SNOW DAY PACKET ~ ~ GRADE 8

KEY IDEAS & DETAILS ELA.8.1 Cite **textual evidence**

CONVENTIONS OF STANDARD ENGLISH ELA.8.36 Demo **command of the conventions of Standard English grammar and usage**

RANGE OF READING & TEXT COMPLEXITY ELA.8.19 By the end of the year, read and **comprehend literature at the high end of grades 6-8 text complexity range independently and proficiently**

**DAY 1 - Short Story**

Page 111-117 Read “The Flying Machine” (as you are reading follow the instructions on each page)

1. Circle, circle, underline
2. Reread, Analyze and answer the question in 3 complete sentences
3. Underline descriptions and write margin notes, define vocabulary
4. SKIP
5. Underline, circle and make a summary in the margin, define serene on P. 115, underline 3 important text-based evidence sentences on page 115
6. Reread, may use a Venn diagram to answer the compare/contrast question or 3 complete sentences
7. Make a margin note, circle and underline
8. SKIP
9. Complete the SHORT RESPONSE on page 117 (write an answer in your own words, then cite text based evidence with the Page number, paragraph number and use quotation marks for the text-based evidence. You may use an ellipsis.)

**DAY 2 - Graphic Story**

Page 118-124 Read graphic version of “The Flying Machine”

1. Circle the 3 items as given in the instructions
2. Contrast the drawings (may use a Venn diagram or Tchart)
3. Follow directions (margin note, underline, circle)
4. **DISCUSS WITH SOMEONE AT HOME OR A FRIEND CITE TEXT EVIDENCE BY AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 121 USING QUOTATION MARKS AND ELIPSIS**
5. Make your circles as the directions read and a margin note as instructed
6. At the bottom of page 123, write which version of “The Flying Machine”, the short story or the graphic story, do you like better and why.
   SKIP 6. REREAD AND DISCUSS
7. **PAGE 124 SHORT RESPONSE (use complete sentences) Give 3 advantages and cite text based evidence**
The Value of Work
Every job is a learning experience, and we can develop and grow in every one.

—Colin Powell

Comparing Versions

SHORT STORY
The Flying Machine
Ray Bradbury

GRAPHIC STORY
The Flying Machine
Ray Bradbury
illustrated by Bernard Krigstein

BIOGRAPHY
The Real McCoy
Jim Haskins

Poems About Work

POEM
To Be of Use
Marge Piercy

POEM
A Story of How a Wall Stands
Simon J. Ortiz
Background Ray Bradbury wrote hundreds of short stories in his 70-year career. He has said he tells tales to warn people about the dangers in the world around them. You are about to read a story that takes place in the distant past. As you read, think about the way this story connects to the world today. Then, read the graphic version of "The Flying Machine," illustrated by Bernard Krigstein.

The Flying Machine
Short Story by Ray Bradbury

In the year A.D. 400, the Emperor Yuan held his throne by the Great Wall of China, and the land was green with rain, readying itself toward the harvest, at peace, the people in his dominion neither too happy nor too sad.

Early on the morning of the first day of the first week of the second month of the new year, the Emperor Yuan was sipping tea and fanning himself against a warm breeze when a servant ran across the scarlet and blue garden tiles, calling, "Oh, Emperor, Emperor, a miracle!"

“Yes” said the Emperor, “the air is sweet this morning.”

“No, no, a miracle!” said the servant, bowing quickly.

“And this tea is good in my mouth, surely that is a miracle.”

1 dominion: country; territory.
“No, no, Your Excellency.”
“Let me guess then—the sun has risen and a new day is upon us. Or the sea is blue. That now is the finest of all miracles.”
“Excellency, a man is flying!”
“What?” The Emperor stopped his fan.
“I saw him in the air, a man flying with wings. I heard a voice call out of the sky, and when I looked up, there he was, a dragon in the heavens with a man in its mouth, a dragon of paper and bamboo, colored like the sun and the grass.”
“It is early,” said the Emperor, “and you have just wakened from a dream.”
“It is early, but I have seen what I have seen! Come, and you will see it too.”
“Sit down with me here,” said the Emperor. “Drink some tea. It must be a strange thing, if it is true, to see a man fly. You must have time to think of it, even as I must have time to prepare myself for the sight.”

They drank tea.
“Please,” said the servant at last, “or he will be gone.”
The Emperor rose thoughtfully. “Now you may show me what you have seen.”
They walked into a garden, across a meadow of grass, over a small bridge, through a grove of trees, and up a tiny hill.
“There!” said the servant.
The Emperor looked into the sky.
And in the sky, laughing so high that you could hardly hear him laugh, was a man; and the man was clothed in bright papers and reeds.
to make wings and a beautiful yellow tail, and he was soaring all
about like the largest bird in a universe of birds, like a new dragon in
a land of ancient dragons.

The man called down to them from high in the cool winds of
morning. "I fly, I fly!"

The servant waved to him. "Yes, yes!"

The Emperor Yuan did not move. Instead he looked at the Great
Wall of China now taking shape out of the farthest mist in the green
hills, that splendid snake of stones which \textit{writhed} with majesty across
the entire land. That wonderful wall which had protected them for a
timeless time from enemy \textit{hordes} and preserved peace for years
without number. He saw the town, nestled to itself by a river and a
road and a hill, beginning to waken.

"Tell me," he said to his servant, "has anyone else seen this flying
man?"

"I am the only one, Excellency," said the servant, smiling at the
sky, waving.

The Emperor watched the heavens another minute and then said,
"Call him down to me."

"Ho, come down, come down! The Emperor wishes to see you!"
called the servant, hands cupped to his shouting mouth.

The Emperor glanced in all directions while the flying man
soared down the morning wind. He saw a farmer, early in his fields,
watching the sky, and he noted where the farmer stood.

The flying man alit with a rustle of paper and a creak of bamboo
reeds. He came proudly to the Emperor, clumsy in his rig, at last
bowing before the old man.

"What have you done?" demanded the Emperor.

"I have flown in the sky, Your Excellency," replied the man.

"What \textit{have} you done?" said the Emperor again.

"I have just told you!" cried the flier.

\begin{itemize}
  \item Underline descriptions of the Great Wall of China in lines 46–52.
  \item In the margin, summarize what happens in lines 87–100.
\end{itemize}
“You have told me nothing at all.” The Emperor reached out a thin hand to touch the pretty paper and the birdlike keel of the apparatus. It smelled cool, of the wind.

“Is it not beautiful, Excellency?”

“Yes, too beautiful.”

“It is the only one in the world!” smiled the man. “And I am the inventor.”

“The only one in the world?”

“I swear it!”

“Who else knows of this?”

“No one. Not even my wife, who would think me mad with the sun. She thought I was making a kite. I rose in the night and walked to the cliffs far away. And when the morning breezes blew and the sun rose, I gathered my courage, Excellency, and leaped from the cliff. I flew! But my wife does not know of it.”

“Well for her, then,” said the Emperor. “Come along.”

They walked back to the great house. The sun was full in the sky now, and the smell of the grass was refreshing. The Emperor, the servant, and the flier paused within the huge garden.

The Emperor clapped his hands. “Ho, guards!”

The guards came running.

“Hold this man.”

The guards seized the flier.

“Call the executioner,” said the Emperor.

“What’s this!” cried the flier, bewildered. “What have I done?” He began to weep, so that the beautiful paper apparatus rustled.

“Here is the man who has made a certain machine,” said the Emperor, “andyet asks us what he has created. He does not know himself. It is only necessary that he create, without knowing why he has done so, or what this thing will do.”

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4. **Reread and Discuss** Reread lines 64–100. With a small group, discuss the reason why the Emperor captured the flier. Cite text evidence in your discussion.

5. **Read** As you read lines 104–150, continue to cite text evidence.

- Underline imagery that describes the Emperor’s invention.
- Circle what the flier says he has done.
- In the margin, summarize the Emperor’s concern.
The executioner came running with a sharp silver ax. He stood with his naked, large-muscled arms ready, his face covered with a serene white mask.

“One moment,” said the Emperor. He turned to a nearby table upon which sat a machine that he himself had created. The Emperor took a tiny golden key from his own neck. He fitted his key to the tiny, delicate machine and wound it up. Then he set the machine going.

The machine was a garden of metal and jewels. Set in motion, the birds sang in tiny metal trees, wolves walked through miniature forests, and tiny people ran in and out of sun and shadow, fanning themselves with miniature fans, listening to tiny emerald birds, and standing by impossibly small but tinkling fountains.

“Is it not beautiful?” said the Emperor. “If you asked me what I have done here, I could answer you well. I have made birds sing, I have made forests murmur, I have set people to walking in this woodland, enjoying the leaves and shadows and songs. That is what I have done.”

“But, oh, Emperor!” pleaded the flier, on his knees, the tears pouring down his face. “I have done a similar thing! I have found beauty. I have flown on the morning wind. I have looked down on all the sleeping houses and gardens. I have smelled the sea and even seen it, beyond the hills, from my high place. And I have soared like a bird; oh, I cannot say how beautiful it is up there, in the sky, with the wind about me, the wind blowing me here like a feather, there like a fan, the way the sky smells in the morning! And how free one feels! That is beautiful, Emperor, that is beautiful too!”

“Yes,” said the Emperor sadly, “I know it must be true. For I felt my heart move with you in the air and I wondered: What is it like? How does it feel? How do the distant pools look from so high? And how my houses and servants? Like ants? And how the distant towns not yet awake?”

“Then spare me!”

“But there are times,” said the Emperor, more sadly still, “when one must lose a little beauty if one is to keep what little beauty one already has. I do not fear you, yourself, but I fear another man.”

“What man?”
“Some other man who, seeing you, will build a thing of bright papers and bamboo like this. But the other man will have an evil face and an evil heart, and the beauty will be gone. It is this man I fear.”

“Why? Why?”

“Who is to say that someday just such a man, in just such an apparatus of paper and reed, might not fly in the sky and drop huge stones upon the Great Wall of China?” said the Emperor.

No one moved or said a word.

“Off with his head,” said the Emperor.

The executioner whirled his silver ax.

“Burn the kite and the inventor’s body and bury their ashes together,” said the Emperor.

The servants retreated to obey.

The Emperor turned to his hand-servant, who had seen the man flying. “Hold your tongue. It was all a dream, a most sorrowful and beautiful dream. And that farmer in the distant field who also saw, tell him it would pay him to consider it only a vision. If ever the word passes around, you and the farmer die within the hour.”

“You are merciful, Emperor.”

“No, not merciful,” said the old man. Beyond the garden wall he saw the guards burning the beautiful machine of paper and reeds that...
smelled of the morning wind. He saw the dark smoke climb into the sky. "No, only very much bewildered and afraid." He saw the guards digging a tiny pit wherein to bury the ashes. "What is the life of one man against those of a million others? I must take solace from that thought."

He took the key from its chain about his neck and once more wound up the beautiful miniature garden. He stood looking out across the land at the Great Wall, the peaceful town, the green fields, the rivers and streams. He sighed. The tiny garden whirred its hidden and delicate machinery and set itself in motion; tiny people walked in forests, tiny faces loped through sun-speckled glades in beautiful shining pelts, and among the tiny trees flew little bits of high song and bright blue and yellow colour, flying, flying, flying in that small sky.

"Oh," said the Emperor, closing his eyes, "look at the birds, look at the birds!"

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**SHORT RESPONSE**

Recall that Bradbury says that he writes to warn people about dangers in the world around them. What warning is evident in "The Flying Machine"? Cite text evidence in your response.
The Flying Machine

In the year A.D. 400, the emperor Yuan held his throne by the Great Wall of China, and the land was green with rain, readying itself toward the harvest. At peace, the people in his dominion neither too happy nor too sad. Early on the morning of the first day of the first week of the second month of the new year, the emperor Yuan was sipping tea and fanning himself against a warm breeze when a servant ran across the scarlet and blue garden tiles, calling...

Oh, Emperor, Emperor, a miracle!

Yes, the air is sweet this morning.

The servant shook his head, bowing quickly...

No, no, a miracle! And this tea is good in my mouth. Surely that is a miracle.

No, no, your excellency, let me guess, then. Er... the sun has risen and a new day is upon us. Or the sea is blue. That, now, is the finest of all miracles.

Excellency, a man is flying!

What?

The emperor stopped his fan...
I saw him in the air, a man flying with wings. I heard a voice call out of the sky, and when I looked up, there he was, a dragon in the heavens with a man in its mouth, a dragon of paper and bamboo, colored like the sun and the grass.

It is early, but I have seen what you will see it too. I have seen! A man flying with wings. I have seen him fly! I must be a strange thing, if it is true, to see a man fly. You must have time to think of it, even as I must have time to prepare myself for the sight.

They drank tea. The emperor rose thoughtfully as the servant pleaded... please, or he will be gone... now you may show me what you have seen.

They drank tea. The emperor rose thoughtfully as the servant pleaded... please, or he will be gone... now you may show me what you have seen.

And in the sky, laughing so high that you could hardly hear him laugh, was a man; and the man was clothed in bright papers and reeds to make wings and a beautiful yellow tail, and he was soaring all about like the largest bird in a universe of birds, like a new dragon in a land of ancient dragons.

The emperor did not move. Instead he looked at the great wall of China now taking shape out of the farthest mist in the green hills, that wonderful wall which had protected them for a timeless time from enemy hordes and preserved peace for years without number... tell me, has anyone else been this flying man? I am the only one, Your Excellency.

They walked into a garden, across a meadow of grass, over a small bridge, through a grove of trees, and up a tiny hill... and in the sky, laughing so high that you could hardly hear him laugh, was a man; and the man was clothed in bright papers and reeds to make wings and a beautiful yellow tail, and he was soaring all about like the largest bird in a universe of birds, like a new dragon in a land of ancient dragons.

The emperor looked into the sky... and in the sky, laughing so high that you could hardly hear him laugh, was a man; and the man was clothed in bright papers and reeds to make wings and a beautiful yellow tail, and he was soaring all about like the largest bird in a universe of birds, like a new dragon in a land of ancient dragons.

The emperor did not move. Instead he looked at the great wall of China now taking shape out of the farthest mist in the green hills, that wonderful wall which had protected them for a timeless time from enemy hordes and preserved peace for years without number... tell me, has anyone else been this flying man? I am the only one, Your Excellency.

The emperor watched the heavens another minute and then said... no, come down! The emperor wishes to see you!

Tell me, has anyone else seen this flying man? I am the only one, Your Excellency.

The emperor watched the heavens another minute and then said... no, come down! The emperor wishes to see you!

Tell me, has anyone else seen this flying man? I am the only one, Your Excellency.

The emperor watched the heavens another minute and then said... no, come down! The emperor wishes to see you!

Tell me, has anyone else seen this flying man?

I am the only one, Your Excellency.

Tell me, has anyone else seen this flying man?

Contrast the drawings of the Emperor with the drawings of the servant. How do the illustrations convey each character's feelings about the flying machine?
The Emperor glanced in all directions while the flying man soared down the morning wind. He saw a farmer, early in his fields, watching the sky, and he noted where the farmer stood...

The flying man alit with a rustle of paper and a creak of bamboo reeds. He came proudly to the Emperor, clumsy in his rig, at last bowing before the old man...

What have you done? I have flown in the sky, Your Excellency.

You have told me nothing at all.

The Emperor reached out a thin hand to touch the pretty paper and the birdlike keel of the apparatus. It smelled cool, of the wind...

Is it not beautiful? Yes, too beautiful.

It is the only one in the world, and I am the inventor.

I swear it! Who else knows of this?

In the margin, explain the purpose of the Emperor's questions.

On the next page, underline the question the flying man asks.

Circle the close up of the Emperor's face.

3. READ As you read this page and the next, continue to cite text evidence.

- In the margin, explain the purpose of the Emperor's questions.
- On the next page, underline the question the flying man asks.
- Circle the close up of the Emperor's face.
NO ONE. NOT EVEN MY WIFE, WHO WOULD THINK ME MAD WITH THE SUN. SHE THOUGHT I WAS MAKING A KITE. I ROSE IN THE NIGHT AND WALKED TO THE CLIFFS FAR AWAY. AND WHEN THE MORNING BREEZES BLEW AND THE SUN ROSE, I GATHERED MY COURAGE, EXCELLENCY, AND LEAPED. BUT MY WIFE DOES NOT KNOW OF IT.

THE GUARDS CAME RUNNING...

HE STOOD WITH HIS NAKED, LARGE-MUSCLED ARMS READY, HIS FACE COVERED WITH A SERENE WHITE MASK.

THE GUARDS SEIZED THE FLIER. THE FLIER BEGAN TO WEEP, SO THAT THE BEAUTIFUL PAPER APPARATUS RUSTLED.

THE EXECUTIONER CAME RUNNING WITH A SILVER AX.

THE EMPEROR TURNED TO A NEARBY TABLE UPON WHICH SAT A MACHINE THAT HE HIMSELF HAD CREATED. HE TOOK A TINY GOLDEN KEY FROM AROUND HIS OWN NECK. HE FITTED THIS KEY TO THE DELICATE MACHINE AND WOUND IT UP.

THE EMPEROR SPEAKS TO A NEARBY TABLE UPON WHICH SAT A MACHINE THAT HE HIMSELF HAD CREATED. HE TOOK A TINY GOLDEN KEY FROM AROUND HIS OWN NECK. HE FITTED THIS KEY TO THE DELICATE MACHINE AND WOUND IT UP.


4. **REREAD AND DISCUSS** In a small group, discuss how the Emperor's expression in the close-up image might affect your perception of the story. Cite textual evidence in your discussion.
BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ONE MUST LOSE A LITTLE BEAUTY IF ONE IS TO KEEP WHAT LITTLE BEAUTY ONE ALREADY HAS. I DO NOT FEAR YOU, YOURSELF, BUT I FEAR ANOTHER MAN.

THE FLIER, ON HIS KNEES, THE TEARS POURING DOWN HIS FACE, PLEASED...

WHY? WHY? WHO IS TO SAY THAT SOMEDAY JUST SUCH A MAN, IN JUST SUCH AN APPARATUS, MIGHT NOT FLY IN THE SKY AND DROP MACE STONES UPON THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA?

THE EMPEROR SAID...

IS IT NOT BEAUTIFUL? IF YOU ASKED ME WHAT I HAVE DONE HERE, I COULD ANSWER YOU WELL. I HAVE MADE BIRDS SING, I HAVE MADE FORESTS MURMUR, I HAVE SET PEOPLE TO WALKING IN THIS WOODLAND, ENJOYING THE LEAVES AND SHADOWS AND SONGS. THAT IS WHAT I HAVE DONE.


THE FLYER, ON HIS KNEES, THE TEARS POURING DOWN HIS FACE, PLEASED...

BUT I HAVE DONE A SIMILAR THING! I HAVE FOUND BEAUTY. I HAVE FLOWN ON THE MORNING WIND. I HAVE LOOKED DOWN ON ALL THE SLEEPING HOUSES AND GARDENS. I HAVE SMELLED THE SEA AND EVEN SEEN IT, BEYOND THE HILLS, FROM MY HIGH PLACE. AND I HAVE SOARED LIKE A BIRD. OH, I CANNOT SAY HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS UP THERE, IN THE SKY, WITH THE WIND ABOUT ME, BLOWING ME LIKE A FEATHER. THAT IS BEAUTIFUL, EMPEROR, THAT IS BEAUTIFUL, TOO!

THE MACHINE WAS A GARDEN OF METAL AND JEWELS, SET IN MOTION, BIRDS SANG IN TINY METAL TREES, WOLVES WALKED THROUGH MINIATURE FORESTS, AND TINY PEOPLE, RAN IN AND OUT OF SUN AND SHADOW, FANNING THEMSELVES WITH MINIATURE FANS, LISTENING TO THE TINY EMERALD BIRDS, AND STANDING BY IMPESSIBLY SMALL BUT TINKLING FOUNTAINS...
No one moved or said a word...

THE EMPEROR TURNED TO HIS SERVANT WHO HAD SEEN THE MAN FLYING...

Hold your tongue. It was all a dream.

THE EXECUTIONER WHIRLED HIS SILVER AX...

You are merciful, emperor.

BURN THE KITE AND THE INVENTOR'S BODY AND BURY THEIR ASHES TOGETHER....

The guards retreated to obey.

The old man saw, beyond the garden wall, the guards burning the beautiful machine of paper and reeds that smelled of morning wind. He saw the dark smoke climb into the sky.

No, not merciful. No, only very much bewildered and afraid.

He took the key from its chain about his neck and once more wound up the beautiful miniature garden. The tiny garden whirled its hidden and delicate machinery and set itself into motion; tiny people walked in forests, tiny foxes loped through sun-speckled glades, and among the tiny trees flew little bits of high song and bright blue and yellow color, flying, flying, flying in that small sky.

And the emperor said, closing his eyes...

Oh, look at the birds, look at the birds.

The end.
6. **REREAD AND DISCUSS** With a small group, discuss why the death of the flier was depicted as it was. What feelings might the writers have been trying to evoke by depicting his death this way? Cite text evidence in your discussion.

**SHORT RESPONSE**

*Cite Text Evidence* What are the advantages of reading "The Flying Machine" as a graphic story instead of a short story? Review your reading notes, and remember to cite text evidence in your response.
Background Jim Haskins (1941–2005) was born into a large family in Demopolis, Alabama. After graduating from college, Haskins moved to New York City, where he taught special education classes in Harlem. He drew from his experiences there to write his first book, *Diary of a Harlem Schoolteacher*. Haskins's books for young adults often highlight the lives of famous African Americans, as well as African language and culture. A few of his books have been turned into movies, including the award-winning *The Cotton Club*.

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**The Real McCoy**

Biography by Jim Haskins

1. **READ** As you read lines 1–29, begin to collect and cite text evidence.

   • Underline details about the environment Elijah McCoy was born into and the different places where he lived.
   • Circle two sources of power during the age of the machine, and in the margin, explain why McCoy was fortunate to be born into that era.
   • In the margin, explain why McCoy could not get the kind of job he had been trained for.

   Elijah McCoy’s name is still remembered today and has become synonymous with the ideas of perfection and quality. When we say that something is “the real McCoy,” we are remembering Elijah McCoy whether we are aware of it or not.

   Elijah McCoy (1843–1929) was born on May 2, 1843, in Colchester, Ontario, Canada, the son of two runaway slaves, fugitives who had escaped from Kentucky by way of the Underground Railroad. After the Civil War, Elijah and his parents returned to the United States, settling down near Ypsilanti, Michigan. There Elijah attended school and worked in a machine shop.

   McCoy, even as a boy, was fascinated with machines and tools. He was fortunate to have been born into an era that suited him perfectly, a time when newer and better machines were being invented—the age
of the machine. Following the footsteps of steam was that new energy source, electricity, which opened up even more opportunities for the inventive mind.

McCoy’s interest only deepened with the emergence of each new device. He decided to go to Edinburgh, Scotland, where the bias against his color was not so evident, and serve an apprenticeship in mechanical engineering. After finishing his apprenticeship, McCoy returned to the United States a mechanical engineer, eager to put his skills to work. But companies at that time were reluctant to hire a black man to fill such a highly skilled position. Prejudice was strong and the myth that blacks were intellectually inferior to whites persisted. Companies felt that McCoy could not possibly be as skilled as he claimed to be and, even if he were, the white workers he might have to supervise would never take orders from a black man. The only job he was able to find was as a fireman on the Michigan Central Railroad.

The job of fireman was hardly one that required the sophisticated skills McCoy had obtained. His duties consisted of fueling the firebox of the engine to “keep the steam up” and oiling the engine. The way train and other types of engines were built meant that it was necessary to stop the train periodically—or to shut down whatever...
For two years he worked on the problem on his own time...

engine was being used—so the moving parts could be lubricated. If the engines were not oiled, the parts would wear out quickly or friction would cause the parts to heat up, causing fires. Hand-lubricating engines was an inefficient but necessary procedure.

Many men or women, when faced with a repetitive, essentially mindless task, might sink into an unthinking lethargy, doing only that which is required of them and no more, but this was not true of Elijah McCoy. He did his job—oiling the engines—but that job led him to become interested in the problems of lubricating any kind of machinery that was in motion. For two years he worked on the problem on his own time in his own homemade machine shop. His

initial idea was to manufacture the machines with canals cut into them with connecting devices between their various parts to distribute the oil throughout the machines while they were running. He wanted to make lubrication automatic.

Finally McCoy came up with what he called “the lubricating cup,” or “drip cup.” The lubricating cup was a small container filled with oil, with a stopcock to regulate the flow of oil into the parts of a moving machine. The lubricating or drip cup seemed an obvious invention, yet no one had thought of it before McCoy; it has since been described as the “key device in perfecting the overall lubrication system used in large industry today.” With a drip cup installed, it was no longer necessary to shut down a machine in order to oil it, thus saving both time and money. McCoy received his patent for it on July 12, 1872.

As you read lines 50-72, continue to cite textual evidence.

Circle the benefits of the “drip cup.”

In the margin, write why people would ask if a machine contained “the real McCoy.”

Reread lines 50-59. What conclusions can you draw about why Elijah McCoy was the first to imagine the “drip cup,” even though it seemed to be an “obvious invention”? Support your answer with explicit textual evidence.
The drip cup could be used on machinery of all types and it was quickly adopted by machine manufacturers everywhere. Of course, there were imitators, but their devices were not as effective or efficient as McCoy’s. It soon became standard practice for an equipment buyer to inquire if the machine contained “the real McCoy.” So commonly was this expression used that it soon spread outside the machine industry and came to have the general meaning of the “real thing,” or perfection. Nowadays if someone states that they want “the real McCoy,” it is taken to mean that they want the genuine article, the best, not a shoddy imitation. In 1872, of course, Elijah McCoy could not foresee that his name would soon become associated with the idea of perfection. All he knew was that the thing worked and worked well on machinery of all types.

The lubrication of machinery fascinated McCoy and he continued to work in that area. In 1892 he invented and patented a number of devices for lubricating locomotive engines. These inventions were used in all western railroads and on steamers plying the Great Lakes. Eventually McCoy would invent a total of twenty-three lubricators for different kinds of equipment and, in 1920, he applied his system to air brakes on vehicles.

During his lifetime, Elijah McCoy was awarded over fifty-seven patents and became known as one of the most prolific black inventors of the nineteenth century. In addition to his patents on various kinds of lubricating systems, he also received patents for such “homey” objects as an ironing table (a forerunner of today’s ironing board), a lawn sprinkler, a steam dome and a dope cup (a cup for administering medicine). He eventually founded the Elijah McCoy Manufacturing Company in Detroit, Michigan, to develop and sell his inventions.

As you read lines 73–92, continue to cite textual evidence.

- Underline McCoy’s inventions.
- Circle a phrase that uses sensory details to appeal to the sense of hearing.
- In line 92, infer what “paean” means, and write your inference in the margin.
Until his death in 1929, McCoy continued working and inventing, sometimes patenting two or three new devices a year. Today, although many may not know who he was or what he did, his name remains to remind us of the idea of quality, and the steady, ceaseless roar of machinery is a paean to his inventiveness.

8. **REREAD** Reread lines 72–92. What conclusion can you make about why the author feels “the steady, ceaseless roar of machinery is a paean to” McCoy’s “inventiveness”? Support your answer with explicit textual evidence.

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**SHORT RESPONSE**

**Cite Text Evidence** What conclusions can you make about the way Elijah McCoy was treated after he invented the “drip cup”? Support your answer with explicit textual evidence.
Background  Regarding the topic of work, English humorist Jerome K. Jerome once wrote, “I like work: it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.” As a testament to our frequent desire to avoid work, inventor Thomas Edison stated, “We often miss opportunity because it’s dressed in overalls and looks like work.” However, most people would agree that work adds value to our lives, and when we push ourselves to fulfill a particularly difficult task, we gain insight into what we can truly achieve.

Poems About Work

To Be of Use  . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Marge Piercy
A Story of How a Wall Stands.  . . . .  Simon J. Ortiz

Marge Piercy  (b. 1936) was born into a family that struggled against the effects of the Great Depression. Her love of literature was instilled at a young age when she came down with rheumatic fever and was only able to read to entertain herself. The novels and poetry she writes frequently deal with the topics of feminism and social change. One of her most famous novels, Women on the Edge of Time, even incorporates elements of time travel.

Simon J. Ortiz  (b. 1941) is one of the most influential and widely read American Indian writers. Ortiz was raised in Acoma Pueblo reservation as part of the Eagle Clan, where he spoke only his native language. When he was sent to boarding school, he was encouraged to speak English, and his struggle in transitioning between two different cultures led him to write about his experiences. Later, he would write as a means to bring attention to the American Indian voice, a voice he felt was unrepresented in American literature.
To Be of Use
by Marge Piercy

The people I love the best
jump into work head first
without dallying in the shallows
and swim off with sure strokes almost out of sight.

They seem to become natives of that element,
the black sleek heads of seals
bouncing like half-submerged balls.

I love people who harness themselves, an ox to a heavy cart,
who pull like water buffalo, with massive patience,
who strain in the mud and the muck to move things forward,
who do what has to be done, again and again.

I want to be with people who submerge
in the task, who go into the fields to harvest
and work in a row and pass the bags along,
who are not parlor generals and field deserters
but move in a common rhythm
when the food must come in or the fire be put out.

The work of the world is common as mud.
Botched, it smears the hands, crumbles to dust.

But the thing worth doing well done
has a shape that satisfies, clean and evident.

Greek amphoras for wine or oil,
Hopi vases that held corn, are put in museums
but you know they were made to be used.

The pitcher cries for water to carry
and a person for work that is real.
As you read "A Story of How a Wall Stands," begin to collect and cite text evidence.

- In the margin, explain what the speaker of "To Be of Use" would most likely admire about the father in this poem.
- Circle phrases that are repeated.

**A Story of How a Wall Stands**

by Simon J. Ortiz

My father, who works with stone,
says, "That's just the part you see,
the stones which seem to be
just packed in on the outside;"
and with his hands puts the stone and mud
in place. "Underneath what looks like loose stone,
there is stone woven together."
He ties one hand over the other,
fitting like the bones of his hands
and fingers. "That's what is
holding it together."

"It is built that carefully,"
he says, "the mud mixed
to a certain texture," patiently
"with the fingers," worked
in the palm of his hand. "So that
placed between the stones, they hold
together for a long, long time."

He tells me those things,
the story of them worked
with his fingers, in the palm
of his hands, working the stone
and the mud until they become
the wall that stands a long, long time.

SHORT RESPONSE

**Cite Text Evidence** Why do you think the poets chose to write these poems in free verse? What effect does the free verse structure have on the reader? Review your reading notes, and be sure to cite evidence from the text in your response.