

Clean Sweep

Short Story by Joan Bauer

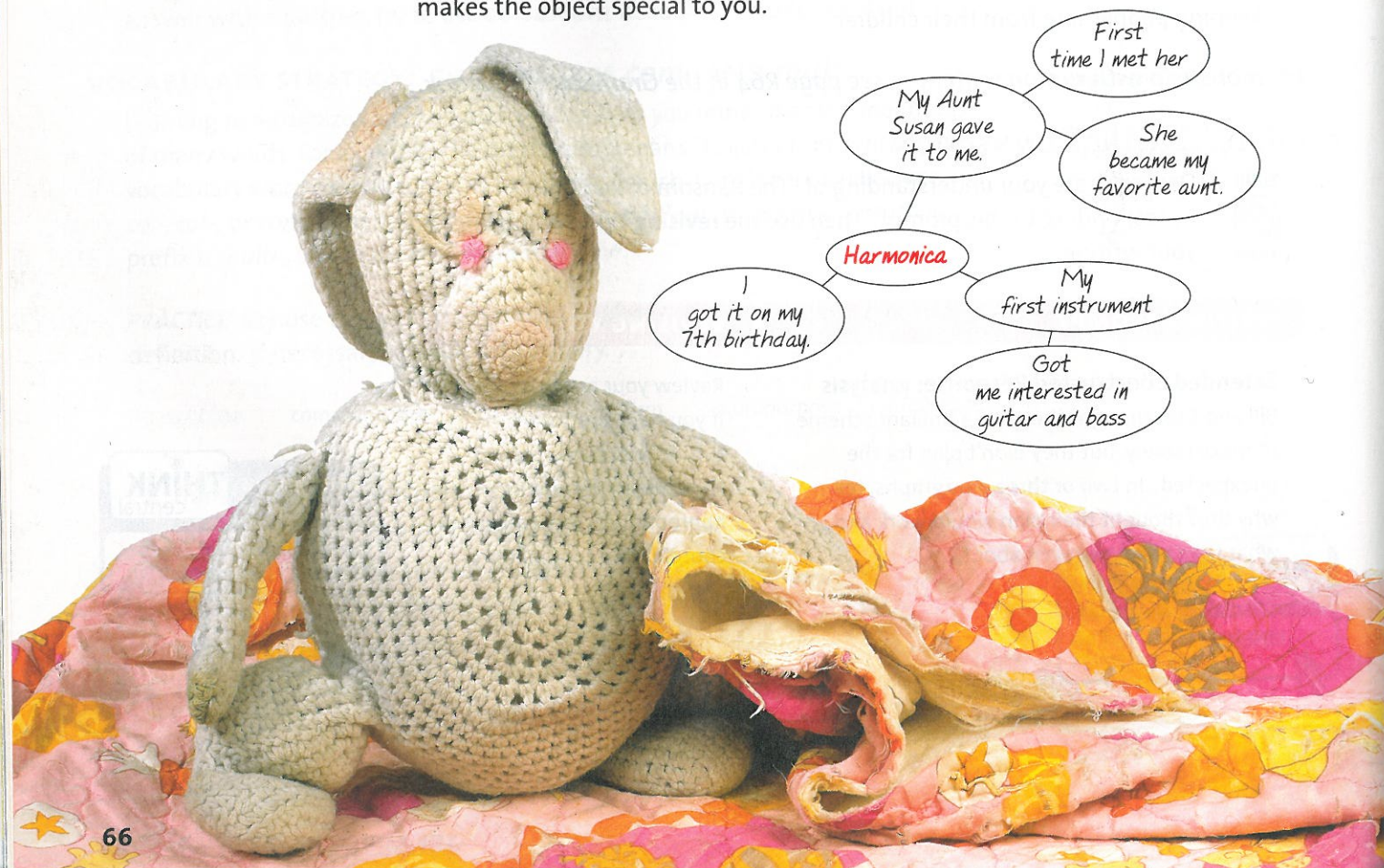
When does trash become
TREASURE?

COMMON CORE

RL 3 Analyze how dialogue or incidents in a story propel the action. RL 5 Analyze how the structure of text contributes to its meaning.

There is an old saying, "One man's trash is another man's treasure." A scrap of cloth, a wrinkled photo, or a worn, torn book can have great value to a person if there are special memories attached. In "Clean Sweep," a girl finds out not only that a simple object can hold good memories, but also that those memories can help heal.

WEB IT What do you value that someone else might be tempted to throw away? Create a web to show some memories that are connected to that item. Expand your web by adding details that explain what makes the object special to you.



● TEXT ANALYSIS: CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

As you may recall, there are two basic kinds of conflicts.

- **External conflicts** are struggles between a character and an outside force. The outside force could be another character, society, or a force of nature.
- **Internal conflicts** are struggles within a character. This type of conflict may occur when the character has to make a difficult decision or deal with opposing feelings.

A story may develop more than one kind of conflict. Sometimes an additional conflict is worked out in a **subplot**, or minor plot.

As you read "Clean Sweep," notice how a past event causes both an internal and an external conflict. Also, see if you can spot a subplot.

● READING SKILL: SEQUENCE

To follow a story, you must recognize the **sequence**, or order, of the event described. While events are often presented in the order in which they occur, sometimes the action is interrupted to present a scene from an earlier time. This scene, called a **flashback**, can help explain a character's actions. To help you figure out when events occurred, look for signal words and phrases such as these: *four years ago*, *moments later*, and *while*. Then keep track of the sequence of important events by recording them on a sequence chart.

Review: Predict

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▲ VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The boldfaced words help Joan Bauer tell about one teenager's experience with loss and familial responsibility. To see how many you know, substitute a different word or words for each.

1. The room was dark and **dingy**.
2. A **minuscule** amount of light came through the window.
3. Her sense of **propriety** kept her from interrupting him.
4. She acted calm in front of her class, but she was in **turmoil**.
5. I can't stand the **vileness** of rotten eggs.
6. It was an **aberration**, not what she usually sees.



Complete the activities in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

Meet the Author

Joan Bauer

born 1951

Laughter and Life

As a child, Joan Bauer dreamed of becoming a comedian or a comedy writer when she grew up. The funny adults in her life inspired her. Her mother loved to make people laugh, and her grandmother, Nana, was a storyteller whose tales always included humor. But real life wasn't always amusing. When Joan was eight years old, her parents divorced. This and other family troubles proved devastating. However, she continued writing, finding that it helped ease her pain. Now an award-winning author, Joan Bauer admits to often drawing from these difficult life experiences while creating her touching, amusing stories.

Hope and Humor

"I want to create stories that link life's struggles with laughter," Bauer has said. "Laughter is a gift we've been given . . . not just to make us feel good, but to empower us to overcome dark times." Her novels and stories are about how we can help each other by sharing both the struggle and the laughter.



Authors Online

Go to thinkcentral.com. KEYWORD: HML8-67

Clean Sweep

Joan Bauer

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A DUST MITE?"

My mother always lowers her voice when she asks this; it adds to the emotional impact. Never in the four years since she's had the cleaning business has anyone ever said they've seen one. That's because the only people who have seen dust mites are scientists who put dust balls on slides and look at them under microscopes. Personally I have better things to do than look at **minuscule** animals who cause great torture among the allergic, but my mother has a photo of a dust mite blown up to ten gazillion times its size—she is holding it up now, as she always does in this part of her presentation—and the two women who sit on the floral couch before her gasp appropriately and shut their eyes, because dust mites, trust me, are ugly. Think *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* meets *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and you're just beginning to enter into the **vileness** of this creature.

"They're everywhere," Mom says to the women. "Under the bed, on the sheets, clinging to the blinds; hiding, waiting. And at Clean Sweep," she offers quietly, but dramatically, "we *kill* them for you. We hate them even more than you do. *This* is why we're in business."

The two women look at each other and say *yes*, they want the cleaning service to start immediately.

20 Mom tells them our price. One woman, as expected, says, "That sounds a little high." People are so cheap. Everyone wants quality, no one wants to pay for it. Here's the suburban dream—to hire great workers who are such meek morons that they don't have the guts to ask for a living wage. **A**

This is not my mother's problem. She holds up the dust mite enlargement to make the point. "We cost more because we know where he and his army are hiding."

Analyze Visuals ▶

What can you **conclude** about this girl's feelings toward housework?

minuscule (mĭn'ə-skyōōl') *adj.* very small; tiny

vileness (vil'nēs) *n.* unpleasantness; disgusting quality

A CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

What conflicts do the main character and her family face with each job?



She used to say “we know where he and his friends are hiding,” but “army” sounds more fierce, and when you are serious about eliminating dust, you’d better let everyone know it’s war.

30 “Well . . .,” the other woman says, unsure.

Mom presses in. “We suggest two cleanings per week for one month to achieve total elimination. Then weekly cleanings should do, unless you have special needs.”

Special needs in the cleaning world range from cleaning out attics to detoxification¹ of teenage bedrooms. I am a specialist in cleaning rooms of kids who have just gone off to college. It takes nerves of steel. And I have them.

My brother Benjamin doesn’t. To begin with, he’s allergic to dust—bad news when the family business is dedicated to eliminating it. To end with, he’s a devoted underachiever, in stark contrast to myself. And Benjamin knows
40 how to get out of work—he could give seminars on this. He gets the perfect look of abject² pain over his face, says he’s not feeling too well, he’s sorry, he doesn’t want to be a *burden*. He talks about the pain moving across his back, down his leg, and into his ankle. Then he gets dizzy and has to sit down; lying down comes moments later after his face gets a little pale (I don’t know how he does this) and his hand touches his forehead which, I swear, has small drops of sweat on it. Then he’ll try to get up and help, but by this time, you feel like such a snake that a sick person is going to get sicker because of your insensitive demands that you say, no, you rest, I’ll do it. **B**

This is what he’s done to me today, and I’m not in the mood for the game.
50 He tells me, groaning, he’ll *try* to make it to Mrs. Leonardo’s today to help her pack up her attic, but he’s not sure he can even sit. He’s lying on the couch in misery saying if he can sit, he will try to stand, and if he attempts standing, he will attempt actual walking—Mrs. Leonardo’s house being four houses down the street. I throw my book bag at him. Suggest he *crawl* to Mrs. Leonardo’s house and he says, “Thanks, Katie. Just thanks.” To which I reply, “Look, Benny Boy, I’m getting sick of carrying your weight around here. If you think I’m going to do your job and mine until I die, think again.” Benjamin groans deep, turns off the light, closes his eyes and says his headache is cosmic and could I please go get him some aspirin. **C**

60 I don’t get the aspirin. It’s a big bad world out there and he needs to find it out now, at fourteen. This is what big sisters are for.

So I’m basically crabby and bitter all day; taking it out on random people. After school I have mounds of homework. You wonder what teachers are thinking—I have three hundred pages of reading in three textbooks plus a paper due on Friday. Have you ever noticed that it takes a textbook dozens of pages to say what normal people can cover fast?

Example:

What was the full impact of World War II?

1. **detoxification** (dē-tōk’sē-fī-kā’shən): the process of removing toxic substances.

2. **abject** (ăb’jēkt): of the most miserable kind; wretched.

SCIENCE CONNECTION



Dust mites are microscopic organisms found in house dust the world over. Some people are allergic to the feces and skin shed by the mites.

B CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

How does the narrator feel about her brother’s behavior? Tell how she handles it.

C SEQUENCE

Reread lines 49–51. What words or phrases show that the specific events of this story are starting now? Record the event on your chart.

Clear-cut teenage answer: We won.

70 So I’m close to dying young from excessive homework, and I have to help Mrs. Leonardo clean out her attic. She is paying big bucks for this, and, believe me, my family needs the money.

Mrs. Leonardo wants people there on time and working like ants. Ants carry their weight on their backs and are thrilled as anything to be abused. But that is the insect world; I am not one of them. I’m not in the mood to sit with her in her **dingy** attic and lug tons of garbage down the stairs and listen to her stories of how her family deserted her. I know that sounds mean, but Mrs. Leonardo is a mean person. It’s easy to see why she’s alone. The big joke is that when her husband died, he had a big smile on his face in the casket that he’d
80 never had in real life. The funeral director said they tried to wipe that grin off his face, but they couldn’t do it.

So I’m on my knees in the dust, putting things in bags, while Mrs. Leonardo tells me about her selfish brother Horace who deserted her, and her uncaring, money-grubbing cousin Cynthia who backed out of the driveway eight years ago and never came back. She tells me how she helped them and loaned them money which they never paid back. She’s going on and on about how the world is a dark, dark place. I clear my throat: “Boy, Mrs. Leonardo, you’ve got a lot of stuff up here. Are you sure you want to keep it all?” **D**

This is the wrong thing to say. Mrs. Leonardo’s gray eyes get spitting mad and
90 she says, *well*, she’s seventy-six years old and she’s had a *very* interesting life and she doesn’t want to throw out anything of value. I look in a box with IRS tax forms dating back to 1955.

“Mrs. Leonardo, the IRS says you only need to keep tax records from the last three years. We could dump this whole box . . .” My mother told me this.

She lunges as much as a seventy-six-year-old person can and says she isn’t giving her tax records to anyone so they can steal her secrets. Like tons of thieves are out there ready to pounce on this.

But at twenty-five dollars per hour, you learn to be patient. “Think of the money,” my mother always says, “and the graciousness will come.” So I’m
100 taping the box and writing IMPORTANT PAPERS 1955–1963. Maybe she could turn this attic into a museum and people could walk through and learn all the things you should never hold on to.

Benjamin would have cracked under this pressure. Mrs. Leonardo is kneeling by a huge trunk, saying how the younger generation (mine) doesn’t understand about manners, **propriety**, or simple human decency. Her grandniece, Veronica, walks around with her belly button showing. She pulls old clothes out of the trunk and yanks this old lace tablecloth out and just looks at it. Finally, she says she got it when she was married and she’s only used it once. She waited for a special occasion and only one came—her twentieth anniversary. No
110 other occasion was special enough, and then her husband died right before

dingy (dīn’jē) *adj.* dirty or discolored

D SEQUENCE

Reread lines 82–88. What words help signal that the narrator is returning to the main story she is telling?

propriety (prə-prī’y-tē) *n.* the quality of being proper; appropriateness

their twenty-fifth anniversary and the tablecloth has been in this trunk ever since—only used once, she keeps saying—beautiful Egyptian linen. She looks kind of sad, though stiff. I say, “You could start using it now, Mrs. Leonardo,” which is the wrong thing to say. She shuts that trunk and asks me just who do I think she’s going to invite to dinner since everyone she’s ever done anything for has either deserted her or died. **E**

I don’t know how to answer a question like this. My mother didn’t cover it during Clean Sweep boot camp training where I learned how to scour a bathtub that a toddler spilled ink in, how to clean pet stains from any carpet known to man, how to wash windows and not leave streaks, how to open a refrigerator with year-old meat and not gag in front of the client. I pledged that the customer was always right and I, the lowly dust eliminator, was always, always wrong.

But I’m not sure what to do. If I agree with her, I’m not helping, and if I listen, I won’t get the job done. The truth is, I don’t like Mrs. Leonardo—so there’s a big part of me that doesn’t care—even though I know this is probably inhumane because she’s a sad person, really. Kneeling there in the dust, surrounded by the boxes of her so-called interesting life, going on and on

E CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

What causes Mrs. Leonardo to be upset with Katie?

Analyze Visuals

What do the **details** in the picture tell you about the person or people who live here?



about people who are gone. I’m thinking about the next stage of the job—the actual cleaning of the attic which is going to take two people, and I know Benjamin will be hurled into monumental physical **aberrations** up here.

I’m tired, too, and my paper is late on King Lear who, in my opinion, thought too much and couldn’t deliver. I’m thinking about my personal life—yes, dust eliminators have them. We have feelings; we have needs, dreams. I’m feeling that I work too much and I wish my mom had another business because what I do all day at school is exhausting enough without having to do heavy lifting after school and on the weekends. I think about when my dad died four years ago, and because of disorganization—that is, getting behind on paying his life insurance premiums—his insurance policy was cancelled and we got no insurance money when he died. He never meant to hurt us, but it was so scary not knowing if we could keep the house mixed with all the pain of losing him. We never got a regular time of mourning because we were fighting to stay afloat. Mom was trying to sort through Dad’s huge piles of papers. We loved him so much, but he could never get rid of what Mom called his “clutter demons.” **F**

It took several months, but we got his papers sorted. We learned firsthand how you get organized, clean up, and obliterate dust. We became total aces at it; learned how widespread the problem truly is. We knew then we needed to share what we’d learned with others who were suffering, and felt that twenty-five dollars an hour was reasonable. **G**

I’m not sure if Mrs. Leonardo wants someone to help or someone to complain to. Between you and me, I feel that listening to complaining *and* busting dust should earn thirty-five dollars per hour. But, I’m remembering being in our attic after my dad died; trying to go through his things. He had a trunk that his grandfather had given him—inside were all his photos and papers from school. I remember reading some of his essays from high school and just crying. I couldn’t throw those out. Mom said going through all that was therapeutic³ for me because it was like being with him, kind of. He was forty-one years old when he died. Had a heart attack at work and was dead by the time the ambulance came. **H**

Just thinking about the day makes me shaky. Over the years I’ve dissected every last thing I remember about the last morning I saw him. I should have made him breakfast—I knew how much he liked it when I did. I should have hugged him when he went out the door, but I was on the phone with Roger Rugsby who was my biology partner who needed me to go over my lab notes or he would fail. I missed the bus and Dad missed his train and he took me to school. I was late, so I hurled myself out of the car and he said, “Go get ‘em, kiddo.” That’s the last thing he ever said to me. But I did better than Benjamin who overslept and didn’t even see Dad that morning. **I**

Mrs. Leonardo leans over a trunk like the one my father had. I want to say something encouraging to her, like, “Gee, Mrs. Leonardo, I know how hard it

aberration (ăb’ə-rā’sən) *n.* an abnormal alteration

F CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

What internal and external conflicts does Katie face as a result of her dad’s death?

G SEQUENCE

When did Katie’s mother form Clean Sweep?

H CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

Reread lines 153–158. How does Katie react while looking through her father’s things?

I SEQUENCE

Reread lines 161–163. Note the phrase that lets you know a **flashback** is coming. When do the events in this paragraph take place?

3. **therapeutic** (thēr’ə-pyōō’tīk): having healing powers.

must be going through all these memories,” or, “I hope sorting through all this is helping you the way it helped me.” Memories are the only things we have left sometimes. You can hold a photo of a person you loved who’s gone, but it isn’t alive. Memories—the best ones—are filled with sights, smells, love, and happiness. I try to hold some of those in my heart for my dad each day.

She goes through the trunk, stony-faced. I can’t tell what she’s found, can’t tell if she’s going to torch the contents or hold them to her heart. I lug a big bag over and throw old newspapers inside. Mrs. Leonardo stops going through
180 the trunk. She’s holding something in her hands, not moving. I look at her stiff face and for a moment in the weird light of the attic, she looks like she’s going to cry. But that’s impossible. Then I hear a sniff and she says softly, “My mother read this book to my sister and me every night before bed.”

I look at the book—a well-worn brown leather cover. Doesn’t look like much.

“I thought she had it,” Mrs. Leonardo says sadly.

“Who had it?”

“My sister, Helen. I thought she had the book. She always wanted it.”

In these situations it’s best to say, “Oh.”

“I thought . . . I thought I’d sent it to her after Mother died.” She looks down.

190 I say, “It’s hard to remember what you’ve done after someone important dies.”

“But, she’d asked me for it. It was the one thing she’d wanted.”

“Well . . .”

“I haven’t talked to her since Mother died. I thought she . . .”

I’m not sure how to ask this. Is Helen still alive?

I dance around it. “What do you think you should do with the book, Mrs. Leonardo?” She doesn’t answer.

I try again. “Why did Helen want it so bad?”

She hands me the book. “She said these stories were her best memories of childhood.” I look through it. “The Naughty Little Frog,” “The Little
200 Lost Tulip,” “Spanky, the Black Sheep.” It’s amazing what we put up with as children. But then I remember my favorite bedtime story—“Rupert, the Church Mouse”—about this little mouse who lives in a church and polishes all the stained glass windows every night before he goes to sleep so the light can come forth every morning.

“I know she lives in Vermont,” Mrs. Leonardo offers. “I heard from a cousin a while ago . . .” Her voice trails off.

“I think you should call her, Mrs. Leonardo.”

She shakes her old head. No—she couldn’t possibly.

“I think you should call her and tell her you’ve got the book.”

210 She glares at me. “I believe we’re done for today.” She grabs the book from my hands, puts it back in the trunk.

“Sorry, ma’am. I didn’t mean . . .”

She heads down the attic stairs.

COMMON CORE RL.3

1 CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

Like main plots, subplots often follow a linear pattern. A conflict is introduced, intensified, and resolved. A subplot may reflect on the main plot by showing how a similar conflict can play out in another situation. Reread lines 177–193. What subplot is introduced here? Tell who is involved in the subplot and what the central conflict seems to be.

K PREDICT

Now that she’s found the book, what do you think Mrs. Leonardo might do in regard to her sister?

I tell Benjamin that I don’t want to hear about his problems, that his back looks strong to me, the shooting pain in his leg will go away eventually, and his headache is just a reflection of his deep, inner **turmoil**. I say this as we’re walking to Mrs. Leonardo’s house.

“I think my whole left side is going numb,” he whispers pitifully as we walk up her steps.

220 “Deal with it.”

Mrs. Leonardo is waiting for us. We’re late. I don’t mention that having to drag a hypochondriac⁴ four doors down the street takes time. Great food smells swirl from her kitchen.

Mrs. Leonardo looks Benjamin up and down, not impressed. “You’ve not been here before,” she says. Benjamin half smiles and rubs his tennis elbow,⁵ which makes me nuts because he doesn’t play tennis.

I introduce them. Tell her Benjamin is here to help with dust elimination and heavy lifting, at which point Benjamin leans painfully against the wall and closes his eyes.

230 “He’s a very dedicated worker once he gets started, Mrs. Leonardo.”

I jam my elbow into his side.

Okay, so we’re cleaning this cavernous⁶ attic like there’s no tomorrow. We’ve got all the trunks and boxes wiped down and pushed to the far side. We’re running the turbo-charged Clean Sweep Frankenstein portable vacuum that is so powerful it can suck up pets and small children if they get too close. Benjamin is wearing a dust mask over his nose and mouth—he wrote *The Terminator* over it. This boy is appropriately miserable, pulling down spiders’ webs, sucking up dust mites. I can almost hear their little screams of terror. Almost, but not quite. My mother claims she can hear dust mites shrieking for mercy and uses this in her
240 presentation if she thinks potential clients can handle it.

“Get the lace tablecloth from the trunk!” Mrs. Leonardo shouts from downstairs.

What’s she want with that?

“And bring the book, too,” she hollers impatiently.

I don’t mention that we’ve shoved everything in the corner like she said to, that I’ll have to move it all to get to the trunk, and, by the way, I’m going as fast as I can. I get the book and the lace tablecloth that’s been folded in very old plastic. I look at the book—reddish brown leather—*Aunt Goody’s Good Night Stories*, it’s called. Benjamin comes over looking like some
250 kind of cosmic alien with his mask, takes the book, starts laughing.

“The Naughty Little Frog,” he says reading. “Once upon a time there was a naughty little frog named Edmond. Edmond was so naughty that

turmoil (tūr’moil’) *n.*
a state of extreme
confusion or agitation

1 CONFLICTS AND SUBPLOTS

In what ways is Katie responsible for her brother?

GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT

In line 232, notice how Joan Bauer uses the **progressive form** of the verb *to clean* to describe on ongoing action.

Language Coach

Oral Fluency In words such as *night* that contain the letter combination *ght*, the *g* and *h* are silent. Reread the sentence beginning in line 248, pronouncing *night* correctly.

4. **hypochondriac** (hī’pə-kŏn’drē-ăk’): a person who continually thinks he or she is ill or about to become ill.

5. **tennis elbow**: pain around the elbow, often caused from playing tennis or similar activities.

6. **cavernous** (kāv’ər-nəs): filled with caverns; like a cave.

he never, ever cleaned his lily pad. It got so dirty that his mother had to make him stay on that lily pad several times each day to—

"You're going to have to wait for the end." I yank the book from his hands and head down the creaky attic stairs with the tablecloth. Mrs. Leonardo is in the kitchen wearing a frilly apron, stirring a pot of something that smells beyond great.

260 She turns to look at me, puts her wooden spoon down.

"Help me put it on the table," she orders.

I'm smiling a little now because I know this tablecloth's history. I'm wondering who's coming to dinner.

"Looks like you're having a party," I offer as we get the tablecloth squared perfectly on the table.

Mrs. Leonardo says nothing, sets the table for two with what looks like the good silverware, the good napkins. Then she puts the storybook in front of one of the place settings.

270 "My sister, you see . . ." She pauses emotionally. "Well, she's . . . coming to dinner."

"You mean the one you haven't seen for a long time?"

"I only have *one* sister."

I'm just grinning now and I tell her I hope they have the best dinner in the world.

"Well, I do too." She looks nervously out the window and says whatever work we haven't finished can be done tomorrow.

"You were right about . . . calling her, Katie." **M**

280 I smile brightly, wondering if she's going to offer me some of her great-smelling food to show her gratitude. She doesn't. I head up the attic stairs and drag Benjamin to safety. He's sneezing like he's going to die. I take off his Terminator dust mask and lean him against a wall. Half of me wants to give Mrs. Leonardo a little hug of encouragement, but the other half warns, *Don't touch clients because they can turn on you.*

"Whatever you're cooking, Mrs. Leonardo, it sure smells good," I shout. "Your sister's going to love it." I'm not sure she hears all of that. Benjamin is into his fifth sneezing attack.

She nods from the kitchen; I push Benjamin out on the street.

"I could have died up there," he shouts, blowing his nose.

"But you didn't."

290 And I remember the book my dad would read to us when we were little about the baby animals and their parents and how each mother and father animal kissed their babies good night. That book was chewed to death, ripped, stained, and missing the last two pages, but I wouldn't give it up for anything.

We walk back home almost silently, except for Benjamin's sniffs, sneezes, and groans. People just don't understand what important things can be hiding in the dust.

Mom says that all the time in her presentation. 



M SEQUENCE

What steps has Mrs. Leonardo taken to prepare for her sister's visit? Add these to your chart.

After Reading

Comprehension

1. **Recall** What job does the Clean Sweep company do?
2. **Clarify** Why does Katie resent her brother?
3. **Summarize** For Katie, what makes working for Mrs. Leonardo so difficult?

Text Analysis

4. **Identify Sequence** Review the chart you created as you read. Which event or events in the sequence occur as **flashbacks**? What information do you learn about Katie from the flashbacks?
5. **Examine Conflicts** Note the internal and external conflicts Katie faces after her dad's death. By the end of the story, which of these conflicts are resolved? Which are not resolved? Share your opinion of the way in which each conflict is or is not resolved.
6. **Analyze Character Motivations** Why do you think Mrs. Leonardo decided to reconnect with her sister?
7. **Analyze Subplot** Use a chart like the one shown to record details of the subplot involving Mrs. Leonardo and her sister. What does this subplot help Katie to realize? In your opinion, is the subplot a worthwhile addition to the story? Explain why or why not.
8. **Make Judgments** Reread lines 221–229 and footnote 4. Would you say that Katie's brother is a hypochondriac? Use examples from the text to support your answer.

Characters Involved:

Mrs. Leonardo and her sister

Conflict:

Resolution:

Extension and Challenge

9. **SCIENCE CONNECTION**  Katie's family earns a living fighting dust mites. Look back at the information about dust mites on page 70. Research more about them to find out whether they are seriously harmful to people and whether it is possible to get rid of all dust mites in a home. Is Katie's mother being honest in her presentation? Present your findings to the class.

When does trash become TREASURE?

Look again at the Web It activity on page 66. Imagine you are Katie, and her treasure is the book she mentions on page 76, lines 290–293. What good memories might Katie connect to the book?

COMMON CORE

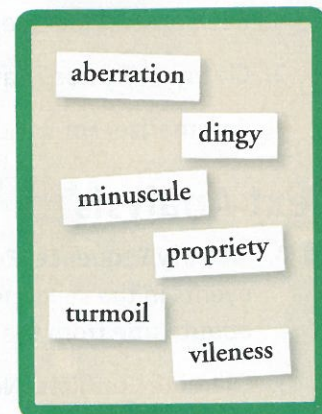
RL 3 Analyze how dialogue or incidents in a story propel the action. **RL 5** Analyze how the structure of text contributes to its meaning.

Vocabulary in Context

▲ VOCABULARY PRACTICE

Decide whether the words in each pair are synonyms (words that mean the same) or antonyms (words that mean the opposite).

1. propriety/rudeness
2. vileness/niceness
3. dingy/shabby
4. minuscule/huge
5. aberration/sameness
6. turmoil/chaos



ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN WRITING

• affect • conclude • evident • imply • initial

How did the death of the narrator's father **affect** the remaining family members? In a paragraph, explain how the narrator, her mother, and her brother appear to have coped with the loss of their loved one. Use at least one Academic Vocabulary word in your response.

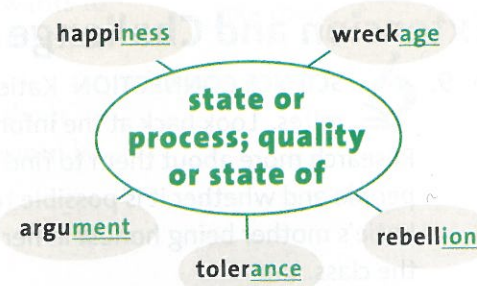
VOCABULARY STRATEGY: SUFFIXES THAT FORM NOUNS

A suffix is a word part that appears at the end of a root or base word to form a new word. Some suffixes, such as those in *vileness* and *aberration*, can be added to words to form nouns. The web shown includes other suffixes that have a similar meaning.

If a word seems unfamiliar, see if you can break it into a familiar root and suffix. For example, the word *embellishment* can be broken into *embellish* and *-ment*, which might help you understand that an embellishment is something that is decorated.

PRACTICE Identify the base word and suffix in each boldfaced word. Then define the nouns that have been made by adding the suffixes.

1. Winning the state championship was quite an **achievement**.
2. To make the **connection**, your flight will have to arrive on time.
3. His **performance** in the concert was superb.
4. One could see the **sadness** in their faces.
5. We have a **shortage** of paper towels in the kitchen.



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COMMON CORE

L.6 Use accurately grade-appropriate words.

Language

◆ GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT: Use Progressive Form Correctly

Review the **Grammar in Context** note on page 75. When you are writing about an event that's in progress, use the progressive form of a verb.

Example: She is cleaning the attic. (*The cleaning is an ongoing action.*)

You can use the progressive form with any verb tense. Notice that the progressive form is made by using the same tense of the verb *to be* with the present participle, which is formed by using the verb stem and adding *ing*.

Tenses

Present Progressive
Past Progressive
Future Progressive
Present Perfect Progressive
Past Perfect Progressive
Future Perfect Progressive

Examples

We are laughing.
We were laughing.
We will be laughing.
We have been laughing.
We had been laughing.
We will have been laughing.

PRACTICE Identify which sentences include the progressive form of the verb. Rewrite the remaining sentences using the progressive form.

1. She was sorting her father's papers.
2. She feels sad.
3. He planned a vacation they didn't get to enjoy.
4. He was loving and supportive.
5. They were thinking about getting their picture taken.

For more help with progressive form, see page R56 in the **Grammar Handbook**.

READING-WRITING CONNECTION



Increase your understanding of "Clean Sweep" by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

WRITING PROMPT

Short Constructed Response: Dialogue

Reread lines 151–160. Write a **half-page of dialogue** between Katie and her mother that might have occurred while they sorted through her dad's things after his death.

REVISING TIP

Review your dialogue. Did you use the progressive form of verbs to write about events in process? If not, revise your writing.

COMMON CORE

L.1 Demonstrate command of standard English grammar when writing. **W.3b** Use dialogue to develop characters.

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