

Name _____
English 10

Directions: Read the following passages, a poem and an essay, and answer the multiple choice questions.

Passage I

Family Name

You got it from your father
It was all he had to give
So it's yours to use and cherish
For as long as you may live

If you lost the watch he gave you
It can always be replaced;
But a black mark on your name
Can never be erased

It was clean the day you took it
And a worthy name to bear
When he got it from his father
There was no dishonor there

So make sure you guard it wisely
After all is said and done
You'll be glad the name is spotless
When you give it to your son

Passage II

The Name Is Mine by Anna Quindlen

I am on the telephone to the emergency room of the local hospital. My elder son is getting stitches in his palm, and I have called to make myself feel better, because I am at home, waiting, and my husband is there, holding him. I am 34 years old, and I am crying like a child, making a slippery mess of my face. "Mrs. Krovatin?" says the nurse, and for the first time in my life I answer "Yes."

This is a story about a name. The name is mine. I was given it at birth, and I have never changed it, although I married. I could come up with lots of reasons why. It was a political decision, a simple statement that I was somebody and not an adjunct of anybody, especially a husband. As a friend of mine told her horrified mother, "He didn't adopt me, he married me."

It was a professional and a personal decision, too. I grew up with an ugly dog of a name, one I came to love because I thought it was weird and unlovable. Amid the Debbies and Kathys of my childhood, I had a first name only grandmothers had and a last name that began with a strange letter. "Sorry, the letters I, O, Q, U, V, X, Y and Z are not available," the catalogues said about monogrammed key rings and cocktail napkins. Seeing my name in black on white at the top of a good story, suddenly it wasn't an ugly dog anymore.

But neither of these are honest reasons, because they assume rational consideration, and it so happens that when it came to changing my name, there was no consideration, rational or otherwise. It was mine. It belonged to me. I don't even share a checking account with my husband. Damned if I was going to be hidden beneath the umbrella of his identity.

It seemed like a simple decision. But nowadays I think the only simple decisions are whether to have grilled cheese or tuna fish for lunch. Last week, my older child wanted an explanation of why he, his dad and his brother have one name, and I have another.

My answer was long, philosophical and rambling - that is to say, unsatisfactory. What's in a name? I could have said disingenuously. But I was talking to a person who had just spent three torturous, exhilarating years learning names for things, and I wanted to communicate to him that mine meant something quite special to me, had seemed as form-fitting as my skin, and as painful to remove. Personal identity and independence, however, were not what he was looking for; he just wanted to make sure I was one of them. And I am - and then again, I am not. When I made this decision, I was part of a couple. Now, there are two me's, the me who is the individual and the me who is part of a family of four, a family of four in which, in a small way, I am left out.

A wise friend who finds herself in the same fix says she never wants to change her name, only to have a slightly different identity as a family member, an identity for pediatricians' offices and parent-teacher conferences. She also says that the entire situation reminds her of the women's movement as a whole. We did these things as individuals, made these decisions about ourselves and what we wanted to be and do. And they were good decisions, the right decisions. But we based them on individual choice, not on group dynamics. We thought in terms of our sense of ourselves, not our relationships with others.

Some people found alternative solutions: hyphenated names, merged names, matriarchal names for the girls and patriarchal ones for the boys, one name at work and another at home. I did not like those choices; I thought they were middle grounds, and I didn't live much in the middle ground at the time. I was once slightly disdainful of women who went all the way and changed their names. But I now know too many smart, independent, terrific women who have the same last names as their husbands to be disdainful anymore. (Besides, if I made this decision as part of a feminist world view, it seems dishonest to turn around and trash other women for deciding as they did.) I made my choice. I haven't changed my mind. I've just changed my life. Sometimes I feel like one of those worms I used to hear about in biology, the ones that, chopped in half, walked off in different directions. My name works fine for one half, not quite as well for the other. I would never give it up. Except for that one morning when I talked to the nurse at the hospital, I always answer the question "Mrs. Krovatin?" with "No, this is Mr. Krovatin's wife." It's just that I understand the down side now.

Name _____

Answer the following questions. Select the best answer for each.

Passage I (the poem) Questions 1-5 refer to Passage I.

1. The poem is written in:
 - a. First person narration
 - b. Second person narration
 - c. Third person narration
 - d. None of the above
2. According to the speaker, what did the subject of the poem get from his father?
 - a. A watch
 - b. A bear
 - c. His name
 - d. His good looks
3. The speaker says in lines 7-8 "but a black mark on your name/ Can never be erased." This means that:
 - a. Something written in ink is difficult to erase.
 - b. A bad reputation is hard to escape.
 - c. Evil is everywhere.
 - d. Bad things happen to good people.
4. The speaker states in line 9, "it was clean the day you took it." What does the word "clean" most likely mean in this context?
 - a. Free of dirt
 - b. White
 - c. Untainted
 - d. Shiny
5. What point is the speaker of the poem trying to make?
 - a. Fathers pass valuable material possessions to their sons.
 - b. Try not to lose sentimental objects.
 - c. Be careful to keep your good name intact.
 - d. Don't give things to people who don't appreciate it

Passage II (the essay) Questions 6-10 refer to Passage II.

6. The narrator of the essay is all of the following *except*:
 - a. A mother
 - b. A wife
 - c. A writer
 - d. A nurse
7. In stanza 4, when the narrator states, "I grew up with an ugly dog of a name," she is using
 - a. A simile
 - b. A metaphor
 - c. Personification
 - d. Imagery
8. The author decided not to change her last name when she married for all of the following reasons *except*:
 - a. She wanted to maintain her own identity.
 - b. She disliked her husband's last name.
 - c. She had to come to love her name for its uniqueness.
 - d. She liked using her name professionally.
9. In the sixth paragraph, the author says her name "had seemed as form-fitting as my skin, and as painful to remove." This is an example of:
 - a. Metaphor
 - b. Simile
 - c. Symbolism
 - d. Onomatopoeia
10. Why does the author sometimes second guess her choice to keep her own last name?
 - a. She has come to like the sound of her husband's name.
 - b. She is tired of her own name.
 - c. She feels left out now that she has children with her husband's last name.
 - d. She never second guessed her decision.