

Read the poems “Woman with Flower” and “Offspring” before answering Numbers 1 through 7.



**Naomi Long Madgett,  
1923—**

Naomi Long Madgett, a native of Norfolk, Virginia, born July 5, 1923, earned a B.A. from Virginia State University (1945), an M.Ed. from Wayne State University (1955), and a Ph.D. from the Institute for Advanced Studies (1980). She was raised in New Jersey, Missouri, and New York, and since 1946 has lived in Detroit, where she worked in the forties and fifties as a reporter and later as a teacher in the public schools. A poet and publisher (Lotus Press), she is the author of the poetry collection *Remembrance of Spring* (1993) and nine other books.

**Woman with Flower**

I wouldn't coax the plant if I were you.  
Such watchful nurturing may do it harm.  
Let the soil rest from so much digging  
And wait until it's dry before you water it.  
The leaf's inclined to find its own direction;  
Give it a chance to seek the sunlight for itself.

Much growth is stunted by too careful prodding,  
Too eager tenderness.  
The things we love we have to learn to leave alone.

**Offspring**

I tried to tell her:

This way the twig is bent.  
Born of my trunk and strengthened by my roots,  
You must stretch newgrown branches  
Closer to the sun  
Than I can reach.

I wanted to say:

Extend my self to that far atmosphere  
Only my dreams allow.

But the twig broke,  
And yesterday I saw her  
Walking down an unfamiliar street,  
Feet confident,  
Face slanted upward toward a threatening sky,  
And  
She was smiling  
And she was  
Her very free,  
Her very individual,  
Unpliable  
Own.

Naomi Long Madgett: “Woman with Flower” from *Star by Star*. Copyright © 1965, 1970. “Offspring” from *Pink Ladies in the Afternoon*. Copyright © 1972, 1990. Reprinted by permission.

Answer Numbers 1 through 7. Base your answers on the poems "Woman with Flower" and "Offspring."

- 1 Read these lines from the poem "Woman with Flower."

**I wouldn't coax the plant if I were you.  
Such watchful nurturing may do it harm.  
Let the soil rest from so much digging**

What is the meaning of the word *nurturing* as it is used in these lines?

- A. conceit
- B. corrupting
- C. fostering
- D. gallantry

- 2 Read these lines from "Woman with Flower."

**The leaf's inclined to find its own direction;  
Give it a chance to seek the sunlight for itself.**

Based on the rest of the poem, which sentence best restates the meaning of these lines?

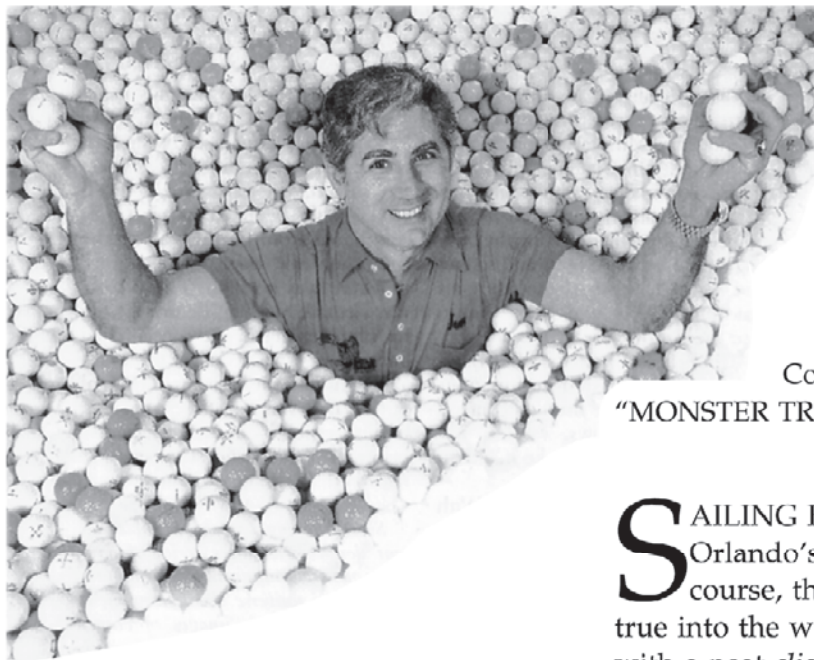
- F. The leaf isolates itself from other leaves.
- G. The leaf wants to create its own illusions.
- H. The leaf prefers to seek its own destination.
- I. The leaf avoids previously established paths.

- 3 The author of "Woman with Flower" suggests that "Too eager tenderness" will most likely

- A. prompt a loved one to flee.
- B. compel a loved one to be resentful.
- C. amplify the anxieties of a loved one.
- D. restrict the development of a loved one.

- 4 Which word best describes the tone of “Woman with Flower”?
- F. indifferent
  - G. instructive
  - H. reverent
  - I. somber
- 5 The speaker of “Offspring” does not refer to herself in the last 10 lines of the poem. Why does the author most likely structure the poem in this way?
- A. to indicate the daughter’s growing separation from the speaker
  - B. to suggest that the speaker is becoming a more sociable person
  - C. to show that the speaker is describing someone else’s observations
  - D. to emphasize the daughter’s diminishing importance to the speaker
- 6 Which phrase best describes both the gardener in “Woman with Flower” and the speaker of “Offspring”?
- F. devoted, but anxious
  - G. distressed, but cautious
  - H. attentive, but impractical
  - I. industrious, but indecisive
- 7 Which excerpt best expresses the theme of both “Woman with Flower” and “Offspring”?
- A. “Let the soil rest from so much digging . . .”
  - B. “Much growth is stunted by too careful prodding . . .”
  - C. “The things we love we have to learn to leave alone.”
  - D. “Extend my self to that far atmosphere / Only my dreams allow.”

Read the article "20,000 Golf Balls Under the Sea" before answering Numbers 8 through 13.



Condensed from  
"MONSTER TRUCKS & HAIR-IN-A-CAN"  
by Bill Geist

# 20,000 Golf Balls Under the Sea

*Only a true entrepreneur<sup>1</sup>  
could find the hidden treasure.*

**S**AILING HIGH off the eighth tee at Orlando's Grand Cypress golf course, the ball climbs straight and true into the warm, blue sky, powered—with a neat *click!*—by a state-of-the-art graphite-shafted driver. Descending a bit early, the dimpled sphere falls short of the green, landing in a charming lake.

"Attaboy!" whoops Jim Reid, sitting in a golf cart on the shores of the water hazard.<sup>2</sup>

Next comes a ball flying low off the tee. It skips once, twice, three times on the water, before sinking to Davy Jones's pro shop<sup>3</sup> beneath it.

"It's a sweet sound, isn't it?" Reid asks, listening to the *bloop! plop! kerplunk!* of golf balls landing in the lake.

He has reason to cheer. Where others see grief and frustration, Jim Reid sees opportunity. "Basically, I profit from the mistakes of others," he says. Reid began capitalizing on those mistakes in 1981,

<sup>1</sup> **entrepreneur:** a person who organizes, operates, and assumes the risk for a business venture

<sup>2</sup> **water hazard:** a water obstacle (such as a pond) on a golf course

<sup>3</sup> **Davy Jones's pro shop:** a reference to Davy Jones's locker, commonly understood as the bottom of the sea

becoming the Used Golf Ball King of Florida.

He moved there from Oklahoma in 1971, taking a job as a surveyor. He met Beverly, who worked for the phone company, and married her. They bought a little house.

Jim took up scuba diving, scouring shipwrecks for gold doubloons and such. Then one day he put on his scuba gear and hopped into a water hazard on the Rolling Hills golf course in Longwood, just to see what he could see.

"What I saw was amazing," Jim recalls. "The entire bottom was solid white. Thousands of golf balls!"

He examined a bunch in the daylight. "Most of them looked just like new," he recalls. He showed them to the course manager, who offered Reid ten cents a ball.

Reid dived back in. He came up with more than 2,000 balls that day, making almost as much as he was normally paid for a week's work. After talking it over with Beverly, he decided to take the plunge: quit his job and go golf-ball diving full time.

"It was kind of embarrassing," Reid admits. "When people ask you what you do for a living and you say you dive in mudholes for golf balls, they kind of back off."

But dive he did, and the harvest was plentiful. First he brought home carloads of balls and cleaned them in Beverly's washing machine. Beverly, although supportive, drew the line at letting Jim destroy her machine, so he bought his own.

The neighbors didn't care for the idea either. Imagine listening to 500 golf balls go round and round in a washing

machine until all hours of the night. So Jim hired the neighbors.

Over time he experimented with technology. He tried cleaning the balls in a cement mixer, but the process scoured the dimples off the balls and they wouldn't fly straight. A golf pro called to complain about this; later he called back to say it wasn't so bad after all—everybody was signing up for lessons.

Reid and his staff of neighbors went back to washing the balls, which they then perched on trios of nails and spray-painted. They boxed them up and sold them at half the price of new balls.

Word spread, and other divers began to take an interest. Jim bought balls from them. Soon, semitrailer trucks were backing up to his garage, bringing in old muddy balls and taking them away like new. Not able to hire *all* the complainers in his neighborhood, Jim moved his business to an industrial area.

"How's the fishing today?" Jim yells to divers unloading the catch of the day on his dock.

"Pretty good," says one of them. "About 2,500 balls, I'd say."

"Get 'em over at Grand Cypress?" Jim asks.

"Yeah. Off the tee there on the ninth," the diver replies, graciously divulging a hot spot to the other divers.

Divers collect eight cents a ball. One diver, Dan Becher, is at the top of his trade, probably the best Used Golf Ball Diver in the state. In 1993 he



retrieved 652,000 balls. He drives an El Camino with a car phone and makes about \$50,000 a year.

But Reid stresses it's no picnic out there: "It takes a special breed of person to be down there for hours in the dark with snakes and eels—and your imagination."

Water hazards range as deep as 50 feet. Divers tell of stepping on broken glass or jagged pieces of metal. Several have been struck by golf balls. Reid himself was hit by lightning while underwater.

It is late afternoon and the used-golf-ball fleet keeps coming in, one diver after another with the harvest of a bounty of bad shots.

After the balls are unloaded, they are counted, rinsed, and marinated in a vat of Jim's secret sauce, a whitener. And he does mean secret. Employees have to sign a five-page pledge that they will not divulge its contents.

After whitening, the balls are sprayed with an acrylic. They are then sorted by brand and quality by people sitting at a table and dropping balls into a contraption that has plastic pipe running every which way before finally emptying the balls into buckets. The ones in bad condition used to be sold to cruise ships

for use on the ultimate water hazard—but environmental regulations put a stop to that. Now they're being stored in case someone ever comes up with a nifty use for them.

"When I quit my job," Jim said, "I figured I'd have to find 2,500 golf balls a week to break even." Between 80,000 and 100,000 balls a *day* now arrive at the Orlando company, called Second Chance Golf Ball Recyclers, from courses as far away as Hawaii. In 1993 Second Chance had gross revenues of about \$5 million.

"The only thing that could hurt Second Chance now," Reid says, "is if one of the major companies comes up with a floating golf ball. But that would hurt them worse. The way it is now, everybody but the guy who hits the ball makes money."

Some 200 million new golf balls are manufactured every year. Where do they all go? *Blop! Plop! Kerplunk!*

"When will they ever learn?" I ask Jim. "Never, I hope."

---

*After selling Second Chance for \$5.1 million in May 1994, Jim Reid now relaxes on his yacht, the Ball Bandit. "I may take up golf," he says. "You know, I've never played the game."*

**Answer Numbers 8 through 13. Base your answers on the article “20,000 Golf Balls Under the Sea.”**

- 8** Which word BEST describes Jim Reid’s approach to business?
- F. foolhardy
  - G. optimistic
  - H. skeptical
  - I. solitary
- 9** Which experience influenced Jim Reid to change his career?
- A. finding 2,500 golf balls a week
  - B. collecting 652,000 golf balls in 1993
  - C. retrieving 2,000 golf balls in one day
  - D. earning eight cents a golf ball for retrieval
- 10** Which of the following is an example of an obstacle Jim Reid turned into a business advantage?
- F. painting dirty golf balls that pro shops will not sell
  - G. storing damaged golf balls that cruise ships will not use
  - H. hiring his neighbors when they complained about the noise
  - I. employing other divers when they complained about the competition

11

Select one of the following personality traits and show how it helped Jim Reid build a successful career. Use details and information from the article to support your response.

READ  
THINK  
EXPLAIN

Daring                  Hardworking                  Imaginative

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

12

What is the MAIN drawback to Jim Reid's business?

- A. Diving is hazardous work.
- B. Employees are hard to find.
- C. Golf balls are difficult to clean.
- D. Competition is steadily growing.

13

What was the author's purpose in writing this article?

- F. to entertain the reader with a story of one man's ingenuity
- G. to teach new golfers the importance of avoiding water hazards
- H. to provide entrepreneurs with a plan for starting new businesses
- I. to demonstrate the necessity of accommodating troublesome neighbors