Description: People

Reading Passage 1: Tourists by Nancy Mitford

Torcello is a minute island in the Venetian lagoon, here, among vineyards and wild flowers, some thirty cottages surround a great cathedral. Torcello which used to be lonely as a cloud has recently become an outing from Venice. Many more visitors than it can comfortably hold pour into it. They relentlessly tear at the wild roses which one has seen in bud and longed to see in bloom and which, for a day have scented the whole island. As soon as they are picked, the roses fade and are thrown into the canal. The Americans visit the inn to eat or drink something. The English declare that they can’t afford to do this. They take food which they have brought with them into the vineyard and I am sorry to say leave the devil of a mess behind them. Every Thursday, Germans come up the tow-path, marching as to war, with a leader. There is a standing order for fifty luncheons at the inn; while they eat, the leader lectures them through a megaphone. After luncheon they march into the cathedral and undergo another lecture. They, at least, know what they are seeing. Then they march back to their boat. They are tidy; they leave no litter.

Reading 2: **This Woman Makes Purse Grab Risky**

Hell hath no fury like that of 49-year-old Wilhelmina Anderson of Pasadena, who turned an attempted purse-snatching incident into a painful lesson in good manners.

A police spokesman gave this story: Mrs. Anderson was walking to her car in the parking lot of the Lucky Market on East Villa Street in Pasadena about 1:20 p.m. Thursday when she saw a youth approaching her.

When the youth broke into a jog and grabbed her purse, she grabbed him by the shirt, threw him against a parked car, and kneed him in the groin, spilling her bag of groceries in the process.

Her anger gaining momentum, Mrs. Anderson hurled her assailant to the ground, after hitting him over the head with a bag of ice, kicked him fervently in the groin and fell upon him, striking him with a can of salad oil which had fallen from her bag of groceries.

Luckily for the youth, another shopper interceded on his behalf, pulling her from him.

Mrs. Anderson then picked up her groceries and drove away, but not before she glanced in her rear-view mirror and watched approvingly as the youth was helped to his knees, a posture befitting his rueful discovery that the 56th anniversary of women's suffrage was a poor time to misbehave.

Asked whether she thought the youth would try another purse-snatching in the near future, she allowed as how if her sore foot was any sign, he wouldn't be doing much of anything for a good while.

Reading 3 Lincoln’s Autobiography

**Lincoln’s Autobiography**

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families---second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was from a family named Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams County, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated, about 1781 or 1782, from Virginia to Kentucky, where he was killed by the Indians a year or two later, not in battle, but when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

My father, at the death of his father, was six years old, and he grew up literally without education. He moved from Kentucky to Indiana when I was seven. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. I grew up there. There were so-called schools, but no other qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond “reading, writing and adding.” If a stranger supposed to understand Latin happened to reside for a time in the neighborhood, he was looked on as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and add, but that was all. The little advance I have now made upon this store of education, I have picked up under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to do farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-one. At twenty-two, I came to Illinois. I remained in New Salem, Illinois, for a year as a clerk in a store. Then the Black Hawk War came. I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was defeated, the only time that I have been rejected by the people. In the next and the three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During that legislative period, I studied law and moved to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower house of Congress. I was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854 I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Comprises aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well-known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am nearly six feet four inches in height; lean in flesh, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds on the average, I have a dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. I have no other marks or brands.