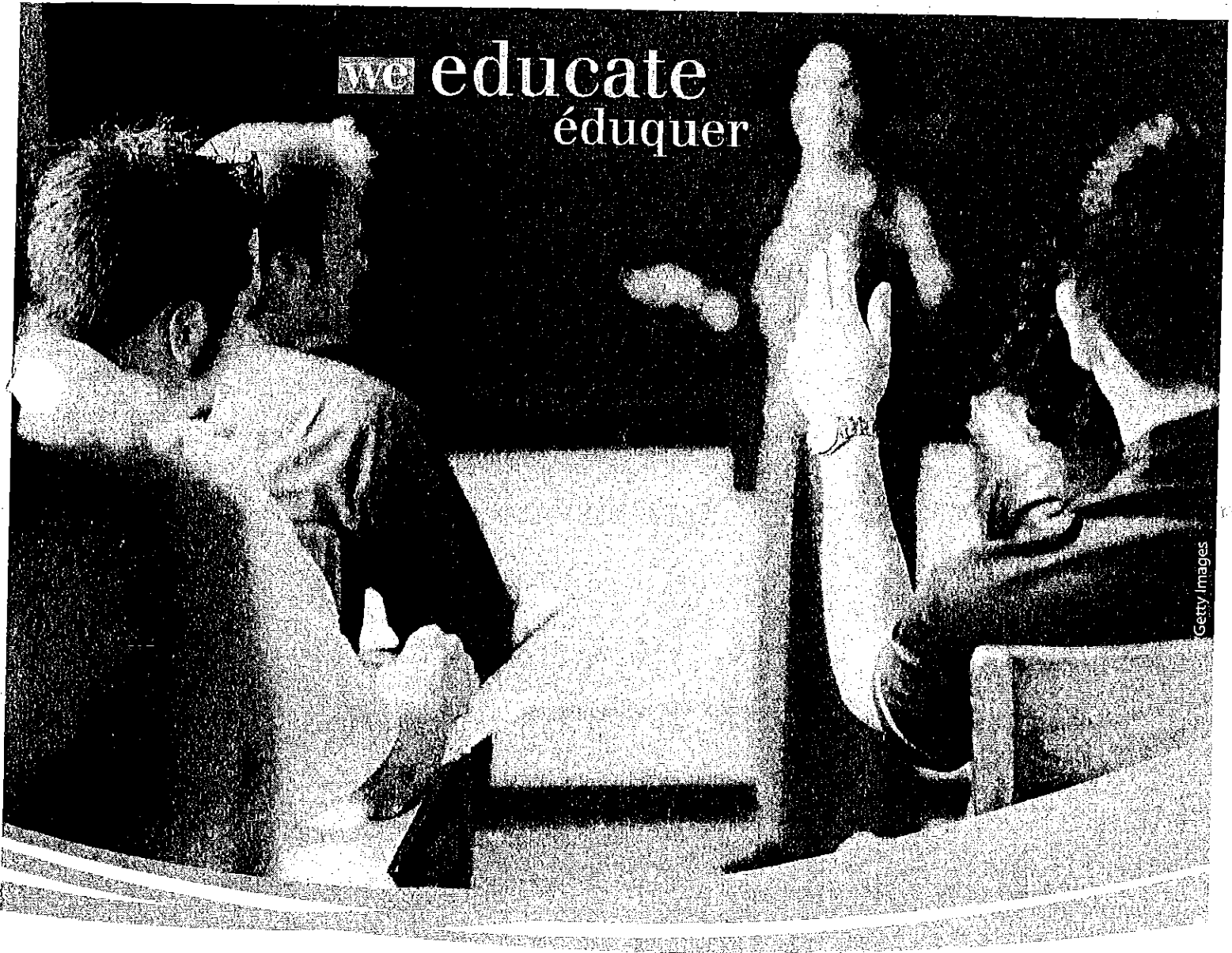


English Language Arts 30-2

Released Items

2009 Released Diploma Examination Items

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READINGS

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Introduction

This document contains 70 questions from the *Part B: Multiple Choice* portion of the January 2007 English Language Arts 30–2 diploma examination. An answer key and blueprint are also included. The numbering of the questions reflects the actual numbering on the *Part B: Multiple Choice* portion of the January 2007 English Language Arts diploma examination. A report that provides detailed information about student response patterns for each question can be found on the Extranet. These materials, along with the *Program of Studies, Information Bulletin, and Assessment Highlights*, provide information that could inform modifications to instructional practices.

*Released Readings and Questions from the
January 2007 English Language Arts 30–2 Diploma Examination*

I. Questions 1 to 8 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

Apprenticeships

How everything begins with technique
with simple repetition
the way the old masters¹ learned
the human form by sketching it in charcoal
5 drawing and redrawing the hand,
the cord of muscles in the shoulder,
the thighs, the hair at the back of the neck,
until the air around the body is
luminous with the body's history,
10 its intent

By the age of twelve my father
could clean a fish in fifteen seconds
the gutting knife tracing the cod's spine
beneath the scaly flesh,
15 his blind fingers working beside the blade
pulling the back-bone clear with
the wet web of fish guts,
twelve hours a stretch he was at it some days

A hundred times now I've traced
20 that life and still I have not
set down what makes it important,
how little I knew of the man who
made me, who held me as a child,
the tools he started out with
25 his long apprenticeship

Something too obvious to be said simply
refuses to rise to the light of the words,
something as ordinary, as perfectly
proportioned as my father's hands
30 growing old

Michael Crummey

¹old masters—distinguished European painters who lived in the 15th to 17th centuries

- II. Questions 9 to 18 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a memoir. Questions 29 to 31 require you to consider this reading together with Reading III.

In 1898, Irish engineer John Henry Patterson went to British East Africa (now Kenya) to build a railway bridge across the river Tsavo. The previous section of Patterson's memoir describes the successful beginning of the bridge construction.



John Henry Patterson

Workers at Railhead Camp, 1898

from **THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO**

UNFORTUNATELY this happy state of affairs did not continue for long, and our work was soon interrupted in a rude and startling manner. Two most voracious and insatiable¹ man-eating lions appeared upon the scene, and for over nine months waged an intermittent warfare against the railway and all those connected with it in the vicinity of Tsavo. This culminated in a perfect reign of terror in December, 1898, when they actually succeeded in bringing the railway works to a complete standstill for about three weeks. At first they were not always successful in their efforts to carry off a victim, but as time went on they stopped at nothing and indeed braved any danger in order to obtain their favourite food. Their methods then became so uncanny, and their man-stalking so well-timed and so certain of success,

¹voracious and insatiable—always hungry and never satisfied

that the workmen firmly believed that they were not real animals at all, but devils in lions' shape. Many a time the coolies² solemnly assured me that it was absolutely useless to attempt to shoot them. They were quite convinced that the angry spirits of two departed native chiefs had taken this form in order to protest
15 against a railway being made through their country, and by stopping its progress to avenge the insult thus shown to them.

I had only been a few days at Tsavo when I first heard that these brutes had been seen in the neighbourhood. Shortly afterwards one or two coolies mysteriously disappeared, and I was told that they had been carried off by night
20 from their tents and devoured by lions. At the time I did not credit this story, and was more inclined to believe that the unfortunate men had been the victims of foul play at the hands of some of their comrades. They were, as it happened, very good workmen, and had each saved a fair number of rupees, so I thought it quite likely
25 that some scoundrels from the gangs had murdered them for the sake of their money. This suspicion, however, was very soon dispelled. About three weeks after my arrival, I was roused one morning about daybreak and told that one of my *jemadars*,³ a fine powerful Sikh named Ungan Singh, had been seized in his tent during the night, and dragged off and eaten.

Naturally I lost no time in making an examination of the place, and was soon
30 convinced that the man had indeed been carried off by a lion, as its "pug" marks⁴ were plainly visible in the sand, while the furrows made by the heels of the victim showed the direction in which he had been dragged away. Moreover, the *jemadar* shared his tent with half a dozen other workmen, and one of his bedfellows had actually witnessed the occurrence. He graphically described how, at about
35 midnight, the lion suddenly put its head in at the open tent door and seized Ungan Singh—who happened to be nearest the opening—by the throat. The unfortunate fellow cried out "*Choro*" ("Let go"), and threw his arms up round the lion's neck. The next moment he was gone, and his panic-stricken companions lay helpless, forced to listen to the terrible struggle which took place outside. Poor Ungan Singh



Singh's tent after the lion attack

John Henry Patterson

Continued

²coolies—unskilled labourers

³*jemadars*—officers in the Indian army

⁴"pug" marks—footprints

40 must have died hard; but what chance had he? As a coolie gravely remarked, "Was he not fighting with a lion?" . . .

Thus occurred my first experience of man-eating lions, and I vowed there and then that I would spare no pains to rid the neighbourhood of the brutes. I little knew the trouble that was in store for me, or how narrow were to be my own
45 escapes from sharing poor Ungan Singh's fate.

That same night I sat up in a tree close to the late *jemadar's* tent, hoping that the lions would return to it for another victim. I was followed to my perch by a few of the more terrified coolies, who begged to be allowed to sit up in the tree with me; all the other workmen remained in their tents, but no more doors were left
50 open. I had with me my .303 and a 12-bore shot gun, one barrel loaded with ball and the other with slug. Shortly after settling down to my vigil, my hopes of bagging one of the brutes were raised by the sound of their ominous roaring coming closer and closer. Presently this ceased, and quiet reigned for an hour or two, as lions always stalk their prey in complete silence. All at once, however, we
55 heard a great uproar and frenzied cries coming from another camp about half a mile away; we knew then that the lions had seized a victim there, and that we should see or hear nothing further of them that night.

Next morning I found that one of the brutes had broken into a tent at Railhead Camp—whence we had heard the commotion during the night—and had made off
60 with a poor wretch who was lying there asleep. After a night's rest, therefore, I took up my position in a suitable tree near this tent. I did not at all like the idea of walking the half-mile to the place after dark, but all the same I felt fairly safe, as one of my men carried a bright lamp close behind me. He in his turn was followed by another leading a goat, which I tied under my tree in the hope that the lion
65 might be tempted to seize it instead of a coolie. A steady drizzle commenced shortly after I had settled down to my night of watching, and I was soon thoroughly chilled and wet. I stuck to my uncomfortable post, however, hoping to get a shot, but I well remember the feeling of impotent disappointment I experienced when about midnight I heard screams and cries and a heartrending shriek, which told me
70 that the man-eaters had again eluded me and had claimed another victim elsewhere.

At this time the various camps for the workmen were very scattered, so that the lions had a range of some eight miles on either side of Tsavo to work upon; and as their tactics seemed to be to break into a different camp each night, it was most difficult to forestall them. They almost appeared, too, to have an extraordinary and
75 uncanny faculty of finding out our plans beforehand, so that no matter in how likely or how tempting a spot we lay in wait for them, they invariably avoided that particular place and seized their victim for the night from some other camp. Hunting them by day, moreover, in such a dense wilderness as surrounded us, was an exceedingly tiring and really foolhardy undertaking. In a thick jungle of the

80 kind round Tsavo the hunted animal has every chance against the hunter, as
however careful the latter may be, a dead twig or something of the sort is sure to
crackle just at the critical moment and so give the alarm. . . .

On another occasion fourteen coolies who slept together in a large tent were
one night awakened by a lion suddenly jumping on to the tent and breaking
85 through it. The brute landed with one claw on a coolie's shoulder, which was
badly torn; but instead of seizing the man himself, in his hurry he grabbed a large
bag of rice which happened to be lying in the tent, and made off with it, dropping it
in disgust some little distance away when he realised his mistake.

These, however, were only the earlier efforts of the man-eaters. Later on, as
90 will be seen, nothing flurried or frightened them in the least, and except as food
they showed a complete contempt for human beings. Having once marked down a
victim, they would allow nothing to deter them from securing him, whether he
were protected by a thick fence, or inside a closed tent, or sitting round a brightly
burning fire. Shots, shouting and firebrands they alike held in derision.⁵

Lieutenant Colonel John Henry Patterson

⁵derision—scorn; contempt



John Henry Patterson

The tree and platform from which Patterson hunted the lions

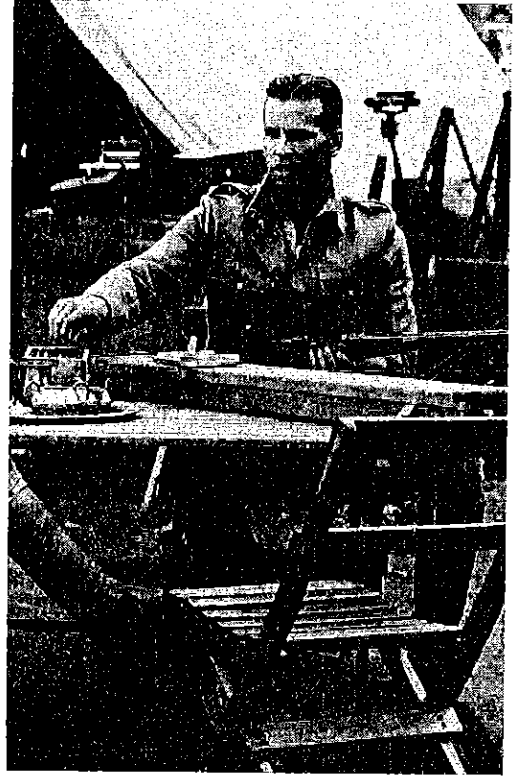
Text and photographs from *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo and Other East African Adventures*. By John Henry Patterson. London: Macmillan, 1907.

- III. Questions 19 to 28 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a screenplay. Questions 29 to 31 require you to consider this reading together with Reading II.

In this excerpt from the film version of Patterson's story, Singh has just been killed by a man-eating lion. Earlier, Patterson had shot and killed a lion thought to be the man-eater.

CHARACTERS:

HAWTHORNE—British; Tsavo camp doctor
PATTERSON—Irish; chief engineer at Tsavo
STARLING—British; Tsavo camp liaison
ABDULLAH—Indian; leader of the Indian workers at Tsavo
SAMUEL—African; Tsavo camp foreman



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Lt. Col. John Henry Patterson (Val Kilmer) arrives at Tsavo

from **THE GHOST AND THE DARKNESS**

CUT TO

THE HOSPITAL.

HAWTHORNE is examining SINGH's body, trying to be professional, but he's clearly upset—it's awful. . . .

5

HAWTHORNE

You intend "sorting this out" tonight?

PATTERSON

I'll try—but this feels so different—that old lion I killed could never carry off a man Singh's size.

10

STARLING

(maybe a little alarmed)

But you said they were always old.

PATTERSON

That's what the books say . . .

15

(Now from that—)

CUT TO

FLAMES RISING IN THE DARKENING SKY. NOW—

CUT TO

ABDULLAH in tears. Where are we?

20 PULL BACK TO REVEAL

This is SINGH's funeral pyre.

SINGH's body is being burned.

A LOT OF INDIANS are there. We've caught sight of some of them before—they worked with SINGH on the embankment or lived with him in his tent.

25 *There is a terrible sense of shock.*

PATTERSON stands at the rear. He is terribly moved. Now, unseen by the others, he holds his hands out in SINGH's gesture one final time.

CUT TO

THE FLAMES; they continue to rise. . .

30 CUT TO

Continued

SINGH'S TENT.

Night. The flaps that were open when SINGH was alive are now shut and tied.

CUT TO

35 *PATTERSON, the middle of the night. He is alone, fifteen feet up in a tree near SINGH's tent. He holds his rifle, ready for anything. He cannot get comfortable.*

CUT TO

THE AREA—nothing, no movement.

CUT TO

SINGH'S TENT. As before.

40 *CUT TO*

THE AREA. No sign of movement of any kind. Dead.

CUT TO

THE MOON. Lower in the sky. The night is growing to a close but there is still darkness.

45 *CUT TO*

PATTERSON. Battling fatigue—but now, for a moment, losing—his eyes, against his will, start to close, and as they do—

CUT TO

50 *TWO HUGE YELLOW EYES. That's all we see, just the eyes and they are near PATTERSON's tree and they are staring up at him and—*

CUT TO

PATTERSON, startled, grabbing his rifle more tightly, staring down and—

CUT TO

THE HUGE YELLOW EYES—only they're gone.

55 CUT TO

PATTERSON, blowing on his hands, looking toward the sky.

CUT TO

THE SUN, RISING, THE NIGHT DONE.

CUT TO

60 *PATTERSON, wrinkled and weary, frustrated and sore, walking back toward his tent area. Now he stops.*

CUT TO

ABDULLAH and a large group of workers—only they're not working. They smoke, play cards, sit around.

65 CUT TO

PATTERSON, steaming, going up to ABDULLAH.

PATTERSON

You were contracted to work—

ABDULLAH

70 *(gesturing around)*
—malaria epidemic; very sudden.

PATTERSON

Let me see the sick.

ABDULLAH

75 *(not backing off)*
Oh, you're a doctor now, too?

PATTERSON

There is no reason for fear.

Continued

ABDULLAH

80 On that I choose to remain dubious.

(beat)

Two are dead now in two nights.

(And on that news—)

CUT TO

85 PATTERSON. *Rocked. He didn't know. Behind him now, STARLING hurries up, SAMUEL alongside.*

PATTERSON

(to STARLING)

Second death? Where?—

90

STARLING

(gesturing)

—far end of camp—man wandering alone at night. Hawthorne's examining the body now.

(beat)

95 There's even less of him than of Singh.

PATTERSON

(just shakes his head)

But it's crazy—the lion shouldn't be that hungry this soon.

(getting control—he looks to SAMUEL)

100

Samuel?

SAMUEL

We should construct thorn fences around every tent area. Fires burning at night.

PATTERSON

105 Fine. Get started. And a strict curfew—*no one* allowed out at night.

(to ABDULLAH)

Send half your men to the bridge, the rest with these two.

(ABDULLAH nods)

110

And I'm sorry for my tone earlier. But I repeat—there is no reason for fear. I will kill the lion and I will build the bridge.

ABDULLAH

Of course you will, you are white, you can do anything . . .
(*They look at each other. They
are not friends. Now—*)

115 CUT TO

THE THORN BUSHES WE SAW ON OUR ARRIVAL TO TSAVO.

ENDLESS NUMBERS OF THEM. There is a machete-like sound as we

CUT TO

120 *A BUNCH OF WORKMEN, led by SAMUEL, chopping down branches. They do it with
care—these are claws—*

CUT TO

*—STARLING, in charge of another area, and he's not hanging back, he's taking
less care than the others, hacking away with his machete, moving in between
bushes and*

125 CUT TO

*ONE OF THE BUSHES, SNAPPING BACK into STARLING, and STARLING taking the blow
with his arms—the claws cut his clothing—*

—his arms are starting to bleed—

130 *—he is unmindful, continues to wade into the bushes, chopping at them, cutting
them down. . . .*

CUT TO

*PATERSON, leaving his tent area, lost in thought, going toward the bridge. Up
ahead is a grassy area.*

CUT TO

Continued

135 **THE GRASSY AREA.**

For a moment, nothing. Then there is the same kind of movement we saw with SINGH. Something is making the grass move—

—only now there is no wind . . . HOLD.

CUT TO

140 *PATTERSON. Did he see it? We'll never know.*

CUT TO

STARLING, in charge of a thorn fence that is half-way finished. His clothes are shredded. A WORKER has finished with a section and satisfied, moves on—

145 *—but STARLING is far from finished. He grabs the thorns with his bare hands, squeezes them together.*

STARLING

Not good enough—look, it's got to be tighter. *Tighter.*

CUT TO

150 **THE AREA IN WHICH HE'S BEEN WORKING. FENCES ARE WELL ALONG TOWARD COMPLETION. IT'S LATE AFTERNOON.**

PULL UP

We see more fences around more camp areas.

KEEP PULLING UP

The entire place is filled with fences now, all the individual areas protected.

155 *The skies are starting to darken—dusk is coming fast.*

Fires start up. Dozens of them.

Still darker.

Now workers come racing home to their camps, anxious for safety before darkness takes over. They zig-zag this way, that way, dodging past each other, sometimes they slam into each other, fall, get up, run on—

160

CUT TO

THE SUN. Falling out of the sky.

CUT TO

THE CAMP. The fires rise higher. No one moves . . . HOLD.

165 CUT TO

STARLING in the main tent area. He is bathing his bloody hands. SAMUEL is with him. Both are exhausted.

PATTERSON brings them each drinks. They nod thanks, drain them. They stand there together, lit by the flames of their fire. You get the sense these three will be friends forever.

170

STARLING

What a good week.

PATTERSON

You mean nobody died?

William Goldman



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Samuel (John Kani) and Patterson (Val Kilmer) in *The Ghost and the Darkness*

Goldman, William. *The Ghost and the Darkness*. New York: Applause Books, 1996. Copyright © 1996 Mont Blanc Entertainment GmbH. Reproduced with permission.
Photographs in *The Ghost and the Darkness*. By William Goldman. New York: Applause Books, 1996. Copyright © 1996 Mont Blanc Entertainment GmbH. Reproduced with permission.

IV. Questions 32 to 40 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

TO PATRICIA FOREST, ANNE PAGE, SARA LEE,
ESPECIALLY BETTY CROCKER
AND THE GHOST OF LAURA SECORD¹

Ladies,
sometimes I almost think
that I'll die and go to heaven
and see you there
5 'til I remember you're probably in hell
for lying to little girls.

All those perfect cakes and muffins,
all those buns
knotted as tight
10 as my mother knotted my hair.
I imagined you standing over my
shoulder,
your one-hundred-per-cent sugar-
white tongues
15 tut-tutting² in a kitchen chorus
as my little fingers learned their
clumsy desserts.

Smiling from boxes
and roll-top safe-seal bags
20 you promised.
You promised a big house
a good man
constant spring and perfect health
and all I had to do
25 was get it right:
smooth dough rising like the dawn.

Well, Mesdames,
there have been times
when my life was the soggy bottom
30 of a bad fruit pie

¹Patricia Forest, Anne Page, Sara Lee, Betty Crocker, and Laura Secord—real and fictitious women whose names are associated with cooking and baking

²tut-tutting—scolding

no matter how clean my kitchen
how lumpless my gravies and sauce.
So I know you lied
and lie still.

35 Even now when I see your cardboard
faces
and read your cheery, euphonious³
names,
I'm tempted to think
40 the kitchen is hub of the galaxy.
Though I knew even as a child
that Anne Page was born
in the boardroom of the A & P.⁴

Rosemary Aubert

³euphonious—pleasing to the ear

⁴A & P—a large grocery store chain

Aubert, Rosemary. "To Patricia Forest, Anne Page, Sara Lee, Especially Betty Crocker and The Ghost of Laura Secord." In *The Writer's Voice: Reading into Writing, Book 2*. By William Boswell, Betty Lamont, and John Martyn. Toronto: McThuen, 1985. Copied under licence from *Access Copyright*. Further reproduction prohibited unless licensed.

- V. Questions 41 to 49 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a short story.

In this excerpt, three boys set out to explore the banks of a nearby river on a Saturday morning in early spring.

from **THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN**

It was their first time out this year. They had come across the bridge over the Peregrine River, the single-lane double-span bridge known locally as Hell's Gate or the Death Trap—though the danger had really more to do with the sharp turn the road took at the south end of it than with the bridge itself.

5 There was a regular walkway for pedestrians, but they didn't use it. They never remembered using it. Perhaps years ago, when they were so young as to be held by the hand. But that time had vanished for them; they refused to recognize it even if they were shown the evidence in snapshots or forced to listen to it in family conversation.

10 They walked now along the iron shelf that ran on the opposite side of the bridge from the walkway. It was about eight inches wide and a foot or so above the bridge floor. The Peregrine River was rushing the winter load of ice and snow, now melted, out into Lake Huron. It was barely back within its banks after the yearly flood that turned the flats into a lake and tore out the young trees and
15 bashed any boat or hut within its reach. With the runoff from the fields muddying the water and the pale sunlight on its surface, the water looked like butterscotch pudding on the boil. But if you fell into it, it would freeze your blood and fling you out into the lake, if it didn't brain you¹ against the buttresses² first.

20 Cars honked at them—a warning or a reproof—but they paid no attention. They proceeded single file, as self-possessed as sleepwalkers. Then, at the north end of the bridge, they cut down to the flats, locating the paths they remembered from the year before. The flood had been so recent that these paths were not easy to follow. You had to kick your way through beaten-down brush and jump from
25 one hummock of mud-plastered grass to another. Sometimes they jumped carelessly and landed in mud or pools of leftover floodwater, and once their feet were wet they gave up caring where they landed. They squelched through the mud and splashed in the pools so that the water came in over the tops of their rubber boots. The wind was warm; it was pulling the clouds apart into threads of
30 old wool, and the gulls and crows were quarrelling and diving over the river. Buzzards were circling over them, on the high lookout; the robins had just returned, and the red-winged blackbirds were darting in pairs, striking bright on your eyes as if they had been dipped in paint.

¹brain you—smash your head

²buttresses—supports for a bridge

“Should’ve brought a twenty-two.”

35 “Should’ve brought a twelve-gauge.”

They were too old to raise sticks and make shooting noises. They spoke with casual regret, as if guns were readily available to them.

They climbed up the north banks to a place where there was bare sand.

40 Turtles were supposed to lay their eggs in this sand. It was too early yet for that to happen, and in fact the story of turtle eggs dated from years back—none of these boys had ever seen any. But they kicked and stomped the sand, just in case. Then they looked around for the place where last year one of them, in company with another boy, had found a cow’s hipbone, carried off by the flood from some slaughter pile. The river could be counted on every year to sweep off and deposit
45 elsewhere a good number of surprising or cumbersome or bizarre or homely objects. Rolls of wire, an intact set of steps, a bent shovel, a corn kettle. The hipbone had been found caught on the branch of a sumac—which seemed proper, because all those smooth branches were like cow horns or deer antlers, some with rusty cone tips.

50 They crashed around for some time—Cece Ferns showed them the exact branch—but they found nothing.

It was Cece Ferns and Ralph Diller who had made that find, and when asked where it was at present Cece Ferns said, “Ralph took it.” The two boys who were with him now—Jimmy Box and Bud Salter—knew why that would have to be.

55 Cece could never take anything home unless it was of a size to be easily concealed from his father.

They talked of more useful finds that might be made or had been made in past years. Fence rails could be used to build a raft, pieces of stray lumber could be collected for a planned shack or boat. Real luck would be to get hold of some
60 loose muskrat traps. Then you could go into business. You could pick up enough lumber for stretching boards and steal the knives for skinning. They spoke of taking over an empty shed they knew of, in the blind alley behind what used to be the livery barn. There was a padlock on it, but you could probably get in through the window, taking the boards off it at night and replacing them at
65 daybreak. You could take a flashlight to work by. No—a lantern. You could skin the muskrats and stretch the pelts and sell them for a lot of money.

This project became so real to them that they started to worry about leaving valuable pelts in the shed all day. One of them would have to stand watch while the others went out on the traplines. (Nobody mentioned school.)

70 This was the way they talked when they got clear of town. They talked as if they were free—or almost free—agents, as if they didn’t go to school or live with families or suffer any of the indignities put on them because of their age. Also, as

Continued

if the countryside and other people's establishments would provide them with all they needed for their undertakings and adventures, with only the smallest risk and effort on their part.

Another change in their conversation out here was that they practically gave up using names. They didn't use each other's real names much anyway—not even family nicknames such as Bud. But at school nearly everyone had another name, some of these having to do with the way people looked or talked, like Goggle or Jabber, and some, like Sore-arse . . . , having to do with incidents real or fabulous in the lives of those named, or in the lives—such names were handed down for decades—of their brothers, fathers, or uncles. These were the names they let go of when they were out in the bush or on the river flats. If they had to get one another's attention, all they said was "Hey." Even the use of names that were outrageous and obscene and that grown-ups supposedly never heard would have spoiled a sense they had at these times, of taking each other's looks, habits, family, and personal history entirely for granted.

And yet they hardly thought of each other as friends. They would never have designated someone as a best friend or a next-best friend, or juggled people around in these positions, the way girls did. Any one of at least a dozen boys could have been substituted for any one of these three, and accepted by the others in exactly the same way. Most members of that company were between nine and twelve years old, too old to be bound by yards and neighborhoods but too young to have jobs—even jobs sweeping the sidewalk in front of stores or delivering groceries by bicycle. Most of them lived in the north end of town, which meant that they would be expected to get a job of that sort as soon as they were old enough, and that none of them would ever be sent away to Appleby or to Upper Canada College. And none of them lived in a shack or had a relative in jail. Just the same, there were notable differences as to how they lived at home and what was expected of them in life. But these differences dropped away as soon as they were out of sight of the county jail and the grain elevator and the church steeples and out of range of the chimes of the courthouse clock.

Alice Munro

VI. Questions 50 to 55 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a story.

from WATER

SURE ENOUGH, AS THE DAY of her departure drew near the weather changed. After a beautiful summer of sunshine, swallows, squirrels, crab apples, robins, insects, yes it was now raining. All those living beings had found places to hide. The rain pelted down in torrents at night, beating up on parked cars and “For
5 Sale” signs on front lawns as if there were vengefulness in the sky. When she walked to the corner travel agency, just to have a photocopy made, just a few paces, her tennis shoes were soaking. She might have been walking *in* the river, the Red, that flows by her house under the Maryland bridge. But it was the street, not the river, and it was raining.

10 She had to get up at night and close all the windows in the sunroom. Those enormous windows, as large as herself almost. To open and close them, she had to stride from one end of the room to the other. The windows were the pride of the summer. Behind them she followed the season at her leisure. That was the important thing: *at her leisure*. No one walked unannounced into a sunroom the
15 way people walk into a garden: the paperboy, the courier with Federal Express letters to sign for. The bricklayer: “I wanna inspect the bricks to see how to clean ’em, the lady called.” Not into the sunroom. Here she had privacy. Something the world knew.

The rain these days. She could only describe it as *enormous*. So enormous
20 that it kept her awake at night, the water, not drops but water pouring, attacking the walls of her house at the angle of the wind. Through the glass she saw the trees bending down under the force of wind and water, trying to raise their crowns but never succeeding. And the clouds: the clouds moved so fast she did not believe they were clouds. She had to peer out to make sure they were: the clouds
25 were charging from east to west. *Charging*. Something furious was going on in the weather system. And noise. Rain like car engines humming all along the street, left in neutral, emergency brakes engaged, the drivers all abandoning their cars without turning them off.

And what really crackled her of course was the lightning. Thunder that
30 always accompanied these rainstorms on the prairies. It never just rained: it rained and thundered. The two went together like love and marriage. She lay at night in her volumes of pillows and duvets, in the dark, not sleeping because the thunder cracked everywhere. Not just outside her window, but all around town. She could follow the blasts, like bombs during an air raid on the city, firing off in

Continued

35 various places. She found herself thinking: the ruins of the United Church on
Furby have been hit *again*. The hospital, hope the hospital has not been hit,
patients scrambling out of high beds, untying tubes from various devices leading
into their bodies.

40 It often occurred to her, not just now during a prairie rainstorm, but often, that
public perception of meteorological phenomena should be *fine tuned*. This was
not a European rainstorm. This was a torrent. Why do the Monsoons of South
Asia get all the press? The flooding of the Nile in Africa? *The rainy season*, they
say, when there is a wind from the Indian Ocean. During the Monsoon, the wind
blows *from the southwest*, bringing with it the rains. This is a Monsoon: it is
45 seasonal, it floods cities and acres and highways. Cars driving along a road that
encounter *this* Monsoon are, for all practical purposes, headed for the river.
They dive headlong into an ocean of water that suddenly fills the streets. All the
parts of a conventional automobile are instantly soaked, the engine turns off and
the driver has to abandon the car with the hood up saying "I give up." White flag.
50 Truce.

And yet, with all that water — the rains in summer, snows in winter — the
prairies are *arid*. High and dry. Not being at sea level, the prairies are a high
plateau flattened by glaciers of a distant past and subject to the thick, dry winds of
higher altitudes. The soul in the prairies is dry. People head for the lakes, of
55 which there are many: depressions left by those old glaciers and filled with water
from above. Even when it rains people gravitate to Lake Winnipeg, Lake
Manitoba, if only to watch the tinselly drops at the margins of rainstorms tickle
the silt grey water of the shallow lakes. They throw themselves into the water to
be rained on level with the flat surface of the lake. A natural silk sheet, a
60 waterbed.

Kristjana Gunnars

VII. Questions 56 to 63 in your Questions Booklet are based on this article.

This article was published in 1992.

WOMEN ENGINEERS: DISMANTLING THE MYTHS

I AM amused. Take Catherine or Nicole, the two women engineers being portrayed on the Secret deodorant commercial. The first is a dragon lady who is going to the top in a construction firm. The second yanks off the cover of a flashy new car to the approval of senior executives. Not a hair out of place, not a wrinkle to be seen, these women are tough but cool.

While educators point to a traditional macho-male-engineer stereotype as one reason there are so few women engineers, what about the negative female-engineer stereotype?

Women account for slightly more than 3 per cent of the engineers in the workplace and made up 14.5 per cent of first-year engineering students last year. With so few women in engineering, most people quickly conclude that for women to succeed, they must be like Catherine or Nicole. There's the expectation shared by many women who are still pioneers in the profession that "a girl must work twice as hard to keep the same ground as the guys." Then there's the added responsibility to be a future role model - so please don't screw things up for women who may follow - even if it means sacrificing one's personal life.

These perceptions were very real when I graduated from the University of British Columbia in engineering in 1978, when women accounted for less than 0.5 per cent of the engineers in the workplace and 6 per cent of engineering students. Such attitudes lingered in the workplace. In 1984, one engineer I worked for told me, "I think it's all right for girls to become engineers as long as they are young and single."

Myths about women engineers are one thing, reality is another. At my first summer engineering job in 1975, a male engineer surprised by my diminutive stature told me, "I always thought women engineers were tall, had short hair and wore Cossack boots." Women engineers are so tough, the men tell me in jest, "you'd think they had spikes at their elbows."

There have been two schools of thought on how women should behave when they become engineers. The first was the male-clone concept, perpetuated by authors like John Molloy, who wrote *Dress for Success*, and adopted by self-conscious women like myself in the late 1970s, when even the most trendy women's stores, like Suzy Creamcheese, were

Continued

selling three-piece, vested pin-striped suits.

The second school of thought dictated women should be themselves. Dress like a woman. Act like a woman. But rather than risk the possibility of drawing too much attention to being the only girl
80 in the engineering department at a major oil company, women engineers like myself tended to wear clothes that blended in with the furniture or the annual report - in navy, burgundy, grey and brown.

Subconsciously, it became almost mandatory to live up to this female-engineer stereotype. Before we knew it, we were just a bunch of
90 corporate robots, walking around brain-dead and petrified. We didn't complain. Some of us were hired for affirmative-action reasons in the early 1980s. We were so happy to have jobs. Formal complaints to human-rights commissions were never made. For the unlucky ones, as elsewhere - harassment, discrimination and pay inequity
100 came with the territory.

Despite the barriers, some women engineers have done remarkably well in the oil patch, rising up the corporate rungs as fast as they could climb. But many of us slipped off at a rate two to four times faster than our male counterparts - not after a year or two, but at the five- to 10-year mark when one simply

110 realizes one isn't going anywhere. After eight years in the oil patch, I, too, left engineering. One woman remarked, "Why is it that when a woman is assertive, they call her a bitch? When a man is assertive, he's seen to be aggressive, and that is viewed positively."

But be a wimp and one will be victimized in the workplace.
120 There's a competitive world out there that, perhaps, most young girls aren't conditioned to deal with.

I have walked out of job interviews. When an interviewer insinuated that I needed a black belt in karate to succeed, I replied, "Engineering begins with the shoulders up, not shoulders down."

When I received a \$50-a-month
130 raise while a male counterpart received \$300, I stomped into the big boss's office and demanded more (and got it). I'm so thick-skinned that at my last job when a younger male engineer came into my office to apologize profusely for harassing me, I honestly didn't know what he was talking about.

I've been tough, but not cool. I
140 swore in the boardroom when I was asked to take notes. That, I admit, was not very ladylike. While young women may choose to be intimidated by the macho-male-engineer stereotype, many also choose to be intimidated by the tough-woman-engineer stereotype. Mothers of daughters lament, "Who

150 would want to marry a lady
engineer?" (I say, practical men
looking for someone to split the
mortgage or help diversify their
portfolios.)

When I got married, the engineers
I worked with were in disbelief. I
was, in their minds, a right-wing
Yuppie, obsessed with work and
money. When we had children, my
male peers nearly had heart attacks.

160 While the engineering profession

directly needs more women, the
workplace with its historical and
ingrained corporate cultural beliefs
has had only varying degrees of
success in integrating them.

Common sense, intuition and a
sense of humour really help. But
being such a minority, women
engineers have to be strong and
many young girls prefer not to be
seen this way.

170

Nattalia Lea

Lea, Nattalia. "Women Engineers: Dismantling the Myths." *The Globe and Mail*, March 20, 1992, sec. A, p. 14. Reprinted with permission from Nattalia Lea.

VIII. In preparation for Prosper High School Career Day, Jordan has volunteered to present a short speech on the topic of females in careers that are traditionally male-dominated. Read the first draft of Jordan's speech, carefully noting the revisions, and answer questions 64 to 70 in your Questions Booklet.

I've just read an article that was first published in 1992. If you think the problems

and issues over a decade ago are dead or out-of-date, I'm asking you to think again.

This article was written by a woman who chose to become an engineer and

graduated from engineering in 1978. At that time, hardly any engineering students were

5 women. In 1991, more than twice as many first-year engineering students were

women. Although that's a big increase, it's still not a high proportion compared with the number of men.

And her article suggests that a young woman's decision not to choose a career or

professions similar to engineering has nothing to do with her interests but rather

10 with old male stereotypes and new female stereotypes. By "stereotypes," the writer

means commonly believed myths about the requirements for filling certain roles and being successful in those roles. She uses engineering as an example.

The old myth about engineering is that it is for guys only: tough guys. The new myth is that women engineers will succeed only if they are ~~cool~~.

15 now are often stressed by both myths at once. They don't want to be surrounded by

tough guys or tough women. But both ideas are extremes, and to be successful requires that you be true to yourself ~~in order to succeed~~. Trying to fit a stereotype will only result in failure.

No matter what career you choose to pursue, whether it's nursing, engineering, 20 bricklaying, or bus-driving, remember that stereotypes take a long time to develop; they will take a long time to "dismantle" or destroy. ~~Let's all try to remember our freedom of choice and exercising it wisely means that common sense, intuition and a sense of humour really help.~~ Let's remember to use common sense, intuition, and a sense of humour when we exercise our freedom of choice. Yes, I agree that a woman who has 25 chosen engineering must be "strong," but anyone must be strong if he or she is going to meet the challenge of changing society's attitudes. Being strong doesn't mean being tough: it means believing in your abilities.

Perhaps girls who want to be strong but don't want other people to see them that way shouldn't be engineers. Do we all have the same problem? Guys, too? Are we 30 trapped in images that are frozen in time?