

English Toolkit: Indicator 1.1.2

Goal 1.0 Reading, Reviewing and Responding to Texts

Expectation 1.1 The student will use effective strategies before, during, and after reading, viewing, and listening to self-selected and assigned materials.

Indicator 1.1.2 The student will use during-reading strategies appropriate to both the text and purpose for reading by visualizing, making connections, and using fix-up strategies such as re-reading, questioning, and summarizing.

Assessment Limits:

Using visual aids Making connections between ideas within the text Making connections between ideas within the text and relevant prior knowledge Identifying the organizational pattern of the text Focusing on similarities or differences in organizational patterns, text/author's purpose, and relevant prior knowledge within or across texts Identifying the meaning of above-grade-level words as they are used in context Identifying the appropriate meaning of multiple-meaning words as they are used in context Identifying the meaning of phrases as they are used in context Predicting the development of ideas that might logically be included in the text

Table of Contents

Indicator 1.1.2 Tools

- Public Release Item #1 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007
- Public Release Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
- Public Release Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005
- Public Release Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
- Public Release Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
- Public Release Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006
- Public Release Item #7 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007

Handouts

- English Resource: Fireflies In The Garden
- English Resource: Starwalking with Sarah
- English Resource: In the Country of Grasses
- English Resource: Anna and the King
- English Resource: Foul Shot
- English Resource: High Tide in Tucson
- English Resource: Unfolding Bud

Scoring

- Answer Key

Public Release #1 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Fireflies In The Garden

Read the poem "Fireflies in the Garden." Then answer the following:

In line 2, the word *emulating* means the speaker believes the fireflies are

- imitating the stars
- entering the skies
- making soft sounds
- changing their shape

Public Release #2 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2005

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Starwalking with Sarah

Read this sentence from paragraph 37 of "Starwalking with Sarah."

He was too small to negotiate the deep-plowed furrows on the Dickman Farm, so I ended up carrying him on my shoulders.

In this sentence, to *negotiate* means

- to plant
- to arrange
- to move through
- to bargain with

Public Release #3 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2005

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: In the Country of Grasses

Read these sentences from paragraph 10 of "In The Country of Grasses."

Anticipation is another gift for travelers in unfamiliar territory. It quickens the spirit.

The word *quickens* most nearly means

- angers
- excites
- hurries
- lightens

Public Release #4 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Anna and the King

Read the screenplay *Anna and the King*. Then answer the following:

What is the main purpose of the information in the introduction to this scene?

- to describe the physical setting of the play
- to reveal the personalities of the primary characters
- to clarify the locations of the various scenes of the play
- to provide background for the interaction that follows

Public Release #5 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Foul Shot

Read the poem "Foul Shot." Then answer the following:

Which phrase best describes the organization of the poem?

- a description of the boy followed by a description of the crowd
- a description of the crowd followed by a description of the foul shot
- a description of the boy's actions followed by a description of the ball's movement
- a description of the ball's movement followed by a description of the crowd's reaction

Public Release #6 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: High Tide in Tucson

Read the essay "High Tide in Tucson." Then answer the following.

Which phrase best explains the purpose of paragraph 2?

- to describe natural beauty
- to create a suspenseful mood
- to establish a humorous tone
- to provide background information

Public Release #7 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 1.1.2

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Unfolding Bud

Read the poem "Unfolding Bud." Then answer the following:

In line 12 of the poem, the word *Yet*

- A. provides elaboration
- B. decreases the surprise
- C. connects the poem to the bud
- D. indicates a shift in thought

Handouts

Fireflies In The Garden

Here come real stars to fill the upper skies, 1
And here on earth come emulating flies,
That though they never equal stars in size,
(And they were never really stars at heart)
Achieve at times a very star-like start. 5
Only, of course, they can't sustain¹ the part.

—Robert Frost

¹sustain: keep up

"Fireflies In The Garden" from *The Poetry of Robert Frost* edited by Edward Connery Lathern. Copyright © 1928 © 1956, 1969 by Robert Frost. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

One of the worst mistakes we can make in life is not to be alive enough, aware enough, of the magic in simple things. My daughter, Sarah, now a teenager, reminded me of that lesson a few years ago and I hope I'll never forget.

by Steve Pollick

It is a midwinter's Sunday night, sometime after supper, and I find myself walking slowly on a country lane near home, pondering this mighty question:

"Daddy, is there really a sheriff's star?"

The question comes from a soft, eight-year-old voice connected invisibly to a small, bemitted hand that grasps my big, bare hand. I have to listen closely to catch all the words, some of which are directed at boot-tops.

Sarah Katherine is starwalking with her Dad.

Her voice is barely audible over the shuffling and padding of our footsteps in the rural quiet, a chill westerly breeze behind us. "The kids at school all draw their stars like a sheriff's star, and they say there's a real one in the sky," she says.

Now I cannot say for sure that there is no sheriff's star in the sky. An answer to that question is not listed in my Dad's Book of Astronomy for Kids. And I certainly don't know everything, despite what Sarah Katherine may think. But I tell her that I don't think there is such a so-named star.

You have to be prepared for that sort of inquiry when you dare to say, "I'm going for a nightwalk; anyone want to come with me?"

The instant race of light footsteps across the kitchen floor above my head told me that someone was eager to go. Sarah. After a few minutes spent wrestling with her leggings, coat, stocking cap, mittens, and scarf, we set out.

"Daddy, this is funner than sittin' around the house," Sarah says, talking faster than we are walking.

"I hear the wind," she adds quickly. It is moaning softly through the high-voltage lines well overhead. The lines march across the neighbors' farms and tower over the local country lanes on tall, gangly steel skeletons and mighty wooden poles.

We also hear the buzzing of supercharged electricity as it bolts through the power lines. We crane our necks far back to see the crossarms and the insulators—way, way up there, almost to the stars.

"Daddy, are we going as far as Spooky Tree?" Yes, to Spooky Tree and beyond.

Spooky Tree, so named by Sarah, is a gnarly old black walnut. It is the sole survivor of its kind along this otherwise barren stretch of farm lane. Its twisted, weather-beaten limbs stand out starkly in the night light. I've told Halloween stories around its trunk.

It is a perfect night, the starry pinpoint sparkles of diamonds dotting a velvet sky. The air is cold—crisply, not uncomfortably, so. Sarah is well bundled. Her rubber bootheels drag on the macadam of the lane—clop, clop, clop.

Two small mittens surround my cold hand. "I'll keep your hands warm, Daddy."

Presently I begin a primer lesson on celestial navigation. I point out the Big Dipper.

"See?" I say, dropping to one knee and using my favorite walking stick, a wrinkly old piece of tree root from Pennsylvania, as a pointer. "Those stars there. It's like a big pot with a long crooked handle. See how they go?" More pointing and gesturing. Our eyes by now are well attuned to the starlit dark.

"And those two stars at the front edge of the pot," I say, "they point right up at the North Star—right there! That's North. And the North Star is the last star in the handle of the Little Dipper. It's like a small pot. See how it pours into the big pot?"

"Uh-huh, Daddy. I see it." We walk on.

"Can we keep walking longer, Daddy?"

"Daddy, I like to make things out of the stars by connecting them." So have adults, I tell her.

We see Orion, the Hunter, right overhead in the southern sky. Orion's great Belt is easy to pick out, as is the tip of his sword and his hunting bow. Below and left is Sirius, the Dog Star. Sirius is Orion's dog.

"Like Blondie is our dog, Daddy?" Yes, sort of.

We see the Seven Sisters, the Pleiades, and I talk about the lost sister in the myth. Sarah doesn't understand myths, but she feels bad for the lost "girl."

We head for the bridge over Muskellunge Creek by Longanbach Farm. We call it the "crick," not "creek."

The creekwater twinkles in the waxing, three-quarter moon and chuckles as it pours over the rocks. Its animation is inspirational: "Moonsparkles on the water, Daddy. See them?"

We check the water on both sides of the bridge. A mild spell has thawed the water and the creek flows in good health.

Presently, a light haze drifts in under the moon, forming a big ring in the moonlight.

I point out Jupiter and Mars, and how they follow about the same path as the sun across the sky. The two planets are both inside the ring around the moon. I tell how the ring means wet weather is coming. My prediction is accepted as if gospel. Weather forecasters should have it so good.

We retrace our way back toward home, but Sarah, vowing she's not cold, asks to continue. "Just a little more, Daddy."

We head down toward "our bridge," which crosses the Muskellunge. The haze has slipped away on the wind and the moonlight again is sharply bright. Our shadows, cast down from bridge to water, stand out starkly. We see more moonsparkles.

As we turn for home, I see—make that feel—a shadow cross our path. I look up and back quickly.

"Sarah, look!" I whisper hoarsely. She turns and sees the dark form of a great bird gliding silently down the creekbottom, guided as precisely along the meanders of the creek as if it were on rails.

It is a great horned owl, a flying tiger, out on a night hunt.

I tell Sarah how the big owl has specially designed feathers, which allow it to glide in perfect silence and catch stuff, like mice, to eat. My pupil drinks it in, her mitten tightening its grip.

The talk winds down. There is much for each of us to absorb. I find myself thinking of other starwalks, especially one when I took Sarah's older brothers, Andy and Aaron, out another winter night years ago.

³⁷ Aaron must have been about three then. He was too small to negotiate the deep-plowed furrows on the Dickman Farm, so I ended up carrying him on my shoulders. This was a cross-country starwalk to a special place, another "spooky tree"—a big old cottonwood, another lone sentinel of the farmland.

I especially remember telling the boys to keep the flashlight turned off, to let them learn how well their eyes can see at night if given the chance. I remember, too, taking them right up to the old tree, letting them finger the rough bark and search and probe its texture with their fingers.

The next spring, a man with a bulldozer pushed the old tree to the ground. Then he cut it up and burned it to ashes, its history gone up in so much smoke. I hope that tree will live in the boys' memories as it has in mine.

My reverie is broken with Blondie's barking. Her incredible dog ears have caught the clapping of our feet on the road, and she lets Sarah and me know she's unhappy that she wasn't asked along.

Too soon, our walk is over. But I'll come to find out later that a starfire was lit this night in a little girl. She talked for days about our starwalk, and now regularly asks to go again.

By chance, after my young starwalker was asleep, I happened on a passage from Antoine de Saint Exupery's classic, *The Little Prince*. For me, it was a wonderful coincidence, a perfect ending to a perfect evening.

"All men have the stars," the passage went, "but they are not the same things for different people. For some, who are travelers, the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others, who are scholars, they are problems... You—you alone—have the stars as no one else has them."

"Starwalking with Sarah" by Steve Pollick, from *Starwalking with Sarah & Other Essays*, copyright © 1994 by Toledo Blade Co. Used by permission of The Blade.

When traveling to new country, it is a gift to have a guide. They know the nuances¹ of the world they live in. Samuel smells rain the night before it falls. I trust his instincts and borrow them until I uncover my own. But there is danger here. One can become lazy in the reliance on a guide. The burden of a newcomer is to pay attention.

The Land Rover slips into the savannah like a bird dog entering a marsh. We are fully present. I watch Samuel's eyes scan the horizon. He points south.

"Zebra," he says. "They are migrating north from Tanzania. Thousands more are on their way."

Hundreds of zebras walk the skyline. They become animated heat waves.

We drive closer. I have never seen such concentrations of animals. At one point I think I hear thunder. It is the hooves of wildebeests. Suddenly, the herd of zebra expands to include impalas, gazelles, and animals I do not recognize.

"Topi," Samuel says.

I flip through my field guide of African mammals and find it. An extraordinary creature, it is the color of mahogany with blue patches on its flanks and ocher² legs. I look at the topi again, this time through binoculars. Its black linear face with spiraling horns creates the illusion of a primitive mask. The topi I watch stands motionless on a termite mound. Binoculars down, I look at Samuel. He says the topi resemble hartebeests. A small herd of topi runs in front of the vehicle in a rocking-horse gait³ and vanishes.

⁸Samuel gives away his knowledge sparingly—in gentle, quiet doses. He is respectful of his teachers and those he is teaching. In this way he is generous. He gives me the pleasure of discovery. Slowly, African riddles unravel themselves like a piece of cut linen.

The sweet hissing of grasses accompanies us as we move ahead. We pass the swishing tails of wildebeests. We are looking for lions.

¹⁰Anticipation is another gift for travelers in unfamiliar territory. It quickens the spirit. The contemplation of the unseen world; imagination piqued⁴ in consideration of animals.

We stop. Samuel points. I see nothing. I look at Samuel for clues. He points again. I still see nothing but tall, tawny grasses around the base of a lone tree. He smiles and says, "Lions."

I look. I look so hard it becomes an embarrassment—and then I see eyes. Lion eyes. Two amber beads with a brown matrix. Circles of contentment until I stand; the lion's eyes change, and I am flushed with fear.

"Quiet," Samuel whispers. "We will watch for a while."

As my eyes become acquainted with lion, I begin to distinguish fur from grass. I realize there are two lions, a male and a female lying together under the stingy shade of a thorn tree. I can hear them breathe. The male is breathing hard and fast, his black mane in rhythm with the breeze. He puts his right paw on the female's shoulder. Ears twitch. We are no more than ten feet away. He yawns. His yellow canines are as long as my index finger. His jowls look like well-worn leather. He stands. The grasses brush his belly. Veins protrude from his leg muscles. This lion is lean and strong. No wonder that in the Masai mind every aspect of a lion is imbued⁵ with magic.

- 1 nuances: degrees of difference in meaning
- 2 ocher: color having shades of yellow, orange, and brown
- 3 gait: way of moving by lifting the feet in a different order or rhythm such as a trot, gallop, or run
- 4 piqued: excited one's interest or curiosity
- 5 imbued: filled; saturated

"In the Country of Grasses" by Terry Williams, from *An Unspoken Hunger* by Terry Tempest Williams, copyright © 1994 by Terry Tempest Williams. Used by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

Anna and the King

Introduction

The year is 1862. Anna Leonowens is an English woman living in India whose husband, a captain in the British Army, has recently died. To support herself and her young son Louis, she accepts a position as tutor to the son of the King of Siam. She arrives in Bangkok with Louis and two Indian servants, knowing no one. Although she has been promised a house of her own, she finds that she has been assigned quarters in the palace; she asks to see the king, but the Prime Minister, known as the Kralahome, tells her that she must wait until the king is ready to see her. He addresses Anna as *Sir* because women are not allowed to stand in the king's presence, and Anna refuses to kneel.

The Grand Palace, Bangkok.
Several weeks after Anna's arrival.

The Kralahome escorts Anna and Louis to the Hall of Audience. There, ranged on a deep red carpet is a throng of prostrate¹ noblemen and courtiers facing a raised dais; on it, the imposing figure of Siam's ruler, King Mongkut, sits on a golden throne. Just off the dais stands Alak, his Majesty's highly decorated Consul-General. A French emissary advances to present His Majesty with a jewel-encrusted sword.

LOUIS (*whispering*): Look at the sword!

ANNA: It's a gift from the French. (*King Mongkut delivers a clapped command to the interpreter, who accepts the sword. The entire assemblage begins a series of bows.*)

KRALAHOME: It appears Sir must wait to meet His Majesty another day.

ANNA: I do not think so. (*She takes her son's hand and hurries down the stairs toward the throne as musicians play the king's exit. Kralahome, caught off-guard, hurries to catch up with her. She curtsies deeply as she approaches the king.*) Your Majesty, my name is Anna Leonowens. (*King Mongkut turns, shocked. His bodyguards draw swords, blocking Anna's path.*) I am the schoolteach—

MONGKUT: STOP!!! (*Startled, Anna does just that. King Mongkut strides toward her.*) WHO?!?

KRALAHOME (*prostrating himself*): Your Majesty, Mme² Anna Leonowens and son, Louis.

ANNA: Your Majesty, I have waited nearly three weeks.

MONGKUT: SILENCE! (*He gazes at Anna, intrigued.*) YOU are teacher?

ANNA (*flustered*): Yes, I am.

MONGKUT: You do not look sufficient of age. How many years have you?

ANNA: Enough to know that age and wisdom do not necessarily go hand in hand, Your Majesty. (*King Mongkut nods. Then he abruptly heads off.*)

KRALAHOME: His Majesty has not dismissed you. Follow him! (*Anna and Louis run to keep up with the king.*)

MONGKUT: You articulate logical answer under pressure, Mme Leonowens—

ANNA: That is very kind of—

MONGKUT: —but irritating superior attitude King find most unbeautiful. However, it will serve you well given decision I now make. (*They reach a pair of massive double doors.*)

Along with Prince Chulalongkorn, you shall teach my children. (*Guards push open the doors and the trio step into the gardens of the children's park. Scores of princes and princesses, none older than eleven, play around pools and pavilions. Peacocks stroll the grounds. A gong announces the king's presence. Everyone turns, sees the king, and drops to the ground.*) Attention, my most blessed and royal family, we have company. (*King Mongkut motions Anna and Louis to follow him. He stops before a teenage boy, and nods his head. This is Prince Chulalongkorn, King Mongkut's oldest son.*) Presenting Heir Apparent, Prince Chulalongkorn. And this, my son, is your new teacher.

PRINCE (*astonished*): Why do you punish me with imperialist schoolteacher? (*King Mongkut, understanding his son's distress, turns to the crowd.*)

MONGKUT: Dearest family, I desire you all to be educated in English language, science, and literature. You must never forget to honor your renowned teacher, Mme Anna Leonowens.

ANNA: Your Majesty, the opportunity to begin a school is exciting. Such devotion to progress is to be commended.

MONGKUT: As father, I understand.

ANNA: Then Your Majesty appreciates why having a home outside the palace is of such importance to me.

MONGKUT (*firmly*): It is my pleasure that you live in the palace.

ANNA (*equally firmly*): But it is not mine, Your Majesty.

MONGKUT (*eyes flashing*): You do not set conditions, and you shall OBEY!

ANNA: May I respectfully remind His Majesty that I am not his servant, but his guest.

MONGKUT (*after a tense moment*): A guest who is paid. (*He heads for the gates.*)

ANNA: And what of our house?

MONGKUT (*without turning*): Everything has its own time. (*He is gone. The entire crowd stares at Anna in awe. A woman has just argued with their king.*)

¹ prostrate: lying face down, as in submission

² Mme: abbreviation for Madame

High Tide in Tucson

by Barbara Kingsolver

A hermit crab lives in my house. Here in the desert he's hiding out from local animal ordinances, at minimum, and maybe even the international laws of native-species transport. For sure, he's an outlaw against nature. So be it.

²He arrived as a stowaway two Octobers ago. I had spent a week in the Bahamas, and while I was there, wishing my daughter could see those sparkling blue bays and sandy coves, I did exactly what she would have done: I collected shells. Spiky murexes, smooth purple moon shells, ancient-looking whelks sand-blasted by the tide—I tucked them in the pockets of my shirt and shorts until my lumpy, suspect hemlines gave me away, like a refugee smuggling the family fortune. When it was time to go home, I rinsed my loot in the sink and packed it carefully into a plastic carton, then nested it deep in my suitcase for the journey to Arizona.

I got home in the middle of the night, but couldn't wait till morning to show my hand. I set the carton on the coffee table for my daughter to open. In the dark living room her face glowed, in the way of antique stories about children and treasure. With perfect delicacy she laid the shells out on the table, counting, sorting, designating scientific categories like yellow-striped pinky, Barnacle Bill's pocketbook...Yeek! She let loose a sudden yelp, dropped her booty,¹ and ran to the far end of the room. The largest, knottiest whelk had begun to move around. First it extended one long red talon of a leg, tap-tap-tapping like a blind man's cane. Then came half a dozen more red legs, plus a pair of eyes on stalks, and a purple claw that snapped open and shut in a way that could not mean: We Come in Friendship.

Who could blame this creature? It had fallen asleep to the sound of the Caribbean tide and awakened on a coffee table in Tucson, Arizona, where the nearest standing water source of any real account was the municipal sewage-treatment plant.

With red stiletto legs splayed in all directions, it lunged and jerked its huge shell this way and that, reminding me of the scene I make whenever I'm moved to rearrange the living room sofa by myself. Then, while we watched in stunned reverence, the strange beast found its bearings and began to reveal a determined, crabby grace. It felt its way to the edge of the table and eased itself over, not falling bang to the floor but hanging suspended underneath within the long grasp of its ice-tong legs, lifting any two or three at a time while many others still held in place. In this remarkable fashion it scrambled around the underside of the table's rim, swift and sure and fearless like a rock climber's dream.

If you ask me, when something extraordinary shows up in your life in the middle of the night, you give it a name and make it the best home you can.

The business of naming involved a grasp of hermit-crab gender that was way out of our league. But our household had a deficit of males, so my daughter and I chose Buster, for balance. We gave him a terrarium with clean gravel and a small cactus plant dug out of the yard and a big cockleshell full of tap water. All this seemed to suit him fine. To my astonishment our local pet store carried a product called Vitaminized Hermit Crab Cakes. Tempting enough (till you read the ingredients) but we passed, since our household leans more toward the recycling ethic. We give him leftovers. Buster's rapture is the day I drag the unidentifiable things in cottage cheese containers out of the back of the fridge.

We've also learned to give him a continually changing assortment of seashells, which he tries on and casts off like Cinderella's stepsisters preening for the ball. He'll sometimes try to squeeze into ludicrous outfits too small to contain him (who can't relate?). In other moods, he will disappear into a conch the size of my two fists and sit for a day, immobilized by the weight of upward mobility. He is in every way the perfect housemate: quiet, entertaining, and willing to eat up the trash. He went to school for first-grade show-and-tell, and was such a hit the principal called up to congratulate me (I think) for being a broad-minded mother.

It was a long time, though, before we began to understand the content of Buster's character. He required more patient observation than we were in the habit of giving to a small, cold-blooded life. As months went by, we would periodically notice with great disappointment that Buster seemed to be dead. Or not entirely dead, but ill, or maybe suffering the crab equivalent of the blues. He would burrow into a gravelly corner, shrink deep into his shell, and not move, for days and days. We'd take him out to play, dunk him in water, offer him a new frock—nothing. He wanted to be still.

Life being what it is, we'd eventually quit prodding our sick friend to cheer up, and would move on to the next stage of a difficult friendship: neglect. We'd ignore him wholesale, only to realize at some point later on that he'd lapsed into hyperactivity. We'd find him ceaselessly patrolling the four corners of his world, turning over rocks, rooting out and dragging around truly disgusting pork-movementschop bones, digging up his cactus and replanting it on its head. At night when the household fell silent I would lie in bed listening to his methodical pebbly racket from the opposite end of the house.

¹ booty: treasures

"High Tide in Tucson" by Barbara Kingsolver, from *High Tide in Tucson: Essays from Now or Never* by Barbara Kingsolver, copyright © 1995 by Barbara Kingsolver. Reprinted by permission of Frances Goldin Literary Agency.

Unfolding Bud

One is amazed By a water-lily bud Unfolding With each passing day, Taking on a richer color And new dimensions.	1 5
One is not amazed At first glance, By a poem, Which is as tight-closed As a tiny bud.	10
Yet one is surprised To see the poem Gradually unfolding, Revealing its rich inner self, As one reads it Again And over again.	15

Naoshi Koriyama

"Unfolding Bud" by Naoshi Koriyama, copyright © 1957 *The Christian Science Monitor*. All rights reserved.
Reproduced with permission.

English Indicator 1.1.2 Answer Key

Public Release Item #1 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007

A. imitating the stars

Public Release Item #2 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005

C. to move through

Public Release Item #3 - Selected Response (SR) - 2005

B. excites

Public Release Item #4 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006

D. to provide background for the interaction that follows

Public Release Item #5 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006

C. a description of the boy's actions followed by a description of the ball's movement

Public Release Item #6 - Selected Response (SR) - 2006

D. to provide background information

Public Release Item #7 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007

D. indicates a shift in thought