

## Lesson 7

### A. Pre-Reading Preparation

#### About the Text

In this text, the narrator is about to meet a former boyfriend that she has not seen in many years. She reminisces about their time together and wonders why he wants to see her.

1. Is there someone in your life who you have not seen for many years and that you would like to meet again? Who? Why?
2. What are the advantages and disadvantages of meeting with someone whom you have not seen in a very long time?
3. Do you think that people really change a lot through the years? Why?



Sketchbook, Summer 1989

## B. Reading

Read the following text twice. If you do not understand certain words, try to deduce their meanings from the context in which they appear. Check the vocabulary list for quick reference, then look up the words that are new to you in a dictionary for a more comprehensive understanding.

### *Meeting Jacob*

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*By Tanya Brooke Hillson*

- 1 I wondered how I would ever find him. "Meet me in the **Food Fair** at 8 p.m.," said the message that I had found on my voice mail. He said it was important, that he had something to ask me. As my watch ticked toward two minutes past, my heart began to race and my head grew heavy. I hurried to the restroom and splashed cold water on my face.
- 2 With beads of water still running down my cheeks, I exited the restroom. I **recognized** him **immediately**. Still so beautiful, he stood only a few feet away from me. He hadn't noticed me yet. Filled with uncertainty, I thought of turning back into the washroom and staying there until sunrise, or at least until he had left. I had the **urge** to **vomit**.
- 3 After all, I hadn't seen him in more than ten years. I was only nineteen when we fell in love. It was the summer of 1989. I met him on a Tuesday afternoon at the beach. He asked if he could draw a picture of my hands in his **sketchbook**.
- 4 We spent the next three months together, parting only when one of us had to use the bathroom. Sometimes we visited art **galleries** or went swimming in the ocean. In the evenings, we would dance in the moonlight to the **rhythm** of **chirping** crickets. Sometimes, we sat in silence and felt the warm summer wind caress our cheeks. We slept in his studio, where I used to make five-course meals in a tiny **kitchenette** and pour glasses of Zinfandel wine, while he spoke in verse and covered the walls with **acrylic** paintings of my arms, my back, my face.

(END OF SAMPLER)