

Passage III

HUMANITIES: This passage is adapted from the essay "The Interior Life" by Annie Dillard, which appeared in her book *An American Childhood* (©1987 by Annie Dillard).

The interior life is often stupid. Its egoism blinds it and deafens it; its imagination spins out ignorant tales, fascinated. It fancies that the western wind blows on the Self, and leaves fall at the feet of the Self for a reason, and people are watching. A mind risks real ignorance for the sometimes paltry prize of an imagination enriched. The trick of reason is to get the imagination to seize the actual world—if only from time to time.

When I was five, I would not go to bed willingly because something came into my room. My sister Amy, two years old, was asleep in the other bed. What did she know? She was innocent of evil. There was no messiness in her, no roughness for things to cling to, only a charming and charmed innocence that seemed then to protect her, an innocence I needed but couldn't muster. Since Amy was asleep, furthermore, and since when I needed someone most I was afraid to stir enough to wake her, she was useless.

I lay alone and was almost asleep when the thing entered the room by flattening itself against the open door and sliding in. It was a transparent, luminous oblong. I could see the door whiten at its touch; I could see the blue wall turn pale where it raced over it, and see the maple headboard of Amy's bed glow. It was a swift spirit; it was an awareness. It made noise. It had two joined parts, a head and a tail. It found the door, wall, and headboard; and it swiped them, charging them with its luminous glance. After its fleet, searching passage, things looked the same, but weren't.

I dared not blink or breathe. If it found another awareness, it would destroy it.

Every night before it got to me it gave up. It hit my wall's corner and couldn't get past. It shrank completely into itself and vanished. I heard the rising roar it made when it died or left. I still couldn't breathe. I knew that it could return again alive that same night.

Sometimes it came back, sometimes it didn't. Most often, restless, it came back. The light stripe slipped in the door, ran searching over Amy's wall, stopped, stretched lunatic at the first corner, raced wailing toward my wall, and vanished into the second corner with a cry. So I wouldn't go to bed.

It was a passing car whose windshield reflected the corner streetlight outside. I figured it out one night.

Figuring it out was as memorable as the oblong itself. Figuring it out was a long and forced ascent to the very rim of being, to the membrane of skin that both separates and connects the inner life and the outer world. I climbed deliberately from the depths like a diver who releases the monster in his arms and hauls

himself hand over hand up an anchor chain till he meets the ocean's sparkling membrane and bursts through it; he sights the sunlit, becalmed hull of his boat, which had bulked so ominously from below.

I recognized the noise it made when it left. That is, the noise it made called to mind, at last, my daytime sensations when a car passed—the sight and noise together. A car came roaring down hushed Edgerton Avenue in front of our house, stopped, and passed on shrieking as its engine shifted up the gears. What, precisely, came into the bedroom? A reflection from the car's oblong windshield. Why did it travel in two parts? The window sash split the light and cast a shadow.

Night after night I labored up the same long chain of reasoning, as night after night the thing burst into the room where I lay awake.

There was a world outside my window and contiguous to it. Why did I have to keep learning this same thing over and over? For I had learned it a summer ago, when men with jackhammers broke up Edgerton Avenue. I had watched them from the yard. When I lay to nap, I listened. One restless afternoon I connected the new noise in my bedroom with the jackhammer men I had been seeing outside. I understood abruptly that these worlds met, the outside and the inside. "Outside," then, was conceivably just beyond my windows.

The world did not have me in mind. It was a coincidental collection of things and people, of items, and I myself was one such item—a child walking up the sidewalk, whom anyone could see or ignore. The things in the world did not necessarily cause my overwhelming feelings; the feelings were inside me, beneath my skin, behind my ribs, within my skull. They were even, to some extent, under my control.

I could be connected to the outer world by reason, if I chose, or I could yield to what amounted to a narrative fiction, to a show in light projected on the room's blue walls.

21. Which of the following statements best describes the structure of this passage?

- A. It begins and ends with a series of assertions that surround a story used by the narrator to support and elaborate on those assertions.
- B. It contains a highly detailed anecdote that the narrator uses to show how the claims she makes in the first paragraph are wrong.
- C. It compares and contrasts the narrator's perspective on an incident in her life with the perspectives of several other people, such as her parents.
- D. It consists mainly of a story about a recent event in the narrator's life that she feels taught her an interesting but ultimately insignificant lesson.

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22. In terms of mood, which of the following best describes lines 9–44?
- F. A steadily increasing feeling of tension
 - G. A consistently high level of tension
 - H. A growing feeling of tension that is finally broken
 - J. A feeling of tension frequently undermined by the narrator's use of irony and humor
23. The narrator develops the third paragraph (lines 19–29) mainly through:
- A. detached philosophical musings on the nature of the object she sees.
 - B. a detailed description of what she did to try to keep the object out of her room.
 - C. sensory details vividly depicting the object and its movements.
 - D. imaginative speculation on what might be causing the object to appear.
24. The narrator indicates that one reason she did not wake her sister Amy when “something” came into their room was because:
- F. Amy had previously asked the narrator to stop waking her up during the night.
 - G. the narrator knew she could muster her own charmed innocence.
 - H. Amy had already figured out what the thing was before going to sleep.
 - J. the narrator was afraid of alerting the thing to her own presence.
25. It can reasonably be inferred from the passage that the narrator regards her initial discovery of the truth about the object entering her bedroom as:
- A. deflating, because the object turned out to be so ordinary.
 - B. disappointing, because she felt she should have solved the mystery many years ago.
 - C. satisfying, because she could at last ignore the object and go to sleep.
 - D. significant, because solving the mystery led to important insights.
26. It can most reasonably be inferred that for the narrator, the image of the diver bursting through “the ocean’s sparkling membrane” (line 52) symbolizes her:
- F. fear of monsters and of the object in her bedroom.
 - G. crossing of the boundary separating her inner and outer lives.
 - H. struggle to maintain the separation between her inner and outer worlds.
 - J. bitterness at entering reality and leaving behind her comforting memories.
27. As it is used in line 87, the phrase “a show in light” most nearly refers to:
- A. a fictional story the narrator has read.
 - B. a movie the narrator saw at a theater.
 - C. the work of reason in linking a person to the outer world.
 - D. a fantasy created by the mind.
28. The narrator uses the images in lines 3–5 primarily to depict the interior life’s tendency to engage in:
- F. deceptive self-absorption.
 - G. vital self-examination.
 - H. useful analysis of nature.
 - J. fierce debates with itself.
29. Which of the following statements best paraphrases lines 5–8?
- A. The imagination lacks value and should be ignored in favor of paying attention to the actual world.
 - B. Reason can enhance the imagination but at the expense of experience in the actual world.
 - C. Rather than become isolated, the imagination should connect to the actual world at least occasionally.
 - D. Reason, not the imagination, is the best way to appreciate and enrich the actual world.
30. By her statements in lines 77–80, the narrator is most nearly asserting that:
- F. in her world, adults are generally considered more important than children.
 - G. she, like everyone and everything else, was a small part of a larger world.
 - H. it still mattered greatly whether people saw or ignored her.
 - J. she was less valuable than other people in her world.