***ORIGINAL***

The man turned off the hose and screwed on the cap again. The little boys took the hose from him and they upended it and drank thirstily. The man took off his dark, stained hat and stood with a curious humility in front of the screen. "Could you see your way to sell us a loaf of bread, ma'am?"

Mae said, "This ain't a grocery store. We got bread to make san'widges."

"I know, ma'am." His humility was insistent. "We need bread and there ain't nothin' for quite a piece, they say."

"'F we sell bread we gonna run out." Mae's tone was faltering.

"We're hungry," the man said.

"Whyn't you buy a san'widge? We got nice san'widges, hamburgs."

"We'd sure admire to do that, ma'am. But we can't. We got to make a dime do all of us." And he said embarrassedly, "We ain't got but a little."

Mae said, "You can't get no loaf a bread for a dime. We only got fifteen-cent loafs."

From behind her Al growled, "God Almighty, Mae, give 'em bread."

"We'll run out 'fore the bread truck comes."

"Run out, then, goddamn it," said Al. And he looked sullenly down at the potato salad he was mixing.

Mae shrugged her plump shoulders and looked to the truck drivers to show them what she was up against.

She held the screen door open and the man came in, bringing a smell of sweat with him. The boys edged in behind him and they went immediately to the candy case and stared in—not with craving or with hope or even with desire, but just with a kind of wonder that such things could be. They were alike in size and their faces were alike. One scratched his dusty ankle with the toe nails of his other foot. The other whispered some soft message and then they straightened their arms so that their clenched fists in the overall pockets showed through the thin blue cloth.

Mae opened a drawer and took out a long waxpaper-wrapped loaf. "This here is a fifteen-cent loaf."

The man put his hat back on his head. He answered with inflexible humility, "Won't you—can't you see your way to cut off ten cents' worth?"

Al said snarlingly, "Goddamn it, Mae. Give 'em the loaf."

The man turned toward Al. "No, we want ta buy ten cents' worth of it. We got it figgered awful close, mister, to get to California."

Mae said resignedly, "You can have this for ten cents."

"That'd be robbin' you, ma'am."

"Go ahead—Al says to take it." She pushed the wax papered loaf across the counter. The man took a deep leather pouch from his rear pocket, untied the strings, and spread it open. It was heavy with silver and with greasy bills.

"May soun' funny to be so tight," he apologized. "We got a thousan' miles to go, an' we don't know if we'll make it." He dug in the pouch with a forefinger, located a dime, and pinched in for it. When he put it down on the counter he had a penny with it. He was about to drop the penny back into the pouch when his eye fell on the boys frozen before the candy counter. He moved slowly down to them. He pointed in the case at big long sticks of striped peppermint. "Is them penny candy, ma'am?"

Mae moved down and looked in. "Which ones?"

"There, them stripy ones."

The little boys raised their eyes to her face and they stopped breathing; their mouths were partly opened, their half-naked bodies were rigid.

"Oh—them. Well, no—them's two for a penny."

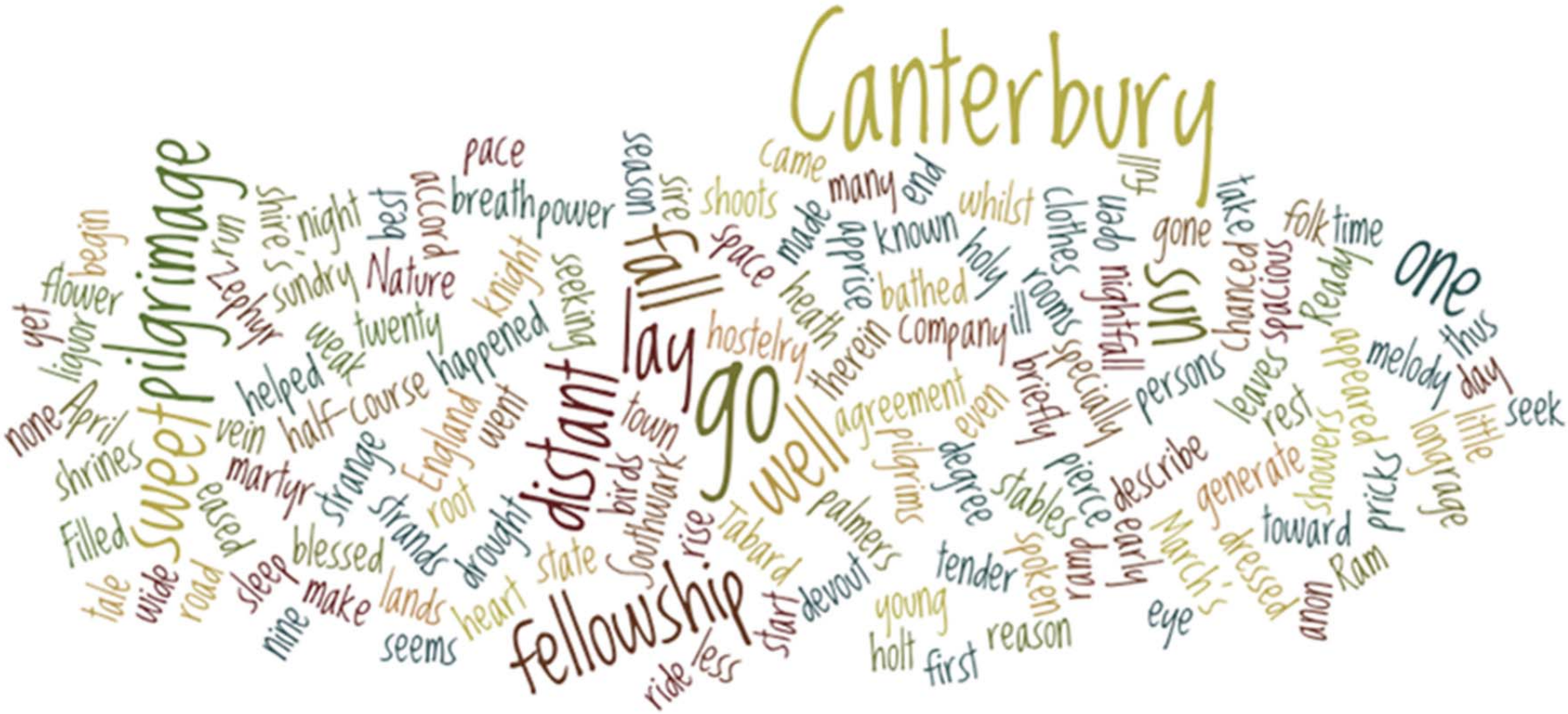
"Well, gimme two then, ma'am." He placed the copper cent carefully on the counter. The boys expelled their held breath softly. Mae held the big sticks out.

"Take 'em," said the man.

They reached timidly, each took a stick, and they held them down at their sides and did not look at them. But they looked at each other, and their mouth corners smiled rigidly with embarrassment.

***ADAPTED:***

The man stood at the door. “Can we buy some bread?”
Mae said, “We sell sandwiches, not bread.”
The said, “We are hungry and only have money for bread.”
Al yelled, “Give them the bread.”
Mae did not want to but she opened the door.
The man and the two boys came in. the boys looked alike. They were dirty. Their clothes were thin.
Mae got a loaf of bread. “This is 15 cents.”
“Can you cut off 10-cents’ worth? said the man. “We have to make our money last to California.”
Al yelled again, “Give them the bread.”
Mae gave the bread to them man.
The man saw the boys starting at the peppermint candy. ‘is them penny candy? he asked.
Mae said, “No, Them’s two for a penny.”
The man laid the money on the counter. Mae gave each boy a candy stick.


Canterbury
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Grades 11–CCR Text Exemplars
Stories
Chaucer, Geoffrey. The Canterbury Tales. Translated into modern English by Neville Coghill. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1951. (Late 14th Century)
From The General Prologue
When in April the sweet showers fall
That pierce March's drought to the root and all
And bathed every vein in liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,
Filled again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and leaves, and the young sun
His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)
Then folk do long to go on pilgrimage,
And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,
To distant shrines well known in distant lands.
And specially from every shire's end
Of England they to Canterbury went,
The holy blessed martyr there to seek
Who helped them when they lay so ill and weak
It happened that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
Ready to go on pilgrimage and start
To Canterbury, full devout at heart,
There came at nightfall to that hostelry
Some nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry persons who had chanced to fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That toward Canterbury town would ride.

The Unscrupulous Mother:

The Characterization of Amy Tan's Mother in "Fish Cheeks"

In life, people are often complex. There are many instances when a person's personality differs from their initial character and vice versa. Just as people and personalities vary in life, the same occurrence happens in literature. Any Tam, a biographical writer, details stories about her family and illustrates that parents don't always have the best method of raising their children. Amy Tan's mother is not a good person based upon her words, actions, and effects on others.

Amy Tan's mother is not a good person based upon her words. Tan's mother sharply admonishes her daughter, Amy, by accusing her of wanting to be White (Tan 111). Accusing a person, especially a child, of being an imposter or fake could be hurtful. In society, when a parent alleges that his or her child is a fraud, it may leave emotional damages. On the other hand, some parents may want to be as honest and transparent with their children in order to build a trusting relationship. However, it is clear that children may be easily hurt or upset by seemingly unkind words.

Claim

Grounds

Warrant

Backing

Rebuttal

Qualifier

## Pre-submission Rubric

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1) Is my pagination correct (i.e. last name, page number, aligned right)? | YES | NO |
| 2) Is my heading correct (i.e. name, professor's name, class, date)? | YES | NO |
| 3) Does my essay have an appropriate title? | YES | NO |
| 4) Is my essay typed in black, 12 point Times New Roman (including header, title, and heading)? | YES | NO |
| 5) Is my first paragraph at least five sentences long? | YES | NO |
| 6) Does my introduction begin with generalizations? | YES | NO |
| 7) Is my thesis statement (claim) the last sentence of my introduction? | YES | NO |
| 8) Does my thesis statement (claim) have at least three topics that I can discuss and develop in my body paragraphs? | YES | NO |

Discussion:

What additional items do you think should be added?