

# English II – EOC #3 – Extended Response 1

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## Article 1

This passage is adapted from the novel *Life of Pi* by Yann Martel (©2001 by Yann Martel).

I was named after a swimming pool. Quite peculiar considering my parents never took to water. One of my father's earliest business contacts was Francis Adirubasamy. He became a good friend of the family. I called him Mamaji, *mama* being the Tamil word for *uncle* and *ji* being a suffix used in India to indicate respect and affection. When he was a young man, long before I was born, Mamaji was a champion competitive swimmer, the champion of all South India. He looked the part his whole life.

Even in his sixties, when he was a little stooped and a lifetime of gravity had begun to nudge his flesh downwards, Mamaji swam thirty lengths every morning at the pool of the Aurobindo Ashram.

He tried to teach my parents to swim, but he never got them to go beyond wading up to their knees at the beach and making ludicrous round motions with their arms, which, if they were practicing the breaststroke, made them look as if they were walking through a jungle, spreading the tall grass ahead of them, or, if it was the front crawl, as if they were running down a hill and flailing their arms so as not to fall. My brother Ravi was just as unenthusiastic.

Mamaji had to wait until I came into the picture to find a willing disciple. The day I came of swimming age, which, to Mother's distress, Mamaji claimed was seven, he brought me down to the beach, spread his arms seaward and said, "This is my gift to you."

I remained faithful to my aquatic guru. Under his watchful eye I lay on the beach and fluttered my legs and scratched away at the sand with my hands, turning my head at every stroke to breathe. I

must have looked like a child throwing a peculiar, slow-motion tantrum. In the water, as he held me at the surface, I tried my best to swim. It was much more difficult than on land. But Mamaji was patient and encouraging.

When he felt that I had progressed sufficiently, we turned our backs on the laughing and the shouting, the running and the splashing, the blue-green waves and the bubbly surf, and headed for the proper rectangularity and the formal flatness (and the paying admission) of the ashram swimming pool.

I went there with him three times a week throughout my childhood, a Monday, Wednesday, Friday early morning ritual with the clockwork regularity of a good front-crawl stroke. I have vivid memories of this dignified old man stripping down to a magnificent pair of athletic bathing trunks. He stood straight and he was ready. It had an epic simplicity. Swimming instruction, which in time became swimming practice, was grueling, but there was the deep pleasure of doing a stroke with increasing ease and speed, over and over, till hypnosis practically, the water turning from molten lead to liquid light.

It was on my own, a guilty pleasure, that I returned to the sea, beckoned by the mighty waves that crashed down and reached for me in humble tidal ripples, gentle lassos that caught their willing Indian boy.

My gift to Mamaji one birthday, I must have been thirteen or so, was two full lengths of credible butterfly stroke. I finished so spent I could hardly wave to him.

Beyond the activity of swimming, there was the talk of it. It was the talk that Father loved. The more vigorously he resisted actually swimming, the more

he fancied it. Swim lore was his vacation  
90 talk from the workaday talk of running a  
zoo. Water without a hippopotamus was  
so much more manageable than water  
with one.

Mamaji studied in Paris for two years.  
95 He had the time of his life. I don't recall  
exactly what Mamaji studied. Something  
commercial, I suppose. He was a great  
storyteller, but forget about his studies or  
the Eiffel Tower or the Louvre. All his  
100 stories had to do with swimming pools  
and swimming competitions. For  
example, there was the Piscine Deligny,  
the city's oldest pool, dating back to  
1796. The water in the pool came  
105 straight from the Seine, unfiltered and  
unheated. "It was cold and dirty," said  
Mamaji.

The Piscines Hébert, Ledru-Rollin and  
Butte-aux-Cailles were bright, modern,  
110 spacious pools fed by artesian wells.  
They set the standard for excellence in  
municipal swimming pools. And there  
were still others, many of them.

But no swimming pool in Mamaji's  
115 eyes matched the glory of the Piscine  
Molitor. It was the crowning aquatic glory  
of Paris, indeed, of the entire civilized  
world.

That is how I got my name when I  
120 entered this world, a last, welcome  
addition to my family, three years after  
Ravi: Piscine Molitor Patel.

## Question 1

Briefly summarize the excerpt from *Life of Pi*.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## Question 1

### Writing a Summary Rubric

	<b>4 Points</b>	<b>3 Points</b>	<b>2 Points</b>	<b>1 Point</b>
<b>Main Idea</b>	Correctly identifies the main idea in a clear and accurate manner.	Correctly identifies most of main idea in a complete sentence.	Identifies an important idea but not the main idea in a complete sentence.	Identifies a detail but not the main idea.
<b>Supporting Details</b>	Clearly states 2 or more important details using own words or statements.	States at least 2 important details with some paraphrasing of information.	States at least 1 important detail. Demonstrates little if any paraphrasing.	Includes unnecessary details. Does not demonstrate any paraphrasing.
<b>Conclusion</b>	Writes a clear and specific concluding statement.	Writes an adequate concluding statement.	Writes a weak concluding statement.	Does not include a concluding statement.
<b>Mechanics and Grammar</b>	Contains few, if any spelling or grammatical errors.	Contains several errors in punctuation, spelling or grammar that do not interfere with meaning.	Contains many errors in punctuation, spelling and/or grammar that interferes with meaning.	Contains many errors in punctuation, spelling and/or grammar that make the piece illegible.

Total (16 points max): \_\_\_\_\_