"The All-American Slurp"
by Lensey Namioka

The first time our family was invited out to dinner in America, we disgraced ourselves while eating celery. We had emigrated to this country from China, and during our early days here we had a hard time with American table manners.

In China we never ate celery raw or any other kind of vegetable raw. We always had to disinfect the vegetables in boiling water first. When we were presented with our first relish tray, the raw celery caught us unprepared.

We had been invited to dinner by our neighbors, the Gleasons. After arriving at the house, we shook hands with our hosts and packed ourselves into a sofa. As our family of four sat stiffly in a row, my younger brother and I stole glances at our parents for a clue as to what to do next.

Mrs. Gleason offered the relish tray to Mother. The tray looked pretty, with its tiny red radishes, curly sticks of carrots, and long, slender stalks of pale green celery. “Do try some of the celery, Mrs. Lin,” she said. “It’s from a local farmer, and it’s sweet.”

Mother picked up one of the green stalks, and Father followed suit. Then I picked up a stalk, and my brother did too. So there we sat, each with a stalk of celery in our right hand.

Mrs. Gleason kept smiling. “Would you like to try some of the dip, Mrs. Lin? It’s my own recipe: sour cream and onion flakes, with a dash of Tabasco sauce.”

Most Chinese don’t care for dairy products, and in those days I wasn’t even ready to drink fresh milk. Sour cream sounded perfectly revolting. Our family shook our heads in unison.

Mrs. Gleason went off with the relish tray to the other guests, and we carefully watched to see what they did. Everyone seemed to eat the raw vegetables quite happily.

Mother took a bite of her celery. Crunch. “It’s not bad!” she whispered.

Father took a bite of his celery. Crunch. “Yes, it is good,” he said, looking surprised.

I took a bite, and then my brother. Crunch, crunch. It was more than good; it was delicious. Raw celery has a slight sparkle, a zingy taste that you don’t get in cooked celery. When Mrs. Gleason came around with the relish tray, we each took another stalk of celery, except my brother. He took two.
There was only one problem: long strings ran through the length of the stalk, and they got caught in my teeth. When I help my mother in the kitchen, I always pull the strings out before slicing celery.

I pulled the strings out of my stalk. Z-z-zip, z-z-zip. My brother followed suit. Z-z-zip, z-z-zip. To my left, my parents were taking care of their own stalks. Z-z-zip, z-z-zip, z-z-zip.

Suddenly I realized that there was dead silence except for our zipping. Looking up, I saw that the eyes of everyone in the room were on our family. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, their daughter Meg, who was my friend, and their neighbors the Badels—they were all staring at us as we busily pulled the strings off our celery.

That wasn’t the end of it. Mrs. Gleason announced that dinner was served and invited us to the dining table. It was lavishlly covered with platters of food, but we couldn’t see any chairs around the table. So we helpfully carried over some dining chairs and sat down. All the other guests just stood there. Mrs. Gleason bent down and whispered to us, “This is a buffet dinner. You help yourselves to some food and eat it in the living room.”

Our family beat a retreat back to the sofa as if chased by enemy soldiers. For the rest of the evening, too mortified to go back to the dining table, I nursed a bit of potato salad on my plate.

Next day Meg and I got on the school bus together. I wasn’t sure how she would feel about me after the spectacle our family made at the party. But she was just the same as usual, and the only reference she made to the party was, “Hope you and your folks got enough to eat last night. You certainly didn’t take very much. Mom never tries to figure out how much food to prepare. She just puts everything on the table and hopes for the best.”

I began to relax. The Gleasons’ dinner party wasn’t so different from a Chinese meal after all. My mother also puts everything on the table and hopes for the best.

Meg was the first friend I had made after we came to America. I eventually got acquainted with a few other kids in school, but Meg was still the only real friend I had.

My brother didn’t have any problems making friends. He spent all his time with some boys who were teaching him baseball, and in no time he could speak English much faster than I could—not better, but faster.
I worried more about making mistakes, and I spoke carefully, making sure I could say everything right before opening my mouth. At least I had a better accent than my parents, who never really got rid of their Chinese accent, even years later. My parents had both studied English in school before coming to America, but what they had studied was mostly written English, not spoken.

Father’s approach to English was a scientific one. Since Chinese verbs have no tense, he was fascinated by the way English verbs changed form according to whether they were in the present, past imperfect, perfect, pluperfect, future, or future perfect tense. He was always making diagrams of verbs and their inflections, and he looked for opportunities to show off his mastery of the pluperfect and future perfect tenses, his two favorites. “I shall have finished my project by Monday,” he would say smugly.

Mother’s approach was to memorize lists of polite phrases that would cover all possible social situations. She was constantly muttering things like “I’m fine, thank you. And you?” Once she accidentally stepped on someone’s foot and hurriedly blurted, “Oh that’s quite all right!” Embarrassed by her slip, she resolved to do better next time. So when someone stepped on her foot, she cried, “You’re welcome!”

In our own different ways, we made progress in learning English. But I had another worry, and that was my appearance. My brother didn’t have to worry, since Mother bought him blue jeans for school, and he dressed like all the other boys. But she insisted that girls had to wear skirts. By the time she saw that Meg and the other girls were wearing jeans, it was too late. My school clothes were bought already, and we didn’t have money left to buy new outfits for me. We had too many other things to buy first, like furniture, pots, and pans.

The first time I visited Meg’s house, she took me upstairs to her room, and I wound up trying on her clothes. We were pretty much the same size, since Meg was shorter and thinner than average. Maybe that’s how we became friends in the first place. Wearing Meg’s jeans and T-shirt, I looked at myself in the mirror. I could almost pass for an American—from the back, anyway. At least the kids in school wouldn’t stop and stare at me in the hallways, which was what they did when they saw me in my white blouse and navy blue skirt that went a couple of inches below the knees.

When Meg came to my house, I invited her to try on my Chinese dresses, the ones with a high collar and slits up the sides. Meg’s eyes were bright as she looked at herself in the mirror. She struck several sultry poses, and we nearly fell over laughing.
The dinner party at the Gleasons’ didn’t stop my growing friendship with Meg. Things were getting better for me in other ways too. Mother finally bought me some jeans at the end of the month, when father got his paycheck. She wasn’t in any hurry about buying them at first, until I worked on her. This is what I did. Since we didn’t have a car in those days, I often ran down to the neighborhood store to pick up things for her. The groceries cost less at a big supermarket, but the closest one was many blocks away. One day, when she ran out of flour, I offered to borrow a bike from our neighbor’s son and buy a ten-pound bag of flour at the big supermarket. I mounted the boy’s bike and waved to my Mother. “I’ll be back in five minutes!”

Before I started pedaling, I heard her voice behind me. “You can’t go out in public like that! People can see all the way up your thighs!”

“I’m sorry,” I said innocently. “I thought you were in a hurry to get the flour.” For dinner we were going to have pot-stickers (fried Chinese dumplings), and we needed a lot of flour.

“Couldn’t you borrow a girl’s bicycle?” complained Mother. “That way your skirt won’t be pushed up.”

“There aren’t too many of those around,” I said. “Almost all the girls wear jeans while riding a bike, so they don’t see any point in buying a girl’s bike.”

We didn’t eat pot-stickers that evening, and Mother was thoughtful. Next day we took the bus downtown and she bought me a pair of jeans. In the same week, my brother made the baseball team of his junior high school, Father started taking driving lessons, and Mother discovered rummage sales. We soon got all the furniture we needed, plus a dartboard and a 1,000-piece jigsaw puzzle (fourteen hours later, we discovered that it was a 999-piece jigsaw puzzle). There was hope that the Lins might become a normal American family after all.

Then came our dinner at the Lakeview restaurant. The Lakeview was an expensive restaurant, one of those places where a headwaiter dressed in tails conducted you to your seat, and the only light came from candles and flaming desserts. In one corner of the room a lady harpist played tinkling melodies.
Father wanted to celebrate, because he had just been promoted. He worked for an electronics company, and after his English started improving, his superiors decided to appoint him to a position more suited to his training. The promotion not only brought a higher salary but was also a tremendous boost to his pride.

Up to then we had eaten only in Chinese restaurants. Although my brother and I were becoming fond of hamburgers, my parents didn’t care much for western food, other than chow mein.

But this was a special occasion, and father asked his coworkers to recommend a really elegant restaurant. So there we were at the Lakeview, stumbling after the headwaiter in the murky dining room.

At our table we were handed our menus, and they were so big that to read mine I almost had to stand up again. But why bother? It was mostly in French, anyway.

Father, being an engineer, was always systematic. He took out a pocket French dictionary. “They told me that most of the items would be in French, so I came prepared.” He even had a pocket flashlight, the size of a marking pen. While mother held the flashlight over the menu, he looked up the items that were in French.

“Paté en croute,” he muttered. “Let’s see ... paté is paste ... croute is crust ... hmm ... a paste in crust.”

The waiter stood looking patient. I squirmed and died at least fifty times.

At long last Father gave up. “Why don’t we just order four complete dinners at random?” he suggested.


“A Chinese can eat anything a Frenchman can eat,” Father declared.

The soup arrived in a plate. How do you get soup up from a plate? I glanced at the other diners, but the ones at the nearby tables were not on their soup course, while the more distant ones were invisible in the darkness.

Fortunately my parents had studied books on western etiquette before they came to America. “Tilt your plate,” whispered my mother. “It’s easier to spoon the soup up that way.”

She was right. Tilting the plate did the trick. But the etiquette book didn’t say anything about what you did after the soup reached your lips. As any respectable Chinese knows, the correct way to eat your soup is to slurp. This helps to cool the liquid and prevent you from burning your lips. It also shows your appreciation.
We showed our appreciation. *Shloop*, went my father. *Shloop*, went my mother. *Shloop, shloop*, went my brother, who was the hungriest.

The lady harpist stopped playing to take a rest. And in the silence, our family’s consumption of soup suddenly seemed unnaturally loud. You know how it sounds on a rocky beach when the tide goes out and the water drains from all those little pools? They go *shloop, shloop, shloop*. That was the Lin family, eating soup.

At the next table a waiter was pouring wine. When a large *shloop* reached him, he froze. The bottle continued to pour, and red wine flooded the tabletop and into the lap of a customer. Even the customer didn’t notice anything at first, being also hypnotized by the *shloop, shloop, shloop*.

It was too much. “I need to go to the toilet,” I mumbled, jumping to my feet. A waiter, sensing my urgency, quickly directed me to the ladies’ room.

I splashed cold water on my burning face, and as I dried myself with a paper towel, I stared into the mirror. In this perfumed ladies’ room, with its pink and silver wallpaper and marbled sinks, I looked completely out of place. What was I doing here? What was our family doing in the Lakeview restaurant? In America?

The door to the ladies’ room opened. A woman came in and glanced curiously at me. I retreated into one of the toilet cubicles and latched the door.

Time passed—maybe half an hour, maybe an hour. Then I heard the door open again, and my mother’s voice. “Are you in there? You’re not sick, are you?”

There was real concern in her voice. A girl can’t leave her family just because they slurp their soup. Besides, the toilet cubicle had a few drawbacks as a permanent residence. “I’m all right,” I said, undoing the latch.

Mother didn’t tell me how the rest of the dinner went, and I didn’t want to know. In the weeks following, I managed to push the whole thing into the back of my mind, where it jumped out at me only a few times a day. Even now, I turn hot all over when I think of the Lakeview restaurant.
But by the time we had been in this country for three months, our family was definitely making progress toward becoming Americanized. I remember my parents’ first PTA meeting. Father wore a neat suit and tie, and Mother put on her first pair of high heels. She stumbled only once. They met my homeroom teacher and beamed as she told them that I would make honor roll soon at the rate I was going. Of course Chinese etiquette forced Father to say that I was a very stupid girl and Mother to protest that the teacher was showing favoritism toward me. But I could tell they were both very proud.

The day came when my parents announced that they wanted to give a dinner party. We had invited Chinese friends to eat with us before, but this dinner was going to be different. In addition to a Chinese-American family, we were going to invite the Gleasons.

“Gee, I can hardly wait to have dinner at your house,” Meg said to me. “I just love Chinese food.”

That was a relief. Mother was a good cook, but I wasn’t sure if people who ate sour cream would also eat chicken gizzards stewed in soy sauce.

Mother decided not to take a chance with the chicken gizzards. Since we had western guests, she set the table with large dinner plates, which we never used in Chinese meals. In fact we didn’t use individual plates at all, but picked up food from the platters in the middle of the table and brought it directly to our rice bowls. Following the practice of Chinese-American restaurants, Mother also placed large serving spoons on the platters.

The dinner started well. Mrs. Gleason exclaimed at the beautifully arranged dishes of food: the colorful candied fruit in the sweet-and-sour pork dish, the noodle-thin shreds of chicken meat stir-fried with tiny peas, and the glistening pink prawns in a ginger sauce.

At first I was too busy enjoying my food to notice how the guests were doing. But soon I remembered my duties. Sometimes guests were too polite to help themselves and you had to serve them with more food.

I glanced at Meg, to see if she needed more food, and my eyes nearly popped out at the sight of her plate. It was piled with food: the sweet-and-sour meat pushed right against the chicken shreds, and the chicken sauce ran into the prawns. She had been taking food from a second dish before she finished eating her helping from the first!

Horrified, I turned to look at Mrs. Gleason. She was dumping rice out of her bowl and putting it on her dinner plate. Then she ladled prawns and
gravy on top of the rice and mixed everything together, the way you mix sand, gravel, and cement to make concrete.

I couldn’t bear to look any longer, and I turned to Mr. Gleason. He was chasing a pea around his plate. Several times he got it to the edge, but when he tried to pick it up with his chopsticks, it rolled back to the center of the plate again. Finally, he put down his chopsticks and picked up the pea with his fingers. He really did! A grown man!

All of us, our family and the Chinese guests, stopped eating to watch the activities of the Gleasons. I wanted to giggle. Then I caught my mother’s eyes on me. She frowned and shook her head slightly, and I understood the message: the Gleasons were not used to Chinese ways, and they were just coping the best they could. For some reason I thought of celery strings.

When the main courses were finished, mother brought out a platter of fruit. “I hope you weren’t expecting a sweet dessert,” she said. “Since the Chinese don’t eat dessert, I didn’t think to prepare any.”

“Oh, I couldn’t possibly eat dessert!” cried Mrs. Gleason. “I’m simply stuffed!”

Meg had different ideas. When the table was cleared, she announced that she and I were going for a walk. “I don’t know about you, but I feel like dessert,” she told me, when we were outside. “Come on, there’s a Dairy Queen down the street. I could use a big chocolate milkshake!”

Although I didn’t really want anything more to eat, I insisted on paying for the milkshakes. After all, I was still hostess.

Meg got her large chocolate milkshake and I had a small one. Even so, she was finishing hers while I was only half done. Toward the end she pulled hard on her straws and went shloop, shloop.

“Do you always slurp when you eat a milkshake?” I asked before I could stop myself.

Meg grinned. “Sure. All Americans slurp.”

Fun facts: Both chow-mein and fortune cookies were invented in America. Restaurants in China that serve fortune cookies advertise them as genuine American fortune cookies.

Words like slurp, zip, crunch, and so on are called onomatopoeia, or, words spelled/said how they sound.
The All-American Slurp
Lensey Namioka

Culture Shock
Lensey Namioka was able to turn events that seemed at the time to be painfully embarrassing into a story that is funny and entertaining to read. The humor for the reader comes from the culture shock of both the Lins and the Gleasons. In the Venn diagram below, explore the similarities and differences of the two cultures by comparing the narrator with her friend Meg.

1. What do you think is the strongest similarity between the two girls? Do you think it is important to their friendship? Why?

2. Besides companionship, what do the girls gain from their friendship?
**The All-American Slurp**
Lensey Namioka

**Illustrating Words**

Have you ever tried to explain an idea to a small child? Sometimes the very simplest ideas are difficult to explain.

Write sentences using the Words to Own from "The All-American Slurp" to communicate the meaning of the words to a younger reader. Make sure you provide enough context clues for the reader. Circle your context clues. When you are finished, illustrate one of your words on a separate sheet of paper.

**EXAMPLE:** unison

> Although we hadn't practiced singing in unison,

> at the choir director's signal we all began to sing at the same time.

1. lavishly

2. mortified

3. spectacle

4. sultry
“The All-American Slurp” by Lensey Namioka

Vocabulary Warm-up Word Lists

Study these words from “The All-American Slurp.” Then, complete the activities.

Word List A

constantly [KAHN stuhnt lee] adv. always, continually
Leia is constantly arriving late to school, blaming her alarm clock.
dictionary [DIK shuh ner ee] n. a book that explains the meanings of words
Look in a dictionary if you don’t know what that word means.
dumping [DUHMP ing] v. tossing or emptying something in a careless way
Tim made a mess on the floor while dumping the leftovers into the garbage.
local [LOH kuhl] adj. nearby, from the area around where you live
Since we don’t like to travel far, we vacation in local areas.
peculiar [puh KYOOL yer] adj. strange, weird
Chicken-flavored ice cream? That’s pretty peculiar!
raw [RAW] adj. uncooked
I don’t like raw carrots; they are too hard and not as sweet as cooked ones.
shreds [SHREDZ] n. long, thin strips that have been torn off something
The holiday wrapping paper was in shreds all over the floor.
western [WES tern] adj. having to do with countries in the Western Hemisphere
The U.S. and Canada are western countries; China and India are eastern countries.

Word List B

menu [MEN yoo] n. a list showing foods or dishes that can be bought
The snack bar has a small menu; you can only buy hamburgers, hot dogs, and soft drinks.
murky [MER kee] adj. dark, hard to see through
The lake water was so murky that I couldn’t see my feet.
permanent [PER muh nint] adj. meant to last a very long time
A tattoo is permanent; it stays on your skin forever.
platters [PLA terz] n. large trays used to hold or carry food and dishes
We used platters to carry the food out to the back yard.
promotion [pruh MOH shun] n. a move to a better job with more important duties
Before the promotion she just swept floors; now she’s in charge of everything.
reference [REHF ur ens] n. mention of a thing or person
I didn’t make a reference to Tony; I never said his name.
resolved [ri ZOLVD] v. decided to try hard to do something
Nancy resolved to do better in math and studied hard for her next test.
waiter [WAY ter] n. a person who delivers food to tables in a restaurant
We were still hungry since the waiter hadn’t come with our food.
"The All-American Slurp" by Lensey Namioka

Vocabulary Warm-up Exercises

Exercise A  Fill in each blank in the paragraph below with an appropriate word from Word List A. Use each word only once.


Exercise B  Revise each sentence so that the underlined vocabulary word is used in a logical way. Be sure to keep the vocabulary word in your revision.

Example: There are so few choices on this menu, it’s hard to decide what to eat.
   There are so many choices on this menu, it’s hard to decide what to eat.

1. Diane resolved to eat more healthfully, so she started eating candy and soda.

2. You can draw on your face with this marker; it uses permanent ink.

3. I don’t want a promotion; I need a better job.

4. There is a lot of food to carry, so we may not need to use the platters.

5. Since Barry is the waiter, his job is to cook the food.

6. Turn off the lights! It’s too murky in here.

7. I guess you don’t think about Jack a lot because that’s the third reference you’ve made to him.
"The All-American Slurp" by Lensy Namioka

Reading Warm-up A

Read the following passage. Pay special attention to the underlined words. Then, read it again, and complete the activities. Use a separate sheet of paper for your written answers.

Soup is a popular dish all around the world. It has been for a long time. The Ancient Greeks loved soup. So did the Ancient Romans. Yet, the same soups aren’t eaten everywhere. Often, places have their own local favorites, soups that are made from ingredients gathered nearby.

In western countries, soup is normally eaten for lunch or dinner. Eating soup for breakfast seems peculiar, or strange. However, in many Asian countries, that is not the case. Soup is often eaten for breakfast. Vietnam is one example. The Vietnamese eat a delicious soup called pho. Pho is a noodle soup made with boiled beef. Raw herbs and vegetables, such as basil, cilantro, and bean sprouts, are added to the soup at the table. They cook a little bit in the hot soup. The Japanese also love breakfast soup. They eat miso soup, a broth made out of soybeans. In China, too, it’s normal to start the day with congee. Congee is thick soup, almost like porridge. It’s not served sweet like oatmeal or other breakfast porridges. Instead, it’s filled with long tasty shreds of pork or other meats to give it a delicious savory taste.

Who invented soup? No one knows for sure. Still, we do know where the word comes from. If you look in a dictionary, you’ll see that it came from the word “sop.” Sop was a piece of bread dipped in hot liquid. Eventually, the bread disappeared, the liquid stayed, and the word soup was born.

Cooks love serving soup because it’s easy to make. You gather together a bunch of ingredients. Then you begin dumping them into a pot with water and letting the whole thing simmer. People love eating soup because it’s nutritious and great tasting. Most people are constantly looking for food that offers this combination.
Richard was excited. He had just gotten his first summer job ever! He had been looking for weeks, but the task was extremely difficult. Most businesses were only offering permanent jobs. Richard only wanted to work for two months, however; when school started again, he would have to leave.

While Richard was having dinner at a restaurant with his parents and grandparents, he overheard the manager make a reference to a shortage of employees. “In summer, we get a lot busier, but it’s hard to find employees,” the manager was saying. Richard stopped browsing through the food choices on the menu and jumped out of his chair. He resolved to get the job.

“I’m searching for a job, just during the summer, and I’m very hard working,” Richard nearly shouted.

The manager hired him immediately, telling Richard to come back the following morning. Richard started out working in the back room. He folded napkins, sorted silverware, set the tables, and did anything that needed to be done before the restaurant opened each day. After a single week, he received a promotion to a position with more responsibility.

“I’m going to make you a waiter,” said the manager. “The job is more difficult—you will have to take orders from the customers, deliver food, and figure out the checks. I’m sure you’ll be able to handle it.”

The manager was right—the job wasn’t easy. At first, Richard had the most trouble delivering platters covered with plates of food. The platters were heavy and difficult to handle. There weren’t many lights in the main dining room, so in the corners it could be murky. Once Richard didn’t see the leg of a customer sticking out from beneath a table. He tripped, almost dropping the platter of dishes he was carrying.

1. Underline the words that tell why Richard can’t take a permanent job. Then tell what permanent means.

2. Circle the words that explain what the manager makes a reference to. Then tell what reference means.

3. Underline the words that tell what you do while reading a menu. Then tell what menu means.

4. Underline the words that show how resolved Richard was to get the job. Write a sentence about something you recently resolved to do.

5. Circle the words that explain what you get when you get a promotion. Then tell what promotion means.

6. Underline the words that tell what duties Richard will have as a waiter. Then write a sentence using the word waiter.

7. Underline the words that tell what platters are used to carry. Then tell what platters means.

8. Circle the words that explain why it was murky in the corners. Then tell what murky means.
A conclusion is a decision or opinion based on details in a literary work. To identify the details that will help you draw conclusions, ask questions, such as
- Why is this detail included in the story?
- Does this information help me understand the story better?

Example from “The All-American Slurp”:

After arriving at the house, we shook hands with our hosts and packed ourselves into a sofa. As our family of four sat stiffly in a row, my younger brother and I stole glances at our parents for a clue as to what to do next.

You might ask what the visiting family is feeling in this scene. They are sitting stiffly and unsure of what to do. You can draw the conclusion that they are nervous and feel out of place.

A. DIRECTIONS: The following passages from “The All-American Slurp” are told from the point of view of the narrator. Use details from each passage to draw a conclusion to answer the question.

1. To my left, my parents were taking care of their own stalks. Z-z-zip, z-z-zip, z-z-zip. Suddenly I realized that there was dead silence except for our zipping.
   Why is the dinner party suddenly quiet?

2. The Gleasons’ dinner party wasn’t so different from a Chinese meal after all. My mother also puts everything on the table and hopes for the best.
   What does the narrator realize about Chinese and American cultures?

3. In this perfumed ladies’ room, with its pink-and-silver wallpaper and marbled sinks, I looked completely out of place. What was I doing here? What was our family doing in the Lakeview Restaurant? In America?
   What emotions is the narrator feeling?

B. DIRECTIONS: Underline details in this passage from “The All-American Slurp” that help you draw the conclusion that the family is adjusting to American life. Then tell why these details help you draw this conclusion.

Next day we took the bus downtown and she bought me a pair of jeans. In the same week, my brother made the baseball team of his junior high school. Father started taking driving lessons, and Mother discovered rummage sales.

Conclusion:
"The All-American Slurp" by Lensey Namioka

**Literary Analysis: Theme**

The **theme**, or central idea of a story, is a thought about life that the story conveys. Sometimes the theme is stated directly. Other times you must figure it out by considering events in the story, characters' thoughts and feelings, and the story's title.

**A. DIRECTIONS:** Write a statement about the theme of “The All-American Slurp.”

Theme: ______________________________________________________________________________

**B. DIRECTIONS:** In the chart below, write the details from each passage that tell about or support the theme of “The All-American Slurp.” The first one is started for you as an example.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Passage</th>
<th>What Details Tell About Theme</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. But I had another worry, and that was my appearance. My brother didn’t have to worry, since Mother bought him blue jeans for school, and he dressed like all the other boys. But she insisted that girls had to wear skirts.</td>
<td>The narrator is worried about her appearance.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Of course Chinese etiquette forced Father to say that I was a very stupid girl and Mother to protest that the teacher was showing favoritism toward me. But I could tell they were both very proud.

3. “Do you always slurp when you eat a milkshake?” I asked, before I could stop myself. Meg grinned. “Sure. All Americans slurp.”
Word List

acquainted  consumption  emigrated  etiquette  smugly  systematically

A. DIRECTIONS: Each sentence below features a word from the list. For each sentence, explain why the underlined word does or does not make sense in the sentence.

1. Proper etiquette says you will thank your host after a party.

2. Charley had a consumption after he ate too many candies.

3. Luis’s systematic method of studying resulted in his failing the test.

4. The girls glanced at Rachel and smiled smugly, causing Rachel to feel grateful for their kind thoughts.

5. Margarita’s family emigrated from Chile to America.

6. Marly and June got acquainted on their first day of school.

B. WORD STUDY: The Latin root -migr- means “to move or to wander.” Answer each question by paying attention to each of the underlined words with the root -migr-.

Then, explain your answer.

1. Could an emigrant move to a place where he or she would have to speak a new language?

2. When scientists study bird migration, are they looking at the birds’ nests?

3. Did immigrants settle in North America in the 1600s and 1700s?
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Enrichment: Community Diversity

Many communities in the United States have diverse populations, with people from different countries and cultures living near each other. People from diverse backgrounds share different cultures and traditions, as the narrator's family and the Gleasons do in "The All-American Slurp." These differences sometimes cause conflict when people from different national or cultural backgrounds don't understand each other. But more often diversity enriches a community and makes it more interesting by contributing arts, crafts, music, language, literature, food, fashions, and traditions from more than one background.

A. DIRECTIONS: With a partner, look around your community to find restaurants, food or clothing stores, schools, or other businesses that reflect the influence of at least two countries or cultures in your community. List them on the chart below. Here is an example of how you might fill in your chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Business</th>
<th>Type of Business</th>
<th>Country or Culture</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Example: Riu Renshi Dan</td>
<td>Karate school</td>
<td>Japan</td>
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</table>

B. DIRECTIONS: Write a short paragraph explaining how diversity enriches a community or makes some aspect of it more interesting.

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