

Quiz A: RL.6.9

Read the passages. Then answer the questions.

Excerpt from *Kidnapped*
Robert Louis Stevenson

Context statement: David Balfour, the narrator, is an orphan who is the rightful heir to a Scottish estate. However, David's greedy uncle has him kidnapped and taken on a ship. While on the ship, David meets Alan Breck Stewart, who is on the run for participating in an uprising against the English government. David and Alan make their way back to Scotland and have a series of adventures together. At this point in the story, Alan and David argue over political differences. David has just harshly insulted Alan.

- 1 "This is a pity," he said at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."
- 2 "I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."
- 3 "Ready?" said he.
- 4 "Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.
- 5 "David!" he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder."
- 6 "That was your look-out when you insulted me," said I.
- 7 "It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na—I cannae, I cannae."
- 8 At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it? I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost for ever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.
- 9 This it was that gave me a thought. No apology could blot out what I had said; it was needless to think of one, none could cover the offence; but where an apology was vain, a mere cry for help might bring Alan back to my side. I put my pride away from me. "Alan!" I said; "if ye cannae help me, I must just die here."
- 10 He started up sitting, and looked at me.

