

Title: Copy of RL.11-12.1 [Student Edition]

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Directions: Read the passage below and answer the question(s) that follow
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**Passage****The Ebbs and Flows**

Morning's glaring light tickles me.  
 I wake, even and ready for the day.  
 My phone trills—like a pet, greeting.  
 A thumb, a swipe, and friends rush in.

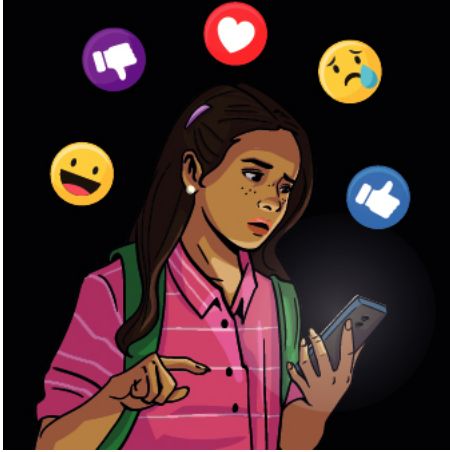
A scroll unravels, miles and miles of friends, acquaintances, and looser connections still,  
 and I drink in their news, their joy, their uncertainty,  
 their thoughts, and their day's hopes.  
 My fingers tap across the screen as I spill my own morning quandaries into the world and then—  
 a swell of reactions, laughter, jokes, and solidarity  
 shouting out that I am seen, felt, and heard!  
 The swell of connection carries me through my morning on a high tide of bliss,  
 wondering how anyone who lived in the before times managed  
 the distance between friends and loved ones  
 without the pure simplicity of pocket-sized accessibility.

Afternoon comes, and  
 notifications taper.  
 So little activity, though I refresh.  
 Low tide, low spirits.  
 And I wonder if I've said something wrong  
 or if I alone lack purpose beyond my screen.  
 Still, I scroll—  
 but nothing changes.

Evening comes and with it a flutter of activity—a spark of controversy that has all atwitter  
 A piece of news we chew together, rage in sync, in delicious solidarity.  
 Likes and loves, resentment of a common oppressor.  
 We surf the wave of emotion together—  
 posting, sharing, performing for ourselves and each other.  
 I eat dinner with my thumb on a hot screen in anticipation of the inevitable BING!  
 And the warmth is tangible, swelling around me like an embrace.  
 I feel at one with so many.

I post.  
 Strong words, strong feelings.  
 Fifteen minutes of silence pass by,  
 and then . . .  
 a surge of terror.  
 Did anyone read what I said?  
 Do they care?  
 My vulnerability is exposed  
 to the void.  
 The void is silent.  
 Silence is worse than anything.

I put my phone away and pick up a pen.  
 I sketch like I used to sketch as a child.  
 I change the pen for a book, and I read.  
 Soon, I'm tired, ready for bed, but I see  
 a red light blinking—a light that perhaps  
 can wait until tomorrow to claim me.



### Question: 1

Read the final stanza of the poem.

I put my phone away and pick up a pen.  
I sketch like I used to sketch as a child.  
I change the pen for a book, and I read.  
Soon, I'm tired, ready for bed, but I see  
a red light blinking—a light that perhaps  
can wait until tomorrow to claim me.

What can BEST be inferred from this stanza?

- A. The speaker is less tempted by social media when she is very busy with other things.
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- B. The speaker likes to sleep and is not willing to stay awake even to check her tempting notifications.
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- C. The speaker recognizes that she needs to separate from social media in order to recharge.
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- D. The speaker feels dread that social media will be waiting to claim her in the morning.

**Question: 2**

The following question has two parts. First, answer Part A. Then, answer Part B.

**Part A:**

What BEST explains the source of the speaker's social media lows?

- cruel comments

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- self-doubt

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- infuriating posts

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- self-loathing

**Part B:**

Which lines from the text BEST support the answer to part A?

- Afternoon comes, and / notifications taper.

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- And I wonder if I've said something wrong / or if I alone lack purpose beyond my screen.

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- Likes and loves, anger at a common enemy. / We surf the wave of emotion together—

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- I post. / Strong words, strong feelings.

**Question: 3**

Click on two phrases that show the speaker finds social media beneficial. Choose TWO correct answers.

The swell of connection carries me through my morning on a high tide of bliss,

wondering how anyone who lived in the before times managed

the distance between friends and loved ones

without the pure simplicity of pocket-sized accessibility.

**End of Passage**

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**Illuminate Itembank™. Stop: You have finished the assessment.**