### Genre Analysis and Comparison Exercise

**Directions:** With a partner, analyze the text samples provided. Complete the grid below by recording your observations about each text’s features.

<table>
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<th>Features</th>
<th>Samples</th>
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<td>Length</td>
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<td>Rhetorical Arrangement</td>
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<td>Functions (Social and Communicative)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Style and Register</td>
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<td>Grammatical Features</td>
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<td>Lexical Features</td>
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</table>

Buttermilk Scones

Chad Robertson

Yield: 12 scones

Scones are made like biscuits, their delicate and flaky texture the result of carefully cutting in the butter and of using a light hand to mix in the other ingredients. Usually we make these with the traditional Zante currants, although we vary the recipe sometimes in spring and summer with blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, or even peaches. This same dough makes a great cobbler topping or biscuit for berry shortcakes.

Kitchen Notes: Zante currants, also sometimes labeled “black currants” or “dried currants,” are dried tiny Black Corinth grapes that were first cultivated on the Greek island of Zante, thus their name. If you decide to make the scones with fresh berries, such as raspberries, blueberries, or strawberries, instead of the currants, start with about 1/2 pint (5 ounces/140 g) berries. Hull and coarsely chop the strawberries but leave the raspberries or blueberries whole. Freeze the whole berries or berry pieces in a single layer on a small baking sheet, and then add them to the dough after you add the buttermilk. You must be careful not to mash the berries into the dough, or you will color it with their juice.

Ingredients

3/4 cup/3 1/2 oz/100 g Zante currants
4 3/4 cups/24 oz/680 g All-purpose flour
1 tbsp/15 ml Baking powder
3/4 tsp/3 3/4 ml Baking soda
1/2 cup/3 1/2 oz/100 g Granulated sugar
1 1/4 tsp/6 1/4 ml Salt
1 cup + 1 tbsp/9 oz/255 g Unsalted butter, very cold
1 1/2 cups/12 oz/375 ml Buttermilk
1 tsp/5 ml Lemon zest, grated

Topping
About 3 tbsp/45 ml Unsalted butter, melted
Large crystal sugar or granulated sugar for sprinkling

Instructions

1. Preheat the oven to 400°F. Butter a baking sheet.
2. To make the dough, first combine the currants with warm water to cover in a small bowl and set aside for about 10 minutes until the currants are plumped. Drain well.
3. While the currants are plumping, sift the flour, baking powder, and baking soda into a large mixing bowl if making by hand, or into the large bowl of a stand mixer fitted with the paddle attachment. Add the sugar and salt and stir to mix with a wooden spoon. Cut the butter into 1/2-inch cubes and scatter the cubes over the dry ingredients. If you are using the mixer, pulse on and off so that you don’t break down the butter too much. You want to end up with a coarse mixture with pea-sized lumps of butter visible.
4. Add the buttermilk all at once along with the lemon zest and currants and mix gently with the wooden spoon by hand or on low speed if using the mixer. Continue to mix just until you have a dough that holds together. If the mixture seems dry, add a little more buttermilk. You still want to see some of the butter pieces at this point, which will add to the flakiness of the scones once they are baked.
5. Dust your work surface with flour, and turn the dough out onto it. Using your hands, pat the dough into a rectangle about 18 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 1 1/2 inches thick. Brush the top with the melted butter and then sprinkle with the sugar. Using a chef’s knife, cut the dough into 12 triangles. Transfer the triangles to the prepared baking sheet.
6. Bake the scones until the tops are lightly browned, 25 to 35 minutes. Remove from the oven and serve immediately.
Pumpkin Bread

**Ingredients**

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 16 ounces canned unsweetened pumpkin
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 2/3 cup water

**Directions**


Recipe Courtesy of Food Network Kitchens

**Total Time:** 50 min  
**Prep:** 20 min  
**Cook:** 30 min

**Yield:** 2 loaves  
**Level:** Easy
RISE & SHINE

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» Turn your morning stretch into AN EXERCISE WITH REAL RESULTS: try a Downward Dog yoga pose to strengthen bones and burn calories.

» PERK UP YOUR MORNING CUP with a new coffee blend and set the timer on your coffeemaker so your brew is ready and waiting for you.

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SAMPLE 4

Science Lab Report


In science class we made pendulums. The materials were string, a penny, tape, and a pen or pencil. First we taped the pen or pencil to the desk. After that we made a loop a little bit bigger than the pen or pencil. Then we tied a paper clip to the other end of the string. We finally put the penny in the clip.

We then timed our pendulums to see how many swings it made. One full swing was back and forth.

After that we wanted to find out how the pendulum would go faster. One variable was the release position. We tried a 45°, 90° (desk height), and 135° angle. We recorded the data. This variable did not make a difference. All of the positions made my pendulum swing 14 times in 15 seconds.

We tried another variable. It was the weight of the pendulum. Instead of one penny, we put two in the clip. It turned out that this variable didn’t change the number of swings.
We finally tried the length of the string. We measured our first pendulum (43 cm). Then we made a smaller (20 cm) and a larger (60 cm) pendulum. We finally found out our answer: The length of the string effects the number of swings.

It turned out that my hypothesis was right. I guessed it would effect the number of swings because a long string would have a very wide swing, a little size string would move much faster because it does not have a wide swing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Length of String</th>
<th># of Swings</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20 cm</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>43 cm</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>60 cm</td>
<td>10</td>
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Trump voters will not like what happens next

By Garrison Keillor

Garrison Keillor is an author and radio personality.

So he won. The nation takes a deep breath. Raw ego and proud illiteracy have won out, and a severely learning-disabled man with a real character problem will be president. We are so exhausted from thinking about this election, millions of people will take up leaf-raking and garage cleaning with intense pleasure. We liberal elitists are wrecks. The Trumpers had a whale of a good time, waving their signs, jeering at the media, beating up protesters, chanting “Lock her up” — we elitists just stood and clapped. Nobody chanted “Stronger Together.” It just doesn’t chant.

The Trumpers never expected their guy to actually win the thing, and that’s their problem now. They wanted only to whoop and yell, boo at the H-word, wear profane T-shirts, maybe grab a crotch or two, jump in the RV with a couple of six-packs and go out and shoot some spotted owls. It was pleasure enough for them just to know that they were driving us wild with dismay — by “us,” I mean librarians, children’s authors, yoga practitioners, Unitarians, bird-watchers, people who make their own pasta, opera-goers, the grammar police, people who keep books on their shelves, that bunch. The Trumpers exulted in knowing we were tearing our hair out. They had our number, like a bratty kid who knows exactly how to make you grit your teeth and froth at the mouth.

Alas for the Trump voters, the disasters he will bring on this country will fall more heavily on them than anyone else. The uneducated white males who elected him are the vulnerable ones, and they will not like what happens next.

How might Trump supporters feel the morning after?

Early on the morning of Nov. 9, Republican President-elect Donald Trump addressed supporters in New York, declaring victory over Democrat Hillary Clinton. Here are key moments from that speech. (Sarah Parnass/The Washington Post)

To all the patronizing B.S. we’ve read about Trump expressing the white working-class’s displacement and loss of the American Dream, I say, “Feh!” — go put your head under cold water. Resentment is no excuse for bald-faced stupidity. America is still the land where the waitress’s kids can grow up to become physicists and novelists and pediatricians, but it helps a lot if the waitress and her husband encourage good habits and the ambition to use your God-given talents and the kids aren’t plugged into electronics day and night. Whooping it up for the candidate of cruelty and ignorance does less than nothing for your kids.

We liberal elitists are now completely in the clear. The government is in Republican hands. Let them deal with him. Democrats can spend four years raising heirloom tomatoes, meditating, reading Jane Austen, traveling around the country, tasting artisan beers, and let the Republicans build the wall and carry on the trade war with China and deport the
undocumented and deal with opioids, and we Democrats can go for a long, brisk walk and smell the roses.

I like Republicans. I used to spend Sunday afternoons with a bunch of them, drinking Scotch and soda and trying to care about NFL football. It was fun. I tried to think like them. (Life is what you make it. People are people. When the going gets tough, tough noogies.) But I came back to liberal elitism.

Don’t be cruel. Elvis said it, and it’s true. We all experienced cruelty back in our playground days — boys who beat up on the timid, girls who made fun of the homely and naive — and most of us, to our shame, went along with it, afraid to defend the victims lest we become one of them. But by your 20s, you should be done with cruelty. Mr. Trump was the cruelest candidate since George Wallace. How he won on fear and bile is for political pathologists to study. The country is already tired of his noise, even his own voters. He is likely to become the most intensely disliked president since Herbert Hoover. His children will carry the burden of his name. He will never be happy in his own skin. But the damage he will do to our country — who knows? His supporters voted for change, and boy, are they going to get it.

[The impossible has happened]

Back to real life. I went up to my home town the other day and ran into my gym teacher, Stan Nelson, looking good at 96. He commanded a landing craft at Normandy on June 6, 1944, and never said a word about it back then, just made us do chin-ups whether we wanted to or not. I saw my biology teacher Lyle Bradley, a Marine pilot in the Korean War, still going bird-watching in his 90s. I was not a good student then, but I am studying both of them now. They have seen it all and are still optimistic. The past year of politics has taught us absolutely nothing. Zilch. Zero. Nada. The future is scary. Let the uneducated have their day. I am now going to pay more attention to teachers.