

OLC4O: Supplementary Reading Package

Ontario Secondary School Literacy Course, Grade 12, Open

Introduction

1. All students in OLC4O must read all items in this supplementary reading package. The supplementary reading package will be worked at on your own time. The items are not directly connected to any particular lesson. Each time you read a selection and answer the questions that go with it, you will also make an entry in your Reading Log.
2. You must submit your Reading Log and your file containing all of the answers to all of the questions for these readings when you get to Lesson 20, as part of the Assessment of Learning.
3. Create your own version of a Reading Log. You must record when you read, the type of text you're reading, the title and author, why you are reading the item, its length, and how much you read.

Reading Log example

Date	Type of text (e.g., <i>pamphlet</i> , <i>textbook</i>)	Text, title, and author	Reading purpose	Length of text and amount read
Feb. 9, 2000	Information (history)	"The Causes of the 1837 Rebellion" by P. Burton	- to understand the reasons for the 1837 Rebellion	- two pages long - read one page

4. Go to the readings now. You may work through them in any order you choose. Make sure that you answer all of the questions connected to a reading selection. Make a folder on your computer and place all of the files for the Supplementary Reading Package in the same folder.

Good luck!

Table of Contents

OLC40: Supplementary Reading Package.....	1
Ontario Secondary School Literacy Course, Grade 12, Open	1
Introduction.....	1
Table of Contents	2
Narrative text: item #1	3
Narrative text, item #1: “The Oblong Box” by Edgar Allan Poe	5
Narrative text: item #2	12
Narrative text, item #2: “Touching Bottom” by Kari Strutt	14
Graphic text: item #3	21
Graphic text, item #3: “Conducting effective online searches”	22
Graphic text: item #4	23
Graphic text, item #4: “Usage share of web browsers”	24
Graphic text: item #5	25
Graphic text, item #5: “The customer experience lifecycle”	26
Graphic text: item #6	27
Graphic text, item #6: Table 1.....	28
Graphic text, item #6: Table 2.....	29
Informational text: item #7	30
Informational text, item #7: Newspaper article – “Socialized Canadian surgery half the U.S. cost with same benefits.....	31
Informational text: item #8	32
Informational text, item #8: Opinion essay – “Creativity”	33
Informational text: item #9	34
Informational text, item #9: Instructions – “How to draw a square”	35
Informational text: item #10	36
Informational text, item #10: “Business communication”	37
Informational text: item #11	40
Informational text, item #11: Article – “Non-verbal communication: The messages you give without saying a word	41

Narrative text: Item #1

Assignment for the short story “The Oblong Box” by Edgar Allan Poe

Pre-reading activity (*Before you read the story*)

1. The story refers to a famous painting called *The Last Supper*. Who painted this picture? When was it painted? How big is the painting? Where would you go to see it?

2. Have you ever heard of Edgar Allan Poe? Do a quick search on the Internet to find out who he was. In four sentences explain who he was.

During reading (*Answer the questions. Use the numbers in the margin of the story to help you with the answers.*)

3. Where is the narrator going? How is he getting there?

4. The narrator is happy to find out that one of his friends will be making the same trip.
 - a) What is the friend's name?

 - b) How does the narrator know him?

 - c) What five qualities does the narrator say his friend has?

4. There are several difficult words in the story. Look the words up in advance. Make a vocabulary sheet for yourself before you read the story. As you encounter each word, use your vocabulary sheet to help you understand what is going on in the story.

misanthropy	so fastidious
epoch	unabated
inquisitive	the semblance of mirth
trifles	covert insinuations, or innuendoes
preposterous	incoherently
conjectures pertinacity	prodigious
enigma	
nonce	
indisposed	
perseverance	
moody misanthropy	
oblong	
acumen	
morose	
eccentricity	
evinced no equivocal disposition to coquet with the men	

6. The narrator hopes to meet Mr. Wyatt's new bride. At an earlier time, Mr. Wyatt had described her to the narrator. How had Mr. Wyatt described his new bride?
7. Does the trip start on the day it is supposed to? Find a quotation that supports your answer.
8. a) What does the narrator think is in the box? What does the narrator think of himself for figuring this out?

b) What do *you* think is in the box? What two pieces of evidence from the story support your opinion?

9. a) What complaint does the author have about the behaviour of Wyatt and his sisters?
- b) Is Mrs. Wyatt's behaviour different from that of her husband and sisters? If so, explain how it is different.
10. When the narrator finally meets Mrs. Wyatt, he is surprised. Why?
11. What does the narrator think that Mr. Wyatt still has in the oblong box? How do you know?
12. When the narrator starts firing questions at Mr. Wyatt, the narrator compares his own questioning to a "home thrust" and a "masked battery." It is as though the narrator is comparing his own questioning techniques to what?
13. a) How does Mr. Wyatt respond to the narrator's questioning?
- b) Why, on earth, would they have "bled" Mr. Wyatt?
- c) Why do you think Mr. Wyatt responded the way he did?
14. a) What does the narrator believe that he hears at night? Explain.
- b) What do *you* think he is really hearing?

15. The ship runs into some trouble with the weather. Explain.
16. Explain Mr. Wyatt's behaviour in the lifeboat. What does he say? What does he do? Why does he do it?

Post-reading questions

17. Why does the author put some words in capital letters? Provide an explanation and then use one example from the story to defend your explanation.
18. Did you like the ending? If you could change it, how would you change it?

Narrative text, Item #1: “The Oblong Box” by Edgar Allan Poe

1 The Oblong Box

2 by Edgar Allan Poe

3 Some years ago, I engaged passage from Charleston, S. C, to the city of New York, in the fine packet-ship
“Independence,” Captain Hardy. We were to sail on the fifteenth of the month (June), weather permitting; and
on the fourteenth, I went on board to arrange some matters in my stateroom.

4 I found that we were to have a great many passengers, including a more than usual number of ladies. On the list
were several of my acquaintances, and among other names, I was rejoiced to see that of Mr. Cornelius Wyatt, a
young artist, for whom I entertained feelings of warm friendship. He had been with me a fellow-student at C—
University, where we were very much together. He had the ordinary temperament of genius, and was a
5 compound of **misanthropy**, sensibility, and enthusiasm. To these qualities he united the warmest and truest heart
6 which ever beat in a human bosom.

I observed that his name was carded upon THREE state-rooms; and, upon again referring to the list of
passengers, I found that he had engaged passage for himself, wife, and two sisters—his own. The state-rooms
were sufficiently roomy, and each had two berths, one above the other. These berths, to be sure, were so
exceedingly narrow as to be insufficient for more than one person; still, I could not comprehend why there were
THREE staterooms for these four persons. I was, just at that **epoch**, in one of those moody frames of mind which
make a man abnormally **inquisitive** about **trifles**: and I confess, with shame, that I busied myself in a variety of ill-
bred and **preposterous conjectures** about this matter of the supernumerary stateroom. It was no business of mine,
to be sure, but with none the less **pertinacity** did I occupy myself in attempts to resolve the **enigma**. At last I
reached a conclusion which wrought in me great wonder why I had not arrived at it before. “It
is a servant of course,” I said; “what a fool I am, not sooner to have thought of so obvious a solution!” And then
I again repaired to the list—but here I saw distinctly that NO servant was to come with the party, although, in fact,
it had been the original design to bring one—for the words “and servant” had been first written and then over-
scored. “Oh, extra baggage, to be sure,” I now said to myself—“something he wishes not to be put in the hold—
something to be kept under his own eye—ah, I have it—a painting or so—and this is what he has been bargaining
about with Nicolino, the Italian Jew.” This idea satisfied me, and I dismissed my curiosity for the **nonce**.

Wyatt’s two sisters I knew very well, and most amiable and clever girls they were. His wife he had newly married,
and I had never yet seen her. He had often talked about her in my presence, however, and in his usual style of
enthusiasm. He described her as of surpassing beauty, wit, and accomplishment. I was, therefore, quite anxious
to make her acquaintance.

On the day in which I visited the ship (the fourteenth), Wyatt and party were also to visit it—so the captain
informed me—and I waited on board an hour longer than I had designed, in hope of being presented to the bride,
but then an apology came. “Mrs. W. was a little **indisposed**, and would decline coming on board until to-morrow, at
the hour of sailing.”

- 7 The morrow having arrived, I was going from my hotel to the wharf, when Captain Hardy met me and said that, "owing to circumstances" (a stupid but convenient phrase), "he rather thought the 'Independence' would not sail for a day or two, and that when all was ready, he would send up and let me know." This I thought strange, for there was a stiff southerly breeze; but as "the circumstances" were not forthcoming, although I pumped for them with much **perseverance**, I had nothing to do but to return home and digest my impatience at leisure.

I did not receive the expected message from the captain for nearly a week. It came at length, however, and I immediately went on board. The ship was crowded with passengers, and every thing was in the bustle attendant upon making sail. Wyatt's party arrived in about ten minutes after myself. There were the two sisters, the bride, and the artist—the latter in one of his customary fits of **moody misanthropy**. I was too well used to these, however, to pay them any special attention. He did not even introduce me to his wife;—this courtesy devolving, per force, upon his sister Marian—a very sweet and intelligent girl, who, in a few hurried words, made us acquainted.

Mrs. Wyatt had been closely veiled; and when she raised her veil, in acknowledging my bow, I confess that I was very profoundly astonished. I should have been much more so, however, had not long experience advised me not to trust, with too implicit a reliance, the enthusiastic descriptions of my friend, the artist, when indulging in comments upon the loveliness of woman. When beauty was the theme, I well knew with what facility he soared into the regions of the purely ideal.

The truth is, I could not help regarding Mrs. Wyatt as a decidedly plain-looking woman. If not positively ugly, she was not, I think, very far from it. She was dressed, however, in exquisite taste—and then I had no doubt that she had captivated my friend's heart by the more enduring graces of the intellect and soul. She said very few words, and passed at once into her state-room with Mr. W.

My old inquisitiveness now returned. There was NO servant—THAT was a settled point. I looked, therefore, for the extra baggage. After some delay, a cart arrived at the wharf, with an **oblong** pine box, which was every thing that seemed to be expected. Immediately upon its arrival we made sail, and in a short time were safely over the bar and standing out to sea.

- 8 The box in question was, as I say, oblong. It was about six feet in length by two and a half in breadth; I observed it attentively, and like to be precise. Now this shape was PECULIAR; and no sooner had I seen it, than I took credit to myself for the accuracy of my guessing. I had reached the conclusion, it will be remembered, that the extra baggage of my friend, the artist, would prove to be pictures, or at least a picture; for I knew he had been for several weeks in conference with Nicolino:—and now here was a box, which, from its shape, COULD possibly contain nothing in the world but a copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper;" and a copy of this very "Last Supper," done by Rubini the younger, at Florence, I had known, for some time, to be in the possession of Nicolino. This point, therefore, I considered as sufficiently settled. I chuckled excessively when I thought of my **acumen**. It was the first time I had ever known Wyatt to keep from me any of his artistical secrets; but here he evidently intended to steal a march upon me, and smuggle a fine picture to New York, under my very nose; expecting me to know nothing of the matter. I resolved to quiz him WELL, now and hereafter.

One thing, however, annoyed me not a little. The box did NOT go into the extra stateroom. It was deposited in Wyatt's own; and there, too, it remained, occupying very nearly the whole of the floor—no doubt to the exceeding discomfort of the artist and his wife;—this the more especially as the tar or paint with which it was lettered in sprawling capitals, emitted a strong, disagreeable, and, to my fancy, a peculiarly disgusting odor. On

the lid were painted the words—"Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, Albany, New York. Charge of Cornelius Wyatt, Esq. This side up. To be handled with care."

Now, I was aware that Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, of Albany, was the artist's wife's mother,—but then I looked upon the whole address as a mystification, intended especially for myself. I made up my mind, of course, that the box and contents would never get farther north than the studio of my misanthropic friend, in Chambers Street, New York.

- 9a For the first three or four days we had fine weather, although the wind was dead ahead; having chopped round to the northward, immediately upon our losing sight of the coast. The passengers were, consequently, in high spirits and disposed to be social. I MUST except, however, Wyatt and his sisters, who behaved stiffly, and, I could not help thinking, uncourtously to the rest of the party. Wyatt's conduct I did not so much regard. He was gloomy, even beyond his usual habit—in fact he was **MOROSE**—but in him I was prepared for **eccentricity**. For the sisters, however, I could make no excuse. They secluded themselves in their staterooms during the greater part of the passage, and absolutely refused, although I repeatedly urged them, to hold communication with any person on board.
- 9b Mrs. Wyatt herself was far more agreeable. That is to say, she was CHATTY; and to be chatty is no slight recommendation at sea. She became EXCESSIVELY intimate with most of the ladies; and, to my profound astonishment, **evinced no equivocal disposition to coquet with the men**. She amused us all very much. I say "amused"—and scarcely know how to explain myself. The truth is, I soon found that Mrs. W. was far oftener laughed AT than WITH. The gentlemen said little about her; but the ladies, in a little while, pronounced her "a good-hearted thing, rather indifferent looking, totally uneducated, and decidedly vulgar." The great wonder was, how Wyatt had been entrapped into such a match. Wealth was the general solution—but this I knew to be no solution at all; for Wyatt had told me that she neither brought him a dollar nor had any expectations from any source whatever. "He had married," he said, "for love, and for love only; and his bride was far more than worthy of his love." When I thought of these expressions, on the part of my friend, I confess that I felt indescribably puzzled. Could it be possible that he was taking leave of his senses? What else could I think? HE, so refined, so intellectual, **so fastidious**, with so exquisite a perception of the faulty, and so keen an appreciation of the beautiful! To be sure, the lady seemed especially fond of HIM—particularly so in his absence—when she made herself ridiculous by frequent quotations of what had been said by her "beloved husband, Mr. Wyatt." The word "husband" seemed forever—to use one of her own delicate expressions—forever "on the tip of her tongue." In the meantime, it was observed by all on board, that he avoided HER in the most pointed manner, and, for the most part, shut himself up alone in his state-room, where, in fact, he might have been said to live altogether, leaving his wife at full liberty to amuse herself as she thought best, in the public society of the main cabin.
- 10 My conclusion, from what I saw and heard, was, that, the artist, by some unaccountable freak of fate, or perhaps in some fit of enthusiastic and fanciful passion, had been induced to unite himself with a person altogether beneath him, and that the natural result, entire and speedy disgust, had ensued. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart—but could not, for that reason, quite forgive his incommunicativeness in the matter of the "Last
- 11 Supper." For this I resolved to have my revenge.

One day he came upon deck, and, taking his arm as had been my wont, I sauntered with him backward and forward. His gloom, however (which I considered quite natural under the circumstances), seemed entirely **unabated**. He said little, and that moodily, and with evident effort. I ventured a jest or two, and he made a

- sickening attempt at a smile. Poor fellow!—as I thought of HIS WIFE, I wondered that he could have heart to put on even **the semblance of mirth**. At last I ventured a home thrust. I determined to commence a series of **covert insinuations, or innuendoes**, about the oblong box—just to let him perceive, gradually, that I was NOT altogether the butt, or victim, of his little bit of pleasant mystification. My first observation was by way of opening a masked battery. I said something about the “peculiar shape of THAT box—,” and, as I spoke the words, I smiled knowingly, winked, and touched him gently with my forefinger in the ribs.
- 12a The manner in which Wyatt received this harmless pleasantry convinced me, at once, that he was mad. At first he stared at me as if he found it impossible to comprehend the witticism of my remark; but as its point seemed slowly to make its way into his brain, his eyes, in the same proportion, seemed protruding from their sockets. Then he grew very red—then hideously pale—then, as if highly amused with what I had insinuated, he began a loud and boisterous laugh, which, to my astonishment, he kept up, with gradually increasing vigor, for ten minutes or more. In conclusion, he fell flat and heavily upon the deck. When I ran to uplift him, to all appearance he was DEAD.
- 13b I called assistance, and, with much difficulty, we brought him to himself. Upon reviving he spoke **incoherently** for some time. At length we bled him and put him to bed. The next morning he was quite recovered, so far as regarded his mere bodily health. Of his mind I say nothing, of course. I avoided him during the rest of the passage, by advice of the captain, who seemed to coincide with me altogether in my views of his insanity, but cautioned me to say nothing on this head to any person on board.

Several circumstances occurred immediately after this fit of Wyatt which contributed to heighten the curiosity with which I was already possessed. Among other things, this: I had been nervous—drank too much strong green tea, and slept ill at night—in fact, for two nights I could not be properly said to sleep at all. Now, my state-room opened into the main cabin, or dining-room, as did those of all the single men on board. Wyatt’s three rooms were in the after-cabin, which was separated from the main one by a slight sliding door, never locked even at night. As we were almost constantly on a wind, and the breeze was not a little stiff, the ship heeled to leeward very considerably; and whenever her starboard side was to leeward, the sliding door between the cabins slid open, and so remained, nobody taking the trouble to get up and shut it. But my berth was in such a position, that when my own state-room door was open, as well as the sliding door in question (and my own door was ALWAYS open on account of the heat,) I could see into the after-cabin quite distinctly, and just at that portion of it, too, where were situated the state-rooms of Mr. Wyatt. Well, during two nights (NOT consecutive) while I lay awake, I clearly saw Mrs. W., about eleven o’clock upon each night, steal cautiously from the state-room of Mr. W., and enter the extra room, where she remained until daybreak, when she was called by her husband and went back. That they were virtually separated was clear. They had separate apartments—no doubt in contemplation of a more permanent divorce; and here, after all I thought was the mystery of the extra stateroom.

- 14 There was another circumstance, too, which interested me much. During the two wakeful nights in question, and immediately after the disappearance of Mrs. Wyatt into the extra stateroom, I was attracted by certain singular cautious, subdued noises in that of her husband. After listening to them for some time, with thoughtful attention, I at length succeeded perfectly in translating their import. They were sounds occasioned by the artist in prying open the oblong box, by means of a chisel and mallet—the latter being apparently muffled, or deadened, by some soft woollen or cotton substance in which its head was enveloped.

In this manner I fancied I could distinguish the precise moment when he fairly disengaged the lid—also, that I could determine when he removed it altogether, and when he deposited it upon the lower berth in his room; this latter point I knew, for example, by certain slight taps which the lid made in striking against the wooden edges of the berth, as he endeavored to lay it down VERY gently—there being no room for it on the floor. After this there was a dead stillness, and I heard nothing more, upon either occasion, until nearly daybreak; unless, perhaps, I may mention a low sobbing, or murmuring sound, so very much suppressed as to be nearly inaudible—if, indeed, the whole of this latter noise were not rather produced by my own imagination. I say it seemed to RESEMBLE sobbing or sighing—but, of course, it could not have been either. I rather think it was a ringing in my own ears. Mr. Wyatt, no doubt, according to custom, was merely giving the rein to one of his hobbies—indulging in one of his fits of artistic enthusiasm. He had opened his oblong box, in order to feast his eyes on the pictorial treasure within. There was nothing in this, however, to make him SOB. I repeat, therefore, that it must have been simply a freak of my own fancy, distempered by good Captain Hardy's green tea. Just before dawn, on each of the two nights of which I speak, I distinctly heard Mr. Wyatt replace the lid upon the oblong box, and force the nails into their old places by means of the muffled mallet. Having done this, he issued from his state-room, fully dressed, and proceeded to call Mrs. W. from hers.

- 15 We had been at sea seven days, and were now off Cape Hatteras, when there came a tremendously heavy blow from the southwest. We were, in a measure, prepared for it, however, as the weather had been holding out threats for some time. Every thing was made snug, aloof and aloft; and as the wind steadily freshened, we lay to, at length, under spanker and foretopsail, both double-reefed.

In this trim we rode safely enough for forty-eight hours—the ship proving herself an excellent sea-boat in many respects, and shipping no water of any consequence. At the end of this period, however, the gale had freshened into a hurricane, and our after—sail split into ribbons, bringing us so much in the trough of the water that we shipped several prodigious seas, one immediately after the other. By this accident we lost three men overboard with the caboose, and nearly the whole of the larboard bulwarks. Scarcely had we recovered our senses, before the foretopsail went into shreds, when we got up a storm staysail and with this did pretty well for some hours, the ship heading the sea much more steadily than before.

The gale still held on, however, and we saw no signs of its abating. The rigging was found to be ill-fitted, and greatly strained; and on the third day of the blow, about five in the afternoon, our mizzen-mast, in a heavy lurch to windward, went by the board. For an hour or more, we tried in vain to get rid of it, on account of the prodigious rolling of the ship; and, before we had succeeded, the carpenter came aft and announced four feet of water in the hold. To add to our dilemma, we found the pumps choked and nearly useless.

All was now confusion and despair—but an effort was made to lighten the ship by throwing overboard as much of her cargo as could be reached, and by cutting away the two masts that remained. This we at last accomplished—but we were still unable to do any thing at the pumps; and, in the meantime, the leak gained on us very fast.

At sundown, the gale had sensibly diminished in violence, and as the sea went down with it, we still entertained faint hopes of saving ourselves in the boats. At eight P. M., the clouds broke away to windward, and we had the advantage of a full moon—a piece of good fortune which served wonderfully to cheer our drooping spirits.

After incredible labor we succeeded, at length, in getting the longboat over the side without material accident, and into this we crowded the whole of the crew and most of the passengers. This party made off immediately, and, after undergoing much suffering, finally arrived, in safety, at Ocracoke Inlet, on the third day after the wreck.

Fourteen passengers, with the captain, remained on board, resolving to trust their fortunes to the jolly-boat at the stern. We lowered it without difficulty, although it was only by a miracle that we prevented it from swamping as it touched the water. It contained, when afloat, the captain and his wife, Mr. Wyatt and party, a Mexican officer, wife, four children, and myself, with a negro valet.

- 16 We had no room, of course, for any thing except a few positively necessary instruments, some provisions, and the clothes upon our backs. No one had thought of even attempting to save any thing more. What must have been the astonishment of all, then, when having proceeded a few fathoms from the ship, Mr. Wyatt stood up in the stern-sheets, and coolly demanded of Captain Hardy that the boat should be put back for the purpose of taking in his oblong box!

"Sit down, Mr. Wyatt," replied the captain, somewhat sternly, "you will capsize us if you do not sit quite still. Our gunwhale is almost in the water now."

"The box!" vociferated Mr. Wyatt, still standing—"the box, I say! Captain Hardy, you cannot, you will not refuse me. Its weight will be but a trifle—it is nothing—mere nothing. By the mother who bore you—for the love of Heaven—by your hope of salvation, I implore you to put back for the box!"

The captain, for a moment, seemed touched by the earnest appeal of the artist, but he regained his stern composure, and merely said:

"Mr. Wyatt, you are mad. I cannot listen to you. Sit down, I say, or you will swamp the boat. Stay—hold him—seize him!—he is about to spring overboard! There—I knew it—he is over!"

As the captain said this, Mr. Wyatt, in fact, sprang from the boat, and, as we were yet in the lee of the wreck, succeeded, by almost superhuman exertion, in getting hold of a rope which hung from the fore-chains. In another moment he was on board, and rushing frantically down into the cabin.

In the meantime, we had been swept astern of the ship, and being quite out of her lee, were at the mercy of the tremendous sea which was still running. We made a determined effort to put back, but our little boat was like a feather in the breath of the tempest. We saw at a glance that the doom of the unfortunate artist was sealed.

As our distance from the wreck rapidly increased, the madman (for as such only could we regard him) was seen to emerge from the companion—way, up which by dint of strength that appeared gigantic, he dragged, bodily, the oblong box. While we gazed in the extremity of astonishment, he passed, rapidly, several turns of a three-inch rope, first around the box and then around his body. In another instant both body and box were in the sea—disappearing suddenly, at once and forever.

We lingered awhile sadly upon our oars, with our eyes riveted upon the spot. At length we pulled away. The silence remained unbroken for an hour. Finally, I hazarded a remark.

"Did you observe, captain, how suddenly they sank? Was not that an exceedingly singular thing? I confess that I entertained some feeble hope of his final deliverance, when I saw him lash himself to the box, and commit himself to the sea."

- 17 "They sank as a matter of course," replied the captain, "and that like a shot. They will soon rise again, however—BUT NOT TILL THE SALT MELTS."

"The salt!" I ejaculated.

“Hush!” said the captain, pointing to the wife and sisters of the deceased. “We must talk of these things at some more appropriate time.”

We suffered much, and made a narrow escape, but fortune befriended us, as well as our mates in the long-boat. We landed, in fact, more dead than alive, after four days of intense distress, upon the beach opposite Roanoke Island. We remained here a week, were not ill-treated by the wreckers, and at length obtained a passage to New York.

About a month after the loss of the “Independence,” I happened to meet Captain Hardy in Broadway. Our conversation turned, naturally, upon the disaster, and especially upon the sad fate of poor Wyatt. I thus learned the following particulars.

The artist had engaged passage for himself, wife, two sisters and a servant. His wife was, indeed, as she had been represented, a most lovely, and most accomplished woman. On the morning of the fourteenth of June (the day in which I first visited the ship), the lady suddenly sickened and died. The young husband was frantic with grief—but circumstances imperatively forbade the deferring his voyage to New York. It was necessary to take to her mother the corpse of his adored wife, and, on the other hand, the universal prejudice which would prevent his doing so openly was well known. Nine-tenths of the passengers would have abandoned the ship rather than take passage with a dead body.

In this dilemma, Captain Hardy arranged that the corpse, being first partially embalmed, and packed, with a large quantity of salt, in a box of suitable dimensions, should be conveyed on board as merchandise. Nothing was to be said of the lady’s decease; and, as it was well understood that Mr. Wyatt had engaged passage for his wife, it became necessary that some person should personate her during the voyage. This the deceased lady’s-maid was easily prevailed on to do. The extra state-room, originally engaged for this girl during her mistress’ life, was now merely retained. In this state-room the pseudo-wife, slept, of course, every night. In the daytime she performed, to the best of her ability, the part of her mistress—whose person, it had been carefully ascertained, was unknown to any of the passengers on board.

- 18 My own mistake arose, naturally enough, through too careless, too inquisitive, and too impulsive a temperament. But of late, it is a rare thing that I sleep soundly at night. There is a countenance which haunts me, turn as I will. There is an hysterical laugh which will forever ring within my ears.

Narrative text: Item #2

The assignment for the short story “Touching Bottom” by Kari Strutt

Pre-reading activity (*Before you read the story*)

1. This story uses memories and the retelling of memories as a technique for building a story. Have you ever retold a memory as if it were a story? Was there a beginning, a middle, and an end? How did you make this “story” exciting or funny for the listener? Retell a memory that you have as a story. Write it now.
2. One technique that writers use to add depth and meaning to their stories is by using metaphors. A metaphor is an extended comparison. In the story “Touching Bottom,” swimming is a metaphor. On the one hand, the characters in the story really are swimming. On the other hand, they are doing what? Think about it as you read.

Read the story now.

Post-reading questions (*After you've read, or while you read, answer these questions.*)

3. How old do you think the narrator is, in the very first paragraph? Explain.
4. Think about why the story is called "Touching Bottom." Explain what is going on when the narrator touches each of these "bottoms":
 - a) a sandy bottom with a yellow plastic bowl lodged in it
 - b) a clear bottom with black lines painted on it
 - c) a bottom that dropped away
 - d) toes that hit sand 12 or 15 feet away, at most
 - e) a bottom with blurry black lines in blue-green water
5. Now, using your answers from question #4, write a five-sentence summary of this story.
6. While the narrator and Ian are swimming for their lives, what is the narrator's husband doing? What might Ian and the narrator have felt about that?
7.
 - a) Copy down one or two lines from the story that paint a vivid picture in your mind.
 - b) Now choose a line or two of dialogue from the story that you think sounds authentic or real – like people actually speaking in real life.
 - c) Because of the kind of images and words used in this story, what emotions did you feel as you read it?

8. When the narrator's dad decides to send her to Camp Kinaird he says, "You should learn to swim...you never know when you'll end up in water that's over your head." This technique is called foreshadowing, where a writer provides a hint or clue of things to come. Explain two ways the writer ends up in *water over her head* – once, when she is actually in water, and once when she isn't.
9. Compare and contrast (alike and different) the first story you read – "The Oblong Box" – to this story, "Touching Bottom." Make your own version of this chart.

Items to compare	"The Oblong Box"	"Touching Bottom"
Narrator		
Setting (time and place)		
Main problem		
Role of memories		
Example of taking charge of your own life		

Narrative text, Item #2: “Touching Bottom” by Kari Strutt

Touching Bottom

by Kari Strutt

“How many fingers?” Dad asked at bath time.

I was afraid, but I ducked my head into the half-full white tub. I opened my eyes, then came up sputtering.

“Two.”

“That’s right.” Then his hand, broad as a rainbow, covered my head all the way to my ears, and slicked back my sopping hair. He wrapped me in a clean yellow towel, and the fear, what was left of it, evaporated.

I could open my eyes under water.

The summer I turned seven I went to Camp Kinaird with fifty other girls. “Where young girls learn to swim,” Dad quoted from the black text between the brochure photos of smiling kids.

“You should learn to swim,” he said, “you never know when you’ll end up in water that’s over your head.”

The camp instructors told me I was a good swimmer. My spindly arms cut the water like fins, and I could circle them at a furious pace. I learned to put my face in the water, turn my head for air. I was quick, like a water beetle, and I liked the feeling of the cool water pushing through my hair.

On the fifth day of swim lessons, the fat girl came to shore with a dark glistening streak on her back. Somebody shrieked, “You gotta leech on you,” and the shoreline became a seething mass of squealing, blue-lipped girls. The terror rang in my ears long after the camp counsellor salted the girl’s back and caught the writhing leech in an old tin can. She was still whimpering when we went to the cookhouse for lunch.

For the rest of the summer I refused to go in the water. The other girls backstroked and side stroked and perfected their Australian crawls. The fat girl and I sat on the dock watching a black bloodsucker make its way across a yellow plastic bowl lodged in the sandy bottom near shore.

That fall my Dad signed me up for Red Cross swimming lessons. In a pool.

“You can start again,” Dad said. “I’m sure there are no leeches at the YMCA, but I’ll come and watch, just to be sure.”

When we got to the YMCA, Dad and I walked around the pool together, looking for leeches. I thought I saw one, but it was just a Band-Aid.

The pool water was clear blue-green and with my goggles on I could see the bottom. There were wide black lines painted along the length of it. I used the lines to make sure I was swimming straight. I finished all of the Red Cross lessons, then I joined a swim club and learned to race. I trained every day, back and forth in the pool, guided on either side by the lane markers—bright strings of plastic bubbles, led from below by the thick black lines. When I turned fourteen I trained twice a day, every morning at five-thirty and every evening at five. Dad drove me to practice after practice, day after day, year after year.

I was skinny and hungry all the time. I ate a lot, but it was never enough. Sometimes I swam the backstroke, staring at the pool ceiling and dreaming of macaroni and cheese. After practice I sliced wafers of cold butter, let them melt on my tongue.

I learned to swim a long ways, but I never did get comfortable in murky water: lakes, rivers, anywhere I couldn't see bottom. That kind of water made my throat open too wide to bring the air into my lungs, made me breathe fast, out of control.

That's why, when I think of California, I get queasy. I lived there for four years with my husband. He came to Canada on business, to the art gallery where I worked, and swept me away to Los Angeles on a blue wave of charm.

My Dad told me not to go, not to marry him. He said I would be sorry. He said, "His mid-life crisis will pass soon enough and you'll be stuck in California, like a fish out of water." He said he would not come to the wedding. He didn't. The day I got married I felt lonely and afraid.

I lived with my husband, my sister-in-law and Ian, in a house in the San Fernando Valley. The air is close in that valley, but the people are distant, separated from each other by car lengths and private desires.

My husband's sister was a loveless woman, no girlfriends and no boyfriends. She once called the police when she found a rat in the kitchen. She screamed into the phone, "He's in the house! He's in the house!"

"Where in the house?" they demanded.

"He's under the stove," she shrieked. When the 9-1-1 operators found out she was talking about a rat and not a violent perpetrator, they hung up on her. She stood on the front porch for four hours, sweat trickling into the small of her back, waiting for help that never arrived. After that, she refused to cook.

Ian was my husband's son from a previous marriage. The summer Ian was born, I got a new CCM bicycle and I built a tree fort with my friend Elaine.

Ian was a sensible boy, tall for his age. I weighed more than he did, but our eyes were

level. We listened to music. I introduced him to albums he'd never heard before: the Roches, Penguin Café Orchestra and Philip Glass. We laughed at the same movies. *Better Off Dead*, *Buckaroo Banzai*, *Real Genius*, *The Big Snit*. Ian was a good kid, smart.

Ian's mom told me once, "Don't try to be his mother; he already has one." She was taking Ian away for the weekend and I was seeing him out the door, making sure he had pajamas and enough underwear. I didn't want to be his mother, I just wanted her to know that I was good to him.

One day, Ian, my husband and I went to the beach near the Santa Monica pier. It was a warm day and the Santa Ana winds whipped the water into frothy whitecaps.

Ian was frantic about swimming, desperate to be in the water. I didn't really want to go because of the kind of water it was. Murky. I said yes anyway because his father wouldn't go with him, and kids should have fun. I told him, "I'll swim with you, but not where it's over our heads."

Ian was not a good swimmer, but good enough to do a few lengths. We stayed close to shore and let the waves knock us over. I laughed because Ian was laughing and whooping. His happiness caught me by the arm and spun me around, breathless and grinning. Ian could do that to me.

He bounced up and down in the waist-deep water. "Look at that," he said, pointing a slender arm, scraped at the elbow, toward the open water. "That's so awesome." There were boys on belly boards, fifty yards out, catching the bigger waves.

"Let's go there," Ian said. "It's not that deep and the waves are better. Can we?"

"Nope." I shook my head and his smile faded. I grabbed his waist and tickled him, extracting more laughter and a desperate squirm. Kissed the top of his head, the smell of salt and sunshine.

"Please, please, can we go? I'll stay right beside you. Please?"

I didn't like the idea, but he was right about the waves.

I told him we had to go a little further up the beach, because I didn't want the belly boarders to run us over. We went south, down the shore, not more than thirty yards or so, wading into chest-high water until, clear of the boarders, we stopped to rest. We put our backs to the incoming waves, watched a gull rise and drift north.

I could see Ian's father on the beach. He was lying in the sand, pretending not to watch the bronzed, blonde girls playing beach volleyball. He was lying on his stomach, hiding his pot belly from the sun and from their view.

Ian and I started swimming out to the bigger waves, and everything seemed okay. It's hard to tell where you are in the ocean, no lane markers, no bottom lines.

I was swimming and wondering if, in California, it was okay for a married man to lie on the beach watching girls while his second wife entertained his son.

That's when I noticed Ian and I were being pulled out to sea. We'd taken only a few strokes, but we were nearly as far from shore as the boarders. A few seconds later, we passed them.

Ian didn't notice.

He kept swimming until I said, "Ian. Stop. Stand up."

I dropped my feet to bottom and felt my toes dragging through the sand, just briefly. Then the bottom dropped away and the water was over my head.

"Head back to shore, Ian," I called. A hollowness was opening in my throat. Ian turned around without argument.

"You're going to have to swim hard," I said. "We're in some kind of current."

Ian swam hard. I swam behind him, pushing him forward by the soles of his feet. I could see the boarders, forward, to our left. We swam for a long time. We didn't get any closer.

My husband was a dark mark on the beach. He seemed to be talking to one of the volleyball players. I could see her pale yellow hair. She was standing above him; hands on hips. He was sitting in the sand, legs bundled to chest, I buried my face in the water, swam hard for shore.

Ian's front crawl grew lame. He was breathing loud and fast, exhaling twice with every stroke. He couldn't drag his arms out of the water.

"Keep swimming, Ian," I growled.

"I can't."

"You have to."

Ian kept swimming. He knew we were in trouble.

I thought about jellyfish stings and, just once, leeches, breathed slowly, looked toward the beach. The volleyball girl was sitting by my husband; they sat face to face, laughing.

Ian started to cry.

"I have a cramp in my calf," he said.

I know how bad that can be, like a rod of hot iron right through the belly of the muscle.

"Float on your back for a while."

Ian tried, but the waves kept washing into his mouth, making him cough, weak and watery.

I lifted Ian's head out of the water and held it up, side stroking in the direction of shore. Not losing ground, not gaining ground, stroke after stroke. Something in my shoulder snapped, and the joint began to grind. My sides clenched in the first spasms of exhaustion. I tried to add it up. Nearly half an hour of swimming in place, fifteen minutes of pulling Ian. That was equivalent to three miles at least, so I still had two more miles left in me, maybe three.

I felt dizzy. The water felt so cold now.

I wanted to let Ian go. I could see his father, reaching to touch the bronze girl.

"Can you try again, Ian? Just swim for a minute."

"No, I'm too tired."

"Just try, for me."

I didn't wait for him to answer, I just let him go. I knew instantly that it was a mistake. He started to drift away from me, seaward. I watched the distance between us grow until he screamed.

"Mom, help."

"You can shave four seconds off your best one hundred-yard time if you pull harder. Slow your cadence, and pull like this."

"Okay, coach."

I pulled hard, body rigid, head down, breaking the waves. A sprint, anaerobic, no time to breathe, no need to breathe. But when I got there, Ian was already going under, his face distorted by panic. He grabbed onto me, snarled my limbs with his. He was trying to keep his head above water and he pushed me under. He held me there, and for a few seconds I waited, hoping he would settle. When I started to run out of air, I pulled myself downward, away from him, deeper into the water.

It surprised me when my toes hit the sand. The bottom had never been too far away, twelve or fifteen feet at most, the water not much deeper than the diving tank at the YMCA. I opened my eyes and looked up. The water felt quiet. I could see Ian, above me, silhouetted against the yellow ball of the sun. I was so tired, and it was so soft and warm under that deep blanket of water, I thought I would sleep, just for a minute or two, collect my strength for the swim back to shore. Already dreaming, my knees touched coarse sand.

Kitchen table. Cinnamon toast.

"How come I didn't win, Dad?"

"Did you do your best?" Melted butter and spiced sugar, turning liquid on my tongue.

"Yes."

Dad's eyes, wise, weariness in the corners. "To win, you have to give until it hurts, then give some more."

On the surface of the water, Ian was still. My chest roared hot. I pushed myself upward, off the bottom, toward the pale light and the dark shadow of a boy.

At surface, I dragged air into aching lungs.

Ian on his back. Floating.

"I thought you might be dead," he said almost matter-of-factly. "I did like you told me, I'm floating." His body convulsed with uncontrollable shivers.

"I'm sorry, Ian. I won't let you go again."

I lay on my back, and cradled Ian's head on my chest. I thought that if I could swim north, get closer to the boarders, I could yell for help. I kicked us northward, parallel to the beach.

I know about the currents now. Bands, sometimes as narrow as twenty or thirty feet across, that pull toward deeper water. Swim parallel to shore and you can be free of them in a minute. Swim toward shore and you battle the current until you die.

I kicked and looked at the sky. I breathed slowly. I kicked and kicked until both calves locked into tight balls. Lungs felt so hot, so full.

I thought of the distance swimmer I once saw on television. The TV crew filmed her as she swam from Cuba to Florida, a boat beside her, keeping pace. The boat supported a moving net, a box of iron mesh to keep away sharks and jellyfish. It must have been nice, that net. She would always know she was in the right place, in miles of open water, even without any bottom lines.

Ian was quiet, resting. His shivering had nearly stopped. It sounded like he was humming. I had the smell of macaroni and cheese in my nostrils, the taste of slick, warm butter on my tongue.

I lay on my back, kicking, pulling weakly at the water with one arm. I hadn't looked around for a while, maybe ten or fifteen minutes, but suddenly I could hear the boarders.

"Ian, can you swim for a second?"

"I don't think so."

I held Ian upright with one arm and turned onto my stomach. We nearly ran into a blond boy, perhaps fifteen.

"Please," I asked, "My son is exhausted. Can I use your board to tow him to shore?"

The boy said nothing, but piloted his board to me. He helped me heave Ian onto the board and together we towed it to shore.

As we made our way in, I could see my husband, his hand on the waist of the bronze girl, sliding it slowly over the slick skin of her belly toward her breast. She brushed his hand, in that "somebody might be watching" kind of way. Her bikini had a pattern of teddy bears on it.

When we got to shore, I thanked the blond boy. Then I threw up in the sand. Mostly salt water. I retched for a long time after my stomach was empty. There were wide bleeding welts on my arms and back, and one eye was swollen shut. My right shoulder felt splintered inside.

Ian sat with me and covered his ears with his hands as my stomach heaved again. He looked at my bleeding arms. "I did that, didn't I?" I nodded. He cried, and that hurt worse than the welts or my eye.

"Should I get my dad?" he asked.

I wheezed a shallow “Yes.”

Ian stumbled away from me and came back a few minutes later with a towel. “Dad’s busy right now. He said he’ll be here in a minute. Are you okay? Are you going to throw up again?”

“I don’t think so.” The taste of bitter bile on my teeth and gums.

“Good.” He plopped into the sand and took my hand. We huddled together and I wrapped the beach towel around us, held Ian close, our cool skin touching, warming. We sat, silent, watching the waves tumble onto the sand.

Three months later I divorced Ian’s father. I wasn’t allowed to see Ian any more. I came home.

Ian is a man now. Last year he came to visit me, all the way from California. He is tall, and handsome, and very smart. We went for long walks and sang all the old songs we could remember: *Cats*, *The Roches*, *Songs from Liquid Days*. We talked about when we lived together, about Disneyland, and Magic Mountain and shopping at the Galleria. We talked about what he would do when he finished college, his career as a photographer, his desire to move to London. He told me about a girl he had fallen in love with, how she had broken his heart. He said nothing of his father. I didn’t ask.

The day before he went back to California, Ian took my biggest yellow towel, rolled his bathing suit and a pair of goggles inside it, and drove me to the public swimming pool near my house. I watched him doing lengths from a seat in the gallery. He is a powerful swimmer now, with a broad back, strong limbs and a well-tuned front crawl. He raced in high school. “Like you did,” he smiled, “but probably a lot faster.”

I asked him that night, after dinner, if he ever swam in the water off the coast.

He swirled his fingertip in a drizzle of cheese sauce that edged his plate. “Only when I have to,” he replied, licking his finger clean. “I don’t like the ocean much. But if I ever have kids, I’ll make sure they learn how to swim in surf. I’ll make sure they know about the currents.”

After breakfast the next morning Ian flew to California. I drove back to the pool.

The water is different now.

“Government legislation and chlorine restrictions,” the lifeguard said, slapping a grey mop onto the white deck. “The public pools have all been retrofitted for salt water.” He swabbed limply. “Just as sterile, and better for the environment.”

The salt muddied the blue-green water, made it less clear. The lines on the bottom were blurry, even with goggles. But salt in the water makes a swimmer buoyant. I floated easily.

I swam a few slow miles. Moving like a kayak. Felt the simple pull of each arm, the smooth thrust forward, my head slicing the water like a prow, my spine, compressed by gravity, elongating. I watched the dark mass of my own shadow on the pool bottom follow

me from end to end. I swam and swam until the nagging hunger returned; then I let it sit there, familiar.

A lukewarm shower in a cold locker room. I carefully dried myself with a clean towel, fresh from the dryer, I drenched my salt-parched skin with lotion, sweet-scented with orange and ylang¹ to protect it from the harsh, dry cold of autumn.

I can still swim quite a ways.

¹ **ylang**: a scented oil derived from flowers.

Graphic text: Item #3

Assignment for the graphic text: “Conducting effective online searches”

Pre-reading activity

1. Graphic texts provide information in visual ways. There are many kinds of graphic texts. Name four that you see every day.

2. This graphic text is about how to do online searches. Is this a topic that you know very much about? Who taught you to do online searches? Would you say that you use a method when you search online, or are you more of a non-method searcher?

During reading

3. List the order in which you read the information in this graphic text.

4. a) How is reading a graphic text very different from reading a narrative text?

b) How is reading a graphic text the same as reading a narrative text?

Post-reading questions

5. a) How many types of online searches are explained in this graphic text?
- b) What are the names of each of those types of searches?
6. Which three *little* words are important to relational searches?
7. What is another name for a relational search?
8. What is the table at the bottom of the document trying to show?
9. Based on this graphic text, what advice would you have for a Grade 12 student searching for information on the topic *trade in international business*?

Graphic text, Item #3: “Conducting effective online searches”

Effective Online Searching Strategies

Strategy 1: Using Concepts to Develop Keywords

Types of Online Searches

Keyword Searches = Broad Search

- Make a list of terms before you start to search (see example to the right).
- Use specific words (e.g., Bengal tigers, *not* tigers).
- Search by phrase using quotation marks to find the words together (e.g., “acid rain”).
- Narrow your search with related terms (e.g., “Bengal tigers” *and* habitat).
- Use upper and lower case carefully (e.g., java is the coffee, Java is the country, JAVA is the programming language).
- Use initial caps for proper names (e.g., “Green Day,” *not* “green day”).
- Check spelling and typing (e.g., centre vs. center; colour vs. color; labour vs. labor).

Directory Search = Subject/Topic Search

- Search by subject or topic in Internet directories and online subscription databases.

Boolean Search = Relational Search

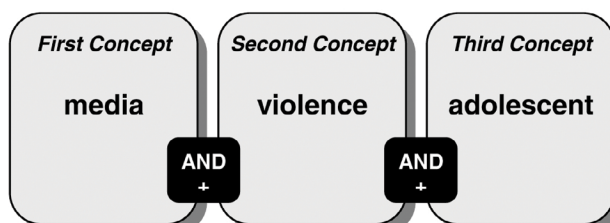
- Use operators **AND(+)**, **OR**, and **NOT(-)** to find relationships between search terms:
 - **AND (+)** for information containing *all terms* (e.g., Renaissance AND sculpture; Renaissance +sculpture)
 - **OR** for information with *any term* (e.g., “Paul Martin” OR prime minister of Canada)
 - **NOT (-)** for information *without a term* (e.g., python NOT Monty; python –Monty).
- Use the Advanced Search features of search engines and directories to narrow your search.

Step 1. Briefly Describe Your Topic/Focus/Thesis

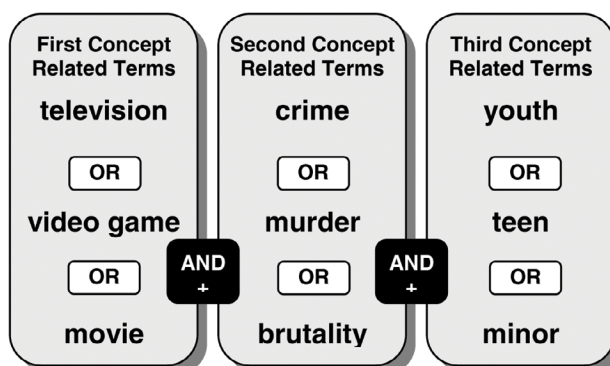
Topic/Focus/Thesis
Contemporary media celebrates violence in ways that encourage violent behaviour in adolescents today.



Step 2. Identify the Main Concepts



Step 3. Think of Synonyms/Related Terms



Strategy 2: Tracking the Search to Narrow the Results

Types of Searches: K = Keyword P= Phrase S= Subject/Directory Search B= Boolean Search

Search Terms	Type of Search	Number of Hits
<i>adolescent violence television</i>	<u>K</u> eyword	3 178 000
<i>“television violence”</i>	<u>P</u> hrase	25 345
<i>Television and society</i>	<u>S</u> ubject/Directory	950
<i>adolescent AND violence AND television NOT movies</i>	<u>B</u> oolean	300

Source: <https://www.tdsb.on.ca/libraries/files/pdf/success-low%20res%2024.pdf>

Graphic text: Item #4

Assignment for the graphic text: "Usage share of web browsers"

Pre-reading activity

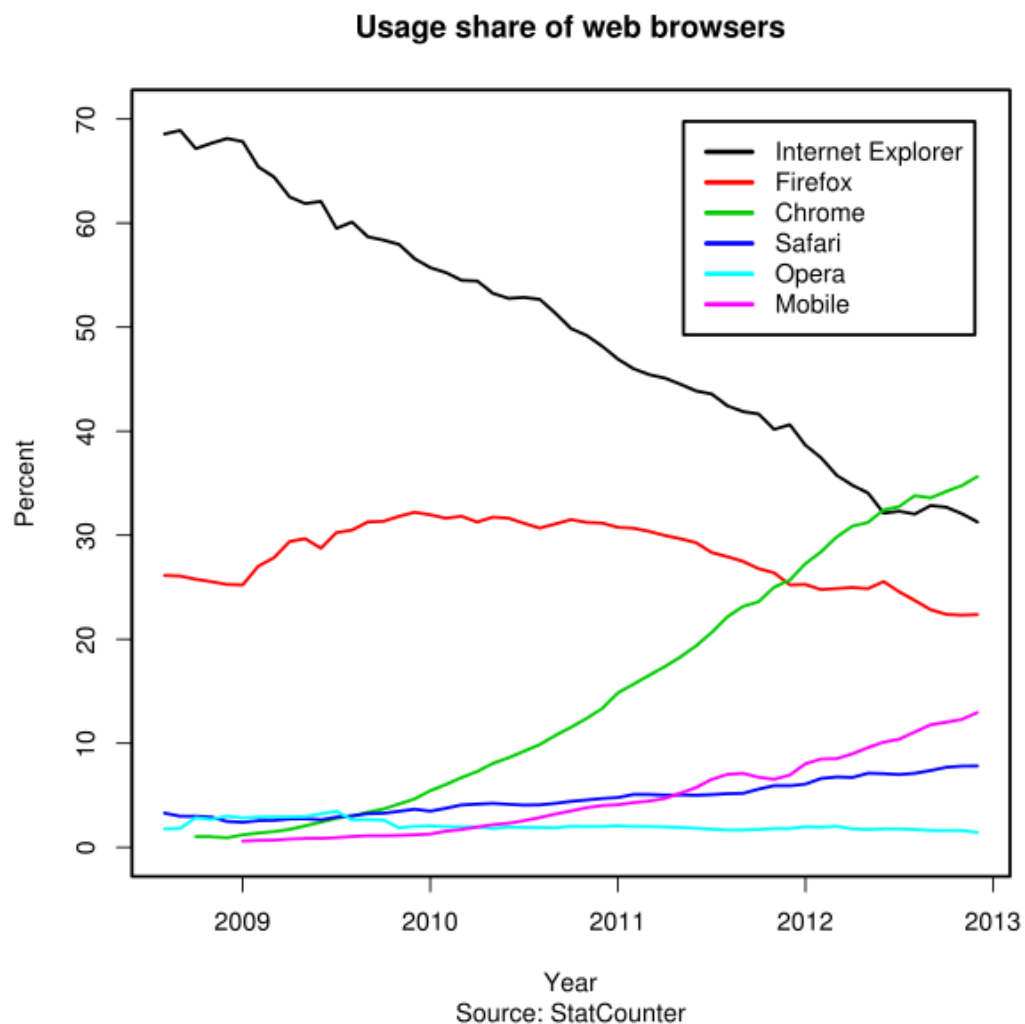
1. Based on what you learned in the first graphic text example, why is this a graphic text?

During reading

2. How many different browsers are tracked?
3. Which browser had the greatest use for the most years?
4. Which two browser companies should have been happy with these results in January 2013? Explain why they should have been happy.

Post-reading questions

5. a) How many types of online searches are explained in this graphic text?
- b) What are the names of each of those types of searches?
6. Which three *little* words are important to relational searches?
7. What is another name for a relational search?
8. What is the table at the bottom of the document trying to show?
9. Based on this graphic text, what advice would you have for a Grade 12 student searching for information on the topic *trade in international business*?

Graphic text, Item #4: Line graph

Source: StatCounter <http://gs.statcounter.com/#browser-ww-daily-20130101-20130131-map>

Graphic text: Item #5

Assignment for the graphic text: “The customer experience lifecycle”

Pre-reading activity

1. How helpful is colour to your understanding of what you are reading? Do you search for patterns for how the colour is being used?

2.
 - a) What does “customer experience” mean to you?

 - b) Have you ever had a terrible customer experience? Explain your worst experience with customer service.

 - c) Have you ever had an above-average customer experience? What exactly made it above-average?

Post-reading questions

3. What are the six aspects of customer experience, according to this graphic text?

4. Is there a pattern to how the colours are used? What do you think it is? Explain.

5. Who is the author/owner of this graphic text?

6. What philosophical or belief statement does the graphic text make about customer experience?

7. How does this graphic text present its information in an authoritative or factual way? Provide an example.

Graphic text, Item #5: “The customer experience lifecycle”

Go to this website to view a graphic text about [The Customer Experience Lifecycle](#). If you have trouble with this link, search online for “CMSWire” and “Get to Know Your Customer Experience Lifecycle #CXM” and “Marisa Peacock.” Then scroll down the page to see this graphic.

Graphic text: Item #6

Assignment for the graphic texts Table 1: “Mean reading scores for Canadian 13-year-olds” and Table 2: “Mean math and science scores for Canadian 13-year-olds”

Post-reading activity

1. Based on the tables, who do you think likes to read more: 13-year-old girls or 13-year-old boys? Explain.

2. Who likes science more? Explain.

3. Who might be the audience for these tables?

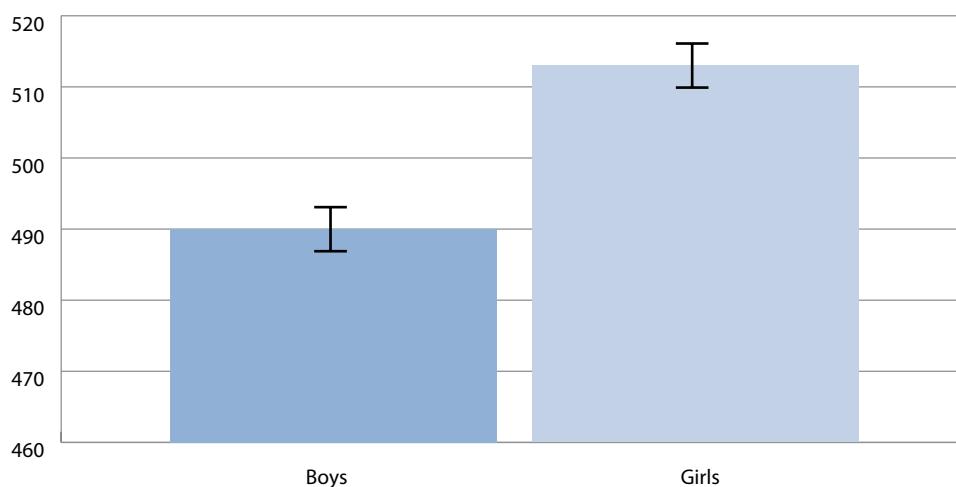
4. What might the numbers on the y-axis (down the left of the table) mean?

5. Who gathered these results?

6. How old today are the boys and girls who were surveyed? Explain how you know.

Graphic text, Item #6: Table 1

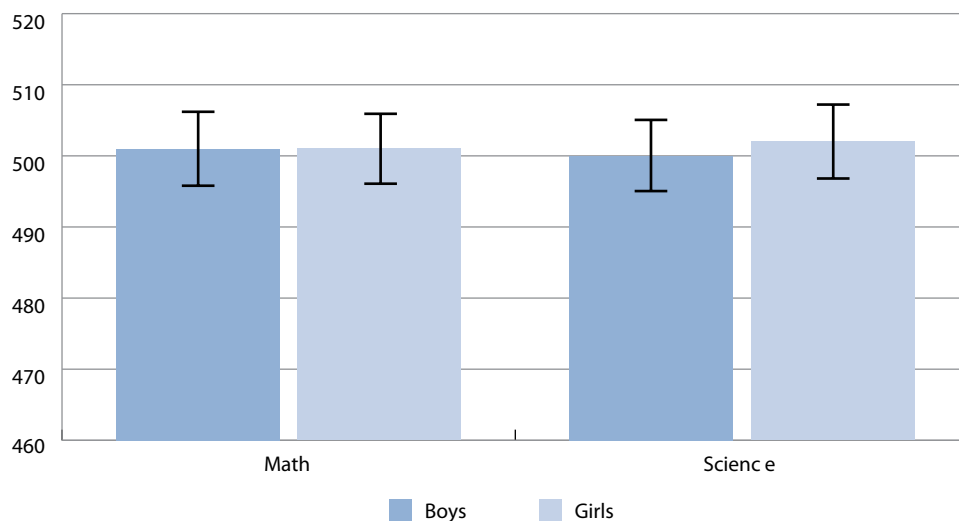
Mean reading scores for Canadian 13-year-olds



Source: Council of Ministers of Education, Canada. PCAP-13 2007: Report on the assessment of 13-year-olds in reading, mathematics, and science.

Graphic text, Item #6: Table 2

Mean math and science scores for Canadian 13-year-olds



Source: Council of Ministers of Education, Canada. PCAP-13 2007: Report on the assessment of 13-year-olds in reading, mathematics and science.

Informational text: Item #7

Assignment for the informational text: “Socialized Canadian surgery half the U.S. cost with same results,” a newspaper article

Post-reading questions

1. Who pays more for heart-bypass surgery: Americans or Canadians?

2. Is the success rate for heart-bypass surgery better in the United States? Provide a quotation as evidence for your answer.

3. According to the article, who said, “The conventional wisdom is that health care is much more expensive in the U.S. and the conventional wisdom is right”?

4. Newspaper articles answer who, what, when, where, and why. Create a chart that answers each of the following:
Who (Who is quoted?)
What (What is the article about?)
When (When was the article written?)
Where (Where does this happen?)
Why (Why does this matter?)

Informational text, Item #7: “Socialized Canadian surgery half the U.S. cost with same results,” a newspaper article

Socialized Canadian surgery half the U.S. cost with same results

Posted Wednesday, July 13, 2005

Americans pay twice as much for heart-bypass surgery as the socialized Canadian system, with no difference in outcome, according to today's issue of the Archives of Internal Medicine in a study funded by American drug company, Pfizer Inc. The research found that heart bypass surgery costs an average of \$10,373 in Canada, compared with \$20,673 in the United States. Even though the costs were double in the United States, the rate of complications and death following bypass surgery was similar.

High administrative costs and overtreatment are usually blamed for the higher cost in the profit-driven U.S. system. Americans spent \$5,635 per capita on health care in 2003, while only \$3,003 was spent by Canadians. Health spending accounts for almost 15 per cent of gross domestic product in the U.S. and just under 10 per cent in Canada; while at the same time, all Canadian residents are fully covered. In addition, the average Canadian lives 2 years longer than the average American.

This is one of the first studies directly comparing the costs of surgery in Canada and the United States and it reinforces the view of Dr. Mark Eisenberg, head of cardiovascular epidemiology at Jewish General Hospital in Montreal, “The conventional wisdom is that health care is much more expensive in the U.S. and the conventional wisdom is right,” by finding that Canada's socialized system is far more cost efficient than the U.S. model.

The cost of medications used to treat bypass patients was as much as 68 percent greater in the U.S. than in Canada and the cost of a surgical bed was 36 percent greater in the U.S. In Canada, nursing accounted for 44 percent of the treatment costs, compared with 21 percent in the U.S. and patients stayed longer in hospital following surgery in Canada.

Sources

- André Picard. “U.S. surgery costs found to be double those in Canada” — *Globe and Mail*, July 13, 2005
- Bloomberg. “Heart Surgery Costs 83% More in U.S. Than in Canada, Study Says” — Bloomberg.com, July 13, 2005

[Public domain: The text of this article has been released into the public domain by Wikinews. http://en.wikinews.org/wiki/Study:_Socialized_Canadian_surgery_half_the_U.S._cost_with_same_results]

Informational text: Item #8

Assignment for the informational text: “Creativity,” an opinion essay

Post-reading questions

1. What is this essay mainly about?

2. Why do children imitate?

3. How can schools overcome imitation?

4. Should just some students’ creativity be nurtured? Or should all students’ creativity be nurtured? Include a quotation from the essay that supports your opinion.

5. Do you agree that schools should be doing a better job of encouraging students’ creativity? Explain your opinion.

Informational text, Item #8: “Creativity”

Creativity

Schools must build the conditions for creativity to flourish. To simply have an atmosphere where students are encouraged to express themselves freely and then hope for the best is not enough. What else is needed? How can schools unleash imagination and curiosity? They can do it by making an effort to teach in a better way: instead of teaching for imitation, they can do it by teaching for meaning. Children come to school relying upon their ability to imitate. They have done so since infancy. How else do children learn to walk, to talk, to play? They learn everything by imitating! But in schools we continue to ask children to imitate because we tend to teach by example. So, when we ask children to be *creative* in school, they continue to imitate. It is only when students are led to be dissatisfied with imitating that they will be likely to become creative.

The thing is that to do this one must engage the child’s imagination. Strategies can be chosen to overcome imitation; those strategies must engage students’ imagination. Graham Wallas describes the developmental stages of creative thinking as: preparation, incubation, illumination, and verification. For example, students might engage in *preparation* in ecology by “mess-finding” in a small pile of garbage that they brought to school. While students catalogue their findings they would pose questions about what they were seeing: what materials are thrown away and, in what percentage? What happens in the decomposition process? And how does the container relate to the contents? By mulling over what they have seen, students are *incubating* their ideas. The students would choose their groups based on the problems they formulate or *illuminate*: how could we package products so that everything would decompose? If we changed the packaging, would garbage then take up less room? Or could we recycle garbage into useful products? What kind of products? As students engage their imaginations in solution finding and as they verify their ideas as workable, students will certainly have moved beyond imitation. They will have moved to creativity.

The implication seems clear; creativity must be fostered in all students by all those who influence our students’ development. All must take responsibility for understanding the complexity of creativity and for knowing how classroom environments and teaching for meaning combine to allow imaginations to be engaged and creativity to thrive. After all, “All of us want to know how our world works: why a piece of music is beautiful to one person and cacophonous to another, how engines are able to make cars move, why green leaves turn brown and helium balloons stay aloft, or how new languages develop. Living means perpetually searching for meaning. Schools need to be places that keep this search alive.” (Brooks)

Informational text: Item #9

Assignment for the informational text: Instructions – “How to draw a square”

Post-reading questions

1. Were these instructions clear? If so, identify three things that the writer did to make the instructions clear. If not, identify three things that the writer could have done to make the instructions clearer.
2. Write step-by-step instructions for one of the following:
 - Tying your shoes
 - Making a kite
 - Building a treehouse
3. How would the instructions for making a cake be the same as, and different from, these instructions?

Informational text, Item #9: Instructions — “How to draw a square”**How to draw a square**

Being skilled at drawing squares can come in handy from time to time. Follow these steps to master the skill.

1. Choose a pencil and a piece of paper.
2. Place the paper on the table in front of you. Pick up the pencil with the hand you use for drawing.
3. Draw a horizontal line to the right from point A to point B (see diagram 1.1).
4. Without lifting your pencil, draw a vertical line downwards to point D. Make it the same length as your original horizontal line (see diagram 1.2).
5. Without lifting your pencil, draw a horizontal line to the left from point D to point C. Make it the same length as your other two lines (see diagram 1.3).
6. Finally, without lifting your pencil, draw a vertical line upwards from point C to point A. All lines should be the same length (see diagram 1.4).

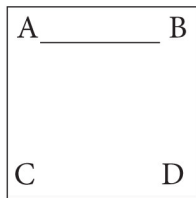


diagram 1.1

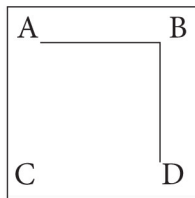


diagram 1.2

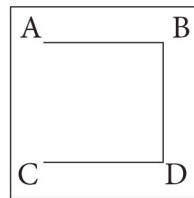


diagram 1.3

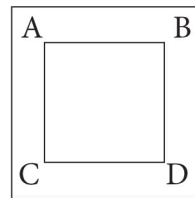


diagram 1.4

And you are done! Be sure to practise these steps and you'll be well on your way to mastering the skill of drawing a square.

Opening

Body

Closing

Source: Independent Learning Centre course EBT4O-B, Lesson 17, page 24.

Informational text: Item #10

Assignment for the informational text: "Business communication"

Post-reading questions

1. The essay identifies different methods of business communication. Name three.
2. Explain two workplace barriers and show how misunderstanding can lead to reduced productivity.
3. If a customer or a client is not impressed by a presentation because of poor speaking skills, what might the customer or client do?
4. Who is responsible for communicating effectively?

Informational text, Item #10: “Business communication”

Business communication

Business communication is communication that promotes a product, service, or organization; relays information within a business; or functions as an official statement from a company.

Contents

- Overview
- Top 6 Reasons for Business Communication Barriers
- Organizations
- References

Overview

Business communication (or simply “communications”, in a business context) encompasses such topics as marketing, brand management, customer relations, consumer behaviour, advertising, public relations, corporate communication, community engagement, reputation management, interpersonal communication, employee engagement, and event management. It is closely related to the fields of professional communication and technical communication.

Media channels for business communication include the Internet, print media, radio, television, ambient media, and word of mouth.

Business communication can also refer to internal communication. A communications director will typically manage internal communication and craft messages sent to employees. It is vital that internal communications are managed properly because a poorly crafted or managed message could foster distrust or hostility from employees.^[1]

Business communication is a common topic included in the curricula of Masters of Business Administration (MBA) programs of many universities. As well, many community colleges and universities offer degrees in Communications.

There are several methods of business communication, including:

- Web-based communication – for better and improved communication, anytime anywhere ...
- video conferencing, which allows people in different locations to hold interactive meetings;
- e-mails, which provide an instantaneous medium of written communication worldwide;

- Reports – important in documenting the activities of any department;
- Presentations – very popular method of communication in all types of organizations, usually involving audiovisual material, like copies of reports, or material prepared in Microsoft PowerPoint or Adobe Flash;
- telephoned meetings, which allow for long-distance speech;
- forum boards, which allow people to instantly post information at a centralized location; and
- face-to-face meetings, which are personal and should be succeeded by a written follow-up.
- suggestion box, mainly for upward communication because some people may hesitate to communicate to management directly so they can give suggestions by drafting suggestions in a suggestion box.

Business communication is somewhat different and unique from other types of communication since the purpose of business is to make money. Thus, to develop profitability, the communicator should develop good communication skills. Knowing the importance of communication, many organizations train their employees in communication techniques.

Types of business communication

- **Verbal communication:**

Verbal communication is a type of communication that involves use of words for communicating.

- **Non-verbal communication:**

[Non-verbal communication] is a mode of communication which only majorly uses body language and various other physical gestures as a means for communicating.

- **Written communication:**

Written communication is a type that only includes written forms for communicating.

- **Employment communication:**

Employment communication is a mode of communication that is particularly used for accepting the applicants for a job.

- **Electronic communication:**

Electronic communication is the modern way of communication that includes electronics and the latest technology for communicating, such as teleconferencing, e-mail, etc.

- **Team B Communication:**

Team B Communication is a form of communication that exists in the cyber classroom where solid teamwork and collaboration results in excellent grades in academia.

Top 6 Reasons for Business Communication Barriers

1. **Complex Messages:** The use of complex technical terms can result in a lack of communication. The remedy is to stick to the point, use clear and concise messages that are easy to understand.
2. **Withholding Information:** In an organization, much of the information is kept confidential due to company policies. Make sure the information that is needed is readily available and easily accessible.
3. **Different Status:** Management must keep employees well informed and encourage feedback.
4. **Ineffective Communication Processes:** The maintenance of the hierarchy in the organization is essential, but its very presence can reduce the flow of the communication. It is therefore essential to reduce hierarchical levels and increase departmental interaction and communication.
5. **Lack of Trust:** The most important factor behind a lack of communication in an organization is competition, which leads to a lack of trust among the various employees. Share information, communicate openly and honestly, involve others in decisions.
6. **Language barrier:** Language barrier is another important factor in business communication; if communication happens without a common language, it is not worthwhile.

Organizations

- Founded in 1936 by Shankar with the Association for Business Communication (ABC),^[2] originally called the Association of College Teachers of Business Writing, is “an international organization committed to fostering excellence in business communication scholarship, research, education, and practice.”
- The IEEE Professional Communication Society (PCS)^[2] is dedicated to understanding and promoting effective communication in engineering, scientific, and other environments, including business environments. PCS’s academic journal,^[3] is one of the premier journals in Europe communication. The journal’s readers are engineers, writers,

information designers, managers, and others working as scholars, educators, and practitioners who share an interest in the effective communication of technical and business information.

References

1. ^ "Living with Ambiguity". de la Vergne, Susan (2005). <http://www.auxiliumtraining.com/Ambiguity.htm>. Auxilium Training. Retrieved on 2008-05-22.
2. ^ [1]
3. ^ IEEE Transactions on Professional Communication
6. effective business communications

Source: Published on Wikipedia, January 2008.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Business_communication

Informational text: Item #11

Assignment for the informational text: Article: "Non-verbal communication: The messages you give without saying a word!"

Post-reading questions

1. Pose five questions and answers for this article.

Informational text, Item #11: Business article — “Non-verbal communication: The messages you give without saying a word!”

other side up

business ideas from a new perspective

COMMUNICATIONS

NON VERBAL COMMUNICATION

The messages you give, without saying a word!

BY CANDY TYMSON



Who do you think are the most successful job interviewees and why?

I was asked to be a member of an interview panel recently for three senior roles, and was stuck by the impact the interviewee's behaviour had on our final decision. (I confess, while I've been an expert in communication for many years, it is always good to be reminded of the impact of the basics!)

All of the candidates were impressive on paper — so how they performed in the interview obviously was significant.

Let me set the scene. The candidate sat at the head of the table with their potential boss on one side and two other panellists on the other. What struck me most was the level of energy (or lack of it) in each candidate.

One person in particular gave the persona of being exhausted. They regularly sighed loudly, slouched in their chair, and looked as if it would take a bomb to get them to move. They really were not sending positive vibes for a position that was described as “needing someone who was dynamic with outstanding communication skills”. (Obviously they weren't offered the position!)

Non-verbal communication often screams out what a person is thinking — but may not be saying.

Listening to nonverbal and paralinguistic cues

What communication would you pick up from the following behaviours?

- Someone speaking quickly, darting their eyes around the room
- A person who continuously swings or taps their foot
- Someone who appeared so relaxed, that they even slouched in their chair
- A person continually referring to ‘we’ when asked to give examples of their work
- Someone who sits very still, with their hands firmly in their lap

Although it could be argued that most of these behaviours show that the person could have been feeling nervous — it could also be said that they came across as insecure, or hyperactive, or lacking in people skills, or disinterested as well.

In his book, *Psychology for Effective Managers* Robert Burns refers to Tannenbaum (1956) who found that the degree to which attitudes change positively is directly proportioned to the degree

of attractiveness of the communicator. The ‘attractiveness’ of a person was measured by rating them against the following six evaluation scales: fair/unfair; dirty/clean; tasty/distasteful; good/bad; pleasant/unpleasant; worthless/valuable.

So from this you should come to the conclusion that to be persuasive you should always try to be neat, clean and personable — the sort of person you would want to interact with. Power to persuade is greatly increased if credibility, trust and concern is linked with charm, humour and pleasantness. And in today's working environment, enthusiasm and flexibility would have to be added to the list.

To be a more persuasive communicator you should:

- Focus on what the other person wants to know, rather than what you think they should know.
- Keep the message simple and clear. Use examples to illustrate your point.
- Anticipate any objections, and cover them off, up front.
- Monitor the other person's response. Watch out for signs of confusion, irritability or impatience.
- Remember to involve them in the discussion. Talk with them, not at them.
- Be flexible and open to suggestions and ideas that may be different to yours.

What your clothes say

Another powerful nonverbal communication is projected in what you wear. Are clothes a reliable guide to what a person is really like? Obviously not, but I challenge you not to make a first impression based on how a person is dressed! As they say, you don't get a second chance to make a first impression.

So, what do you think of the ever-growing trend for business casual code of dress in offices, and what impact is it really having on business? I know many professionals whose lives have become more complicated because of it. Whereas previously, you always wore ‘the suit’, now you have to check your diary, see what meetings you have (if any) and decide what would be appropriate attire for those groups. In a drive to appear more modern and with-it, senior executives are adding to their stress levels. Have you been caught out yet wearing casual garb when you are required to attend a serious business meeting?

It's interesting to note that the trend in the US seems to be going back to more formal business dress and I reluctantly agree it seems to be more effective. There's no doubt about it, I am more business-like in my suit than I am in my jeans! And if I was interviewing for the position of a senior executive, I would still expect the applicant to arrive in a suit. With so many other non-verbal communication issues to deal with at least getting the dress right helps to create a good first impression.

This material is copyright — please copy it right when you pass it on!

Candy Tymson

is a professional speaker and business educator. Her book “Gender Games: Doing Business with The Opposite Sex” was named one of the top 10 business books for 1998 by the Australian Institute of Management bookshops.

You can contact her on:

Phone: 02 9413 2900

Email: candy@tymson.com.au

for details on her training

programs or conference sessions.

Website: <http://www.tymson.com.au>

Source: Published on yahoo.com - September 2, 2004