

**From the Breaking Point kit offered by
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This short story is a sample from the Breaking Point kit offered at www.WeGottaRead.com.

Accused



Someone gave birth to a baby in the teachers' restroom. Now the entire school is on lockdown as one student is falsely accused and the real mother hopes to escape notice amidst the chaos.

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Vocabulary Guide – “Accused”

Words (in order of appearance)	Definition	Example Sentence
Infamous	Well known for being bad or evil	This area of town is infamous for burglaries.
Exclusive	Belonging only to particular people; not shared	Boxing club members have exclusive rights to the gym on Sundays.
Rationalize	Inventing an explanation for something that is wrong so that it does not seem so bad	When Brittney messes up, she finds a way to rationalize what she has done.
Emanate	To show a particular smell or light; come out from something	When he walks into the room, he emanates confidence.
Sanitary	Clean and not causing any danger to people’s health	Often, public restrooms are not very sanitary.
Meddlesome	A word describing someone who becomes involved in other people’s business, in an annoying way	She is always in fights at school because she is meddlesome.
Banter	Friendly conversation in which people makes jokes about each other	After a game of basketball, the boys often engage in banter.
Imminent	An imminent event is usually something unpleasant that will happen very soon	She has an imminent appointment with a dentist.
Shuffle	Walk slowly and noisily without lifting feet off the ground	The old man shuffled to the door.
Don	Put on clothing	She donned a white gown for the ceremony.

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Discussion Questions - "Accused"

Before Reading

1. Are student restrooms in our school clean?
2. When a teenager is pregnant, should she be allowed to stay in the same school with her peers?
3. Do/did your parents expect you to finish school without becoming a parent?
4. Have you ever been falsely accused of something?
5. Do you think that teens whose parents are public figures (preachers, politicians, teachers, etc.) feel more pressure than other teens?

After Reading

1. Do you think Katherina should have agreed to the test?
2. Could Katherina have prevented this problem for herself?
3. Do you think Aletha is a bad person?
4. Do you think Ms. Jones stood up for her daughter?
5. What do you think will happen to Aletha and the baby?

Accused

1 Aletha was one of those quiet girls. She sat on the second or third row of her classes, minded her own business, turned in her work when it was due. Her grades were fine – not high enough or low enough to get her noticed either way. Teachers didn't learn her name until the second six weeks because they never had reason to call on her. And that's the way Aletha liked things.

2 But now, as she sat on the toilet seat writhing in excruciating pain, Aletha could only imagine how infamous her name would become if everyone found out.

3 Katherina Luna looked both ways. The hallway was clear. She crept into the teachers' restroom and locked the door behind her. So long as no teachers witnessed her enter, she could stay there until the bell rang and the hallways filled up again with students. Then, she could simply slip out and blend in with the crowd on the way to third period.

4 She didn't do this kind of thing every day – just when she needed some privacy in the restroom. It didn't seem fair to Katherina that teachers should have their exclusive place to go while students risked embarrassment and scrutiny in the communal bathrooms. It just wasn't constitutional, or at least that's the excuse Katherina used to rationalize her disobedience.

5 Once inside, Katherina took off her backpack, stretched her neck, and spent a little time admiring herself in the mirror. She shoved her bangs back to proper swoop formation and made a mental note to use more gel next time. The top portion of her light brown hair was teased to add another inch to her frame, while the sides and back spiraled into loose curls.

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6 Now for the real reason she'd come into the restroom. Katherina leaned in to examine the awful zit that had taken control of her face. Had it grown? Was it visible? Few cosmetic companies made makeup to match the yellowish-brown tone of her skin, a product of her bi-racial heritage. The slightly off-colored concealer did some damage control on the pimple that sprang up last night, but anyone who got too close would be able to see the problem.

7 She'd be sure to stay away from Jamian during her next class. She couldn't bear to look less than perfect in front of the boy who'd stolen her heart. He didn't know she existed yet, but it was only a matter of time, Katherina figured. And if she could lose thirty pounds before that time, her life would be even better.

8 Katherina's nose crinkled as she detected a distinctly different odor emanating from the other side of the actual toilet stall. Rubbing alcohol, maybe some kind of strong cleaning solution. Well, at least this space was sanitary. All the more reason to use the teachers' restroom.

9 When the bell rang, Katherina hurled her backpack onto her shoulder again and slowly unlocked the door. She waited for a few seconds, allowing the hallway traffic to build. Then she peeked out the door to make sure there were no teachers in sight.

10 "Hey, girl, get outta there!" a pesky boy hollered into her face, obviously trying to get her in trouble.

11 Katherina's eyes widened in anger. *Why do some people have to be such snitches?* Quickly, Katherina slid out of the restroom and joined the flow of students.

12 "Young lady!" an adult's voice called from behind Katherina.

13 Katherina sped up the pace, but it was no use. In a moment's time, the woman tapped Katherina's shoulder. Katherina froze in place, prepared to face the stupid consequences of her very necessary actions.

14 The woman looked down at Katherina's name tag and then proceeded with a lecture. "That restroom is clearly marked for teachers' use only," she bellowed as though Katherina were both hard of hearing and illiterate.

15 Katherina tried the woman-to-woman angle. She took a deep breath and then whined, "I know. I just had some...important stuff to do in there, if you know what I mean. I wasn't feeling so well." Katherina grabbed her stomach for effect.

16 The woman's face softened. "Don't let me catch you coming from there again, you understand?" She whispered now. "Next time, go to the nurse."

17 "Okay."

18 To make the whole lie believable, Katherina walked away slowly, grasping her midsection until the woman was out of sight. Then, Katherina scrambled to make it to third period on time. Her efforts proved fruitless as the bell rang with Katherina on the wrong side of the door. Mrs. Kelly expected everyone to be in their seat before the bell rang.

19 "Dang!" Katherina murmured to herself. Honestly, she could have just gone back to the cafeteria and eaten lunch again, but missing Mrs. Kelly's Spanish class was murder. She always gave at least two assignments in class, plus assigned homework. No one who cared about their grades and their social life wanted to miss her class.

20 Katherina crouched down as she approached Mrs. Kelly's classroom door. Cautiously, she peered in through the rectangular glass opening above the door's handle. Mrs. Kelly was at the board, with her back turned to the class. Katherina

took a firm grasp on the handle and started to open the door and race to her assigned seat on the back row, but suddenly Mrs. Kelly twirled to face the class.

21 Katherina ducked out of view, releasing her grip. She prayed silently that Mrs. Kelly hadn't seen her, but it wouldn't be long before some teacher or principal strolled down the hallway searching for skippers. Katherina would either have to get in the room or find someplace else to hide out because, unlike most civilized schools, the administration at Mickey High School carted tardy students off to a "tardy tank" where they were held through the rest of the class period.

22 In the distance, Katherina heard keys jingling. Probably a custodian coming her way. Even they couldn't be trusted not to snitch. Katherina took hold of the steel grip again and stole another glance in the room. Again, Mrs. Kelly was at the board writing, back facing the class, talking loudly as the class repeated her Spanish pronunciations.

23 Katherina had to go for it. She bent down, slithered into the class, nursed the door to a close, and slipped into her seat. A few of her classmates gave her thumbs-up, and Katherina smiled back as she waited for her heart rate to return to normal.

24 Aletha sat in her third period class trying to stay awake. The double-shot of ibuprofen she'd downed numbed the achiness, but Aletha wasn't prepared for the exhaustion. All the energy she had left was used to keep her eyelids from closing.

25 Principal McKinney's booming voice snapped Aletha out of her dullness. "Attention all teachers," he started.

26 Aletha felt her heart sink to her stomach. Then she relaxed a bit – he said *all* teachers, not just Mr. Blythe, Aletha’s third period teacher. “Please check your email for a very important message.”

27 Mr. Blythe gave the class an evil, witchy glare and teased, “Ooh! Let’s take a look!”

28 Aletha laughed along with her classmates, masking the sheer terror suddenly slicing through her body.

29 Mr. Blythe stood behind his desk, still wearing the smirk, and clicked the mouse a few times. As his eyes rolled across the words on the screen, his smile disappeared. He cleared his throat, straightened his tie, and addressed the class. “Class, we’ve got a situation going on. Nothing to be scared about, but it looks as though we might be in this class for quite some time.”

30 “Yes!” from a boy to Aletha’s left. “No history test!” He slapped hands with another student.

31 “Tsk, tsk, boys. Settle down.” Mr. Blythe’s attempt at humor diminished the level of anxiety in the room.

32 “What’s going on, Mr. Blythe?” a girl on the front row asked.

33 Mr. Blythe pursed his lips for a moment.

34 Aletha thought she would faint.

35 “Come on – tell us,” the nosy girl begged to know. Several kids in the room copied her appeal.

36 “I’m not at liberty to discuss the current emergency, but suffice it to say, someone is going to be in really big trouble before this is all over and I just hope it’s not one of my angelic students – although if it were one of you, I think I

would've known it by now." Mr. Blythe stood confidently with both hands at his waist, scanning the students in the classroom.

37 Aletha held her breath and steadied her eyes on the pencil groove at the top of her desk. She was glad she'd never really looked at Mr. Blythe directly. He shouldn't think her behavior unusual.

38 Third period ran over into fourth. Everyone was restless and began to complain about the possibility of missing lunch thanks to some mysterious but obviously not life-threatening crisis.

39 Mr. Blythe retired behind his desk and allowed the students to converse in small groups. Aletha put her head down and rested her eyes, though the panic-filled adrenaline rush prevented her from going back to sleep. She felt some cramping in her abdomen, but not too much. Aletha stealthily transferred two more ibuprofen tablets from her purse to her mouth to ease the pain.

40 One of the more rowdy boys in the class jumped from his desk, holding his cell phone up in the air. "I just got a text - I know why we're being held hostage!"

41 "Carter, put the phone away," Mr. Blythe warned.

42 Carter hid the phone behind his back. "Sorry, sir."

43 "What's up?" The meddlesome front-row girl prompted Carter to spill the beans.

44 "My cousin said the news just interrupted TV and said some girl had a baby in one of our school's bathrooms."

45 The room erupted with reactions. Two cheerleaders Aletha recognized from the mandatory pep rallies looked at each other in disgust. "Eeeeew! That's gotta hurt!"

46 "I'll bet they got it on camera."

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47 "Yeah, right. Half the cameras in this building don't even work."

48 "Whoever did it is crazy!"

49 "I don't believe it. My mom said she could barely walk after she had me."

50 "Uh uh," someone else disagreed. "When my sister had her baby, they made her walk right afterward so she could heal faster."

51 "Maybe the baby was premature."

52 "Was it dead?"

53 Carter shrugged. "I don't know. Didn't ask."

54 Aletha could have answered that question. No, he wasn't dead. He was very much alive – breathing and sucking his tiny fingers when she wrapped him tightly in the blanket and placed him on the floor.

55 Students made cruel comments about the mystery mother, naming several girls they intended to investigate. Theirs was a mid-sized school, large enough to have a good football team, but small enough for the students to know the first name of everyone in their graduating class.

56 While Aletha blinked back tears, her worst fears were unfolding right before her eyes. People were calling her stupid. Crazy. Theorizing about why anyone would do such a horrible thing – but was it really so horrible? She'd given birth to the baby, cut the cord, cleaned up the mess afterward, and then set him in a warm corner of the stall. The first teacher to use the restroom would find him, turn him in, and he'd eventually end up in a loving home with loving parents who would, hopefully, never mention the circumstances surrounding his birth.

57 One of the cheerleaders continued, "Well, I hope the baby wasn't dead. I can't go to a school where someone died."

58 To Aletha's relief, the conversation took a turn toward jokes and tasteless banter about ghosts and UFO's. Then, finally, the bell rang and the students were allowed to move on to their next class. A and B lunches would simply be combined.

59 Aletha spent lunch in the girls' restroom nearest the cafeteria, trying to recover. For weeks, she had been carrying cleaning supplies, feminine products, pain relievers, and blankets in her oversized purse, anticipating the baby's arrival. Having the baby at school in the teachers' restroom was her best-case scenario. She'd hoped a teacher would find the baby and notify authorities, which was apparently what happened. Everything had gone well.

60 Now if she could just sit in her classes and make it through the rest of the day, the trail would grow cold and no one would ever know about the biggest mistake she'd made in her life. She could finish school, go to college, and not risk embarrassing her family. After all, who would listen to a pastor whose own daughter didn't adhere to the church's standards?

61 Aletha stayed in the restroom stall as long as she could before her appetite drug her back to the cafeteria. She had to eat something or she wouldn't have any energy. The lines were short. Aletha was thankful. She ordered a sandwich and devoured it at an empty table.

62 Baby buzz swarmed all around her. Already, people were calling the mother stupid, irresponsible, mental. One girl said that whoever the mother was needed to be slapped in the face. Aletha overhead a boy yell that he was the baby's daddy and he was going to sue. She wondered how people could make such silly jokes about her son.

63 Katherina had no reason to be scared. She hadn't done anything wrong except use the teachers' restroom that morning. So why was she shivering with fear, surrounded by principals and police inside a conference room after lunch?

64 Like every other student in the building, Katherina had heard about the baby in the bathroom business. She agreed with most of the student body: the mother, whoever she was, had to be stupid. Even more stupid was the idea that the baby belonged to Katherina.

65 "I don't want to talk any more until my mom gets here," she said after the principal practically hurled the accusation at Katherina.

66 Everyone in conference room was angry with Katherina, and no one believed the baby wasn't hers, especially after that teacher gave her exaggerated version of things.

67 "Yes, this is the girl." She had pointed toward Katherina. "I saw her after second period, nearly doubled over in agony. Her face was white as a ghost, and she told me herself she was sick."

68 "I'm telling you I was lying! Faking!" Katherina repeated for the third time during the interrogation.

69 Principal McKinney tilted back in his chair, folded his arms across his chest. His clenched fists poked out from under his armpits. "So were you lying *then* or are you lying *now*?"

70 That was when Katherina knew she'd better shut up and stop digging her own grave. Adults were always like this – they always thought they knew everything just because they were fifteen or twenty years older. Like none of them ever told a little lie to get out of trouble.

71 Half an hour later, when Katherina's mother walked into the conference room, the conversation resumed.

72 "What's going on here?"

73 "Sit down, Ms. Jones," the counselor directed.

74 Katherina's mother took the seat nearest her daughter at the long rectangular table. She grabbed Katherina's hand and squeezed it. Katherina returned the gesture, strengthened already by her mother's presence.

75 One of the police officers closed the door and explained their theory, to which Ms. Jones replied, "That's not possible. My daughter wasn't pregnant."

76 Mrs. Vivian, the school nurse, contorted her lips, apparently searching for the right words. "Mrs. Jones, sometimes girl who are...a little larger...can hide their pregnancies well."

77 Vice Principal Smith added, "One of our teachers saw your daughter come from that restroom shortly before the discovery of the baby. Katherina was grasping her stomach and claimed to be in pain."

78 Mother and daughter looked into each other's eyes and exchanged a silent vow of trust. Ms. Jones looked across the entire row of administrators and authorities seated across from her. "You've got the wrong girl."

79 The teacher who'd identified Katherina raised her hand as though swearing in a court of law. "No, ma'am. I saw your daughter come from that restroom. I even read her name tag."

80 "Katherina was also marked absent in one of her classes today."

81 "Teachers are *always* messing up on attendance records. I have today's notes from every single one of my classes in my folder. Seriously, this is a huge

misunderstanding!" Katherina defended herself boldly. "I did not have a baby. I've never even *been* with a guy."

82 The teacher sat back and gave Katherina a smug grin before addressing her mother. "Ms. Jones, I've been a teacher for twenty years, and I know we don't want to believe our little angels are capable of such things. Yet, they do lie. Kids will be kids."

83 Katherina's mother cocked her head to one side and squared off with the teacher. "We're not talking about *kids* - we're talking about *Katherina*. I know my child. She's no angel, but she wouldn't lie about something this serious."

84 Ms. Jones swiveled her head back to the principal. "Since you found the baby in the teacher's restroom, maybe you should start with your staff over here." Ms. Jones thumbed toward the teacher.

85 The teacher, her face reddening, stood to her feet. "How dare you suggest I would do such a thing."

86 "You suggested my daughter did it first."

87 Like a referee, the policeman stood and held out both hands to call off the imminent verbal battle. "Calm down, ladies. There is one way we can know for sure."

88 The room was silent, awaiting his suggestion.

89 He looked Katherina in the eyes and said, "We can escort you to the hospital for a pelvic exam and this will all be over with." He raised an eyebrow. "*If* you're telling the truth."

90 Katherina looked down at her feet. "No. I don't want somebody to see me...down there...because you guys don't believe me."

91 Ms. Jones shook her head. "Can't you just test her D-N-A with a cotton swab or something? I've seen them do it a million times on television."

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92 The officer replied, "We could, but it'll take several days or even weeks for us to get release from Child Protective Services to test the baby. Then we'd have to wait for the results. This isn't C-S-I or some court show. These things take time in real life."

93 Ms. Jones nodded. "Fine. Start the paperwork. I refuse to subject my daughter to this unnecessary probing and traumatize her for no reason at all. And while you're waiting for her test results, I assume you'll be investigating every other girl - and teacher - in the building?"

94 "Right now, Katherina is our only person of interest. And I have to tell you," the officer took in a slow breath, "you don't really have a right to refuse, Ms. Jones. We're investigating a case. We have to think about the child."

95 "*Which* child?" Ms. Jones snapped.

96 The officer waited for Ms. Jones to regain her composure.

97 "I don't think it'd be a good idea for her to...mingle with the rest of the student body until she's cleared." Mr. McKinney put his hands on top of his head now.

98 "Are you kidding me?" Ms. Jones asked breathlessly.

99 "What about prom? What about my life?" Katherina cried as she burst into tears,

covering her eyes with both hands. She fell into her mother's embrace. "Whatever happened to innocent until proven guilty?"

100 With a simple hand gesture, the officer motioned for everyone except the principal to exit the room. Then he placed one hand on Ms. Jones' shoulder. "I'll personally make sure that she's examined by a female doctor."

101 Ms. Jones' facial features fell an inch as she conceded. Slowly, she sat Katherina upright and spoke. "Sweetheart, I hate to say this, but I think it's best if you have the exam."

102 "But—"

103 "Honey, listen," Mom interrupted. "If you don't clear your name right away, there will be a huge cloud of suspicion floating over you for days, weeks, months, even years after this is all over with. They need to find that baby's mother. The sooner we take the focus off you, the better."

104 Ten minutes before the last bell rang, Principal McKinney arrested everyone's attention again. "Teachers, the office aides are distributing a letter that needs to be sent home with each student. Thank you for your cooperation in this matter."

105 As the announcement concluded, a student wearing a bright green office assistant's badge entered Mrs. Thornton's class and handed her a stack of paper.

106 Mrs. Thornton, Aletha's math teacher, read the letter first. "Students, please be sure to take these letters home to your parents immediately so that ugly rumors about our school don't get spread around the community."

107 This was the best thing Aletha had heard all day. Then again, she should have known Mrs. Thornton would be compassionate. She was the only teacher who recognized every single student's birthday.

108 "Pass them out already!" someone shouted playfully.

109 Mrs. Thornton shot a threatening look toward the student, who immediately apologized.

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110 Aletha's hands were shaking so badly she couldn't reach for the letter. Instead, she let Mrs. Thornton place it on the desk. Aletha read the letter as if her life depended on it.

111 In some ways, it did.

Dear Parents,

This morning, a newborn infant was discovered in a restroom on our campus. Due to the sensitive nature of this incident, we are not at liberty to disclose details to the general public.

However, we have joined forces with local authorities and Child Protective Services and believe that we have located and detained the mother of the baby. We are following proper procedures in handling this matter.

Sincerely,

Ike McKinney

Principal

112 Aletha read the letter. Twice. She could actually feel the weight of her heart in her chest. How could this be?

113 "Hey, look - they've got somebody!" one of Aletha's classmates yelled as he hopped over the arm of his desk and rushed toward the wall of windows overlooking the building's main entrance.

114 "Sit back down." Mrs. Thornton tried to intervene, but in a matter of seconds, almost every student's nose was pressed against the glass, eyeing the procession below.

115 "Oh my God! I know that girl - she's in my science class!"

116 Someone else added, "Her name is Katherina Luna."

117 "Looney Luna!" The class clown couldn't resist.

118 "She doesn't look pregnant."

119 "Duh! She just had the baby."

120 Katherina tried to hide behind the curls, but it was not use. There were dozens – no, probably hundreds of students crowded into the windows, literally and figuratively looking down on her. In one window, several students made “Loser” signals on their foreheads. Some kids were circling fingers around their ears – crazy. One kid gave her the finger, and Katherina returned the gesture.

121 “Don’t, Katherina. You’ll only make it worse,” her mother warned.

122 Aletha, drowsy but driven by disbelief, shuffled over toward the window. *Who is this girl? Where’s my baby? Why are they giving the baby to some girl?*

123 “Okay, that’s enough. Common sense says *that* girl did not just have a baby. Get back to your desks,” Mrs. Thornton ordered in a tone meant to de-escalate the situation. “There’s nothing to see. The bell’s about to ring anyway.”

124 Aletha continued to watch as the girl and, presumably, her mother, were settled in the back seat of the police cruiser. Aletha wondered if this was really happening. Her mind was suddenly groggy. Was this real or was it a dream?

125 The bell rang and all of the students rushed out of the room in hopes of getting one more glimpse of the action outside – all except Aletha.

126 The windowsill held her in place while everything around her seemed to be moving. Nothing made sense, least of all the distance from the window back to her desk. Aletha put one hand on her forehead and stopped for a moment, steadying herself on a desk with her other hand.

127 “Aletha, are you okay?” Mrs. Thornton asked.

128 Aletha slumped into the nearest desk. The room seemed to sway. Aletha closed her eyes to keep from getting dizzy. “Yessss. I’mmm alllllright.” The words slurred out of her mouth.

129 “Well, I know the school day is over, but you should probably stop by the nurse’s office first. You walk home, right?” Mrs. Thornton didn’t wait for the answer. She rushed back to her desk and wrote a note so that Aletha could be seen before leaving the building.

130 Aletha remained at the desk. She attempted to stand, but her knees gave way and she flopped back into the chair.

131 Mrs. Thornton walked back toward Aletha but stopped short. “I’ll get your bag for you.”

132 “Nnnnoo.” Fear gave Aletha the strength to get back to her desk just as Mrs. Thornton grabbed one of the purse straps.

133 “Don’t touch my purse.” Aletha grabbed the other strap and jerked the bag from Mrs. Thornton’s hand, causing its contents to spray across the floor.

134 Aletha stopped cold, watching Mrs. Thornton’s face as the teacher surveyed the contents. If the extra baby blanket and pain medication didn’t give it away, the stained jeans Aletha had stuffed into a plastic, gallon-sized Ziploc container would.

135 Mrs. Thornton gasped as her eyes registered the items. She stated, “Aletha, that was your baby.”

136 Tears spilled from Aletha’s eyes. “Yes, ma’am.”

137 “Honey, you’ve got to fess up to this. Even if you didn’t want the baby—”

138 Aletha cried, “I just want him to have a good home and a good life.”

139 Mrs. Thornton pulled Aletha into a hug. “He will. And you will, too, once we get this whole thing straightened out.” She thought about gathering Aletha’s

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things and putting them back in the purse, but decided to leave things where they lay. Soon, it would all be considered evidence.

140 "Let's go to the office."

141 Katherina removed her clothes and donned the backless hospital gown as directed. She sat on the edge of the examination bed with her bare feet dangling over the edge. The room was cold. Unfeeling.

142 She took a deep breath and told herself not to worry. Those kids at school would feel really stupid once the truth came out.

143 Katherina blinked quickly to hold the tears at bay while she waited for the doctor to return. She jumped when the room's door suddenly swung open.

144 Ms. Jones entered, arms wide. She embraced her daughter. "It's over, honey. They found the mother. Let's go home."

Name _____ Period _____ Date _____

SAMPLE (5 of 15 Questions)

Multiple Choice Questions – “Accused”

- ___ 1. In paragraph 76, Mrs. Vivian hesitates when she describes Katherina because
- A. Katherina’s mother is yelling.
 - B. she does not want anyone else to hear what she has to say.
 - C. she cannot remember Katherina’s name.
 - D. she does not want to insult Katherina even more.
- ___ 2. In paragraph 29, why did Mr. Blythe’s smile disappear?
- A. He wanted the students to stop talking.
 - B. The email was from the principal.
 - C. He realized there was a serious problem at the school.
 - D. He was not feeling well.
- ___ 3. How does the mid-size school setting contribute to the plot of the story?
- A. The school is small enough for word to spread quickly but has enough people to remain evoke a mystery.
 - B. Every person in the building is a suspect and everyone knows each other.
 - C. There are too many students to narrow down the focus.
 - D. Katherina is very popular and draws lots of attention but Aletha is very quiet.
- ___ 4. The author’s selection in point of view helps the reader understand
- A. What both main characters were thinking throughout this incident.
 - B. How the setting changed throughout the story.
 - C. Why Katherina’s mother was so angry.
 - D. How the teacher could have mistaken Katherina as the mother.
- ___ 5. In paragraph 28, the author uses personification to show
- A. that Aletha is enduring a great deal physical pain.
 - B. how frightened Aletha is.
 - C. that Aletha feels sorry for what she’s done.
 - D. use of symbolism.

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SAMPLE

Multiple Choice Answer Key – “Accused”

1. D

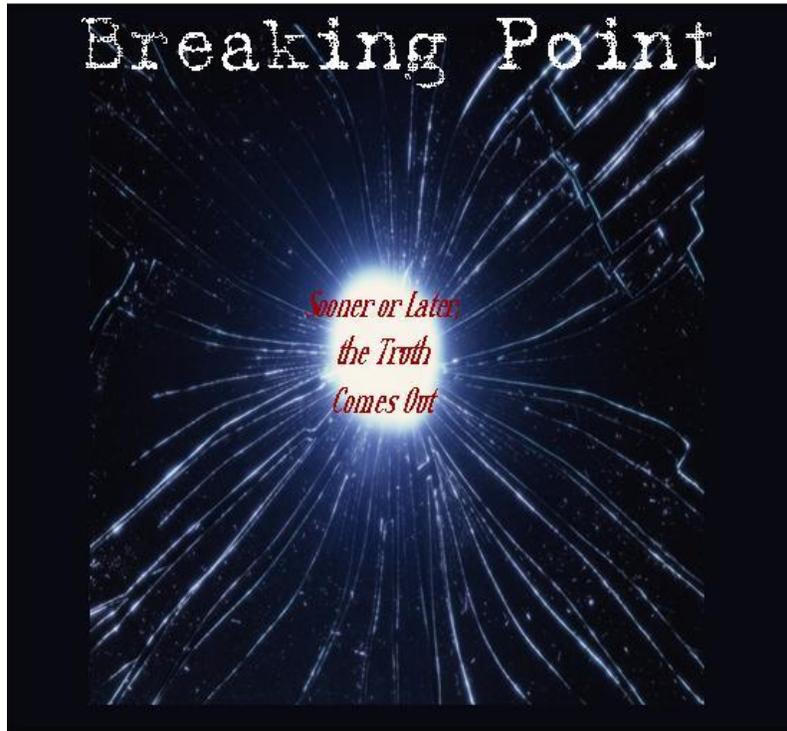
2. C

3. A

4. A

5. B

What *else* is in the Breaking Point kit?



Literary Selections (Unabridged Audio Included) (2000 – 4000 words)	Non-fiction Format Selections (300 – 800 words)
<p>Accused Someone gave birth to a baby in the teachers' restroom. Now the entire school is on lockdown as one student is falsely accused and the real mother hopes to escape notice amidst the chaos.</p>	<p>Baby Moses Law: Blessing or Curse? Explore the pros and cons of safe haven laws, which give mothers the right to safely relinquish custody of an infant to the state without question or consequence.</p>
<p>Testing Terrance If Terrance does not pass the state's standardized test, he will not graduate with his class. When his beautiful tutor snubs him, Terrance's considers cheating on the high-stakes exam.</p>	<p>Top Five Most Neglected Test-Taking Strategies for Reading Comprehension Exams Heed advice from a test-making expert on how to increase chances of success on assessments.</p>
<p>Too Much, Too Soon Shawwna Robins looks like an ordinary girl. But looks are deceiving. At home, she deals with her drug-addicted mother as well as her mother's sexually abusive boyfriend. Who will help?</p>	<p>Two Sides of the System Undoubtedly, our nation's foster care system saves thousands of children each year from abuse and neglect. But like every other widespread organization, there is potential for problems.</p>
<p>Damien's Confession Now that he has been sentenced to prison, Damien writes a heartfelt letter to his mother and siblings trying to explain what went wrong in his life.</p>	<p>Letter to the Editor Read a passionate letter from a community leader, imploring the people of Galvin to stand up and stop the violence.</p>
<p>Everything to Live For (Two-Part story) Michelle is trying to hide her HIV-positive status from people in the small town of Murphy. But when a popular girl's boyfriend befriends Michelle, trouble follows.</p>	<p>To the Barrio and Back Read a review of <i>To the Barrio and Back</i>, a book written by Romelia Gonzales. Ms. Gonzales is a successful entrepreneur who turned her bi-lingual background into a thriving business.</p>

No profanity, no intensely graphic scenes, LOTS of high-interest reading for reluctant secondary students!

This short story is a sample from the Breaking Point kit offered at www.WeGottaRead.com.