

## Language Choices:

I remember the \_\_\_\_\_ in my stomach. Later it  
 \_\_\_\_\_ down to a \_\_\_\_\_ self-pity, then to  
 \_\_\_\_\_ . –pg. 72

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| 1) anger   | rage        |
| 2) burned  | went        |
| 3) smoking | smouldering |
| 4) nothing | numbness    |

## Comments:

At night, when I couldn't sleep, I'd sometimes carry on \_\_\_\_\_  
 arguments with those people. I'd be screaming at them, telling them  
 how much I \_\_\_\_\_ their blind, thoughtless,  
 automatic \_\_\_\_\_ to it all, their \_\_\_\_\_  
 patriotism, their \_\_\_\_\_ ignorance, their love-it-or-leave-it  
 \_\_\_\_\_, how they were sending me off to  
 fight a war they didn't understand and didn't want to understand.  
 –pg. 74

- |                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1) brutal        | fierce       |
| 2) detested      | hated        |
| 3) consent       | acquiescence |
| 4) simple-minded | childlike    |
| 5) prideful      | _____        |
| 6) remarks       | platitudes   |

We lunged forward into the wind. The entire city was in hiding. In the deadly silence, there were only the two of us, a couple alone in the midst of terror. The seconds ticked by but our escape route seemed endless. A three-way intersection. Then a four-way intersection. The public shelter was nowhere in sight. Wearing those clogs, she couldn't run. But then, oh God, it was already too late to run. Artillery was opening up in the outlying areas. The loud roars of 100-millimeter guns going off in unison. Brilliant flashes. Flame arrows, in pairs, thunderously lunging upward, tearing into the cloud ceiling, leaving red trails behind them. Surrounded by the frantic sounds of our troops' firepower, I could sense what was about to happen in the sky above. I had seen much carnage on the battlefield as a foot soldier. I knew how much chance there is in life-and-death matters. For the two of us, I knew it was over. The bombs were about to fall right on that street.

On my last full day, the sixth day, the old man took me out fishing on the Rainy River. The afternoon was sunny and cold. A stiff breeze came in from the north, and I remember how the little fourteen-foot boat made sharp rocking motions as we pushed off from the dock. The current was fast. All around us, I remember, there was a vastness to the world, an unpeopled rawness, just the trees and the sky and the water reaching out toward nowhere. The air had the brittle scent of October.

For ten or fifteen minutes Elroy held a course upstream, the river choppy and silver-gray, then he turned straight north and put the engine on full throttle. I felt the bow lift beneath me. I remember the wind in my ears, the sound of the old outboard Evinrude. For a time I didn't pay attention to anything, just feeling the cold spray against my face, but then it occurred to me that at some point we must've passed into Canadian waters, across that dotted line between two different worlds, and I remember a sudden tightness in my chest as I looked up and watched the far shore come at me. This wasn't a daydream. It was tangible and real. As we came in toward land, Elroy cut the engine, letting the boat fishtail lightly about twenty yards off shore. The old man didn't look at me or speak. Bending down, he opened up his tackle box and busied himself with a bobber and a piece of wire leader, humming to himself, his eyes down.

Simple  
complex  
Compound  
Compound-complex