened even before my father opened the rear doors of the truck. On the ride back from the Borough, Bobby had gotten sick, and the front of his shirt now glistened with vomit.

14 When Mr. Marconi emerged from the house, my father began "It was an acci—" but Mr. Marconi held up his index finger, as if to say *Wait a minute*, except that he kept holding it there between them, which altered the meaning of the gesture completely. My father seemed to understand that he was being told to hold his tongue and, for the moment, at least, he held it. Mr. Marconi then reached up into the truck, lifted Bobby down and helped him into the station wagon. "I—" my father began again, but Mr. Marconi again held up that index finger and waited until my father backed up onto the terrace, allowing him to go around to the driver's side and get in next to Bobby, who was by this time slumped against the door, having finally passed out from the pain.

15 I was remembering what he'd said to me a few minutes before as we sat together in the back of the truck, everything quiet now aside from the rattling of the milk crates. "You didn't call the turn." He seemed less angry than curious, but it was an accusation just the same. I didn't know what to say, though as soon as he spoke those words, I realized they were true.

- 19 What is the **main** purpose of paragraph 4?
- A. to highlight the setting of the story
  - B. to explain the resolution of a conflict
  - C. to reveal the motivation of a character
  - D. to illustrate the relationship between two characters

- 20 Based on paragraph 7, what happens as the rides in the truck continue?
- A. The rules become less rigid.
  - B. The different rules are compared.
  - C. The rules become clear to the narrator.
  - D. The mother of the narrator adds more rules.

- 21 Based on paragraph 8, what is the **main** reason the narrator is intrigued with Bobby's refusal to cry?
- A. He is worried about Bobby's attitude.
  - B. He does not possess Bobby's willpower.
  - C. He knows that Bobby has a difficult life.
  - D. He is not convinced that Bobby is sincere.

- 22 Based on paragraph 9, what is the **main** reason the narrator's father lets the boys surf the truck?
- A. The father wants to challenge authority.
  - B. The father believes his wife will not mind.
  - C. The father did not have an easy childhood.
  - D. The father did it himself when he was young.

- 23 What is the **main** purpose of paragraph 10?
- A. to explain a new character's views
  - B. to describe a situation the narrator fears
  - C. to provide an analysis of the narrator's thoughts
  - D. to highlight an opportunity presented to the characters

- 24 In paragraph 12, what does the description of the father's reaction emphasize?
- A. his frustration that his son is upset again
  - B. his realization that it is a serious situation
  - C. his anger that the deliveries will be affected
  - D. his impatience at the irresponsibility of the boys

- 25 What does paragraph 15 suggest about Bobby?
- A. He shares the narrator's guilt.
  - B. He senses the narrator's ill will.
  - C. He recognizes the narrator's skill.
  - D. He forgives the narrator's carelessness.

- 26 Read the sentence from paragraph 8 in the box below.

I deeply envied Bobby his self-control and tried my best to emulate him, even as I suspected I'd never master the trick.

Based on the sentence, what does the word *emulate* mean?

- A. teach
- B. avoid
- C. imitate
- D. distract





## **EXTRA CREDIT (*Optional*):**

### **Writing composition**

**DIRECTIONS:** Write an essay for the following prompt “A” OR “B”. Construct your composition using your best writing form and structure, and with the following basic writing format. Use the writing rubric to assess your writing coherence, cohesion, use of conventions ect.

- Introduction paragraph with thesis statement,
- Three (3) body paragraphs with topic sentences,
- A conclusion paragraph.

#### **Writing Prompt “A” using the basic writing rubric**

##### **WRITING PROMPT**

Often in works of literature, the villain has the greatest impact on the story.

Select a work of literature you have read in or out of school in which the villain has the greatest impact on the story. In a well-developed composition, identify the villain, and explain why the villain has the greatest impact on the story.

#### **Writing Prompt “B” using the basic writing rubric**

##### **WRITING PROMPT**

Often in works of literature, a character feels pressure to succeed.

From a work of literature you have read in or out of school, select a character who feels pressure to succeed. In a well-developed composition, identify the character, describe how the character feels pressure to succeed, and explain how the character’s experience is important to the work as a whole.