



UNDERVISNINGS
MINISTERIET
STYRELSEN FOR
UNDERVISNING OG KVALITET

Engelsk A

English A

Studentereksamen

Upper Secondary School Leaving
Certificate

Gammel ordning

Old guidelines

Part 2

9.00 a.m. - 2.00 p.m.

Monday May 27, 2019
9.00 a.m. - 2.00 p.m.

Answer either A or B

A – Fiction

Write an analytical essay (900-1200 words) in which you analyse and interpret Lisa Alward's short story "Old Growth".

Part of your essay must focus on the point of view and on the title of the story.

Text

Lisa Alward, "Old Growth", 2017. page 2

B – Non-fiction

Write an analytical essay (900-1200 words) in which you analyse and comment on Mike Pence's speech "National Veterans Day Observance".

Part of your essay must focus on how the speaker engages his audience and on the intention of the speech.

Text

Mike Pence, "National Veterans Day Observance", 2017 page 7

Orthography and punctuation in the texts follow the sources. However, typing errors have been corrected. The layout does not necessarily follow the sources. However, the source is followed carefully wherever the layout is a part of the assignment.

A – Fiction

Lisa Alward (b. 1962) is a Canadian writer.

Lisa Alward

Old Growth

Ray's realtor appears to have nothing on from the waist up. She flashes across the front window of her bungalow as if startled to see them drive into the yard, though Ray did text her from the ferry. Gwyneth glimpses shapely arms, a firm curve of breast.

"Your realtor's topless."

5 Ray leers across the steering wheel. "Whaaa?"

But it's just a nude T-shirt. Gwyneth can see this plainly now that the realtor has stepped outside in her sock feet and is smiling at them, or rather at Ray. A tall woman in her forties, reasonably slim with bushy blond hair, the top piece pulled back in a faded green scrunchy. No doubt the younger and more attractive of the two agents on the
10 island: Ray would have done his research. Gwyneth would like to make another crack about this but feels too chastened by the T-shirt.

Anyway, she's too late. Ray has swung open the driver's door and is loping across the grass to give his realtor one of the bear hugs he reserves for small children and pretty women. Gwyneth pushes her own door ajar and extends one sandalled foot, inspecting
15 her toenails in the late morning light. Purple, at her age, really? As she stands and unkinks her shoulders, Ray gives the blond woman a quick kiss near the mouth. Now, the two of them glance over. This could be interesting. Is he going to introduce her as his ex-wife? Or as his friend, his adviser, his financier? Of course, he might just say she's a hitchhiker. This was how he introduced her to his parents all those years ago,
20 and Gwyneth, twenty-four and in love, played along the whole weekend, though they'd actually met tree planting and Ray had gone to the bus station to get her.

"Fern," Ray says, "Gwyneth. Gwyneth, Fern."

Fern smiles limply. Then, brightening, she says to Ray, "Just give me a sec," and turns back to the bungalow where a pair of hiking boots waits beside a painted chair.

25 She has a breathy little-girl voice, though on scrutiny looks closer to forty-nine than forty. Gwyneth tries to catch Ray's eye, but he is gazing around his realtor's property – three acres with a vegetable garden, an orchard, and a pen for her horses (Fern gives riding lessons on the side). Gwyneth knows his air of distraction is deliberate, that he's already pulling away from their tenuous connection on the drive up the coast. If she
30 speaks now, he won't hear her, so intent will he be on communing with his realtor. Fern certainly seems flattered, pointing out the different types of apple trees and detailing the contents of the compost heap next to Ray's mud-splattered Focus¹.

¹ a car

Already, Gwyneth is regretting she's come.

I think I've found it, he'd announced on the phone. My land. And when she'd said,
 35 That's great, Ray, he surprised her by suggesting she drive to the island with him before
 he made his offer. They could get there and back in a day, and if they missed the last
 ferry, well, they could sleep in the car, like old times. Classic Ray. Yet he seemed so
 eager. C'mon, Gwyn. You can tell me if I'm crazy or not. And when she still hung
 back, I promise I'll be on my best behaviour. Neither of them mentioned the loan, but
 40 that's another reason he would want her to see it, so that she'll feel easier giving him the
 \$20,000, and on the phone, perversely, this touched her. Not that she cares which piece
 of wilderness he buys. She's already made up her mind to loan him the money – for
 Cam and Jenna, so he'll have something to leave them, especially now that the cottage
 has finally sold and Ray is tearing through his share. It's your money, Ben had shrugged,
 45 but you know what he's like. As for doing a road trip with her ex-husband, he merely
 rolled his eyes. Maybe you can talk him out of it.

Ray at least was on time for once, early in fact. He had appeared preoccupied with a
 map while she was kissing Ben goodbye on the porch but smirked as she slid in beside
 him, Honeymoon still not over, I see. Then he buzzed down the driver's window and
 50 called out, Don't worry, man. I'll take good care of her. See you in two weeks! So that
 she had to reach across his skinny lap and shout, Tonight, Ben! See you tonight! [...]

The seller, a middle-aged German, would be leaving behind a half-built house, and
 Ray was debating whether he should finish it or use the lumber for his own cabin in the
 woods. Why didn't the German finish his house? Gwyneth asked. No idea, Ray grinned.
 55 Maybe he got bored, or his marriage fell apart. He had spent much of his summer
 Googling solar panels, composting toilets, organic gardening. A couple of pals were
 willing to help him build next year. [...] Then he would be able to quit his job and retire
 to the island, go off the grid¹. He looked at her with that intense light gaze, daring her
 to tear down this new plan. But that was one of the dispensations of being divorced so
 60 long: she would not criticize, not anymore. Sounds great, she said. Then thought of the
 VW bus he'd bought for \$500 and left to rust in their driveway, the tree house he was
 always going to build for the kids, all those rotting boards behind the shed. You're going
 to love it, Ray enthused, tapping the steering wheel. Wait till you see all the old growth.

Fern won't stop going on about the trees either.

65 "Wait until you see the old-growth firs on Ray's land," she says, catching Gwyneth's
 eye in the rear-view mirror, as if signalling her to gush as well.

They have switched to the realtor's Outback² and Gwyneth is already feeling carsick.
 Not only is she stuck in the back seat, but Fern keeps taking her hands off the wheel to
 talk, then jerking the wheel back in place to round another bend. [...]

70 "Are you okay?" Fern says into the mirror.

"I'm fine. I just get carsick in the back."

¹ *go off the grid*: live without access to public utilities like electricity, water etc.

² a car

“Well, make sure you tell us if there’s anything we can do to make you feel better,” she says cheerily, turning to chat to Ray about his new neighbourhood while Ray surveys the dense bush with childlike wonder.

75 When she finally pulls over, asserting with an excited flick of the hand, “Here we are!” there is nothing to suggest they are anywhere, certainly no For Sale sign. Fern, however, hops out of the Outback and points to a stick smeared with pink paint on the side of the highway.

“The western marker for your property line, Ray.”

80 Next, she unfurls a survey map that shows how the eight acres begin narrow, then widen near the house before narrowing again for four more acres. Ray, of course, has seen the land before – clearly, this is how he’s become so cozy with his realtor – but he frowns at the map and stares vaguely at Fern, as though he’s forgotten who she is or why he’s here. Gwyneth, who’s seen him like this before, guesses he’s starting to feel nervous
85 about the prospect of going off-grid for real. Commitment has never been Ray’s forte.

Fern doesn’t seem to notice and leaps into the ditch. As Ray plunges in after her, he throws Gwyneth a quick backward grimace. “You coming?”

“You bet!”

On the phone, she did think to ask about footwear. Would sandals be okay? Yes, yes,
90 he’d assured her. The German had dug a road in from the highway. But Fern must have decided to take an off-road route.

“You okay?” she calls back over her shoulder.

Huge rubbery leaves slap Gwyneth on the face. Bark grit jams beneath her toes. “Just fine.”

95 Up ahead, Ray, who has regained his composure, is tilting his head close to his realtor’s as she regales him about the natural attributes of his land. In addition to being a real estate agent and riding instructor, Fern appears to have an exhaustive knowledge of island flora and fauna. She is practically running now, showing off this big-leaf maple and that rare forest flower, noting how interesting it is that a cedar has rooted
100 itself around the stump of a fir. She is quite the nature girl. No doubt, she also leads a Brownie¹ troop on the side. Ray, however, Gwyneth observes with grumpy satisfaction, is even balder than she’d thought.

“Look at this, Ray.”

Fern has stopped beside an enormous fallen tree. Someone has chain-sawed it
105 into chunks, the largest spanning almost four feet. She nudges Ray’s elbow, beckons Gwyneth.

“See the rings,” she says, pointing at the largest chunk. “You can tell how old it is by counting them.” Definitely a Brownie troop.

Now, she is caressing the outer rings with her fingertips, and Gwyneth worries that
110 she might actually count them. Instead, she steps back, her yellow hair grazing Ray’s hemp shirt.

“The rings look pretty much the same until you get right up close. Then you can

¹ girl scout

see that some are wider, meaning an easy winter and long growing season, and some thinner, usually a hard winter and shorter growing season.”

115 “Just like relationships,” Ray quips, “except the best ones are usually the shortest.” [...]

The road is nothing but a grassy track and the house, when it materializes, weirdly narrow with a tin roof that juts so far out that the two storeys look in danger of tipping over. Beside it sits a leaf-strewn camper van and, in front, a rusted pickup truck. The scene has a haphazard sleepiness about it, as if the German has merely gone out for
120 supplies and forgotten to come back. [...]

Inside the house, Ray is suddenly attentive again, showing her a table of good-quality tools the German has left behind and cautioning her, as they climb the rough stairs to the second floor, to stick to the crossbeams and not stand too close to that triangular hole in the wall. He is especially proud of a curious window that shutters from the inside and
125 can be opened only by pulling across a wooden dowel. This dowel is about a foot long and carved with leaves and flowers. It is the one detail of the house that is truly finished.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Fern whispers, fingering a petal, and Ray looks anxiously at Gwyneth.

This appeal is so hapless that she can’t at first respond. Instead, she glances over the
130 edge of the gaping triangle, which in that moment seems a perfect metaphor for their unfinished marriage. Large flakes of brown paint are starting to drift loose from the cab of the German’s truck. Nearby, a plastic tarp clings by blue threads to a pile of mossy lumber. The tarp looks like Ray’s faded one-man tent from their tree-planting summer. There’s something you need to know, he told her that first night she shared it with him.
135 He was older, had hitched to Mexico, was known around the camp for breaking hearts. I’ve always been a free spirit. I can’t help it. I just blow with the wind. Tangled up inside his sleeping bag, with the shadows of the treetops moving above, she hadn’t understood, or cared much, what this blowing might mean. She knew only that she wanted to curl herself around his body, so thin and pale in the tent light, and not let go. I think I’m in
140 love with you, he also said, lifting her bangs. And she’d felt sure he meant it, because he looked so surprised.

Gwyneth sighs and faces him again. The German was clearly insane. She can’t believe Ray is considering finishing the man’s house. It will take him years, if he manages even to stick with it. Really, Ben was right. The idea of his going off-grid is
145 ridiculous – what does Ray know about organic gardening? She watches him toss a screwdriver of the German’s from one hand to the other, his pale blue eyes fixed on her, wanting her to say something nice about a dowel. What is she even doing here? He must know she lacks his realtor’s breezy confidence that he can pull this off. And if he is concerned about the money, why risk her seeing the land, or for that matter seeing
150 him with Fern? Then it all seems so obvious. He is as stuck as she is. Even now, he can’t make a move without turning back to see if she will stop him. Some free spirit – more a tangled kite, twisting in the wind. And for the first time all day, she feels like laughing.

“Nice workmanship,” she says at last, and when Fern asks what she thinks of the rest of the house, she smiles sweetly, “I think it has real potential.”

¹⁵⁵ Fern wants to take Ray to see the very end of the property. Gwyneth says she is still a little carsick and would rather wait. Against the side of the house, they find her a bench – just a narrow workbench pocked with ant holes, though she insists it’s perfect. Both of them seem to want her permission to leave, Fern asking a couple more times if she’s sure she’ll be okay. But she smiles and waves them into wilderness. When she
¹⁶⁰ can’t hear their voices, she lies back on the bench. Ray’s trees are shifting overhead as though preparing to uproot themselves and walk away. Not that they can, any more than Ray. She pictures the two of them out on his land, the giant ferns gently stroking their bare arms, not talking so much now. Ray will be watching for a spot where the ground is soft, where he can pull her down. Or maybe Fern, impatient for his touch, will seize
¹⁶⁵ his hand and press him against an ancient maple. Let them do it. She wants them to. Let him add another ring. Even if they forget about her, desert her on this bench by the mad German’s half-house, it will make no difference. The sun can go down, the air turn chill, the house cave in behind her. She will be here, waiting.

(2017)

B – Non-fiction

Mike Pence (b. 1958) is the Vice President of the United States. The speech was held at Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia on Veterans Day, November 11, 2017.

Mike Pence

National Veterans Day Observance

There is a day in the spring when we remember those who served and did not come home, but today, Veterans Day, is the day when all across America, in
 5 gatherings large and small, we pause to remember those who served and did come home.

For nearly a century, since the guns of the First World War fell silent, on the 11th
 10 hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, the American people have observed this day, first as Armistice Day and now as Veterans Day. And I thank you all who are here and all that are gathered around
 15 this nation for continuing this great tradition.

And to our heroes near and far, I bring Veterans Day greetings from a great champion for the men and women who
 20 have worn the uniform of our armed forces, the 45th President of the United States of America – President Donald Trump.

At this very moment, our President is
 25 halfway around the world, but I know his heart is here in this hallowed place and at every Veterans Day service across the country.

President Trump asked us¹ to be here

¹ the Vice President and other members of the government who are present at the ceremony

30 at this National Veterans Day ceremony to, in his words, “honor all Americans who have served in the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Coast Guard, in times of war and peace” and to “pay due
 35 respect” – due respect to those Americans who have “passed the torch of liberty from one generation to the next.” For they surely have.

And so I say to each and every one
 40 of you veterans gathered here and all of those that might be looking on: We are grateful for your service. We are grateful for your sacrifice. And I’ll make a promise – just as you fought for us, we
 45 will always fight for you.

The Bible tells us: If you owe debts, pay debts; if honor, then honor; if respect, then respect. The debt our nation owes
 50 those who’ve worn the uniform is a debt we will never be able to fully repay.

From the hour of our nation’s birth, our best and bravest have stepped forward to defend our freedom. The unbroken cord of their service stretches back into the
 55 mists of American history. From Bunker Hill to Belleau Wood, from San Juan Hill to Saipan, from the Coral Reef to Kandahar², nearly 50 million men and

² *Bunker Hill ... Kandahar*: battlegrounds where Americans have fought since the American War of Independence

women have donned the uniform of the
60 United States, and nearly 20 million still
walk among us today. And as we speak,
a new generation of American veterans is
being forged across the wider world.

As I look out today, it's a humbling
65 sight. I see heroes from the Second World
War, Korea, Vietnam, and more recently,
from Iraq and Afghanistan, and many
more who've watched in times of peace.

Yesterday, in Da Nang, Vietnam,
70 our President commemorated the 50th
anniversary of the Vietnam War and met
with some of the heroes who fought that
war on the very soil where they fought.

As the President said yesterday, "We
75 salute our brave Vietnam veterans" and
recall "the sacrifices they made for our
freedom and for our nation's strength."

Some 9 million Americans served in
those jungles, and more than 58,000 fell
80 in defense of freedom, their names now
enshrined on a black granite wall¹, not far
from here. So to all our Vietnam veterans
who are gathered here in the midst of this
50th anniversary, I say thank you – and
85 welcome home.

I'm told that one of those veterans has
come to this ceremony almost every year
and is almost always introduced, as he
was today. But I don't think his story has
90 ever been told, and I hope he won't mind
too much if I tell it today.

Thirty-six years ago² this March, a
first lieutenant in the United States Army,
1st Battalion, 92nd Artillery, awoke at
95 dawn to a massive North Vietnamese

attack on a hilltop outpost. He and his
brothers were heavily outnumbered. It
took just minutes for the enemy to break
through their defenses, and the fighting
100 very quickly became hand-to-hand.

History records, in that moment,
that that young first lieutenant rallied
his brothers to stand their ground. He
ordered air and artillery strikes from a
105 "dangerously exposed position" for four
straight hours. As the situation worsened,
he personally directed the withdrawal and
provided cover fire. And to ensure his
brothers' safety, and to inflict maximum
110 damage on the enemy, he actually called
in an artillery strike on his own position.
Wounded and unable to escape himself,
he managed to evade detection for eight
long days, until he was rescued when
115 American forces retook that outpost.

For his conspicuous gallantry at the
risk of his own life above and beyond
the call of duty, he received, of course,
the Medal of Honor. So would you join
120 me today in thanking a true American
hero, Medal of Honor Recipient, First
Lieutenant Brian Thacker?

Our nation owes a debt to our veterans,
and as I said, it's a debt we can never
125 fully repay. But on this Veterans Day we
rededicate ourselves to accomplishing just
that.

I can assure you since the outset of
this administration, President Trump has
130 fought tirelessly to fulfill the words of our
nation's 16th President – to "care for him
who shall have borne the battle."³

¹ *a black granite wall*: The Vietnam Veterans
Memorial (in Washington D.C.)

² *Thirty-six years ago*: the attack took place on March
31, 1971, making it 46 years ago at the time of the
speech

³ *care... battle*: part of the motto of the US Department
of Veterans Affairs, originally from a speech held in
1865 by President Abraham Lincoln

Working with Secretary Shulkin¹, we've made the Department of Veterans Affairs already more efficient, effective, and accountable. Let me be clear: Veterans benefits are not entitlements – they are earned. They are the ongoing compensation for services rendered in the uniform of the United States of America.

And under President Donald Trump, we're keeping the promises that we've made to men and women who've served in our armed forces. This President has already expanded the Veterans Choice Program by more than \$2 billion to give our heroes access to real-time, high-quality healthcare.

And because not all wounds of war are visible, we've improved veterans' access to urgent mental healthcare services and given them greater access to tele-medicine for our veterans.

President Trump has signed the VA² Accountability and Whistleblower Protection Act to ensure that our veterans receive the highest level of service. And this President has taken decisive action to end the pattern of neglect and mistreatment at the VA. We've already fired or suspended over 1,500 VA employees for negligent behavior.

I want to assure you, as the President has said, we will not rest or relent until "all America's great veterans receive the care they so richly deserve."

Beyond healthcare, President Trump has also signed legislation to expand the post-9/11 GI Bill³ and eliminate the

15-year limit on benefits for new veterans, so they can pursue an education of their choosing.

And I'm glad to report, veteran unemployment has already fallen by nearly 40 percent since President Trump was elected. It's lower today than at any point since the year 2000. And we're just getting started.

Today, our veterans continue to serve our nation in careers ranging from business to education, from law enforcement to public service. And it seems wherever they go, their lives are characterized by that same sense of duty and the courage and selflessness forged during their years in our armed forces.

Earlier this week, I heard the remarkable story of one such veteran, and I thought I'd share it with you today. On Wednesday, Karen⁴ and I traveled to Sutherland Springs, Texas, to meet the families and the victims of the worst attack⁵ on a place of worship in American history.

At Brooke Army Medical Center, we stood at the bedside of a retired U.S. Marine Corps gunnery sergeant named Juan Macias. We spoke to his family, as he lay before us, recovering from his injuries. But it was from another member of the church that we learned of that veteran's extraordinary courage last Sunday. Julie Workman, a registered nurse, was also wounded in the First Baptist Church that day. But no sooner had the attacker left, than she began

¹ David Shulkin, Secretary of Veterans Affairs at the time of the speech

² US Department of Veterans Affairs

³ *the post-9/11 GI Bill*: a federal programme providing education benefits to veterans

⁴ Karen Pence, the Vice President's wife

⁵ *the worst attack*: a mass shooting at a church in Sutherland Springs, Texas, on November 5, 2017

to treat the wounded. Seeing what lay before her, though, Julie told me she was momentarily overcome, and that's when
210 "Gunny" stepped in.

Despite having five bullet wounds, she told me that Gunny sat up, looked her in the eye and said, "You were born for this, keep your wits about you, do your job."

215 She said that's all she needed to hear.

Heroism outlives the uniform. And her actions and his courage undoubtedly saved lives that day. That's an American veteran.

220 On this Veterans Day, we honor those who served with tributes and promises kept. But as our veterans understand better than most, we also honor their service by ensuring that the men and
225 women serving in our armed forces today have the resources and support they need to defend this nation in this day.

Our veterans will be glad to know that President Trump has already taken
230 decisive action to make the strongest military in the history of the world stronger still. This President has already signed the largest increase in military spending in nearly a decade. And before
235 this year is out, we'll enact the largest investment in our national defense since the days of Ronald Reagan¹.

And under President Donald Trump, I'll make you a promise: We're going
240 to rebuild our military. We're going to restore the arsenal of democracy, and we will once again give our soldiers, sailors, airmen, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen the resources and training they need to
245 accomplish their mission and come home

safe. That's our promise to all of you.

As I close, let me say again how deeply humbling it is for me to stand before so many heroes. For you see, as Secretary
250 Shulkin told you, I'm the son of a soldier, and I'm the proud father of a United States Marine, but my life never took me into the uniform of the United States.

I've never experienced the cost of war
255 on the battlefield, or had to endure the hardship of time away from home and family that can come with service even in peacetime. But I've seen enough to know the burden our veterans bear is oftentimes
260 a burden that lives far beyond your time in uniform.

Sixty-four years ago, my dad served in combat in Korea. Second Lieutenant Edward J. Pence was in the U.S. Army,
265 45th Infantry. He fought in the battle of Old Baldy and Pork Chop Hill, and he earned a Bronze Star for his courage under fire.

The truth is I learned most of that after
270 I grew up – because dad never talked about the war, and that medal stayed in his dresser drawer.

A few years after he died, I was visiting a cousin that he grew up with
275 on the streets of Chicago, and he told me that the war had changed my dad. When I asked him how, he said "before the war, your dad was the most happy-go-lucky guy I ever met, but," he said, "after he
280 came back, he was different."

And then he said words I'll never forget. He said, "I don't think your dad ever got over the guilt of coming home."

I don't think your dad ever got over the
285 guilt of coming home – in those words, in an instant, I understood every unfinished

¹ *Ronald Reagan*: President of the United States 1981-1989

sentence, every far-away look on my father's face, whenever the war came up.

If he talked about it at all, he'd talk
 290 about the guys he served with, guys who didn't get to come home, to marry their sweetheart, raise a house full of kids, live their dreams and see their children's children.

305 And that's when I understood the quiet cost of freedom and the burden so many of our veterans bear in their hearts.

So to all our veterans looking on, know this: We are with you. You do not
 300 carry that burden alone. As a nation, we stand ready to help you shoulder that load, with the compassion, support, and prayers of the American people.

You were there for us, now we are
 305 here for you. President Trump said this morning, in his words, "America's veterans are this country's greatest national treasure." He said, "You are the best role models for our youngest citizens,
 310 a constant reminder of all that is good, decent, and brave."

And to you I say, no truer words were spoken. This is the land of the free because it's still the home of the brave¹,
 315 and you, our veterans, are our brave.

You stepped forward. You counted our lives more important than yours. And we thank God, who as the Psalmist says, "trained your hands for war," gave you
 320 the strength "to advance against a troop,"²

but also brought you home safe to your loved ones and a grateful nation.

In his proclamation for this Veterans Day, President Trump called upon every
 325 American "to recognize the fortitude and sacrifice of all our veterans," but let me add one challenge, especially to my fellow countrymen who did not serve in the Armed Forces of the United States –
 330 before the day is out, at home or work, on a street corner, or over a backyard fence, whether they came home in the last week or in the last century, find a veteran, extend your hand and say those words they never ask to hear but deserve to hear every day. To my fellow Americans I say, find a veteran today and say, thank you for your service.

Thank them for their courage. Thank them for your freedom. And thank them
 340 for doing their part to preserve this last best hope of Earth³, for ourselves and our posterity.

To our veterans, on behalf of the
 345 President of the United States and a grateful nation, I say, thank you for your service.

May God bless you and your families. May God bless all those who this day
 350 wear the uniform and stand ready and may God continue to bless the United States of America.

(2017)

¹ *the land of the free [and] the home of the brave*: a quotation from "The Star-Spangled Banner", the national anthem of the United States

² *trained... troop*: quotations from the Bible, Psalm 144

³ *[the] last best hope of earth*: a quotation from a speech held in 1862 by President Abraham Lincoln

Materials (for use by Copydan):

Kankana Saxena. "Green Chickpea Salad with Yogurt Dressing". *Playful Cooking* website, May 23, 2012, viewed September 2018. (www.playfulcooking.com)

Susan B. Anthony. "On Women's Right to Vote". 1873. *The History Place* website, viewed October 2018. (www.historyplace.com)

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Lisa Alward. "Old Growth". *The Journey Prize* 29. Ed. Kevin Hardcastle et al. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 2017.

Mike Pence. "National Veterans Day Observance". November 11, 2017. *White House* website, November 2017, viewed October 2018. (www.whitehouse.gov)

