**82. English Is Confusing**

“Good evening, everybody!” said the teacher, Donna. “Where is everybody?” That was sort of a daily joke by Donna. Usually the class started with only two or three students present, and then filled up as the minutes went by. It was summertime. Summer school was only eight weeks long. Class attendance was always smaller than during fall and spring semesters.

“I don’t know, teacher. Maybe they late or no come,” said one student. “Maybe watching TV football tonight.”

“Is there a soccer game tonight? It seems like there’s a soccer game every night. Oh, well. Let’s get started, okay? We’re on page 36 in the workbook. Tonight we’re studying participles as adjectives. Students are always confused when they learn about the present and past participles, so we will practice this a lot. Tonight, we’re just going to practice the present participle.

“The present participle tells us what emotion or feeling the subject is causing. For example, ‘Grammar is boring’ means that the subject—grammar—causes an emotion of boredom. If we say, ‘The movie is interesting,’ we are saying that the movie causes a feeling of interest. If we say, ‘The roller coaster is exciting,’ we are saying that the roller coaster causes a feeling of excitement. Any questions so far? Am I confusing you? Is everyone confused?”

The classroom was quiet. Donna looked at blank faces. They were confused. She knew this would take a while. But eventually, the faster students would grasp it, and then they would help the slower students. By the end of the evening, most of the class would feel comfortable using the present participle.

Donna erased the board and put some new examples on it. She loved guiding her students through difficult topics like this one. She always felt a little bit thrilled when the look of understanding came to their faces.

Was Donna the teacher?

Yes, she was.

Was everybody present when class started?

No, they weren't.

Did the class usually start with only a few students present?

Yes, it did.

Did the class usually fill up?

Yes, it did.

Was it springtime?

No, it wasn't.

Was summer school seven weeks long?

No, it wasn't.

Did fewer students attend in the summer?

Yes, they did.

Were they on page 36?

Yes, they were.

Were they studying participles?

Yes, they were.

Are students always confused when they learn about participles?

Yes, they are.

What did she do?

Teach.

What was her daily joke?

Asking "Where is everybody?"

How many students were usually present when class started?

Two or three.

What/Which season was it?

Summer.

How long did summer school last?

Eight weeks.

What was always smaller in the summer?

Class attendance.

What were some absent students doing, perhaps?

Watching soccer on TV.

What/Which page were they on?

Thirty-six.

What/Which book were they using?

The workbook.

What was tonight's subject?

Participles as adjectives.

attendance

blank

boredom

confuse

emotion

erase

eventually

grasp

participle

semester

soccer

thrill

roller coaster

sort\_of

**Jerry Decided To Buy a Gun**

Jerry Baldwin was 30 years old. He was the manager of a pizza restaurant. He lived in an apartment about one mile north of the restaurant. He walked to and from work. When it was raining, he took the bus.

Jerry loved gangster movies. When a new one came out, he would go to the theater and watch the new movie three or four times. Then, when it went to video, Jerry would buy the video at Barney’s Video Store. Jerry had a home collection of over 1,000 gangster videos. Old ones, new ones, color, black and white, English, Spanish, Japanese--he loved them all. He could tell you the name of the movie, the director, the stars, and the plot. Did you say you liked “Pulp Fiction”? Well, Jerry would rattle off all the details of that movie. And then he would invite you to his place to watch it some time. He was a nice guy.

Jerry finally decided that he would like to own a gun, just like the gangsters. So he saved his money for a couple of years. Then he went to a gun store and bought a used .38 caliber revolver for $300. While there, he also bought a couple of boxes of ammunition. The following Saturday morning, he went to the gun club to practice with his new revolver. He was in the club for only 10 minutes when he accidentally dropped his pistol. The gun went off, and the bullet went into Jerry’s right knee.

Jerry now walks with a limp and a cane, just like some gangsters.

Was Jerry Baldwin the manager of a pizza restaurant?

Yes, he was.

Did Jerry drive to work?

No, he didn't.

Did Jerry love gangster movies?

Yes, he did.

Did Jerry play roles in gangster movies?

No, he didn't.

Did Jerry have a big collection of gangster videos?

Yes, he did.

Did Jerry watch a new movie only once?

No, he didn't.

Could Jerry tell you everything about gangster movies?

Yes, he could.

Did Jerry buy a gun?

Yes, he did.

Did he go to the gun club to practice shooting?

Yes, he did.

Did he hurt himself at home?

No, he didn't.

Where does Jerry work?

He works in a pizza restaurant.

Does he live in an apartment or a house?

He lives in an apartment.

How does Jerry get to work?

He walks to work.

What does Jerry do when a new movie goes to video?

He watches the new movie three or four times.

What does Jerry do when a new movie goes to video?

He buys the video at Barney’s Video Store.

How big is Jerry’s collection of gangster videos?

He has a collection of over 1,000 gangster videos.

What did Jerry finally decide to own?

He finally decided that he would like to own a gun.

How much did Jerry pay for his revolver?

He paid $300 for his revolver.

What else did he buy at the gun store?

He bought a couple of boxes of ammunition.

What happened to Jerry when he went to the gun club to practice?

He accidentally dropped his pistol, the gun went off, and the bullet went into his right knee

ammunition

bullet

cane

collection

decide

detail

director

finally

gangster

invite

knee

limp

pistol

pizza

theater

video

**The Final Phone Call**

“But I love you so much,” she said. “I think I must be crazy. I can’t stop thinking about you. I want to be with you all the time. I want to marry you.”

“Maybe you are a little crazy,” he said. “Although I think that’s part of being in love. But you hardly know me. I like you, but I’m not in love with you. I don’t think I could ever be in love with you.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know,” he lied. “You’re not my type.”

“I’m not your type,” she repeated. “What is your type? A woman with no wrinkles and a perfect body? A woman who is beautiful even when she wakes up? A movie star? Is that your type?”

“No, of course not,” he lied again. “I don’t know. I’m like everybody else—you’re either attracted to a certain person or you’re not.”

“So you’re not attracted to me?”

“Well, I didn’t say that,” he lied a third time.

“I’m making a fool of myself. You might even be laughing at me. You don’t love me. You just said that you never could love me.”

“No, I said I could never be IN love with you,” he said.

“‘Love,’ ‘in love.’ What difference does it make any more? I apologize. It was nice of you to put up with me. Please forgive me for making a fool of myself and for bothering you. I will never call you again. I must try to forget you now. I am dropping out of school tomorrow; I can’t go there without thinking of you. My heart is so sad.”

She hung up. Alan walked outside. What was he supposed to do? He liked her, but he certainly didn’t love her. Lead her on with lies, or tell her the truth now?

There was a beautiful full moon. But he felt sad. He knew that Natalie was probably crying right now. She must be so lonely.

Did she love him?

Yes, she did.

Was she crazy?

No, she wasn't.

Could she stop thinking about him?

No, she couldn't.

Did she want to be with him some of the time?

No, she didn't.

Did she want to marry him?

Yes, she did.

Did he like her?

Yes, he did.

Was he in love with her?

No, he wasn't.

Was she his type?

No, she wasn't.

Did he lie to her?

Yes, he did.

Was he like everybody else?

Yes, he was.

Who/m couldn't she stop thinking about?

Him.

Who/m did he say he was like?

Everybody else.

How many times did he lie?

Three.

What did she say it was nice of him to do?

Put up with her.

Who/m was she making a fool of?

Herself.

What would she never do again?

Call him.

What was she dropping out of?

School.

When was she dropping out of school?

Tomorrow.

Where did he walk?

Outside.

What kind of moon was it?

Beautiful and full.

apologize

attract

bother

crazy

forgive

lonely

probably

sad

wrinkle

put\_up\_with

**It Was an Old, Worthless Clock**

It was an old clock, but it still told the correct time. The face had a faded picture of Andy’s parents taken when they were newlyweds. Aside from some photos, the clock was the only memento Andy had of his mom and dad.

His father died of cancer in 1964. Then his mom moved to a private nursing home. She had many friends there. The nursing home, however, went bankrupt. They moved her into a state nursing home. She hated it there.

She asked Andy to help her move into a private nursing home again. She had spent most of her husband’s savings on living expenses at the first nursing home. Andy said he would try.

But Andy had no savings. He was a sergeant in the Army, and all his money went to his wife and three kids. He called his older brother Frank, who was single and had a great job. Frank was an avid deep-sea fisherman and was interested in buying a large boat for weekend use.

“Frank, I don’t have the money now, but you do,” Andy pleaded. “Just pay for Mom and I’ll owe you for half of the nursing home costs.”

“You’ll owe me? You don’t have two nickels to rub together, and probably never will. I’ll get stuck for the whole bill. What about my boat?”

“What boat?”

“Never mind. Let me think about it, and I'll get back to you.”

Frank never did send his mom the money to move into a private nursing home. Alone and unhappy, she died in the state nursing home only a year later. Andy never forgave his brother.

Many years went by. Frank’s health declined. He called up Andy one day. “Andy, I feel really bad about not helping out Mom. I was too interested in getting that boat. The older I’ve gotten, the more guilt I feel. My days are numbered, Andy. I was wondering if you would send me that clock, just for a little while. I want to beg Mom to forgive me.”

Andy was very reluctant to part with his clock, but he did feel a little sorry for Frank.

Frank died ten months later. One of Frank’s nieces, Flo, was the executor of his estate. Flo had hired a lawyer to help her Uncle Frank rewrite his will in his dying days. Strangely enough, Flo got everything.

She made sure Uncle Frank was buried a day after his death. No announcement was made about his funeral, which Flo kept private—at the 20-minute service, Flo was the only mourner. Flo sold Uncle Frank’s house, car, and boat within the week. Everything of lesser value went to a charity. His cash and stocks, of course, were already safely in her name.

When Andy discovered that his brother had died, he called Flo to ask about his clock. “Oh,” she said, “that went to charity with everything else. You didn’t really want that old thing, did you, Uncle Andy? Uncle Andy? Hello?” Well, that was rude, she thought.

Was it an old clock?

Yes, it was.

Did it tell the correct time?

Yes, it did.

Was there a new picture on the clock's face?

No, there wasn't.

Was it a picture of Andy's grandparents?

No, it wasn't.

Did he have many mementos?

No, he didn't.

Did his father die in 1964?

Yes, he did.

Did his father die in an auto accident?

No, he didn't.

Did his mom move to a private nursing home?

Yes, she did.

Did the nursing home go bankrupt?

Yes, it did.

Did they move her into a hospital?

No, they didn't.What was on the clock's face?

What did the clock still tell?

The correct time.

What was on the clock's face?

A faded picture.

What was it a picture of?

Andy's parents.

When was the picture taken?

When his parents were newlyweds.

When did Andy's father die?

1964.

What did he die of?

Cancer.

Where did his mom move?

To a private nursing home.

Who were at his mom's nursing home?

Many of her friends.

What happened to the nursing home?

Bankruptcy.

Where did they move his mom?

Into a state nursing home.

announcement

aside

avid

bankrupt

charity

decline

estate

executor

fade

forgive

funeral

guilt

lawyer

memento

mourner

newlyweds

nickel

niece

owe

plead

reluctant

rub

sergeant

part\_with

**When I Retire, We Will See the World**

It was 10 p.m. Fritz said good night to his wife. She was watching TV. He went to bed. Tomorrow was a big day. It was his last day of work. Thirty years with the federal government. Thirty years of flying out of town for weeks on end. Thirty years of interviews, meetings, and heavy briefcases. Tomorrow it would all be over. Not that he didn’t like it. He had enjoyed his career. Fritz felt blessed. His father had had a tough life as an unskilled laborer. Whenever Fritz was a bit discouraged or upset, he thought about his overworked and underpaid father. He thanked God for his own good life, and for the fact that he had been able to make his dad’s last years comfortable.

His two children were married and had their own careers. His wife Paige kept busy with, among other things, her bridge club. She had tried to get him interested in bridge, but without success. Fritz was content with his own Friday night poker group.

Friday morning, he went to work for the very last time. Those who knew him well would miss him. Fritz was a genuinely nice guy. He never had a bad word to say about anyone. Some people might have thought he was a little dull, but he was intelligent, a hard worker, and a team player. He had taken only three weeks of sick leave in 30 years.

A small group took him out to lunch. When he returned from lunch, the whole office gathered around for cake, ice cream, a farewell card, and a few short speeches. They presented him with various going-away gifts, including a big, paperback US atlas. It listed all the motels, campgrounds, national parks, tourist spots, and other information to help guide a leisurely traveler throughout the good old USA. He had told his friends that he and Paige were going to spend a couple of years visiting all the places that he never had gotten to explore while there on business. As a final gift, his supervisor told him to take the rest of the day off.

Paige’s car wasn’t in the driveway when he got home. She was probably shopping for some traveling clothes. Maybe she was out arranging a dinner at a restaurant that evening for just the two of them. That would be nice. But something was wrong. When he hung up his jacket, he saw that the bedroom closet was half empty. Paige’s clothes were gone. Her shoes were not on the closet floor. Confused, he looked around the bedroom.

He saw an envelope on the lamp stand. Inside it were two pieces of paper. One notified him of a divorce proceeding. The other was a hand-written note from Paige. “I’m so sorry,” it began. She said that her lawyer had told her to wait until today. If she had sought divorce a year earlier, like her boyfriend had suggested, she would not have been able to qualify for 50 percent of Fritz’s pension. She hoped that he would find it in his heart to forgive her. She felt terrible about this, she wrote, because “you’ve been so good to me. But I can’t ignore my own heart.”

Fritz sat immobile on the edge of the bed. Her note was in his hand; her words were burning in his brain.

Maybe an hour later, the phone rang. He picked it up on the fifth ring. It was Bob, wondering if Fritz was going to play poker later that night.

Was it 10 o'clock?

Yes, it was.

Did he say good night to his wife?

Yes, he did.

Was she reading the paper?

No, she wasn't.

Did he go to the kitchen?

No, he didn't.

Was he about to retire?

Yes, he was.

Had he spent 30 years with the federal government?

Yes, he had.

Had he enjoyed his career?

Yes, he had.

Did he feel cursed?

No, he didn't.

Was his father an executive?

No, he wasn't.

Did his father have an easy life?

No, he didn't.

What time was it?

Ten p.m.

Who/m did he say good night to?

His wife.

What was his wife doing?

Watching TV.

Where did he go after he said good night?

To bed.

What was tomorrow?

His last day of work.

How many years had he spent with the federal government?

Thirty.

Where did he go for weeks on end?

Out of town.

What did he carry for 30 years?

Briefcases.

How had he felt about his career?

He had enjoyed it.

What kind of life did his father have?

Tough.

arrange

bless

bridge

briefcase

career

comfortable

discourage

divorce

dull

edge

envelope

explore

genuinely

immobile

intelligent

leisurely

notify

pension

proceeding

qualify

supervisor

upset

be content with

on end

sick leave

**The Doctor’s Almost Perfect Children**

Veronica was an only child. Even as a child, she decided that she was going to be a doctor. All her dolls became her patients. All her dollhouses became hospitals for her patients. She spent her early childhood treating her patients for all kinds of diseases and injuries. She saved all of them and billed none of them.

Veronica got straight A’s in high school and college, because she knew that good grades would help her get into a good medical school. She graduated from medical school near the top of her class. She became a pediatrician. She got married and had two kids, one boy and one girl. Veronica’s husband David was an architect and a great cook. Her children did their homework without being told. They got straight A’s in school. They ate all their vegetables without complaining. They were perfect little children, except for one thing: They argued with each other constantly.

Veronica got home at 4:30 p.m. today. David gave her a big kiss and a hug. Then her kids gave her a kiss and a hug. She went upstairs and changed into shorts and a T-shirt. When she returned, the kids were waiting for her in the living room to talk about their day in school.

Marvin, 10, said that today his biology teacher helped them cut up dead frogs. They smelled bad, but he enjoyed seeing their little body parts, like their lungs and heart. “I like biology,” Marvin said. “I want to be a biologist, an animal doctor, and an inventor when I grow up. I’m going to invent a pill so that animals all learn to live together without eating each other all the time.”

“You’re crazy!” exclaimed Rebecca. “What are the animals going to eat if they don’t eat each other?”

“You don’t know anything. You’re a girl and you’re only nine,” taunted Marvin.

“Marvin, be polite to your sister,” Veronica admonished.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said. “I apologize, dear little sister.”

“That didn’t sound very sincere, mommy,” Rebecca complained.

“Okay, here’s how I’ll keep the animals from eating each other. I already thought of that, of course. The solution is a pill that will make all animals like to eat grass, like the cows and sheep do. That way no more animals will eat each other, and kids won’t have to mow the lawn any more. So, that will kill two birds with one stone.”

“Well, that’s very clever,” Veronica told Marvin.

“Now, tell us about your day, Rebecca,” Veronica said.

“Well, as you know, mommy, I’m going to be a real doctor like you, not a mad scientist like somebody I know,” Rebecca started, and then stuck her tongue out at her brother.

Was she an only child?

Yes, she was.

Did she want to be a doctor when she grew up?

Yes, she did.

Did her dog become her patient?

No, it didn't.

Did she save all her patients?

Yes, she did.

Did she bill her patients?

No, she didn't.

Did she become a podiatrist?

No, she didn't.

Did she marry David?

Yes, she did.

Did they have three kids?

No, they didn't.

Did David give Veronica a T-shirt?

No, he didn't.

Did she go upstairs to change?

Yes, she did.

How many sisters does Veronica have?

None.

How many brothers does Veronica have?

None.

How many siblings does Veronica have?

None.

What did she decide as a child?

To be a doctor.

What did her dolls and dollhouses become?

Patients and hospitals.

How did she spend her early childhood?

Treating her patients for all kinds of diseases and injuries.

How many of her patients did she save?

All of them.

How much did she charge her patients?

Nothing.

What were her grades in high school and college?

Straight A's.

Why were good grades important?

Because they would help her get into a good medical school.

admonish

architect

argue

biology

complain

constantly

disease

doll

frog

graduate

hug

injury

medical

mow

patient

pediatrician

sincere

taunt

stick out

**Take This Job and Shove It**

Maxwell had not held a steady job in almost two years. Today was a big day, because he was going to a job interview that he felt good about. The secretary he had talked to on the phone sounded friendly and encouraging.

Maxwell was a typist. His fingers danced on the keyboard. However, his people skills were not nearly as good as his typing skills. Sometimes his mouth got in the way of his employment. At his last steady job, his boss had told him to start making coffee every morning. Maxwell laughed. “I’m not making coffee,” he said. “It’s not part of my job description.”

“Read the employee manual again,” his boss said. “Your job description is anything I say it is.”

“That’s a woman’s job,” said Maxwell. “Do it yourself.”

His boss was still yelling as Maxwell walked out of the building. He felt great about telling off the boss. A few days later, the reality of not having a job hit home. He had to pay the rent and utility bills, and he had to eat. What was he going to do?

He thought about apologizing and asking for his job back. But how would that look? Then again, who cares how it looks when you’re almost broke? After thinking about it for another week, he finally called his boss and apologized. His boss accepted his apology, but said that he had already hired a replacement.

Maxwell contacted a temporary job agency, which provided him enough occasional work to pay his bills. But none of the companies that he was sent to were hiring. So Maxwell was excited about finally getting an interview for a steady job.

Maxwell’s drive to the interview was disappointing. The traffic was congested and the neighborhood looked rough. It took him 45 minutes to get there. The building was covered with graffiti.

The interview started 30 minutes late. Not bothering to apologize, the manager lit a cigarette and took a sip from his coffee cup. He leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his desk. He asked Maxwell a lot of questions. Maxwell thought that each question was stupider than the preceding question. The final question was, “Where would you like to be 10 years from now?”

What does that have to do with typing? Maxwell wondered. Stupid questions from a rude man in a lousy neighborhood! Where would he like to be 10 years from now?

“Anywhere but this dump!” Maxwell said angrily, as he stood up and walked out.

Did he have a steady job?

No, he didn't.

Was he going to a job interview today?

Yes, he was.

Did he feel good?

Yes, he did.

Had the secretary sounded friendly and encouraging?

Yes, she had.

Was he a dancer?

No, he wasn't.

Was he a good typist?

Yes, he was.

Were his people skills as good as his typing skills?

No, they weren't.

Did he say the wrong thing sometimes?

Yes, he did.

Did his boss tell him to make coffee every morning?

Yes, he did.

Did he agree to make coffee?

No, he didn't.

When had he last held a steady job?

Almost two years ago.

What had he not held in almost two years?

A steady job.

What kind of day was today?

A big one.

Why was today a big day?

Because he was going to a job interview.

Who/m had he talked to on the phone?

The secretary.

How did the secretary sound?

Friendly and encouraging.

What was Maxwell's occupation?

Typist.

Where did his fingers dance?

On the keyboard.

What weren't nearly as good as his typing skills?

His people skills.

Who had told him to start making coffee every morning?

His boss.

agency

apologize

congested

description

dump

employee

employment

go broke

graffiti

lean

lousy

manual

precede

rent

replacement

rough

rude

secretary

shove

sip

temporary

utility

**Where Did That Book Go?**

Samuel was back at the thrift shop. He had walked into the shop with only one goal in mind—to find a book that he had NOT bought yesterday. The book was one of seven that he had piled up yesterday. He was going to buy all of them. But at the last moment, he changed his mind. He put all seven back on the shelf.

Samuel had a personal library at home that exceeded 1,000 books—almost all unread. He subscribed to seven magazines and one daily newspaper. Samuel had more reading material in his small apartment than he could finish in two lifetimes, yet his urge to buy more books raged on.

He finally put his foot down. Not one more book, he told himself, unless it was really special. Yesterday’s book fit the bill. It was a biography of one of his favorite authors—Stephen King. King is one of America’s most popular fiction authors. But it wasn’t easy for King; early in his career, he got hundreds of rejection slips. Samuel wanted to be a great writer. King was his role model.

Samuel immediately found one of the books he had piled up yesterday, and then another one. All right, he thought. This was going to be easy. In minutes, he found all the books that he had held in his hands yesterday, except one—the Stephen King book. Gee, what a surprise, he thought. The one book that I want to find is the one book that I can’t find.

Samuel took a walk throughout the store, knowing that people often pick up merchandise in one place and then leave it in another place. The book was a thick paperback with a red cover. But it was nowhere to be found.

So for Samuel, the Big Hunt was on. He was now a man on a mission. Every thrift shop he went to would involve a search for the King book. This new search added purpose to his thrift shop life.

Samuel had held something special in his hands. But only when he let it go did he realize its value. When he found it again, he would place the King book prominently on his bookshelf. It would almost certainly be his favorite book that he never got around to reading.

Was he at a thrift shop?

Yes, he was.

Did he have more than one goal?

No, he didn't.

Was he looking for a book that he had bought?

No, he wasn't.

Was the book in yesterday's pile of books?

Yes, it was.

Did he pile up seven books yesterday?

Yes, he did.

Did he buy all seven books?

No, he didn't.

At the last moment, did he change his address?

No, he didn't.

Did he put all seven books back on the shelf?

Yes, he did.

Did his personal library have more than 1,000 books?

Yes, it did.

Had he read most of his books?

No, he hadn't.

Who was back at the thrift shop?

Samuel.

How many goals did he have in mind?

One.

How many books had he piled up yesterday?

Seven.

What was he going to do with the seven books?

Buy them.

What did he do at the last moment?

Changed his mind.

How big was his personal library?

It exceeded 1,000 books.

How many of his books had he read?

Almost none of them.

How many lifetimes would it take him to read everything in his apartment?

More than two.

What raged on?

His urge to buy more books.

Who was one of his favorite authors?

Stephen King.

biography

exceed

fiction

involve

merchandise

mission

pile

popular

prominently

rage

rejection

subscribe

thick

thrift

urge

**Pedestrian Safety**

San Francisco has many cars and pedestrians. There are many pedestrian/vehicle accidents in San Francisco. Sometimes it's the driver's fault and sometimes it's the pedestrian's fault.

People studied the accidents in San Francisco and found out that in more than half of them, it was the driver's fault. Some drivers didn't pay attention to the pedestrian right of way. Some drivers drove too fast. Some drivers drove through a red light. About 41 percent of the accidents were the pedestrian's fault. The two most common reasons were crossing the street in the middle of the block and walking against a signal.

Here are some pictures showing where accidents can happen:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| A pedestrian is darting out into the street. | C:\Documents and Settings\Inca\Desktop\dartout.jpg |
| A vehicle is turning into the path of a pedestrian. | C:\Documents and Settings\Inca\Desktop\vehicleturn.jpg |
| A bus is hiding a pedestrian. | C:\Documents and Settings\Inca\Desktop\frontofbus.jpg |
| A pedestrian is jaywalking. | C:\Documents and Settings\Inca\Desktop\jawalk.jpg |

The city wants to decrease the number of pedestrian/vehicle accidents. One way is to change the streets. Another way is to tell people how to avoid accidents.

|  |
| --- |
| **Here are some things the city can do to make things safer:** |
| Add pedestrian countdown signals. A traffic light turns green when it is time to go, and red when you should stop. Some traffic lights have walk/don't walk signs, so pedestrians know when it is safe to cross the street. Pedestrian countdown signals show a white hand when the light is green and the pedestrian can start to cross the street. When it changes to a flashing red hand, there is also a number showing how many seconds are left before the light will turn red. |
| Add speed bumps. Speed bumps are a raised area of a road that makes the traffic goes slower. |
| Add ladder-style striped crosswalks. Crosswalks are where a pedestrian crosses the street. They are usually marked with two white lines. Adding ladder-style stripes means painting big diagonal lines between the white lines so the crosswalk will be easier to see. |
| Use scrambles. Scramble crossings are where all the cars stop at an intersection, and the pedestrians can cross from any of the four corners to any of the other three corners. |
| Use in-pavement crosswalk lighting. There are special lights that go in the pavement. They turn on automatically when someone steps in the crosswalk. |

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| Here are some things pedestrians can do to be safe: |
| Cross at the crosswalk. Don't cross in the middle of the street. The lines in the crosswalk help remind drivers to watch out for pedestrians. |
| Stop before you start to cross the street. Look to the left, right, and left again. Cross when it's clear. |
| Continue to look for traffic, especially for vehicles turning right on a red light. |
| Make eye contact with the driver before you cross in front of a car. Sometimes drivers don't see you. |
| If there is a pedestrian signal at an intersection, don't start to cross when it is flashing. Just finish crossing. |
| Here are some myths and facts about pedestrian safety: |

Myth

A green light means it is safe to cross.

You are safe in a crosswalk.

If you see the driver, the driver sees you.

The driver will always stop if you are in a crosswalk or at a green light.

White clothes at night make it easy for drivers to see you.

Fact

A green light means you should look for traffic and only cross if it's safe. Be sure to keep looking for cars coming or turning while you are crossing.

Sometimes drivers make mistakes. Always make sure it is safe to cross, even at a crosswalk.

The driver may not see you. Make sure the driver sees you and stops before you cross in front of the car. Try to make eye contact with the driver.

The driver may not see you. The driver's view may be blocked. The driver may go through a red light. The driver may turn and not look for pedestrians.

White clothes can be hard to see too. Carry a flashlight. Wear retroreflective clothing. Walk facing traffic .

Here are some more things to remember:

Always use a sidewalk when you can.

Watch out for cars backing out of parking spaces and driveways

Never walk on or try to cross freeways

About 33 percent of all pedestrians killed have been drinking.

San Francisco doesn't have many pedestrian/vehicle accidents.

A pedestrian/vehicle accident is always the driver's fault.

Some drivers drive too fast.

About 41% of the accidents in the study were the pedestrian's fault.

Accidents can happen if pedestrians dart out into the street.

A bus can hide a pedestrian.

Jaywalking is not a problem.

Pedestrian countdown signals show how many seconds are left before the light changes to red.

Speed bumps make traffic go faster.

A crosswalk is usually marked with white lines.

A scramble crossing lets pedestrians cross to any of the three corners in an intersection.

If you look left, right, and left before you cross the street, you can stop looking.

It's okay to start crossing the street when the pedestrian signal (don't walk or a hand) is flashing.

It's always safe to cross on a green light.

Crosswalks are always safe.

You should try to make eye contact with the driver before you cross in front of a car.

Drivers will always stop to let you cross.

Some drivers go through red lights.

At night it's a good idea to carry a flashlight.

Be careful of cars backing out of parking spaces and driveways.