

2. The following is a passage from the introduction to David Treuer's 2012 nonfiction book *Rez Life: An Indian's Journey Through Reservation Life*. Treuer is a member of the Leech Lake Band of Ojibwe, a tribal nation in Minnesota. In *Rez Life*, Treuer draws on research and personal experience to explore the history of reservations and the issues that affect Native Americans who live on them today. A reservation is an area of land governed by a tribal nation in what is now the United States. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Treuer makes to develop his argument about the contributions that Native Americans and their communities have made to the United States.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer's rhetorical choices.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

Par.

1 [T]he sign reads: WELCOME TO THE LEECH LAKE INDIAN RESERVATION HOME OF THE LEECH LAKE BAND OF OJIBWE PLEASE KEEP OUR ENVIRONMENT CLEAN, PROTECT OUR NATURAL RESOURCES NO SPECIAL LICENCES REQUIRED FOR HUNTING, FISHING, OR TRAPPING.

2 If you're driving—as since this is America is most likely the case—the sign is soon behind you and soon forgotten. However, something is different about life on one side of it and life on the other. It's just hard to say exactly what. The landscape is unchanged. The same pines, and the same swamps, hay fields, and jeweled lakes dropped here and there among the trees, exist on both sides of the sign. The houses don't look all that different, perhaps a little smaller, a little more ramshackle. The children playing by the road do look different, though. Darker. The cars, most of them, seem older. And perhaps something else is different, too.

3 You can see these kinds of signs all over America. There are roughly 310 Indian reservations in the United States, though the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) doesn't have a sure count of how many reservations there are (this might say something about the BIA, or it might say something about the nature of reservations). Not all of the 564 federally recognized tribes in the United States have reservations. Some Indians don't have reservations, but all reservations have Indians, and all reservations have signs. There are tribal areas in Brazil, Afghanistan, and Pakistan, among many other countries. But reservations as we know them are, with the exception of Canada, unique to America. You can see these signs in more than thirty of the states, but most of them are clustered in the last places to be permanently settled by Europeans: the Great Plains, the Southwest, the Northwest, and along the Canadian border stretching from Montana to New York. You can see them in the middle of the desert, among the strewn rocks of the Badlands, in the suburbs of Green Bay, and within the misty spray of Niagara Falls. Some of the reservations that these signs announce are huge. There are twelve reservations in the United States bigger than the state of Rhode Island. Nine reservations are larger than Delaware (named after a tribe that was pushed from the region). Some reservations are so small that the sign itself seems larger than the land it denotes. Most reservations are poor. A few have become wealthy. In 2007 the Seminole bought the Hard Rock Café franchise. The Oneida of Wisconsin

helped renovate Lambeau Field in Green Bay. And whenever Brett Favre¹ (who claims Chickasaw blood) scored a touchdown there as a Packer, a Jet, or a Minnesota Viking, he did it under Oneida lights cheered on by fans sitting on Oneida bleachers, not far from the Oneida Nation itself.

4 Indian reservations, and those of us who live on them, are as American as apple pie, baseball, and muscle cars. Unlike apple pie, however, Indians contributed to the birth of America itself. The Oneida were allies of the Revolutionary Army who fed U.S. troops at Valley Forge and helped defeat the British in New York, and the Iroquois Confederacy served as one of the many models for the American constitution. Marx and Engels² also cribbed from the Iroquois as they developed their theories of communism. Indians have been disproportionately involved in every war America has fought since its first, including one we're fighting now: on July 27, 2007, the last soldiers of Able Company 2nd-136th Combined Arms battalion returned home to Bemidji, Minnesota, after serving twenty-two months of combat duty in Iraq. At the time Able Company was the most deployed company in the history of the Iraq War and was also deployed in Afghanistan and Bosnia. Some of the members of Able Company are Indians from reservations in northern Minnesota.

5 Despite how *involved* in America's business Indians have been, most people will go a lifetime without ever knowing an Indian or spending any time on an Indian reservation. Indian land makes up 2.3 percent of the land in the United States. We number slightly over 2 million (up significantly from not quite 240,000 in 1900). It is pretty easy to avoid us and our reservations. Yet Americans are captivated by Indians. Indians are part of the story that America tells itself, from the first Thanksgiving to the Boston Tea Party up through Crazy Horse, the Battle of the Little Bighorn, and Custer's Last Stand.

1: professional football player who was a quarterback in the National Football League

2: Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, nineteenth-century German philosophers who cowrote *The Communist Manifesto*

2. Raquel Vasquez Gilliland is a Mexican American poet, novelist, and painter whose works focus on myths, folklore, motherhood, and plants. In 2023 she published an opinion article in *The New York Times* titled “Go Outside, Sink Your Feet Into the Dirt and Engage With the World.” The following is an excerpt from that opinion article. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Vasquez Gilliland makes to develop her argument about the value of engaging with nature.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer’s rhetorical choices.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

Par.
1 My grandmother and mother also taught me that the natural world around us has stories to tell if you listen closely. After all, language is not unique to humans. One of my earliest memories is sitting on my grandmother’s cracked concrete porch, watching one of the many doves she had nursed back to health land in her raised hand after she called out to it. When dark storm clouds gathered over the half-finished roof, my mother would take a steak knife from the kitchen to the sky to cut the rain away. My friends thought it was magical how nature seemed to bend to their will.

2 It makes sense, then, that I became an author, that my life is built around stories—that the idea of my first novel came tumbling to me when I was out on a walk, as if a piece of the sky had been cut over me. And whenever I am overwhelmed or anxious or stuck in my work, my mother’s advice to me is always the same: Go outside. Be in nature.

3 Our busy schedules can make it hard to find time to spend in nature, and it may seem especially hard in urban areas. But at a time when so many Americans are struggling with loneliness and isolation, spending a few moments outdoors can help us feel more connected.

4 Fortunately, there are several easy things you can do to get out in nature, no matter where you live. You can start by sinking your bare feet in a patch of dirt and consider the ways by which the soil nourishes the plants and animals that in turn nourish us. Maybe you can find a tree to befriend, be it a pine, mango or tulip tree. Use all your senses to engage with it—observe its leaves, feel the smooth wrinkles of its bark.

5 When I lived in New York and Los Angeles, I’d have to hike very far to find a piece of nature to be in—the rare tree in downtown Los Angeles, the canopy of ginkgoes near Inwood Hill Park in New York City. Now, in East Tennessee, I walk a few steps past my porch, into my garden—two small strips of land that flank my two-story white and turquoise farmhouse.

6 When I first moved here, nonnative European grass blanketed the thirsty clay, red as dried blood. I bought a shovel and set about digging up eight garden beds in the middle of that grass, filling them with plants native to my region: coneflowers and aromatic aster, bee balm and Virginia blue bells. I tried growing squash, peppers, yellow watermelon and white eggplant, but the plants languished and many didn’t yield any fruit at all. My land seems to want nothing but flowers. So I am trying my hand at breeding zinnias, cosmos and dahlias instead. Each bloom, as rich as a jewel, now attracts butterflies and hover flies and bees to feast where there was once nothing but a wasteland.

7 If I am creatively blocked, I walk barefoot on the earth, no matter the season, allowing stories to feed the roots of my entire body. If I have a plot hole I need to fix, I visit my lemon and lime basil, staining my fingers with their citrus scents. If I need to make my writing more lyrical, I sit with the dahlias, imagining that their vast genetic possibilities fill me when I speak with them.

8 When the summer gives way to cooler nights, my focus moves from leaves and blooms to the change in the angle of the sunlight. I think about how many times it has shifted over the entire lineage of humans, signaling to the trees to change from green to citrine, smoky topaz and shades of ruby. I reminisce about how I sat in that same autumnal light as a child, listening to the stories of my elders.

9 You, too, can listen to my mother’s advice and see what the land has to say to you—be it a wide hillside of bluestem grass or a single window box filled with petunias. If the practice of listening to the earth and the beings that inhabit it feels inauthentic, consider that humans have long been in dialogue with the natural world. Indeed their survival depended on their connection with the land and discerning what it had to say. When they died, what was left of them in turn nurtured it, too.

10 It could be that newly sprouted blooms or subtle shifts in sunlight signaled the changing of seasons—giving them instructions. Perhaps your ancestors, as mine most likely did, believed that the world around them was populated with sentient beings that communicated with them. I like to think that the stories my grandmother still tells when I sit at her table have inklings of those the animals, trees and rivers shared with our ancestors. Paying attention to what the land has to say is how I honor this legacy.

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Question 2

Suggested time—40 minutes

(This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Reshma Saujani is an attorney, author, and activist who founded Girls Who Code, an organization that works to advance opportunities for girls and women to find careers in the technology sector. The following passage is excerpted from Saujani's contribution to *American Like Me: Reflections on Life Between Cultures*, a 2018 anthology of essays by prominent Americans with backgrounds in multiple cultures. The excerpt begins after Saujani discusses founding a multicultural student organization at her high school. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Saujani makes to convey her message about the nature of bravery.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer's rhetorical choices.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

Years later, when I ran for political office for the first time, I was exercising my bravery again. I had enjoyed several years of a lucrative career at a Wall Street law firm but longed to make my life more about helping to build communities and improving the future of this country. I wanted to push myself. And much like barging into Schaumburg High to start a diversity club, the idea of running for public office felt good—like I was flexing that bravery muscle again. So I bravely quit my job. I bravely ran for Congress. And I bravely lost by a landslide.

But I did it authentically, as myself, as *Reshma*. In the early stages of campaigning, I was told to change my name to Rita, given the advice that people are more likely to vote for you if they can pronounce your name. But my bravery had brought me this far. I wasn't going to stop now. I could never turn my back on Reshma to become a Key-Chain Rita.¹ And losing authentically allowed me to articulate something I was passionate about. I wanted to find a way to address the fact that American girls are often raised to value perfection over bravery. They want to be Sweet Valley Jessicas² instead of Schaumburg³ Reshmas. So I ran my campaign on a platform of bringing computer science into every classroom and making sure girls were given equal access to learning coding. I focused on this because the process of learning to

code—building something from the ground up, using trial and error, failing and starting over—allows you to see for yourself that perfection is pretty pointless. And bravery leads to wonderful things.

I should know. After the election loss, I had the gall to start a national nonprofit called Girls Who Code, and I don't even know how to code, myself.

But thanks to my childhood, growing up with two very brave immigrants as parents—who just like me were children of immigrants in Uganda—I now know it is more important than ever to be brave and proud of my identity, to own my role in changing the world, one election loss at a time.

Yes, I did run for office again a few years later. And yes, I lost again. But bravery is contagious.

On election day, I was running around in the rain shaking voters' hands up to the very last minute. I met a woman—I did not catch her name—who was rushing to the polls. As she passed by me, I smiled and said, "Who are you voting for today?"

She hesitated, flustered but kind. Embarrassed she couldn't pronounce it correctly, she fumbled out an *uhh* as she frantically pulled one of my fliers from her bag.

"This woman," she said as she pointed at my name on the piece of paper.

Even though she needed a cheat sheet to remember

who she was voting for, I couldn't help but swell with pride that I had an Indian name. I couldn't help but think of my parents. When they chose to name me Reshma, did they dream of a world where it would be unthinkable to go by Rita instead? I had spent years assimilating as a child, and for the first time, I thought I knew why my parents named me Reshma.

Maybe they didn't want me to blend in as much as I thought. They blended in *so I wouldn't have to*. They paid the ultimate price for my authenticity. They gave up their community, their careers, their language, their own *names*. These were the steep taxes they paid to make a better life for me. Assimilating in the ways my parents did can invite accusations. Changing your name and hiding your accent could be seen as passive or fearful gestures. But my parents' immigrant experience reveals the great reserves of bravery and pride they had in order to survive in a new country with no familiar community of support. I think my

parents are the bravest people I know. They traded in their names for the freedom and privilege I experience every day. Because of them, I have the platform to be brave. They built the stage I stood on at the PRISM⁴ assembly. They laid the groundwork for a little girl named Reshma to grow up and become the first Indian-American woman to run for Congress.

They changed their names so I wouldn't have to.

¹ Earlier in the essay, Saujani recalls a childhood incident in which she was unable to find her name in a display of key chains with names printed on them.

² Sweet Valley is a fictional suburban community near Los Angeles that was the setting for a series of popular novels for young adults.

³ the suburb of Chicago, Illinois, where Saujani grew up

⁴ acronym for Prejudice Reduction Interested Students Movement, the multicultural student organization Saujani founded

Begin your response to this question at the top of a new page in the separate Free Response booklet and fill in the appropriate circle at the top of each page to indicate the question number.

Question 2

Suggested time—40 minutes

(This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Simu Liu is an actor who has starred in television shows and movies, including *Shang-Chi and the Legend of the Ten Rings*. His 2022 memoir, *We Were Dreamers: An Immigrant Superhero Origin Story*, describes his experiences as a Chinese immigrant in Canada. Liu’s parents emigrated to Canada from China when Liu was a baby, leaving him with his grandparents. In the following excerpt from Liu’s memoir, the family is getting the four-year-old Liu ready to reunite with his father and travel to Canada himself. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Liu makes to convey his message about the experience of preparing to emigrate from China.

- In your response you should do the following:
- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer’s rhetorical choices.
 - Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
 - Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
 - Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
 - Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

In the summer of 1993 I noticed that my English flash card lessons were starting to pick up, along with talk that my departure date to Canada was drawing

even nearer. I didn’t like that one bit. My whole family—my yéye, nǎinai, gūgu, gūfū,¹ even my cousin JingJing—spoke of this “Canada” as if it were some sort of idyllic paradise, a place of abundant snacks and endless affection.

“You can eat whatever you want,” Nǎinai would say, as if I didn’t already have pretty regular access to all of my favorites on Hézìnglǜ.²

“You will finally reunite with your parents,” my gūgu added reassuringly, as if I didn’t already have five amazing people around me who loved me.

Looking back, it felt kind of cult-y, like gospel from the Church of Canadology that I was supposed to just accept. I played along, even though I was still rough on the exact terms of this proposition. Sure, I welcomed the thought of meeting more members of my family . . . but I had no idea that said new family members would come at the cost of everyone that I knew and loved.

So, with about as much agency as any four-year-old possessed, I kept on, ever the obedient child, dutifully memorizing my English flash cards. 苹果 (píngguo)—Apple. 猫 (māo)—Cat. 香蕉

(xiāngjiāo)—Banana. 爸爸妈妈 (bàbāmāma)—Parents, whom I would meet in the winter.

An air of excitement permeated our household in the days leading up to my father’s arrival in late December. Word had come to us that Bàba³ would fly over to pick me up and escort me back to Canada, while Māma would meet us at the airport once we landed in Toronto. If my grandparents were dreading letting me go (they were), they went to great lengths not to show it. We made a big WELCOME BACK sign in giant letters and hung it on our door. I wore my nicest clothes on the day, an outfit of absolute fire consisting of a collared rugby shirt with blue and purple stripes, a pair of brown overalls with yellow polka dots and a vest that looked like a burlap sack. That’s right, I was pattern clashing way before it was cool.

My gūgu and gūfū came over and we prepared a feast that filled our little round table: white mushrooms with sliced pork, large tail-on shrimp, bean curd, soy-sauce ribs and Russian-style red sausage—my father’s favorite, apparently.

The food is starting to get cold when we hear a little knock on our door. I perk up anxiously as my yéye answers, opening the door to reveal a scrawny, square-faced man with bowl-cut hair wearing a big cozy sweater along with the bleary gaze of exhaustion

that comes after an eighteen-hour train ride from Beijing. This man who resembles an Asian Eric Forman from *That ’70s Show* is my bàba, the man who I had waited my entire four-and-a-half-year life to reunite with. This is the man who is going to bring me to the promised land of Canada. “Máomao!”⁴ It’s me!” I freeze. I had imagined this moment in my head many times, as I’m sure my father had. I wanted to run to him, embracing him enthusiastically and without any reservations, as any child would run to their own father—but I just . . . *can’t*. Everything about this man is foreign to me, from his voice to his smell. I had only seen his face in photographs, only heard recordings of his disembodied voice. He feels almost like a celebrity, someone I recognize from somewhere, but who is himself unknown and unknowable. I scurry to my nǎinai’s side nervously. I’m sure my

father was a little disappointed, but he respected my space, taking only a small step toward me. “Do you know who I am?” I ponder this for a moment. “You . . . you are Zhenning Liu.”⁵ Everyone around me bursts out laughing. The ice is broken, and I laugh along, even though I don’t get the joke. “Zhenning Liu” is exactly who this man is to me; not “Dad,” not “Father,” not “Bàba” . . . but a stranger, an acquaintance at best. Slowly, over the next few days, it dawns on me that this stranger is going to take me away from my family, my home and everything that I have ever known.

¹ grandfather, grandmother, aunt, uncle
² Hexing Street
³ Father
⁴ Chinese nickname for a small child
⁵ the father’s full name

Begin your response to this question at the top of a new page in the separate Free Response booklet and fill in the appropriate circle at the top of each page to indicate the question number.

Question 2

Suggested time—40 minutes

(This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Michelle Obama was the First Lady of the United States during the presidential administration of her husband, Barack Obama (2009–2017). During that administration, she led programs including the Reach Higher Initiative, which encourages students to continue their education after high school. One way it does so is by supporting high school counselors' efforts to get students into college. On January 6, 2017, Obama gave her final speech as First Lady at an event honoring outstanding school counselors. The following passage is an excerpt from that speech. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Obama makes to convey her message about her expectations and hope for young people in the United States.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer's rhetorical choices.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

[A]s I end my time in the White House, I can think of no better message to send our young people in my last official remarks as First Lady. So, for all the young people in this room and those who are watching, know that this country belongs to you—to all of you, from every background and walk of life. If you or your parents are immigrants, know that you are part of a proud American tradition—the infusion of new cultures, talents and ideas, generation after generation, that has made us the greatest country on earth.

If your family doesn't have much money, I want you to remember that in this country, plenty of folks, including me and my husband—we started out with very little. But with a lot of hard work and a good education, anything is possible—even becoming President. That's what the American Dream is all about.

If you are a person of faith, know that religious diversity is a great American tradition, too. In fact, that's why people first came to this country—to worship freely. And whether you are Muslim, Christian, Jewish, Hindu, Sikh—these religions are teaching our young people about justice, and compassion, and honesty. So I want our young people to continue to learn and practice those values with pride. You see, our glorious diversity—our diversities

of faiths and colors and creeds—that is not a threat to who we are, it makes us who we are. So the young people here and the young people out there: Do not ever let anyone make you feel like you don't matter, or like you don't have a place in our American story—because you do. And you have a right to be exactly who you are.

But I also want to be very clear: This right isn't just handed to you. No, this right has to be earned every single day. You cannot take your freedoms for granted. Just like generations who have come before you, you have to do your part to preserve and protect those freedoms. And that starts right now, when you're young.

Right now, you need to be preparing yourself to add your voice to our national conversation. You need to prepare yourself to be informed and engaged as a citizen, to serve and to lead, to stand up for our proud American values and to honor them in your daily lives. And that means getting the best education possible so you can think critically, so you can express yourself clearly, so you can get a good job and support yourself and your family, so you can be a positive force in your communities.

And when you encounter obstacles—because I guarantee you, you will, and many of you already have—when you are struggling and you start thinking

about giving up, I want you to remember something that my husband and I have talked about since we first started this journey nearly a decade ago, something that has carried us through every moment in this White House and every moment of our lives, and that is the power of hope—the belief that something better is always possible if you're willing to work for it and fight for it.

It is our fundamental belief in the power of hope that has allowed us to rise above the voices of doubt and division, of anger and fear that we have faced in our own lives and in the life of this country. Our hope that if we work hard enough and believe in ourselves, then we can be whatever we dream, regardless of the limitations that others may place on us. The hope that when people see us for who we truly are, maybe, just maybe they, too, will be inspired to rise to their best possible selves.

That is the hope of students like Kyra¹ who fight to

discover their gifts and share them with the world. It's the hope of school counselors like Terri² and all these folks up here who guide those students every step of the way, refusing to give up on even a single young person. Shoot, it's the hope of my—folks like my dad who got up every day to do his job at the city water plant; the hope that one day, his kids would go to college and have opportunities he never dreamed of.

That's the kind of hope that every single one of us—politicians, parents, preachers—all of us need to be providing for our young people. Because that is what moves this country forward every single day—our hope for the future and the hard work that hope inspires.

¹ a student who worked with school counselor Terri Tchorzynski

² Terri Tchorzynski, the 2017 National School Counselor of the Year and honoree of the event

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Question 2

Suggested time—40 minutes

(This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

On May 21, 2016, the poet Rita Dove delivered a commencement address to graduating students at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, where she was a professor of English at the time. Dove received a Pulitzer Prize for her poetry and served as the United States poet laureate from 1993 to 1995. She also writes in a variety of genres including fiction and drama. The following is an excerpt from her speech. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Dove makes to convey her message about what she wishes for her audience of graduating students.

In your response you should do the following:

- Respond to the prompt with a thesis that analyzes the writer’s rhetorical choices.
- Select and use evidence to support your line of reasoning.
- Explain how the evidence supports your line of reasoning.
- Demonstrate an understanding of the rhetorical situation.
- Use appropriate grammar and punctuation in communicating your argument.

I am extremely delighted to be here today, at the very institution where I have been teaching for the past twenty-seven years.

Although I have given commencement speeches before, this one is different; this is personal.

The job of a commencement speaker—I googled it, so it must be true!—is to dispense “life advice.” That seems the very opposite of Percy Bysshe Shelley’s¹ definition of the poet as “a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds.” So I will not give you advice. The last thing you want to hear is advice—because in order to be effective, advice must be specific—and that, obviously, is impossible in this setting.

So instead of advice, I will give you wishes. Just think of me as a contrary fairy godmother or a wily genie.

I wish you Hunger.

Of course, I don’t mean physiological want, but a continued spiritual and intellectual appetite, a hunger to know more, do more, feel more. When I told my graduate poetry writing class that I was giving this speech, I asked them what they wished they had heard at their baccalaureate exercises, and one young woman responded with a list of, as she put it, “some things . . . I wish I could have heard, if I’d had sense enough to listen.”

1. Life is short.

2. Don’t put yourself in a box.

30 3. There’s a reason certain people, places, books, ideas, etc. make our ears stand up; always follow what attracts you.

And number 4, which to me is the kicker:

4. Passions are hard to come by.

35 When you entered this university, you wanted to eat the world, and all everyone else wanted you to do was to get good grades. And though your dreams may have been more nebulous² then than they are now, they were no less intense. So keep that hunger; nurse

40 it. Stay curious, want it all while it lasts.

I wish you Hard Work.

By that I don’t mean back-breaking labor, not the drudgery of the treadmill, but an appreciation for the work that comes before the big show—getting ready, honing your tools. Observation, research, practice—the actress Lupita Nyong’o gives herself homework whenever she has an audition. The classical flautist James Galway says: “You can sight-read better if you know your scales and

50 arpeggios.” When my father sat me down for the “You’re-going-out-into-the-world” talk, his message was this: Always be 150% prepared! At 150% you’ll be ready for anything—even if you’re not chosen for a job or position although you’re the better qualified

55 candidate. As the first African-American research chemist to break the color barrier in the tire and

rubber industry, my father knew how it felt to be passed over. What he was trying to tell me was: The last person to hold you accountable is you yourself. In most cases you won’t be asked for more than 75%; in fact, depending on your race and gender, you might not be expected to give more than 50% of your capacity. But only you will know if you’ve done your best, so focus on that rather than what others think your best is—because if you allow others to tell you your worth, you will have given up on yourself.

For me, a shy kid who trembled giving class presentations in high school, the 150% I had not ever expected to need came in handy when I received the phone call that I had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize and would have to hold my first press conference. Six years later, when I was named Poet Laureate of the United States, that 150% emboldened me to write a letter on this University’s letterhead to then President-elect Clinton, suggesting that the White House spotlight the arts during Arts and Humanities month; and in October of that year, 1993, as my husband and I rushed to Pennsylvania Avenue right

after my inaugural poetry reading at the Library of Congress to join the White House Celebration and State Dinner in honor of the Arts and Humanities, I used every bit of that 150%!

I wish you Uncertainty.

There’s only so much knowledge that can be taught; hard facts are just that—solid, dense entities, the stones in a swiftly flowing stream of possibilities. You cannot wait for revelation to come down upon you in a cloud of gossamer and angelic sighs; more often than not you have to seek it out. Sometimes you don’t know where you’re going, but the only way you’ll find out is if you get going. That doesn’t mean that you rush off willy-nilly screaming, “I’m going to conquer this world”—but you do need to be bold enough to step outside of your comfort zone, even if it’s scary Out There.

¹ Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets.

² unclear, vague, or ill-defined

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