When must you give up what you want to do for what you have to do?

QuickTalk
Military families, migrant workers, and show-business professionals, among others, must move frequently for their jobs. How might such moves affect children in the family? Discuss your ideas with a partner.
Literary Focus

**Tone and Mood**  Tone refers to a writer’s attitude about a place, event, or character. Tone is revealed through the writer’s use of language. In describing a setting, for example, a writer might use words that reveal his love for the twisting streets of his neighborhood. Words such as *loving*, *sarcastic*, and *angry* describe tone. A writer’s word choice also determines a story’s **mood**, the overall feeling that a work of literature creates in a reader. Words such as “gloomy,” “cheerful,” and “eerie” describe mood.

Reading Focus

**Reading Aloud**  If you are having difficulty determining the tone in “The Circuit,” try reading a few passages aloud. Fill in a chart like the one below as you read aloud.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Story Passage</th>
<th>Language and Tone</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“When I opened the front door to the shack, I stopped. Everything we owned was neatly packed in cardboard boxes. Suddenly I felt even more the weight of hours, days, weeks, and months of work.” (page 408)</td>
<td>The narrator’s words are simple but meaningful. The tone is sad and reflective.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“The garage was worn out by the years . . . The dirt floor, populated by earthworms, looked like a gray road map.” (page 409)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Language Coach

**Related Words**  Some words have meanings that give you a clue to the meanings of other words. For example, the word *populated* is related to the word *popular*. Which word on the list above is related to the word *circle*? Use a dictionary to find related words for some of the other Vocabulary words.

Writing Focus

**Think as a Reader/Writer**  As you read, note in your Reader/Writer Notebook the words Jiménez uses to describe the places in the story. When you have finished the story, read the words you listed. Then, decide on a word that best sums up how Jiménez feels about each place he describes.
Francisco Jiménez
(1943—    )

Growing Up in the Fields
Francisco Jiménez was born in Mexico and came to the United States when he was four years old. At the age of six he started working in the fields. Because he did not know English, he not only failed to pass first grade but also was mistakenly labeled mentally impaired. Later, in the eighth grade, he and his family were deported.

Before he could read English, Jiménez loved looking at books with pictures of butterflies and longed to learn more about them.

“I knew information was in the words written underneath each picture. . . . I could close my eyes and see the words, but I could not understand what they meant.”

Getting an Education
Soon his family was able to return to the United States legally. Jiménez returned to high school and did so well that he earned three college scholarships. He graduated from college with honors and later earned a doctorate degree in Latin American literature. Jiménez, a university professor, has won several awards for his short stories.

Think About the Writer
What obstacles did Jiménez have to overcome to get to where he is today?

Build Background
It was once common for young children to work at difficult, dangerous jobs. In the late 1800s, an international movement to end child labor began. An important step toward restricting child labor in the United States was the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938. This law made it illegal for children under sixteen to work during school hours in interstate commerce. Despite this and other laws, an estimated 300,000 children still plant, weed, and pick crops on commercial farms in the United States.

Preview the Selection
In this story a young boy named Panchito has to make sacrifices in order to help his family survive.
Read with a Purpose  Read to discover what effect migrant farm work has on a boy and his family.

The Circuit
CAJAS DE CARTÓN

by Francisco Jiménez

It was that time of year again. Ito, the strawberry sharecropper, did not smile. It was natural. The peak of the strawberry season was over, and the last few days the workers, most of them braceros, were not picking as many boxes as they had during the months of June and July.

As the last days of August disappeared, so did the number of braceros. Sunday, only one—the best picker—came to work. I liked him. Sometimes we talked during our half-hour lunch break. That is how I found out he was from Jalisco, the same state in Mexico my family was from. That Sunday was the last time I saw him.

When the sun had tired and sunk behind the mountains, Ito signaled us that it was time to go home. “Ya esora,” he yelled in his broken Spanish. Those were the words I waited for twelve hours a day, every day, seven days a week, week after week. And the thought of not hearing them again saddened me.

As we drove home, Papá did not say a word. With both hands on the wheel, he stared at the dirt road. My older brother, Roberto, was also silent. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Once in a while he cleared from his throat the dust that blew in from outside.

1. Cajas de Cartón (KAH hahs day kar TOHN): Cardboard Boxes. This is the original title of the story, which Jiménez wrote first in Spanish and later translated into English.
2. braceros (bruh SAIR ohs): Mexican farm laborers brought into the United States for limited time periods to harvest crops. Bracero comes from the Spanish word brazo, meaning “arm.”

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A Literary Focus Mood  What mood is evoked in this paragraph? What words create this mood?

Vocabulary  circuit (SUR kiht) n.: regular route of a job.

4. Ya esora (ya ehs OH rah): Spanish for “It’s time.”
Yes, it was that time of year. When I opened the front door to the shack, I stopped. Everything we owned was neatly packed in cardboard boxes. Suddenly I felt even more the weight of hours, days, weeks, and months of work. I sat down on a box. The thought of having to move to Fresno and knowing what was in store for me there brought tears to my eyes.

That night I could not sleep. I lay in bed thinking about how much I hated this move.

A little before five o'clock in the morning, Papá woke everyone up. A few minutes later, the yelling and screaming of my little brothers and sisters, for whom the move was a great adventure, broke the silence of dawn. Shortly, the barking of the dogs accompanied them.

While we packed the breakfast dishes, Papá went outside to start the “Carcanchita.” That was the name Papá gave his old ’38 black Plymouth. He bought it in a used-car lot in Santa Rosa in the winter of 1949. Papá was very proud of his little jalopy. He had a right to be proud of it. He spent a lot of time looking at other cars before buying this one. When he finally chose the Carcanchita, he checked it thoroughly before driving it out of the car lot. He examined every inch of the car. He listened to the motor, tilting his head from side to side like a parrot, trying to detect any noises that spelled car trouble. After being satisfied with the looks and sounds of the car, Papá then insisted on knowing who the original owner was. He never did find out from the car salesman, but he bought the car anyway. Papá figured the original owner must have been an important man, because behind the rear seat of the car he found a blue necktie.

Papá parked the car out in front and left the motor running. “Listo,” he yelled. Without saying a word, Roberto and I began to carry the boxes out to the car. Roberto carried the two big boxes and I carried the two smaller ones. Papá then threw the mattress on top of the car roof and tied it with ropes to the front and rear bumpers.

Everything was packed except Mamá’s pot. It was an old, large galvanized pot she had picked up at an army surplus store in Santa María the year I was born. The pot had many dents and nicks, and the more dents and nicks it acquired the more Mamá liked it. “Mi olla? she used to say proudly.

I held the front door open as Mamá carefully carried out her pot by both handles, making sure not to spill the cooked beans. When she got to the car, Papá reached out to help her with it. Roberto opened the rear car door and Papá gently placed it on the floor behind the front seat. All of us then climbed in. Papá sighed, wiped the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve, and said wearily: “Es todo.”

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5. listo (LEES toh): Spanish for “ready.”
6. galvanized pot: metal pot plated with zinc.
7. mi olla (mee OH yah): Spanish for “my pot.”
8. Es todo (ehs TOH doh): Spanish for “That’s all.”
As we drove away, I felt a lump in my throat. I turned around and looked at our little shack for the last time.

At sunset we drove into a labor camp near Fresno. Since Papá did not speak English, Mamá asked the camp foreman if he needed any more workers. “We don’t need no more,” said the foreman, scratching his head. “Check with Sullivan down the road. Can’t miss him. He lives in a big white house with a fence around it.”

When we got there, Mamá walked up to the house. She went through a white gate, past a row of rosebushes, up the stairs to the front door. She rang the doorbell. The porch light went on and a tall, husky man came out. They exchanged a few words. After the man went in, Mamá clasped her hands and hurried back to the car. “We have work! Mr. Sullivan said we can stay there the whole season,” she said, gasping and pointing to an old garage near the stables.

The garage was worn out by the years. It had no windows. The walls, eaten by termites, strained to support the roof, full of holes. The dirt floor, populated by earthworms, looked like a gray road map.

That night, by the light of a kerosene lamp, we unpacked and cleaned our new home. Roberto swept away the loose dirt, leaving the hard ground. Papá plugged the holes in the walls with old newspapers and tin can tops. Mamá fed my little brothers and sisters. Papá and Roberto then brought in the mattress and placed it on the far corner of the garage. “Mamá, you and the little ones sleep on the mattress. Roberto,

Vocabulary populated (puhHP yuh layt ihd) v. used as adj.: lived in.

Migrant Farmworkers

Today when we think of farm work, we often think of machinery. Although machines such as tractors have made farm work easier, over 85 percent of fruits and vegetables still have to be cared for or picked by hand. The bins of apples, peaches, and broccoli at your grocery store would be empty if migrant farmworkers hadn’t carefully picked each one of them.

Who are the people picking your food? Most migrant farmworkers or their families come to the United States from Spanish-speaking countries. Every year, as soon as the first crop is ready to harvest, they leave their homes and go to work. When that crop is harvested, they move on to the crop that ripens next. Harvesting is hard and dangerous work, and most migrant farmworkers earn less than $7,500 a year. Today some states, governmental agencies, and other organizations are trying to address the needs of migrant farmworkers.

Ask Yourself
Why does the narrator dread the many moves his family’s work demands?
Panchito, and I will sleep outside under the trees,” Papá said.

Early next morning Mr. Sullivan showed us where his crop was, and after breakfast, Papá, Roberto, and I headed for the vineyard to pick.

Around nine o’clock the temperature had risen to almost one hundred degrees. I was completely soaked in sweat and my mouth felt as if I had been chewing on a handkerchief. I walked over to the end of the row, picked up the jug of water we had brought, and began drinking. “Don’t drink too much; you’ll get sick,” Roberto shouted. No sooner had he said that than I felt sick to my stomach. I dropped to my knees and let the jug roll off my hands. I remained motionless with my eyes glued on the hot sandy ground. All I could hear was the drone of insects. Slowly I began to recover. I poured water over my face and neck and watched the dirty water run down my arms to the ground.

I still felt a little dizzy when we took a break to eat lunch. It was past two o’clock, and we sat underneath a large walnut tree that was on the side of the road. While we ate, Papá jotted down the number of boxes we had picked. Roberto drew designs on the ground with a stick. Suddenly I noticed Papá’s face turn pale as he looked down the road. “Here comes the school bus,” he whispered loudly in alarm. Instinctively, Roberto and I ran and hid in the vineyards. We did not want to get in trouble for not going to school. The neatly dressed boys about my age got off. They carried books under their arms. After they crossed the street, the bus drove away. Roberto and I came out from hiding and joined Papá. “Tienen que tener cuidado,” he warned us.

After lunch we went back to work. The sun kept beating down. The buzzing insects, 9. Tienen que tener cuidado (tee EH nehn kay teh NAYR kwee DAH doh): Spanish for “You have to be careful”

Vocabulary
- drone (drohn) n.: continuous buzzing sound.
- instinctively (ihn STIHNGK tihv lee) adv.: automatically.
the wet sweat, and the hot, dry dust made the afternoon seem to last forever. Finally the mountains around the valley reached out and swallowed the sun. Within an hour it was too dark to continue picking. The vines blanketed the grapes, making it difficult to see the bunches.

“Vámonos,” said Papá, signaling to us that it was time to quit work. Papá then took out a pencil and began to figure out how much we had earned our first day. He wrote down numbers, crossed some out, wrote down some more. “Quince,” he murmured.

When we arrived home, we took a cold shower underneath a water hose. We then sat down to eat dinner around some wooden crates that served as a table. Mamá had cooked a special meal for us. We had rice and tortillas with carne con chile, my favorite dish.

The next morning I could hardly move. My body ached all over. I felt little control over my arms and legs. This feeling went on every morning for days until my muscles finally got used to the work.

It was Monday, the first week of November. The grape season was over and I could now go to school. I woke up early that morning and lay in bed, looking at the stars and savoring the thought of not going to work and of starting sixth grade for the first time that year. Since I could not sleep, I decided to get up and join Papá and Roberto at breakfast. I sat at the table across from Roberto, but I kept my head down. I did not want to look up and face him. I knew he was sad. He was not going to school today. He was not going tomorrow, or next week, or next month. He would not go until the cotton season was over, and that was sometime in February. I rubbed my hands together and watched the dry, acid-stained skin fall to the floor in little rolls.

When Papá and Roberto left for work, I felt relief. I walked to the top of a small grade next to the shack and watched the Carcanchita disappear in the distance in a cloud of dust.

Two hours later, around eight o'clock, I stood by the side of the road waiting for school bus number twenty. When it arrived, I climbed in. Everyone was busy either talking or yelling. I sat in an empty seat in the back.

When the bus stopped in front of the school, I felt very nervous. I looked out the bus window and saw boys and girls carrying books under their arms. I put my hands in my pant pockets and walked to the principal's office. When I entered, I heard a woman’s voice say: “May I help you?” I was startled. I had not heard English for months. For a few seconds I remained speechless. I looked at the lady, who waited for an answer. My first instinct was to answer her in Spanish, but I held back. Finally, after struggling for English words, I managed to tell her that I wanted to enroll

11. quince (KEEN say): Spanish for “fifteen.”
12. savoring (SAY vuhr ihng): enjoying, as if tasting something delicious.
13. grade: here, hill.
in the sixth grade. After answering many questions, I was led to my classroom.

Mr. Lema, the sixth-grade teacher, greeted me and assigned me a desk. He then introduced me to the class. I was so nervous and scared at that moment when everyone’s eyes were on me that I wished I were with Papá and Roberto picking cotton. After taking roll, Mr. Lema gave the class the assignment for the first hour. “The first thing we have to do this morning is finish reading the story we began yesterday,” he said enthusiastically. He walked up to me, handed me an English book, and asked me to read. “We are on page 125,” he said politely. When I heard this, I felt my blood rush to my head; I felt dizzy. “Would you like to read?” he asked hesitantly. I opened the book to page 125. My mouth was dry. My eyes began to water. I could not begin. “You can read later,” Mr. Lema said understandingly.

For the rest of the reading period I kept getting angrier and angrier with myself. I should have read, I thought to myself.

During recess I went into the restroom and opened my English book to page 125. I began to read in a low voice, pretending I was in class. There were many words I did not know. I closed the book and headed back to the classroom.

Mr. Lema was sitting at his desk correcting papers. When I entered he looked up at me and smiled. I felt better. I walked up to him and asked if he could help me with the new words. “Gladly,” he said.

The rest of the month I spent my lunch hours working on English with Mr. Lema, my best friend at school.

One Friday, during lunch hour, Mr. Lema asked me to take a walk with him to the music room. “Do you like music?” he asked me as we entered the building. “Yes, I like corridos,”14 I answered. He then picked up a trumpet, blew on it, and handed it to me. The sound gave me goose bumps. I knew that sound. I had heard it in many corridos. “How would you like to learn how to play it?” he asked. He must have read my face because before I could answer, he added: “I’ll teach you how to play it during our lunch hours.”

That day I could hardly wait to get home to tell Papá and Mamá the great news. As I got off the bus, my little brothers and sisters ran up to meet me. They were yelling and screaming. I thought they were happy to see me, but when I opened the door to our shack, I saw that everything we owned was neatly packed in cardboard boxes.

The Circuit

Quick Check
1. Why does the family leave the shack near Ito’s farm?
2. Why does the narrator, Panchito, consider Mr. Lema his best friend?
3. Why won’t Panchito learn to play the trumpet?

Read with a Purpose
4. How do you think Panchito will cope with having to move yet again?

Reading Skills: Reading Aloud
5. Review the notes you took while you read aloud. Then, add a row to the bottom of your chart to describe the story’s overall mood. Refer to this chart as you answer questions 10 and 11.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Story Passage</th>
<th>Language and Tone</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“When I opened the front door to the shack, I stopped...”</td>
<td>The narrator’s words are simple but meaningful...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Overall mood of the story:

Literary Analysis
6. Infer What can you infer from the story about the family’s income and level of education?
7. Draw Conclusions What difficulties faced by migrant parents and their children does the text touch on?

Interpret
8. Is “The Circuit” an effective title? Explain. What idea about life does the title establish and reinforce?

Evaluate
9. Why do you think Jiménez ends the story so abruptly? Do you think this is an effective choice? Why or why not?

Literary Skills: Tone and Mood
10. What is the story’s overall tone? What impact does it have on the story? What other tone might the author have chosen?

Identify
11. What mood did you sense throughout the story? What words help set the mood?

Literary Skills Review: Setting
12. Although it is usually defined as the time and place of a story, the setting can include other information. What do you learn about migrant workers’ customs, foods, and lifestyle from the story’s setting?

Think as a Reader/Writer
Use It in Your Writing In “The Circuit,” Jiménez chooses his words carefully to achieve a certain tone. Look back at your answer to question 10. Choose one of the other possible tones you identified, and rewrite a paragraph from the story using that tone.

Literary Focus

Do you think it was more important for Panchito to get an education or to help support his family? Explain.

Literary Focus

Writing Focus
The Circuit

Vocabulary Development

Vocabulary Check

Answer the following questions.
1. Why might a mail carrier’s job be said to follow a circuit?
2. If Papá detects noises in the car’s engine, has he discovered noises or has he repaired them?
3. Is Mr. Sullivan’s garage nice enough to be populated by a family? Why or why not?
4. What does the drone of insects sound like?
5. If people act instinctively, are they acting automatically or thoughtfully?

Vocabulary Skills: Spanish and English Words

English is made up of words from different languages. Some of these words became part of English long ago, and others have entered the language recently. Thousands of Spanish words have become part of English. Some of them have changed from the original Spanish form. For instance, rancho has become ranch, and la reata has become lariat. Other words, such as patio and plaza, have undergone slight changes in pronunciation, but not in spelling.

In addition to common nouns, Spanish has also contributed numerous proper nouns. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Spanish explorers gave Spanish names to mountains, rivers, lakes, and new settlements in North America. If you live in the Southwest, chances are good that some of the place names near you came from Spanish. Many of these names describe distinctive geographical features. For example, if Spanish explorers crossed a very cold river, they might have named it Frío, or “Cold.”

Your Turn

Copy this chart, and fill in the meanings of the Spanish names. Use a dictionary for reference.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Spanish Name</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colorado</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florida</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresno</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Language Coach

Related Words Understanding related words can help you expand your vocabulary. Use a dictionary to find related words for the following words: migrant, labor, and circuit. Write the related words and their meanings in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

Academic Vocabulary

Talk About . . .

In a small group, discuss the impact of hard work and a lack of education on the children of farmworkers. Then, brainstorm a list of services you think might be established to help these children. Present your ideas to the class.
Types of Sentences

There is no such thing as an all-purpose sentence. Each sentence is meant to give specific information and provoke a specific response. Sentences are classified according to the following four purposes:

- A **declarative sentence** makes a statement. It is followed by a period.
  
  *Panchito has to work to help feed his family.*

- An **interrogative sentence** asks a question. It is followed by a question mark.
  
  *Why can't the family settle in one place?*

- An **imperative sentence** gives a command or makes a request. It is followed by a period or an exclamation point.
  
  *Hand me the cardboard box.*

- An **exclamatory sentence** shows excitement or expresses strong feeling. It is followed by an exclamation point.
  
  *I can't believe we're moving again!*

You can always identify an interrogative sentence by the question mark at the end. End punctuation, however, is not a reliable way to identify other sentence types.

Your Turn

Label each of the following sentences declarative, interrogative, imperative, or exclamatory.

1. Don't drink too much water.
2. Would you like to learn to play the trumpet?
3. At last we've found work!
4. Migrant farmworkers have a hard life.

Writing Applications Create your own example of each type of sentence.