2015 Released Items: Grade 9 End-of-Year Literary Text Set

The End-of-Year literary text set requires students to read a literary text and answer questions.

The 2015 blueprint for the grade 9 literary text set includes five Evidence-Based Selected Response/Technology-Enhanced Constructed Response items. This document includes a complete literary text set from an online summative assessment form.

Included in this document:

- Answer key and standards alignment
- PDFs of each item with the associated text

Additional related materials not included in this document:

- PARCC English Language Arts/Literacy Assessment: General Scoring Rules for the 2015 Summative Assessment
**EOY Text Type:** Literary S-M  

**Passage(s):** An Inquiry  

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| VF656381    | Item Type: EBSR  
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*Voldyrev goes to check on the status of a lawsuit.*  
*Voldyrev is sent to a certain clerk in the office.*  
*Voldyrev can’t get the clerk’s attention.*  
*The porter tells Voldyrev about the three roubles.*  
*The clerk takes care of everything for Voldyrev.* | RL 9.1.2  
RL 9.2.3 |
An Inquiry
by Anton Chekhov

1. It was midday. Vasilyev, a tall, thick-set country gentleman with a
   cropped head and prominent eyes, took off his overcoat, mopped his
   brow with his silk handkerchief, and somewhat diffidently went into the
government office. There they were something away.

2. "Where can I make an inquiry here?" he said, addressing a porter who
   was bringing a trayful of glasses from the furthest recesses of the office. "I
   have to make an inquiry here and to take a copy of a resolution of the
   Council."

3. "That way please! To that one sitting near the window!" said the porter,
   indicating with the tray the furthest window. Vasilyev coughed and went
   toward the window. There, at a green table spotted like a lichen, was sitting
   a young man with his hair standing up in four tufts on his head; with a long,
   pimply nose, and a long furred uniform. He was writing, thrusting his long
   nose into the papers. A fly was walking about near his right nostril; and he
   was continually stretching out his lower lip and lowering under his nose, which
   gave his face an extremely comical expression.

4. "May I make an inquiry about my case here... of you? My name is
   Vasilyev, and, by the way, I have to take a copy of that resolution of the
   Council of the second of March."

5. The clerk dipped his pen in the ink and looked to see if he had got too
   much on it. Having satisfied himself that the pen would not make a blot, he
   began scratching away. His lip was thrust out, but it was no longer necessary
to know the fly had settled on his ear.

6. "Can I make an inquiry here?" Vasilyev repeated a minute later, "my
   name is Vasilyev; I am a landowner."

7. "Here Alexander!" the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not
   observed Vasilyev, "will you tell the merchant Yabloko when he comes to sign
   the copy of the complaint lodged with the police? I've told him a thousand
   times!"

8. "I have come in reference to your case with the heirs of Princess
   Osugulin." muttered Vasilyev. "The case is well known. I earnestly beg you to
   attend to me."

9. Still failing to observe Vasilyev, the clerk caught the fly on his lip, looked
   at it thoughtfully and flung it away. The country gentleman coughed and blew
   his nose loudly on his checked pocket-handkerchief. But this was no use
   either. He was still unheard. The silence lasted for two minutes. Vasilyev took
   a note from his pocket and laid it on an open book before the clerk.
   The clerk wrinkled up his forehead, drew the book towards him with an
   anxious air and closed it.

10. "A little inquiry... I went only to find out on what grounds the heirs of
    Princess Osugulin... may trouble you?"

11. The clerk, absorbed in his own thoughts, got up and, scratching his
    nose, went to a cupboard for something. Returning a minute later to his
    table he became absorbed in the book again; another routine note was lying
    upon it.

12. "I will trouble you for one minute only... I have only to make an inquiry.

13. The clerk did not hear; he had begun copying something.

14. "Vasilyev frowned and looked helplessly at the whole scribbling
    brotherhood."

15. "They write!" he thought, sighing. "They write, the devil take them!

16. He walked away from the table and stopped in the middle of the room,
    his hands hanging helplessly at his sides. The porter, passing again with
    glasses, probably noticed the helpless expression of his face, for he went
    close up to him and asked him in a low voice:

17. "Well? Have you inquired?"

18. "I've inquired, but he wouldn't speak to me."

19. "You give him three roulettes," whispered the porter.

20. "I've given him two already."

21. "Give him another."

22. Vasilyev went back to the table and laid a green note on the open book.

23. The clerk drew the book towards him again and began turning over the
    leaves, and all at once, as though by chance, lifted his eyes to Vasilyev. His
    nose began to shine, turned red, and wrinkled up in a grin.

24. "Ah... what do you want?" he asked.

25. "I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case... My name is
    Vasilyev."

26. "With pleasure! The Osugulin case, isn't it? Very good. What is it then
    exactly?"

27. Vasilyev explained his business.

28. The clerk became as lively as though he were whirled round by a
    hurricane. He gave the necessary information, arranged for a copy to be
    made, gave the petitioner a chair, and all in one instant. He even spoke about
    the weather and asked after the harvest. And when Vasilyev went away he
    accompanied him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, and
    looking as though he were ready any minute to fall on his face before the
    gentleman. Vasilyev for some reason felt uncomfortable, and in obedience to
    some inward impulse he took a mumble out of his pocket and gave it to the
    clerk. And the latter kept bowing and smiling, and took the mumble like a
    comrade, so that it seemed to flash through the air.

"An Inquiry" by Anton Chekhov—Public Domain

Part A
What is the meaning of the word conjurer as it is used in paragraph 29?
A. energetic person
B. civil servant
C. magician
D. thief

Part B
Which phrase from paragraph 29 best helps the reader understand the
meaning of conjurer?
A. "... whirled round by a hurricane."
B. "... arranged for a copy..."
C. "... took the mumble...
D. "... seemed to flash through the air..."
Read the short story “An Inquiry.” Then answer the questions.

An Inquiry
by Anton Chekhov

1. It was midday. Velydyrev, a tall, thick-set country gentleman with a cropped head and prominent eyes, took off his overcoat, mopped his brow with his silk handkerchief, and somewhat diffidently went into the government office. There they were something away.
2. “Where can I make an inquiry here?” he said, addressing a porter who was bringing in a tray of glasses from the furthest recesses of the office. “I have to make an inquiry here and to take a copy of a resolution of the Council.”
3. “That way pleased to that one sitting near the window” said the porter, indicating with the tray the furthest window. Velydyrev coughed and went towards the window. There, at a green table spotted like a fly, was a young man with his hair standing up in four tufts on his head; with a long, pinched nose, and a long folded uniform. He was writing, thrusting his long nose into the papers. A fly was walking about near his right nostril, and he was continually stretching out his lower lip and lowering under his nose, which gave a face an extremely comical expression.
4. “May I make an inquiry about my case here—of you? My name is Velydyrev, and, by the way, I have to take a copy of the resolution of the Council of the second of March.”
5. The clerk dipped his pen in the ink and looked to see if he had got too much on it. Having satisfied himself that the pen would not make a blot, he began scratching away. His lip was thrust out, but it was no longer necessary to know the fly had settled on his ear.
6. “Can I make an inquiry here?” Velydyrev repeated a minute later, “my name is Velydyrev, I am a landlord.”
7. “Ivan Alexeevich?” the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not observed Velydyrev, “will you tell the merchant Yaknov when he comes to sign the copy of the complaint lodged with the police? I’ve told him a thousand times!”
8. “I have come in reference to my lawsuit with the heirs of Princess Oguglin,” muttered Velydyrev. “The case is well known. I earnestly beg you to attend to me.”
9. Still sitting, the clerk caught the fly on his lip, looked at it idly, and shook his head. The country gentleman coughed and blew his nose loud on his checked pocket handkerchief. But this was no use either. He was still unheeded. The silence lasted for two minutes. Velydyrev took a nodule from his pocket and laid it on an open book before the clerk.
10. The clerk looked up his forehead, drew the book towards him with an anxious air and closed it.
11. “A little inquiry— I want only to find out on what grounds the heirs of Princess Oguglin… May I trouble you?”
12. The clerk, absorbed in his own thoughts, got up and, scratching his brow, went to a cupboard for something. Returning a minute later to his table he became absorbed in the book again; another nodule was lying upon it.
13. “I will trouble you for one minute only…” I have only to make an inquiry.
14. The clerk did not hear, he had begun copying something.
15. Velydyrev frowned and looked hopelessly at the whole scribbling brotherhood.
16. “They write,” he thought, sighing. “They write, the devil take them already.”
17. He walked away from the table and stopped in the middle of the room, his hands hanging helplessly at his sides. The porter, pressing again with glasses, probably noticed the helpless expression of his face, for he went close up to him and asked him in a low voice.
18. “Well? Have you inquired?”
19. “I’ve inquired, but he wouldn’t speak to me.”
20. “You give him three rubles,” whispered the porter.
21. “I’ve given him two already.”
22. “Give him another.”
23. Velydyrev went back to the table and laid a green note on the open book.
24. The clerk drew the book towards him again and began turning over the leaves, and all at once, as though by chance, lifted his eyes to Velydyrev. His nose began to shine, turned red, and wrinkled up in a grin.
25. “Ah… what do you want?” he asked.
26. “I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case—my name is Velydyrev.”
27. “With pleasure. The Oguglin case, isn’t it? Very good. What is it then exactly?”
28. Velydyrev explained his business.
29. The clerk became as lively as though he were whirled round by a hurricane. He gave the necessary information, arranged for a copy to be made, gave the petitioner a chair, and all in one instant. He even spoke about the weather and asked after the harvest. And when Velydyrev went away he accompanied him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, and looking at him as though he were ready any minute to fall on his face before the gentleman. Velydyrev for some reason felt uncomfortable, and in obedience to some inward impulse he took a nodule out of his pocket and gave it to the clerk. And the latter kept bowling and smiling, and took the nodule like a convoy, so that it seemed to flash through the air.
30. “Well, what people!” thought the country gentleman as he went out into the street, and he stopped and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

Part A
Based on this story, what can readers infer about the author’s interpretation of life in Russia at the time the story takes place?

A. People were discouraged from filing lawsuits.
B. Civil servants were not very helpful unless they liked a person.
C. It was hard to get things done in the bureaucracy without bribery.
D. A person had no rights when it came to the aristocracy.

Part B
Which evidence from the story provides the best support for the answer in Part A?

A. “Ivan Alexeevich!” the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not observed Velydyrev. . . . (paragraph 7)
B. “. . . I want only to find out on what grounds the heirs of Princess Oguglin . . . .” (paragraph 10)
C. “You give him three rubles,” whispered the porter. . . . (paragraph 21)
D. “I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case . . . .” (paragraph 26)
Read the short story "An Inquiry." Then answer the questions.

An Inquiry
by Anton Chekhov

It was midday. Volydnev, a tall, thick-set country gentleman with a
cropped head and prominent eyes, took off his overcoat, mopped his brow
with his silk handkerchief, and somewhat diffidently went into the government
office. There they were waiting for him.

"Where can I make an inquiry here?" he said, addressing a porter who
was bringing a tray of glasses from the furthest recesses of the office. "I have
to make an inquiry here and to take a copy of a resolution of the
Council."

"That way please!" To that one sitting near the window!" said the porter,
indicating with the tray the furthest window. Volydnev coughed and went
towards the window. There, at a green table, spotted like a typhoon, was sitting
a young man with his hair standing up in four bulks on his head, with a long,
pinkly nose, and a long falsetto uniform. He was writing, thrusting his long
nose into the paper. A fly was walking about near his right nostril, and he
was continually stretching out his lower lip and bringing up under his nose,
which gave his face an extremely comely expression.

"May I make an inquiry about my case here? of you? My name is
Volydnev, and, by the way, I have to take a copy of the resolution of the
Council of the second of March?"

The clerk dipped his pen in the ink and looked to see if he had got too
much on it. Having satisfied himself that the pen would not make a blot, he
began scribbling away. His lip was thrust out, but it was no longer necessary
to know the fly had settled on his ear.

"Can I make an inquiry here?" Volydnev repeated a minute later, "my
name is Volydnev; I am a landowner...

"You, Alexei?" the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not
noticed Volydnev, "will you tell the merchant Yakov, when he comes to sign
the copy of the complaint lodged with the police? I’ve told him a thousand
times!

"I have come in reference to my lawsuit with the heirs of Princess
Daguilin" muttered Volydnev. "The case is well known. I earnestly beg you to
attend to me."

Still trying to observe Volydnev, the clerk caught the fly on his lip; looked
at it thoughtfully and flung it away. The country gentleman coughed and blew
his nose loudly on his checked pocket handkerchief. But this was no use
either. He was still unheard. The silence lasted for two minutes. Volydnev took
a note from his pocket and laid it on an open book before the clerk.
The clerk wrinkled up his forehead, drew the book towards him with an
awful air and closed it

"A little inquiry... I want only to find out on what grounds the heirs of
Princess Daguilin... May I trouble you?"

The clerk, absorbed in his own thoughts, got up and, scratching his
nose, went to a cupboard for something. Returning a minute later to his table
he became absorbed in the book again; another routine note was lying upon it.

"I will trouble you for one minute only... I have only to make an inquiry...

The clerk did not hear; he had begun copying something.

Volydnev frowned and looked hopelessly at the whole scribbling
brotherhood.

"They write?" he thought, signing. "They write, the devil take them
already!"

He walked away from the table and stopped in the middle of the room,
his hands hanging helplessly at his sides. The porter, pressing again with
glasses, probably noticed the helpless expression of his face, for he went
close up to him and asked him in a low voice:

"Well? Have you inquired?"

"I’ve inquired, but he wouldn’t speak to me."

"You give him three roubles," whispered the porter.

"I’ve given him two already."

"Give him another."

Volydnev went back to the table and laid a green note on the open book.
The clerk drew the book towards him again and began turning over the
leaves, and at once, as though by chance, lifted his eyes to Volydnev. His
nose began to shine, turned red, and wrinkled up in a grin.

"Ah... what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case... My name is
Volydnev."

"With pleasure! The Daguilin case, isn’t it? Very good. What is it then
exactly?"

Volydnev explained his business.

The clerk became as lively as though he were whirled round by a
hurricane. He gave the necessary information, arranged for a copy to be
made, gave the petitioner a chair, and all in one instant. He even spoke about
the weather and asked after the harvest. And when Volydnev went away he
accompanied him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, and looking
as though he were ready any minute to fall on his knees before the
gentleman. Volydnev for some reason felt uncomfortable, and in obedience to
some inward impulse he took a rouble out of his pocket and gave it to the
clerk. And the latter kept bowing and smiling, and took the rouble like a
compliment, so that it seemed to flash through the air.

"Well, what pleased thought the country gentleman as he went out into
the street, and he stopped and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"An Inquiry" by Anton Chekhov—Public Domain
Read the short story "An Inquiry." Then answer the questions.

**An Inquiry**

by Anton Chekhov

1. It was midday. Vlodivoy, a tall, thick-set country gentleman with a cropped head and prominent eyes, took off his overcoat, mopped his brow with his silk handkerchief, and somewhat disdainfully went into the government office. There they were something away.

2. "Where can I make an inquiry here?" he said, addressing a porter who was bringing a trayful of glasses from the furthest recesses of the office. "I have to make an inquiry here and to take a copy of a resolution of the Council."

3. "That way please! To that one sitting near the window!" said the porter, indicating with the tray the furthest window. Vlodivoy coughed and went towards the window. There, at a green table spotted with fly specks, was sitting a young man with his hair standing up in four tufts on his head, with a long, pinched nose, and a long, faded uniform. He was writing, thrusting his long nose into the papers. A fly was walking about near his right nostril, and he was continually stretching out his lower lip and lowering under his nose, which gave his face an extremely cross-exam expression.

4. "May I make an inquiry about my case here... of you? My name is Vlodivoy, and, by the way, I have to take a copy of the resolution of the Council of the second of March!"

5. The clerk dipped his pen in the ink and looked to see if he had got too much on it. Having satisfied himself that the pen would not make a blot, he began scratching away. His lip was thrust out, but it was no longer necessary to know the fly had settled on his ear.

6. "Can I make an inquiry here?" Vlodivoy repeated a minute later. "My name is Vlodivoy. I am a livestock...

7. "Han Aleksei!" the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not observed Vlodivoy, "Will you tell the merchant Yaklov when he comes to sign the copy of the complaint lodged with the police! I've told him a thousand times!

8. "I have come in reference to my lawsuit with the heirs of Princess Oguljin," muttered Vlodivoy. "The case is well known. I earnestly beg you to attend to it."

9. Still failing to observe Vlodivoy, the clerk caught the fly on his lip, looked at it affectionately and flung it away. The country gentleman coughed and blew his nose loudly on his checked pocket handkerchief. But this was not the case.

10. He was still unanswered. The silence lasted for two minutes. Vlodivoy took a rupee note from his pocket and laid it on an open book before the clerk.

11. The clerk wrinkled up his forehead, drew the book towards him with an anxious air and closed it.

12. "A little inquiry... I want only to find out on what grounds the heirs of Princess Oguljin... Will you trouble you?"

13. The clerk turned to his own thoughts, got up and, scratching his nose, went to a cupboard for something. Returning a minute later to his table he became absorbed in the book again: another rupee note was lying upon it.

14. "I will trouble you for one minute only... I have only to make an inquiry.

15. The clerk did not hear. He had begun copying something.

16. Vlodivoy frowned and looked hopelessly at the whole scribbling brotherhood.

17. "They write!" he thought, sighing. "They write, the devil takes them already!"

18. He walked away from the table and stepped into the middle of the room, his hands hanging helplessly at his sides. The porter, pressing again with glasses, probably noticed the helpless expression of his face, for he went close up to him and asked him in a low voice:

19. "Well? Have you inquired?"

20. "I've inquired, but he wouldn't speak to me."

21. "You gave him three rupees, " whispered the porter.

22. "I've given him two already."

23. "Give him another."

24. Vlodivoy went back to the table and laid a green note on the open book.

25. The clerk drew the book towards him again and began turning over the leaves, and all at once, as though by chance, lifted his eyes to Vlodivoy. His nose began to shine, turned red, and wrinkled up in a grin.

26. "Ah... what do you want?" he asked.

27. "I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case... My name is Vlodivoy."

28. "With pleasure! The Oguljin case, isn't it? Very good. What is it then exactly?"

29. Vlodivoy explained his business.

30. The clerk became as lively as though he were wired round by a hurricane. He gave the necessary information, arranged for a copy to be made, gave the petitioner a chair, and all in one instant. He even spoke about the weather and asked after the harvest. And when Vlodivoy went away he accompanied him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, and looking as though he were ready any minute to fall on his face before the gentleman. Vlodivoy for some reason felt uncomfortable, and in obedience to some inward impulse he took a rupee out of his pocket and gave it to the clerk. And the latter kept bowing and smiling, and took the rupee like a charm... so that it seemed to flash through the air.

"An Inquiry" by Anton Chekhov—Public Domain
Read the short story "An Inquiry." Then answer the questions.

An Inquiry

by Anton Chekhov

It was midday. Vasilyev, a tall, thick-set country gentleman with a cropped head and prominent eyes, look-off, his overcoat, mopped his brow with his silk handkerchief, and somewhat diffidently went into the government office. There they were scratching away.

"Where can I make an inquiry here?" he said, addressing a porter who was putting a trayful of glasses from the furthest recesses of the office. "I have to make an inquiry here and to take a copy of a resolution of the Council."

That way pleased 1 to that one sitting near the window," said the porter, indicating with his toy the furthest window. Vasilyev coughed and went towards the window. There, at a green table spotted like yew, was sitting a young man with his hair standing up in four tufts on his head, with a long, empty nose, and a long faded uniform. He was writing, thrusting his long nose into the papers. A fly was walking about near his right nostril, and he was continuously straggling out his lower lip and blowing under his nose, which gave his face an extremely care-worn expression.

"May I make an inquiry about a case here of yours? My name is Vasilyev, and, by the way, I have to take a copy of the resolution of the Council of the second of March."

The clerk dipped his pen in the ink and looked to see if he had got too much on it. Having satisfied himself that the pen would not make a bit, he began scribbling away. His lip was thrust out, but it was no longer necessary to blow; the fly had settled on his ear.

"Can I make an inquiry here?" Vasilyev repeated a minute later. "My name is Vasilyev, I am a..."

"Han Aleskochi!" the clerk shouted into the air as though he had not observed Vasilyev. "Will you tell the merchant Kalikov when he comes to sign the copy of the complaint lodged with the police? I've told him a thousand times!"

"I have come in reference to my lawsuit with the heirs of Princess Gogulina," muttered Vasilyev. "The case is well known. I earnestly beg you to attend to me."

Still talking to observe Vasilyev, the clerk caught the fly on his lip, looked at it attentively and flung it away. The country gentleman coughed and blew his nose bravely on his checkered pocket handkerchief. But this was no use either. He was still unheard. The silence lasted for two minutes. Vasilyev took a routine note from his pocket and laid it on an open book before the clerk. The clerk wrinkled up his forehead, drew the book towards him with an anxious air and closed it.

"A little inquiry... I want only to find out on what grounds the heirs of Princess Gogulina... May I trouble you?"

The clerk, absorbed in his own thoughts, got up and, scratching his elbow, went to a cupboard for something. Returning a minute later to his table he became absorbed in the book again; another routine note was lying upon it.

"I will trouble you for one minute only. I have only to make an inquiry..."

The clerk did not hear; he had begun copying something.

Vasilyev frowned and looked hopelessly at the whole scribbling brotherhood.

"They write," he thought, "they write, the devil take them entirely!"

He walked away from the table and stopped in the middle of the room, his hands hanging hopelessly at his sides. The porter, passing again with glasses, probably retraced the wretched expression of his face, for he went close up to him and asked him in a low voice:

"Well? Have you inquired?"

"I've inquired, but he wouldn't speak to me."

"You gave him three roubles," whispered the porter.

"I've given him five already."

"Give him another."

Vasilyev went back to the table and laid a green note on the open book.

The clerk drew the book towards him again and began turning over the leaves, and all at once, as though by chance, lifted his eyes to Vasilyev. His nose began to shine, turned red, and wrinkled up in a grin.

"Ah... what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to make an inquiry in reference to my case... My name is Vasilyev."

"With pleasure! The Gogulina case, isn't it? Very good! What is it, then exactly?"

Vasilyev explained his business.

The clerk became as lively as though he were whirled round by a hurricane. He gave the necessary information, arranged for a copy to be made, gave the petitioner a chair, and all in one instant. He even spoke about the weather and asked after the hairdresser. And when Vasilyev went away he accompanied him down the stairs, smiling affably and respectfully, and looking as though he were ready any minute to tell on his face before the gentleman: Vasilyev for some reason felt unaccountable, and in obedience to some inward impulse he took a rouble out of his pocket and gave it to the clerk. And the latter kept bowing and smiling, and took the rouble like a conjurer, so that it seemed to flash through the air.

"Well, what people!" thought the country gentleman as he went out into the street, and he stopped and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

"An Inquiry" by Anton Chekhov—Public Domain

Select from the sentences to create an objective summary of the story. The first sentence of the summary is given for you. Select four other sentences that show the most important ideas of the story. Select and drag them to the appropriate boxes. Be sure you put the sentences in chronological order:

The clerk calls out to another person in the office.

Vasilyev can't get the clerk's attention.

Vasilyev stands helplessly in the middle of the room.

The clerk takes care of everything for Vasilyev.

The clerk watches the fly and then flings it away.

The porter tells Vasilyev about the three roubles.

Vasilyev mentions the heirs of Princess Gogulino.

The clerks signs his name into the book and checks it.

Vasilyev is sent to a certain clerk in the office.

Vasilyev goes to check on the status of a lawsuit.

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