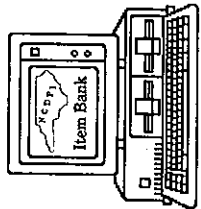


GOAL/OBJECTIVE		
Goal 1: The learner will use strategies and processes that enhance control of communication skills development.	0	
Goal 2: The learner will use language for the acquisition, interpretation, and application of information.	25	9.70
2.1 The learner will identify, collect, or select information and ideas.	12	4.69
2.2 The learner will analyze, synthesize, and organize information and discover related ideas, concepts, or generalizations.	4	1.85
2.3 The learner will apply, extend, or expand on information and concepts.	9	3.16
Goal 3: The learner will use language for critical analysis and evaluation.	3	1.06
Total	28	10.76



English I Item Bank Key Sheet

<u>Form</u>	<u>Question No.</u>	<u>Objective</u>	<u>Thinking Skill</u>	<u>Correct Answer</u>	<u>P-Value</u>
A-TA-H-2	1.	2.3	Evaluating	A	0.35
A-TA-H-2	2.	3.2	Analyzing	B	0.39
A-TA-H-2	3.	2.1	Applying	D	0.25
A-TA-H-2	4.	2.1	Applying	C	0.60
A-TA-H-2	5.	2.1	Applying	B	0.47
A-TA-H-2	6.	2.2	Analyzing	C	0.61
A-TA-H-2	7.	2.3	Generating	B	0.33
A-TA-H-2	8.	2.3	Generating	A	0.47
A-TA-H-2	9.	2.3	Integrating	C	0.46
A-TA-H-2	10.	2.3	Analyzing	B	0.39
A-TA-H-2	11.	3.1	Integrating	D	0.34
A-TA-H-2	12.	2.1	Evaluating	A	0.33
A-TA-H-2	13.	2.1	Applying	D	0.23
A-TA-H-2	14.	2.1	Analyzing	B	0.21
A-TA-H-2	15.	3.1	Evaluating	C	0.33
A-TA-H-2	16.	2.1	Analyzing	D	0.39
A-TA-H-2	17.	2.1	Applying	A	0.47
A-TA-H-2	18.	2.3	Generating	D	0.30
A-TA-H-2	19.	2.3	Analyzing	C	0.20
A-TA-H-2	20.	2.3	Integrating	B	0.32
A-TA-H-2	21.	2.2	Analyzing	B	0.37
A-TA-H-2	22.	2.1	Analyzing	A	0.56
A-TA-H-2	23.	2.2	Evaluating	D	0.49
A-TA-H-2	24.	2.1	Applying	A	0.35
A-TA-H-2	25.	2.1	Applying	B	0.52
A-TA-H-2	26.	2.1	Applying	C	0.31
A-TA-H-2	27.	2.3	Integrating	C	0.34
A-TA-H-2	28.	2.2	Integrating	D	0.38

Thomas Wolfe's novel *Look Homeward, Angel* was adapted into play form by playwright Ketti Frings. The setting for the play is the Dixieland Boarding House in Altamont, North Carolina in the fall of 1916. Altamont is the name Wolfe uses for his hometown of Asheville. Read the following excerpt from the play and answer questions 1 through 11.

Look Homeward, Angel

adapted by Ketti Frings

ACT ONE, SCENE 1: *The Dixieland Boarding House; a fall afternoon. The house is a flimsily constructed frame house of fifteen draughty, various-sized rooms. It has a rambling, unplanned gabular appearance, and is painted a dirty yellow. Most of its furniture is badly worn and out of style. The beds are chipped enamel-covered iron. There are accordion hat trees, cracked mirrors, an occasional plant. On the typically Southern veranda which embraces the front and one side of the house, there are chairs, rockers, and a woodbox. There is a sign above the door, electrically lighted at night: DIXIELAND—ROOMS AND BOARD. In the center of the house, slightly raised, is a turntable on which all the bedroom scenes are played. At the back of the house a walk approaches the rear of the veranda. There is a side door and near it is a circular yard seat. Also down front of the bedroom is a table and a chair. The street itself has a feeling of great trees hanging over it. Occasionally during the play, the stillness is broken by the rustle of autumn leaves, and the poignant wail of a train whistle. The Curtain rises in darkness. After a moment we hear EUGENE'S voice coming from his room. Seated, he is glimpsed, writing, surrounded by books.*

EUGENE: "Ben" by Eugene Gant. . . . My brother Ben's face is like a piece of slightly yellow ivory.

(Lights come up on the veranda where BEN GANT, 30, delicate and sensitive, the most refined of the Gants, and forever a stranger among them, is seated on the front steps reading a newspaper. He is sometimes scowling and surly, but he is the hero protector of those he loves, with quiet authority and a passion for home which is fundamental. At times he speaks to the side over his shoulder, in a peculiar mannerism of speech, as though he were addressing a familiar unseen presence.)

EUGENE: His high, white forehead is knotted fiercely by an old man's scowl.
His mouth is like a knife.
His smile the flicker of light across the blade.
His face is like a blade, and a knife, and a flicker of light.
And when he fastens his hard white fingers
And his scowling eyes upon a thing he wants to fix,
He sniffs with sharp and private concentration.

(Lights now reveal MARIE PERT, 43, seated near BEN in her rocker. She is . . . knitting a pair of men's socks and tenderly regarding Ben.)

- EUGENE: Thus women looking, feel a well of tenderness
For his pointed, bumpy, always scowling face. . . .
(EUGENE *continues writing.*)
- BEN: Somebody's got to drive the Huns from the skies. Poor old England can't be expected to do it alone.
- MRS. PERT: It's their mess, isn't it?
- BEN: It says here there's an American flying corps forming in Canada.
- MRS. PERT: Ben Gant, what are you thinking of?
- BEN: All my life in this one little burg, [Marie]! Besides getting away, I'd be doing my bit.
- MRS. PERT: Would they take you so old?
- BEN: This article says eighteen to thirty-two.
- MRS. PERT: Aren't the physical standards pretty high?
- BEN: Listen to her! I'm in good condition!
- MRS. PERT: You're twenty pounds underweight! I never saw anyone like you for not eating.
- BEN: Maguire gave me a thorough checkup this spring!
- MRS. PERT: How would your family feel if you went?
- BEN: What family? The batty boarders? (*Takes her hand.*) Apologies, [Marie]. I never associate you with them. Except for Gene, nobody'd know I was gone. (*Looks up, dreamily.*) To fly up there in the wonder world of the sky. Up with the angels.

(HELEN GANT BARTON and her husband HUGH enter from the house. HELEN is gaunt, raw-boned, in her middle twenties, often nervous, intense, irritable and abusive, though basically generous, the hysteria of excitement constantly lurking in her. It is a spiritual and physical necessity for her to exhaust herself in service to others, though her grievances, especially in her service to her mother, are many. HUGH is a cash-register salesman, simple, sweet, extremely warmhearted. He carries a newspaper, a tray with a coffee pot and cups and saucers, which HELEN helps him set on a table. They have been arguing.)

- HUGH: We should never have agreed to live here for one day—that's the answer. You work yourself to the bone—for what?
- HELEN: (*Busy putting cups in saucers.*) Mrs. Pert, the other boarders have almost finished dinner!
- MRS. PERT: What's the dessert, Helen?
- HELEN: Charlotte Russe.
- HUGH: They're like children with a tapeworm. (*Crosses and sits woodbox down right.*)
- BEN: [Marie], I told you you'd better get in there!
- MRS. PERT: I was trying to do without, but I'm afraid that calls me. (*Rises.*) See you later, Ben. (*She leaves her knitting on the chair, exits inside.*)
- HELEN: Ben, where is Mama?
- BEN: How should I know?
- HELEN: I've had to serve the entire dinner alone!
- HUGH: Look at me, holes in my socks, a trouser button missing—and before I married you I had the reputation of being "dapper."
- HELEN: I bet she's off somewhere with Uncle Will, and I'm left in the kitchen to slave for a crowd of old cheap boarders! That's her tactic!
- HUGH: "Dapper Hugh Barton"—it said so in the newspaper when we were married.

HELEN: *(Crosses to BEN, who pays no attention).* You know that, don't you, *don't you?* And do I ever hear her say a word of thanks? Do I get—do I get as much as a [thank you] for it? No. "Why, pshaw, child," she'll say, "I work more than anybody!" And most times . . . she does.

BOARDERS: *(Offstage, calling, ringing the service bell)* Helen. Helen!

HELEN: You come in, Hugh, and help me! *(Exits into the house.)*

. . . *(An automobile is heard off[stage], driving up, stopping. BEN moves down to the yard seat, reads his newspaper. The car door slams.) . . .*

ELIZA: *[Off.]* Thanks, Will! I appreciate it. . . .

[ELIZA GANT—also referred to as MAMA—enters. ELIZA, 57, is "mercurial, with dauntless energy, greed and love." She is carrying two small potted plants as she climbs the porch steps and sees BEN.]

ELIZA: Ben! What are you doing home at this hour?

BEN: I'm working afternoons this week.

ELIZA: Oh. *(Somewhat worriedly. Crossing onto porch for two small flower pots.)* Will you get dinner downtown?

BEN: I usually do.

ELIZA: *(Crossing into yard to right of center table).* You always sound so short with me, Ben. Why is that? You don't even look at me. You know I can't stand not being looked at by the person I'm talking to. Don't you feel well?

BEN: I feel good.

(A train whistle is heard in the distance.)

ELIZA: Oh, pshaw, there's the midday train now! Has Eugene gone to the station?

BEN: How should I know?

ELIZA: *(Crossing left. Calling up to EUGENE'S room.)* Eugene, are you up in your room? Eugene?

(EUGENE, hearing his mother's voice, rises from his chair, turns toward the window, but he doesn't answer, and ELIZA does not see him. EUGENE is 17, the youngest of the Gants, tall, awkward, with a craving for knowledge and love. During the following, he leaves his room. Crossing toward porch right.)

ELIZA: Eugene! I'll vow, that boy! Just when I need him—*Notices MRS. PERT'S knitting.* Ben, I hope you haven't been lying around here wasting time with that Mrs. Pert again?

BEN: Listen to her! It's the nicest time I spend.

ELIZA: *(Crossing to right of him).* I tell you what; it doesn't look right, Ben. What must the other boarders think? . . . Can't you find someone young and pretty and free to be with? I don't understand it. You're the best looking boy I've got.

BEN: *(More pleasantly).* If it'll make you feel better, Mama, I'll look around.

ELIZA: *(Relieved by the change in his mood, smiles. She also notices the sprawled newspaper. Crossing to right of center table).* That's Mr. Clatt's newspaper. You know he's finicky about reading it first. Fold it up before you go.

(During the above, EUGENE is seen coming down the stairs from his room. Now limping slightly, he starts to sneak out the side door, but ELIZA spots him.)

ELIZA: Eugene, where are you sneaking to? Come out here.

EUGENE: *(Comes out to left of center table).* Yes, Mama?

ELIZA: The train's just coming in. Now you hurry over to that depot.

EUGENE: Today? I did it yesterday.

ELIZA: Every day until every room is filled. The advertising cards are on the hall table. Go get them.

(EUGENE, disgruntled, goes into the entry hall to get the cards from a small stand. ELIZA strips some dead leaves off a plant.)

ELIZA: I declare, seventeen is an impossible age. I don't know why he complains. He hasn't anything else to do. Spending his time up there scribbling, dreaming.

BEN: The other boarding houses send their porters to the trains.

ELIZA: Never you mind, Ben Gant, you used to do it. It's little enough I've ever asked of you boys. *(To EUGENE as he comes from the hall.)* Have you got the cards? *(Crosses onto porch to flower tray.)*

EUGENE: *(Crossing left.)* In my pocket.

ELIZA: *(Holding out her hand.)* Let me see them. Let me see them!

EUGENE: *(In yard front of left pillar. Takes cards from pocket, reads).* "Stay at Dixieland, Altamont's homiest Boarding House."—It should be homeliest.

ELIZA: Eugene!

EUGENE: I hate drumming up trade! It's deceptive and it's begging.

ELIZA: Oh, my—my! Dreamer Eugene Gant, what do you think the world is all about? We are all—all of us—selling something. Now you get over to the depot right this minute. And for heaven's sake, boy, spruce up, shoulders back! Look like you are somebody!

(EUGENE starts off.)

ELIZA: And smile! Look pleasant!

(EUGENE grins, maniacally.)

BEN: *(Suddenly, as he watches EUGENE limping).* Gene! What are you walking like that for?

EUGENE: Like what?

BEN: *(Rises.)* What are you limping for? My God, those are my shoes you've got on! I threw them out yesterday!

EUGENE: *(Busy at flower tray).* They're practically brand new.

BEN: They're too small for *me*, they must be killing him.

EUGENE: Ben, please!

EUGENE: *(Takes flower tray to up right table).* Maybe you can afford to throw out brand-new shoes.

BEN: Mama, for God's sake, you ask him to walk straight, how can he? His toes must be like pretzels!

EUGENE: They're all right. I'll get used to them.

BEN: *(Throwing down his paper).* . . . [I]t's a . . . disgrace, sending him out on the streets like a hired man. Gene should be on that train, going to college!

ELIZA: *(Crossing to right of center table with can of peat moss.)* That's enough—that's just enough of that! You haven't a family to provide for like I have, Ben Gant. Now I don't want to hear another word about it! Gene will go to college when we can afford it. This year he can help Papa at the shop.

BEN: I thought you were going to "warm up" Papa, so he'll sell the shop.

ELIZA: Ben Gant, that wasn't intended for your ears. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't mention it to Mr. Gant until I have. Hurry off now, son, get us a customer!

EUGENE: *(Crossing to left of center table).* Why should Papa sell his shop?

ELIZA: *(Packing moss in flower pots).* Now, you're too young to worry about my business. You tend to yours.

EUGENE: What business do I have to attend to, Mama?

ELIZA: Well, get busy, get busy! Help your Papa at the shop.

EUGENE: I don't want to be a stonecutter.

ELIZA: Well, go back to delivering newspapers. Work for Uncle Will in his real estate office. But keep the ball rolling, child. Now hurry on or you'll be late!

(EUGENE exits.)

HELEN: *(Entering from hall right).* Mama, dinner's practically over! I'm no slave!

ELIZA: I'll be right in, Helen.

(HELEN exits, slamming door. ELIZA sighs. For a moment, left alone with BEN, she becomes herself, a deeply troubled woman.)

ELIZA: What's the matter with him, Ben? What's wrong with that boy? . . . What's the matter with all of you? I certainly don't know. I tell you what, sometimes I get frightened. Seems as if every one of you's at the end of something, dissatisfied, and wants something else. But it just can't be. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I'll vow, I don't know what we're all coming to. *(Approaches side door left, pauses.)* If you like, this once, as long as you're home, why don't you eat here? I'm sure there's plenty left over.

BEN: No, thank you, Mama. *(He starts off.)*

ELIZA: A good hot meal!

BEN: *(Tosses paper on center table).* I've got to get over there.

ELIZA: Ben, are you sure you feel all right?

BEN: I feel fine.

ELIZA: Well, have a nice day at the paper, son.

(BEN exits, ELIZA looks after him, then hearing the voices of the boarders, exits into the house by the side door.) . . .

[The play's final scene takes place two weeks later in front of the Dixieland Boarding House. Much has happened within the Gant family within this short time. Eugene's brother Ben has died unexpectedly of pneumonia and Eugene has decided to use the money his brother left him to leave Altamont to attend college in Chapel Hill.]

EPILOGUE

BEN'S VOICE: So you're finally going, Gene?

EUGENE: Ben? Is that you, Ben?

BEN'S VOICE: Who did you think it was, you little idiot? Do you know why you're going, or are you just taking a ride on a train?

EUGENE: (*Looking up and front right*). I know. Of course I know why I'm going. There's nothing here for me. Ben, what really happens? Everything is going. Everything changes and passes away. Can you remember some of the things I do? I've already forgotten the old faces. I forget the names of people I knew for years. I get their faces mixed. I get their heads stuck on other people's bodies. I think one man has said what another said. And I forget. There is something I have lost and can't remember.

BEN'S VOICE: The things you have forgotten and are trying to remember is the child that you were. He's gone, Gene, as I am gone. And will never return. No matter where you search for him, in a million streets, in a thousand cities.

EUGENE: Then I'll search for an end to hunger, and the happy land!

BEN'S VOICE: Ah, there is no happy land. There is no end to hunger!

EUGENE: Ben, help me! You must have an answer. Help me, and I won't go searching for it.

BEN'S VOICE: You little fool, what do you want to find out there?

EUGENE: *I want to find the world. Where is the world?*

BEN'S VOICE: (*Fading*). The world is nowhere, Gene. . . .

EUGENE: Ben, wait! Answer me!

BEN'S VOICE: The world is nowhere, no one, Gene. You are your world.

(*The train whistle sounds. Lights reveal Dixieland in dim silhouette. EUGENE, without looking back, exits.*)

CURTAIN

1. Which of the following becomes more significant and symbolic as the play progresses?
 - A a train whistle
 - B a newspaper
 - C the porch
 - D the boarding house

2. In addition to describing the characters' actions, what is the *main* purpose of the stage directions in Act One?
 - A They foreshadow events.
 - B They provide characterization.
 - C They move the plot forward.
 - D They create dramatic irony.

3. If Eugene is considered the protagonist in this play, who is the antagonist?
 - A Helen
 - B Ben
 - C Marie
 - D Mama

4. Which literary technique does Eugene use when he writes, "My brother Ben's face is like a piece of slightly yellow ivory"?
 - A personification
 - B metaphor
 - C simile
 - D oxymoron

5. Which of the following *best* demonstrates foreshadowing?
 - A Helen complaining about having to work too hard
 - B references to Ben's being underweight and not eating well
 - C Mama tending to plants throughout Scene 1
 - D conversation about Eugene wearing Ben's hand-me-down shoes

6. Which *best* describes the Dixieland Boarding House as it is introduced in the opening stage directions?
 - A elegant
 - B charming
 - C run-down
 - D rustic

7. Which words *best* describe Eugene?
- A stubborn and disobedient
 - B creative and restless
 - C withdrawn and hostile
 - D easygoing and contented
8. Which words *best* describe Mama?
- A demanding and determined
 - B optimistic and open-minded
 - C even-tempered and diplomatic
 - D jealous and vindictive
9. How are Ben and Eugene similar?
- A Both hope to go to college.
 - B Both want to be writers.
 - C Both dream of getting away from Altamont.
 - D Both work at the Dixieland Boarding House.
10. Which *best* describes Ben's attitude toward Gene?
- A indifferent
 - B protective
 - C jealous
 - D competitive
11. Which *best* summarizes Ben's advice to Eugene in the Epilogue?
- A Follow your dream wherever it may lead you.
 - B Childhood memories never fade.
 - C Home is where the heart is.
 - D Look within to discover life's meaning.

In the following excerpt from *Of Time and the River*, Thomas Wolfe describes a journey by train. Read the passage and answer questions 12 through 20.

Of Time And The River

by Thomas Wolfe

The journey from the mountain town of Altamont to the tower-masted island of Manhattan is not, as journeys are conceived in America, a long one. The distance is somewhat more than 700 miles, the time required to make the journey a little more than twenty hours. But so relative are the qualities of space and time, and so complex and multiple their shifting images, that in the brief passage of this journey one may live a life, share instantly in 10,000,000 other ones, and see pass before his eyes the infinite panorama of shifting images that make a nation's history.

First of all, the physical changes and transitions of the journey are strange and wonderful enough. In the afternoon one gets on the train and with a sense of disbelief and wonder sees the familiar faces, shapes, and structures of his native town recede out of the last fierce clasp of life and vision. Then, all through the waning afternoon, the train is toiling down around the mountain curves and passes. The great shapes of the hills, embrowned and glowing with the molten hues of autumn, are all about him: the towering summits, wild and lonely, full of joy and strangeness and their haunting premonitions of oncoming winter soar above him, the gulches, gorges, gaps, and wild ravines, fall sheer and suddenly away with a dizzy terrifying steepness, and all the time the great train toils slowly down from the mountain summits with the sinuous turnings of an enormous snake. And from the very toiling slowness of the train, together with the terrific stillness and nearness of the marvelous hills, a relation is established, an emotion evoked, which it is

impossible to define, but which, in all its strange and poignant mingling of wild sorrow and joy, grief for the world that one is losing, swelling triumph at the thought of the strange new world that one will find, is instantly familiar, and has been felt by every one.

The train toils slowly round the mountain grades, the short and powerful blasts of its squat funnel sound harsh and metallic against the sides of rocky cuts. One looks out the window and sees cut, bank, and gorge slide slowly past, the old rock wet and gleaming with the water of some buried mountain spring. The train goes slowly over the perilous and dizzy height of a wooden trestle; far below, the traveler can see and hear the clean foaming clamors of rock-bright mountain water; beside the track, before his little hut, a switchman stands looking at the train with the slow wondering gaze of the mountaineer. The little shack in which he lives is stuck to the very edge of the track above the steep and perilous ravine. His wife, a slattern with a hank of tight drawn hair, a snuff-stick in her mouth, and the same gaunt, slow wondering stare her husband has, stands in the doorway of the shack, holding a dirty little baby in her arms. . . .

At length the train has breached the last great wall of the soaring ranges, has made its slow and sinuous descent around the powerful bends and cork-screws of the shining rails (which now he sees above him seven times) and towards dark, the lowland country has been reached. The sun goes down behind the train a tremendous globe

of orange and pollen, the soaring ranges melt swiftly into shapes of smoky and enchanted purple, night comes—great-starred and velvet-breasted night—and now the train takes up its level pounding rhythm across the piedmont swell and convolution of the mighty State. . . .

Already the little town from which he came in the great hills, the faces of his kinsmen and his friends, their most familiar voices, the shapes of things he knew seem far and strange as dreams, lost at the bottom of the million-visaged sea-depth of dark time, the strange and bitter miracle of life. He cannot think that he has ever lived there in the far lost hills, or ever left them, and all his life seems stranger than the dream of time, and the great train moves on across the immense and lonely visage of America, making its great monotone that is the sound of silence and forever. And in the train, and in ten thousand little towns, the sleepers sleep upon the earth.

12. Which *best* describes Thomas Wolfe's writing style?
- A passionate
 - B concise
 - C lighthearted
 - D conversational

13. Which point of view is used in this passage?
- A first person
 - B second person
 - C third person limited
 - D third person omniscient
14. What is the *main* purpose of the first paragraph?
- A to describe the setting
 - B to foreshadow events
 - C to introduce characters
 - D to advance the plot
15. Which *best* describes the conflict in the last paragraph?
- A person vs. person
 - B person vs. society
 - C person vs. him/herself
 - D person vs. nature

16. Which literary techniques make this description *especially* effective?

“ . . . the great train toils slowly down from the mountain summits with the sinuous turnings of an enormous snake.”

- A simile and symbolism
- B hyperbole and allusion
- C onomatopoeia and irony
- D metaphor and alliteration

17. Which is an example of onomatopoeia in the following description?

“ . . . the short and power blasts of [the train’s] squat funnel sound harsh and metallic against the sides of rocky cuts.”

- A blasts
- B squat
- C harsh
- D rocky

18. Which *best* describes the narrator’s mixed emotions in this passage?

- A guilt and ambition
- B loneliness and fear
- C peace and determination
- D happiness and sadness

19. At the end of the second paragraph, what is Wolfe emphasizing about his journey when he says,

“ . . . in all its strange and poignant mingling of wild sorrow and joy, grief for the world that one is losing, swelling triumph at the thought of the strange new world that one will find, is instantly familiar, and has been felt by everyone.”?

- A its length
- B its challenges
- C its universality
- D its advantages

20. Which theme in the excerpt from Thomas Wolfe’s *Of Time and the River* is echoed in the Epilogue of *Look Homeward, Angel*?

- A the exhilaration of train travel
- B letting go of the familiar to explore the unknown
- C finding happiness within oneself
- D the need to work hard to achieve one’s dreams

Theodore Roethke was an American poet who lived from 1908 to 1963. The following poem offers another insight on the experience of a train trip. Read the poem and answer questions 21 through 28.

Night Journey

by Theodore Roethke

Now as the train bears west,
Its rhythm rocks the earth,
And from my Pullman berth
I stare into the night
While others take their rest.
Bridges of iron lace,
A suddenness of trees,
A lap of mountain mist
All cross my line of sight,
Then a bleak wasted place,
And a lake below my knees.
Full on my neck I feel
The straining at a curve;
My muscles move with steel,

I wake in every nerve.
I watch a beacon swing
From dark to blazing bright;
We thunder through ravines
And gullies washed with light.
Beyond the mountain pass
Mist deepens on the pane;
We rush into a rain
That rattles double glass.
Wheels shake the roadbed stone,
The pistons jerk and shove,
I stay up half the night
To see the land I love.

21. What kind of poem is this?
- A epic
 - B lyric
 - C dramatic
 - D narrative
22. What is the *main* purpose of this poem?
- A to describe the physical sensations of a nighttime train journey
 - B to celebrate the past when passenger trains were more common
 - C to describe the loneliness of a nighttime train journey
 - D to describe the effect of a storm upon a passenger train
23. Upon which literary technique does this poem depend *most*?
- A allusion
 - B irony
 - C symbolism
 - D imagery
24. Which literary technique is used in this line from the poem, "Its rhythm rocks the earth."?
- A alliteration
 - B onomatopoeia
 - C personification
 - D oxymoron
25. Which literary technique is used in this line from the poem, "Bridges of iron lace,"?
- A simile
 - B metaphor
 - C symbol
 - D allusion
26. Which of the following literary techniques is used in this line from the poem, "We thunder through ravines"?
- A personification
 - B hyperbole
 - C onomatopoeia
 - D archetype

27. How is the speaker in Roethke's poem similar to the narrator in the excerpt from Wolfe's novel *Of Time and the River*?
- A Both are traveling westward at night on a train.
 - B Both seem to have mixed feelings about their journey.
 - C Both seem fascinated by the train and the land it travels through.
 - D Both encounter stormy weather on their journey.
28. Which aspect of the train ride is emphasized in Wolfe's novel as well as Roethke's poem?
- A loneliness of the journey
 - B purpose of the journey
 - C hardships of the journey
 - D sensations of the journey