

8th Grade Grammar – DICTATION

This dictation text will have 3 separate grades:

- One for the words that you look up and define
 - One for writing out the dictation itself
 - One for the paragraph(s) you write in answering the questions.
1. Read the following text carefully, two or three times. Look up any words you don't know and write out their definitions on a separate piece of lined paper.
 2. After you've read it and thought about it, write it out, in pen, on your own lined paper. Remember to skip lines, and be sure to write as neatly as possible. (*Because you have the text in front of you, each mistake will be a deduction of 5 points. This should be an easy 100%, so be careful!*)
 3. After you write out the text, answer these questions in a well-written paragraph or two:

Why do you think Fr. Latour planted the garden he planted? Why did he choose those particular plants? What was he trying to accomplish?

Garden Recreation

Father Latour's recreation was his garden. He grew such fruit as was hardly to be found even in the old orchards of California: cherries and apricots, apples and quinces, and the peerless pears of France – even the most delicate varieties. He urged the new priests to plant fruit trees wherever they went, and to encourage the Mexicans to add fruit to their starchy diet. Wherever there was a French priest, there should be a garden of fruit trees and vegetables and flowers. He often quoted to his students that passage from their fellow Auvergnat, Pascal: that man was lost and saved in a garden.

He domesticated and developed the native wild flowers. He had one hill-side solidly clad with that low-growing purple verbena which mats over the hills of New Mexico. It was like a great violet velvet mantle thrown down in the sun; all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries, the violet that is full of rose color and is yet not lavender; the blue that becomes almost pink and then retreats again into sea-dark purple – the true Episcopal color and countless variations of it.

Willa Cather, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*