

Quiz A: RL.4.7

Read the passage. Then answer the question.

Excerpt from “The Owl in the Ivy Bush”

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1 I am an Owl; a very fluffy one, in spite of all that that Bad Boy pulled out! I live in an Ivy Bush. Children are nothing to me, naturally, so it seems strange that I should begin, at my time of life, to observe their little ways and their humours, and to give them good advice.

...

2 Now the other day I peeped into a bedroom of that little boy’s home. The sun was up, and so was Jack, but one of his numerous Aunts was not. She was in bed with a headache, and to this her pale face, her eyes shunning the light like my own, and her hair restlessly tossed over the pillow bore witness. When a knock came on the bedroom door, she started with pain, but lay down again and cried—“Come in!”

3 The door opened, but no one came in; and outside the voices of the little boy and his nurse were audible.

4 “I want to show her my new coat.”

5 “You can’t, Master Jack. Your Aunt’s got a dreadful headache, and can’t be disturbed.”

6 No peevish complaints from Jack: only a deep sigh.

7 “I’m very sorry about her headache; and I’m very very sorry about my coat. For I am going out, and it will never be so new again.”

8 His Aunt spoke feebly.

9 “Nurse, I must see his coat. Let him come in.”

10 Enter Jack.

11 It was his first manly suit, and he was trying hard for a manly soul beneath it, as a brave boy should. He came in very gently, but with conscious pride glowing in his rosy cheeks and out of his shining eyes. His cheeks were very red, for a step in life is a warming thing, and so is a cloth suit when you’ve been used to frocks.

It was a bottle-green coat, with large mother-o’-pearl buttons and three coachman’s capes; and there were leggings to match. The beaver hat, too, was new, and becomingly cocked, as he stood by his Aunt’s bedside and smiled.

12 “What a fine coat, Jack!”

13 “Made by a tailor, Auntie Julie. Real pockets!”

