

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/ENGLISH IB/TOPS/MACS/HOMEWORK 7

NAME (FIRST AND LAST): _____ GRADE: _____

So far, we have read Chapters 1, 2 and the first half of Chapter 3 about the adventures of Bridget, Barnaby, and Babette, and their feline friend Beauregard. The following selection is the rest of Chapter 3. Enjoy!

CHAPTER 3 (PART 2): SPACE HIPPIES FREAK OUT

"Hmmm, automatic transmission," mused Barnaby, scratching his head and pondering the problem. "You'd need a timing belt, for starters, right?"

Suddenly, something fell out of Barnaby's hair and under the captain's seat.

"Barnaby!" gasped Babette. "Don't tell me you had a timing belt stuck in your hair!"

"Well, not exactly a timing belt," said Wobbly, who had pulled the object out from under his seat. "More like the latest issue of *Women and Men of Science: The Swimsuit Edition*. There are some pretty **risqué** pictures in here."

"I only read it for the articles," said Barnaby, blushing slightly. "I like to keep up on what my colleagues are doing. Give it back!"

Barnaby leaped at the magazine, but the captain held it out of his reach. The two scuffled over the magazine until Wobbly suddenly cried, "Hey, my contact lens!"

"You wear contacts?" asked Barnaby, who lost interest in the magazine for the time being. "But doesn't that make your granny glasses a bit **redundant**? I mean, what do you need glasses for if you wear contacts?"

Wobbly paid no attention to his question. He was busy trying to find his contact lens in the dense brown shag.

"Got it!" he chirped, after a couple of minutes. "Man, that was close. Now, what were we talking about?"

"Your life story," said Babette, seizing the chance to change the subject. "You were going to tell us how you became such a scandalous hippie, and how you met Janice, and how you decided to get married and blast off into space together."

"Well, first of all, Janice is not my **spouse**," replied the hippie.

"Oh, I am so disappointed," frowned Babette.

"How come?"

"Ah, well, it seemed so romantic," she sighed dreamily, "Two outlaw hippies, chased from Earth, finding love among the stars."

"You'll have to forgive her. She's French," whispered Barnaby.

"Hey, man, don't get me wrong," he told Babette. "I mean, she's not my girlfriend. Our relationship strictly **platonic**, but I do like her just fine. But we outlaws can't get romantically involved, dig? Wild, **unbridled** affections only get you in trouble."

"Hmmpf," huffed Babette, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I can see we aren't connecting on this topic," said Wobbly. "Maybe I should tell you about how we where we are. Actually it started back when I was a teenager My mother, who was a hippie herself, said to me, 'Bob, I want you to be rich.' "

"I thought your name was Wobbly. Why did she call you Bob?" asked Barnaby.

"Well, that happened when I was born. Supposedly, she wanted to name me Bob Weir Philstein, but she got confused. She was way out of it when it came time to fill out the birth certificate, and when they asked her what she wanted the name to be, she just kept saying 'Wob Beir, Wob Beir.' She **transposed** the 'b' and the 'w.' At least, that's the best explanation we could come up with. Anyway, she always called me Bob.

"So, as I was saying, she wanted me to be a very rich and powerful businessman—a **tycoon**, if possible. Let's face it, being a hippie isn't that **lucrative**, and she decided someone better start making some money, or she'd wind up old and homeless. Man, was I sad. I didn't want to leave my friends and I seriously doubted I had the **capacity** to be successful in business. As I set out for New York City, I was afraid. Afraid I'd be laughed at. Afraid I'd be fired. Afraid I'd never be hired at all.

"As it turned out, my fears were completely **unfounded**. New York was a boom town was hired right away, and I discovered I had real **aptitude** for business. It just came naturally. Soon I was a millionaire. Man, I mean I was rolling in bread..."

"Rolling in bread'?" whispered Barnaby to Babette. "What does that mean?"

"I have no idea," she whispered back. "It's another one of those hippie **idioms**. At least, I don't think he actually rolled around with loaves of bread. We will have to ask Bridget."

"But my wealth had a price," continued Wobbly "First of all the stress gave me stomach **ulcers**—open sores in my stomach."

Babette and Barnaby **winc**ed at the thought of such a horrible thing, almost as if they felt pains in their own stomachs.

"But the worst was that I had given up all the values that were important to me. Yes, for money I was willing to **forsake** every social and political cause I once held sacred. Man, I even worked for a company whose only purpose was to **deplete** our country's natural supply of kale. If they keep it up, there will be no more kale in the United States by the year 2020!"

Barnaby and Babette stared at each other, obviously shaken.

"That was the last straw I had to do something. The country was going down the tubes, man, and I had to stop it. I became active, dedicated, **militant** in service to the cause. That's when the pranks began.

"I wrapped the White House with recycled toilet paper. I dumped a truckload of compost on the floor of the Senate. And, as you may have heard, I turned the Speaker of the House bright red with vegetable dye. Sure, some people said I was nothing more than a **vandal**, but these were hardly acts of senseless spray painting and destruction of property.

"By the time of the red-dye prank, I already had a following of several dozen. But my life was changed forever when I met Janice."

"Aha!" cried Babette. "I knew it. You are crazy about her. You **dote** on her, admit it!"

"Back off, Babette," said Wobbly. "I'm no love sap. I do owe her a lot, though. Before I met her, I was full of anger. My pranks were getting more and more dangerous. I was even starting to have violent thoughts. Janice chilled me out, helped me become more **moderate**. But by that time, the government already wanted me dead, and I was getting tired of spending all my time **evading** capture, so we beat it down to Mexico, followed by tons of like-minded hippies. It was an **exodus**, man; whole populations picked up and left the country. The government folks probably thought we were doing them a favour. Anyway, the rest you already know. Whoa, man, we're already at the mall! We'd better slow down."

Wobbly jammed his foot onto the clutch and shifted clumsily into first gear. The whole ship **lurched** forward. Bridget, deep in her meditations, fell over sideways. Beauregard, who had been **lulled** into a deep sleep by the incense and sitar music in the other room, came in to see what had so rudely awakened him. He fixed an angry stare on the captain.

"Sony, man," said Wobbly with a little wave of his hand.

Bridget, suddenly awake, was full of excitement. "I've got it!" she cried.

Janice and a couple of other people from the yoga class came over and helped her up.

"Did you have some kind of vision?" Janice asked.

The perfect counterplay to the pick-and-roll! Somebody get me some paper—We got to sketch this out and send it to the New York Knicks!"

"A basketball formation? How **profound**. How deep. What an important insight into the meaning of life," said one of the hippies in a snide, mocking tone.

"I'd wipe that self-satisfied **smirk** off my face if I were you, Ralph." **cautioned** Janice. Should I tell everyone what your great insight was? [I] was rather **prosaic**, if I remember. Totally dullsville. Boring. Something along the lines of 'Oswald acted alone,' right?"

Ralph grumbled and walked off.

"Let's go see what Wobbly's up to," suggested Janice. "I think we're almost at the mall."

Janice brought up the idea of stopping at the mechanic's shop, getting the disco ball fixed, and returning Barnaby, Babette, Bridget, and Beauregard to Earth before heading to the sit-in. Wobbly didn't take to the idea immediately.

"But, baby," he whined, "we've got a rendezvous with Stan the Fruit Man in less than four hours. If we don't meet him when we're supposed to, we won't have any RSGs for the sit-in!"

"RSGs?" asked Bridget.

"Red seedless grapes," said Janice. "Great snack food. **Ideal** for sit-ins. Anyway, look, Wob, that's a pretty **flimsy** excuse for kidnapping. You know you can get some grapes at Alpha C. We have no right to drag these kids to a sit-in that could last all day and night. If they decided to come of their own **volition**, that would be another story. But they obviously want to go back to Earth, and we should help them, so unless you can come up with a stronger reason than your desire for snack food, I suggest we return them to their planet."

Wobbly unhappy agreed, and pulled the *Far Out* into the airlock of a spaceship service station. He honked the horn, and a stooped-over, gray-haired man in greasy coveralls came shuffling out. Wobbly, Janice, and the kids jumped out of the ship.

"Yeah!" asked the man, whose coveralls had the name "Bruce" sewn on the breast pocket.

"Our teleportation device is stuck in 'up.' We need to get these kids back to Earth right now. Do you think you could help us, um, Bruce" asked Janice as sweetly as possible.

"My name's not Bruce," grumbled the mechanic.

But fortunately, he agreed to take a look at the disco ball. After only a **cursory** examination of the broken ball, he came right back out and announced that all his attempts to fix it were **futile**.

"Well, there you have it," said Wobbly. "Let's be on our way."

"Hold it, Wob. What do YOU mean, futile? You barely looked at it!" Janice told the man whose name wasn't Bruce.

"I mean useless. Unsuccessful Then? There's only one thing that could fix it, and that's..."

"Duct tape?" asked Barnaby.

All eyes turned toward the boy genius, who stood there holding a roll of shiny gray tape.

Bridget and Babette exchanged knowing smiles.

"Well, I'll be," said the mechanic. "Boy, give me that tape, and I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy."

He was true to his word. Within five minutes, they were waving good-bye and heading toward Earth. Within fifteen minutes, however, the engine had coughed to a stop. Wobbly began banging his head on the steering wheel.

"This is some kind of **omen**, man. A sign, dig? Something's trying to tell us our days of going to sit-ins are over."

"Calm down, Wobbly," said Bridget.

"Barnaby here is mainly a physicist, but he's pretty **versatile**. I'll bet he can fix it. He's a genius!"

"Such **optimism**. Such a cheery outlook. Don't you see, it's hopeless?" he moaned.

"Well, I'm not sure I'm such a genius," said Barnaby, trying to sound **humble**, "but since Captain Wobbly seems too upset to fix it himself, I guess I can take a look."

Bridget and Babette followed him to the engine room.

"Hmm," said Barnaby, after examining things for a minute. "It looks like Wobbly's been pretty **lax** about changing the oil in this spaceship. You're supposed to do it every three months. I'd say, judging from all this clogged-up goo, that he hasn't done it in, well, really, really long time."

"Never mind that," said Bridget. "Can you fix it?"

"I'm not sure," he replied. "It would take the proper tools and the **finesse** of an expert to chip out the clog without damaging the engine."

"Nonsense," said Babette. "It just needs a good whacking."

"Are you crazy?" asked Barnaby. "You can't simply hit a machine and expect it to work."

"Barnaby, we are in the middle of a **crisis** here," said Bridget through clenched teeth. "If we don't fix this engine, we'll be adrift with a bunch of freaked-out hippies forever. Who knows what could happen? They might start playing Grateful Dead **medleys** on their guitars! Get the picture?"

"I see. The situation is desperate indeed. Whack away, Babette."

Babette examined the engine for a moment to select a good spot. Then she took a few cleansing breaths and, with a loud "hiyah!" karate-kicked the engine, which promptly sputtered back to life.

Barnaby and Bridget were impressed. They began heaping praise on their French friend, **extolling** her many and varied talents. Finally, they could return to their planet. They returned to the front of the ship to say goodbye.

When they got there, things were not all peace and love, to say the least. The hippies were in the middle of an ugly argument. Sure, a few of them were quietly chanting or meditating, but the **predominant** feeling in the room was definitely anger. And the anger was directed at Wobbly.

"You **hypocrite**! How can you tell us to do one thing while you do something else?" yelled one woman. "You said we should give up our worldly belongings and stop being dependent on money. You said that's the only way we'd be free. And this whole time you've had a million dollars in high-yield bonds invested on Earth! Admit it—Stan the Fruit Man is your broker!"

"I resent your tone, Sunshine," replied Wobbly. "I am your captain. Show me the proper respect, or I'll have to punish you for **insubordination**."

That didn't sit well with the hippies, and Captain Wobbly suddenly had an uprising on his hands, a **mutiny** on the *Far Out*. Somehow Janice remained calm throughout the fight. She walked over to where Barnaby, Bridget, Babette, and Beauregard were huddled in the corner.

"Even space hippies lose their cool sometimes," she explained, "but there's no reason you should have to **witness** such **discord** among people who usually live so peacefully together. Come on, let's go to the transporter room. I think we're within beaming range."

The kids and the cat followed Janice to the room they had first appeared in. She hugged them all, scratched Beauregard's head, and gave them **identical** love-bead necklaces.

"Keep these as something to remember us by—**mementos** of your brief **excursion** into space," said Janice."

"We will," said Bridget, who was feeling a little sad at having to leave her new friend.

"Now, then," began Janice, as she approached the teleporter controls, "you all just huddle together in the middle of the floor. I'm not sure how precise this disco ball is, but you'll wind up on Earth somewhere, at least."

The disco ball began spinning, pink and green and yellow and blue flashing everywhere. Soon Barnaby, Beauregard, Babette, and Bridget were enveloped in a warm, melting feeling.

"Have a nice trip!" yelled Bridget, just as began to disappear.

"Oh, we will," replied Janice. "We will."

VOCABULARY MEMORIZATION TECHNIQUES

For the last 6 classes, we have learnt a number of ways to make new words fun to learn and memorable. Let's try using these memorization techniques again. Use the templates below for the words in bold print in the reading selection of this homework (page 1 to 6).

A) FLASHCARDS, PICTURES, AND SILLY EXPRESSIONS

Come up with 10 pictures and/or interesting expressions for 10 different words.

WORD 1:	WORD 2:
WORD 3:	WORD 4:
WORD 5:	WORD 6:
WORD 7:	WORD 8:
WORD 9:	Word 10:

B) FLASHCARDS, PARAPHRASING DEFINITIONS, AND USING PERSONAL EXAMPLES

For the next 10 flashcards, paraphrase the dictionary definitions of 10 other words from the reading selection, and write a personal example for each one of them.

WORD 11:
WORD 12:
WORD 13:
WORD 14:
WORD 15:
WORD 16:

WORD 17:
WORD 18:
WORD 19:
WORD 20:

C) RELATING WORDS TO BIG IDEAS

For this section, think of 6 different “big ideas” that can be found in the reading selection. Fit in at least 20 words into the 6 boxes below. Feel free to use the 20 words from your 20 flashcards above.

BIG IDEA 1:	BIG IDEA 2:	BIG IDEA 3:

BIG IDEA 4:	BIG IDEA 5:	BIG IDEA 6:

VOCABULARY BUILDING

Fill in the Blank

For each sentence below, choose the word that best completes the sentence.

1. All my careful plans and hopes for a happy outdoor jamboree were _____ by an unexpected snowstorm.
a. disoriented b. fatigued
c. thwarted d. ensued
2. Donating blood is a completely _____ action, strongly encouraged but not required.
a. extraordinary b. crafty
c. voluntary d. itinerary
3. Dad kept _____ on the issue of whether or not to have a swimming pool put in the back yard, but after months of going back and forth, he finally decided to go ahead.
a. vacillating b. hallucinating
c. stimulating d. meditating
4. After college, Andy decided he wanted to be a juggler, but his mother advised him to take a more _____ job so he could make enough money to pay off his loans and get his own apartment.
a. strenuous b. subconscious
c. lax d. lucrative
5. The president of Acme, Inc. decided to throw a big office picnic, and told all her employees that their _____ and children were also welcome.
a. culprits b. cults
c. matriarchs d. spouses

6. If you must borrow money from friends, be sure to _____ them as soon you can, or there might be hard feelings.

- a. lurch b. reimburse
- c. forsake d. lament

7. Mr. Kroft told Tummy he was taking away his issue of *Swimsuits Spectacular* because the pictures were too _____ for the ten-year-old, but we think he just wanted the magazine for himself.

- a. unbridled b. risqué
- c. redundant d. en route

8. After I got off the Whirl-a-Twirl ride at the fair, it took me a while to regain my _____ and walk straight without feeling dizzy.

- a. upholstery b. goatee
- c. equilibrium d. Nomad

9. Whenever Penny travels to a new place, she always picks up a little _____ to remind her of her trip.

- a. memento b. medley
- c. idiom d. ulcer

10. Bruce threatened to _____ to Canada if the American ice hockey team didn't start performing to his satisfaction.

- a. dote b. commence
- c. wince d. defect

11. Myra was a(n) _____ for calling her neighbors lazy when she hadn't even left her house or mowed her lawn in over a month.

- a. hypocrite b. witness
- c. vandal d. exodus

THE END