

## English II: Reading: Module 2: Practice 1: Section 2

Annotate and Analyze a Paired Passage

Reading and Annotating Texts

**Instructions:** Use the following texts to help you complete the lesson. Mouse over the **bold** claims to see definitions.

### From “Love of Life”

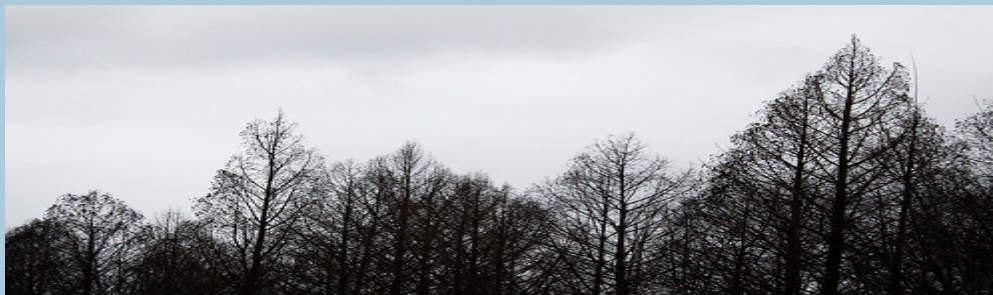
by Jack London



Source: WMAnightcampfire, Xnatedawgx, Wikimedia

*[We pick up the story after the main character and narrator has been deserted in the wilderness of Northern Canada by his friend Bill (who turns out to be not such a great friend). The main character has sprained his ankle and is trying to find his way to a small lake in “the land of little sticks.” From that lake, he will be able to follow two streams to the river Dease, where there is an overturned canoe with a **cache** of food and supplies.]*

- 1 He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.
- 2 He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hilltops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.



Source: Somber Trees, Wyoming\_Jackrabbit, Flickr

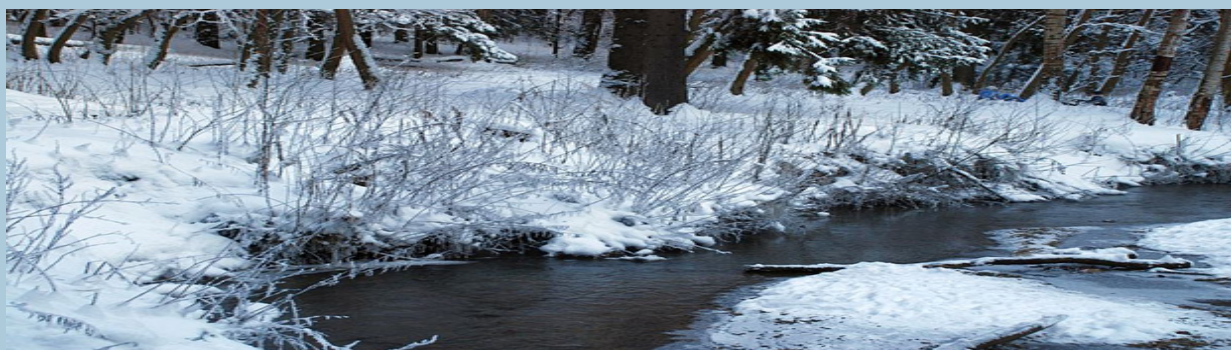


3 This was a signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward, he knew not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the river Dease. He was mastered by the verb “to eat.” He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the **swale** bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.



Source: Winter Mountains, Pig Monkey, Flickr

- 4 He had no fire that night, nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, as far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the river Dease.
- 5 He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack, he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.
- 6 The snow had melted under the rain, and only the hilltops showed white. The sun came out, and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days’ wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.



Source: Skhodnya river. Winter, Andrey, Wikimedia



Source: Phoxinus phoxinus, opencage, Wikimedia

7 Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests, when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had travelled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

8 In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, **masticating** with painstaking care, for the eating was an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat, he knew that he must eat to live.

9 In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day; and the next day, travelling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.



Source: Howlsnow, Retron, Wikimedia



### How to Lick a Slug by Nicholas D. Kristof



Source: Banana Slug-1, Thomas Schoch, Wikimedia

- 1 While backpacking here with my 11-year-old daughter, I kept thinking of something tragic: so few kids these days know what happens when you lick a big yellow banana slug.
- 2 My daughter and I were recuperating in a (banana slug-infested) wilderness from a **surfeit** of civilization. On our second day on the Pacific Crest Trail, we were exhausted after nearly 20 miles of hiking, our feet ached, and ravenous mosquitoes were persecuting us. Dusk was falling, but no formal campsite was within miles.
- 3 So we set out a groundsheet and our sleeping bags on the soft grass of a ridge, so that the winds would blow the mosquitoes away. Our dog looked aghast (“Ugh, where’s my bed?!”), but sulkily curled up beside us. As far as we could tell, there was no other hiker within a half-day’s journey in any direction.
- 4 We debated whether to put up our light tarp to protect us from rain. “No need,” I advised my daughter **patronizingly**. “There’s zero chance it’ll rain. And it’ll be more fun to be able to look up at shooting stars.”
- 5 It was, until we awoke at 4 a.m. to a freezing drizzle.
- 6 The rain not only punctured the doctrine of Paternal **Infallibility** but also offered one of nature’s dazzlingly important lessons in perspective, reminding us that we’re just tenants—and ones without much **sway**.



Source: Rainy Forests, vwdreamer, Flickr

- 7 Such time in the wilderness is part of our family's summer ritual, a time to hit the "reset" switch and escape deadlines and BlackBerrys. We spend the time fretting instead about blisters, river crossings and rain, and the experiences offer us lessons on inner peace and life's meaning—cheap and effective therapy, without the couch.
- 8 All this comes to mind because for most of us in the industrialized world, nature is a rarer and rarer part of our lives. Children for 1,000 generations grew up exploring fields, itching with poison oak and discovering the hard way what a wasp nest looks like. That's no longer true.
- 9 Paul, a fourth grader in San Diego, put it this way: "I like to play indoors better, 'cause that's where all the electrical outlets are." Paul was quoted in a thoughtful book by Richard Louv, "Last Child in the Woods," that argued that baby boomers "may constitute the last generation of Americans to share an intimate, familial attachment to the land and water."
- 10 Only 2 percent of American households now live on farms, compared with 40 percent in 1900. Suburban childhood that once meant catching snakes in fields now means sanitized video play dates scheduled a week in advance. One study of three generations of 9-year-olds found that by 1990 the radius from the house in which they were allowed to roam freely was only one-ninth as great as it had been in 1970.
- 11 A British study found that children could more easily identify Japanese cartoon characters like Pikachu, Metapod and Wigglytuff than they could native animals and plants, like otter, oak and beetle.
- 12 Mr. Louv calls this "nature deficit disorder," and he links it to increases in depression, obesity and attention deficit disorder. I don't know about all that, although his book does cite a study indicating that watching fish lowers blood pressure significantly. (That's how to cut health costs: hand out goldfish instead of heart medicine!)



- 13 One problem may be that the American environmental movement has focused so much on preserving nature that it has neglected to do enough to preserve a constituency for nature. It's important not only to save forests, but also to promote camping, hiking, bouldering, and white-water rafting so that people care about saving those forests.



Source: Forest park wildwood trail in early summer P2860, EncMstr, Wikimedia

- 14 One sign of trouble: the number of visits to America's national parks has been slipping for more than a decade. Likewise, Europe and Canada have both done an excellent job of building networks of long-distance hiking trails, while the U.S. has trouble maintaining the trails it has.
- 15 One of our family's annual backpacks is the 40-mile Timberline Trail circuit around Mount Hood, crossing snowfields and dazzling alpine fields of flowers. In years when we're particularly **addled**, we hike it as many as three times. But a washout almost three years ago left part of this gorgeous trail—completed in the 1930s—officially closed, and unofficially rather difficult to get by. Here's a spectacular trail that was built in the last depression, and we can't even sustain it.
- 16 So let's protect nature, yes, but let's also maintain trails, restore the Forest Service and support programs that get young people rained on in the woods. Let's acknowledge that getting kids awed by nature is as important as getting them reading.
- 17 Oh, and the slug? Time was, most kids knew that if you licked the underside of a banana slug, your tongue went numb. Better that than have them numb their senses staying cooped up inside.