

## "Rules of the Game" from The Joy Luck Club (1989)

by Amy Tan.

Note: be sure to know all the underlined vocabulary words for our end of unit vocabulary test. You must provide the definitions yourself; you may be called upon in class to provide a definition.

*Chess is a game of strategy that has gained worldwide popularity. Winning a game of chess requires capturing the opposing king piece, using your own pieces. Chess organizations record the rankings of players. The most successful players are called grand masters.*

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I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength. It was a strategy for winning arguments, respect from others, and eventually - though neither of us knew it at the time - chess games.

"Bite back your tongue," scolded my mother when I cried loudly, yanking her hand toward the store that sold bags of salted plums. At home, she said, "Wise guy, he not go against wind. In Chinese we say, Come from South, blow with wind – poom! – North will follow. Strongest wind cannot be seen."

The next week I bit back my tongue as we entered the store with the forbidden candies. When my mother finished her shopping, she quietly plucked a small bag of plums from the rack and put it on the counter with the rest of the items.

My mother imparted her daily truths so she could help my older brothers and me rise above our circumstances. We lived in San Francisco's Chinatown. Like most of the other Chinese children who played in the back alleys of restaurants and curio shops, I didn't think we were poor. My bowl was always full, three five-course meals every day, beginning with a soup of mysterious things I didn't want to know the names of.

We lived on Waverly Place in a warm, clean, two-bedroom flat that sat above a small Chinese bakery specializing in steamed pastries and dim sum. In the early morning when the alley was still quiet, I could smell fragrant red beans as they were cooked down to a pasty sweetness. By daybreak, our flat was heavy with the odor of fried sesame balls and sweet curried chicken crescents. From my bed, I would listen as my father got ready for work, then locked the door behind him, one-two-three clicks.

At the end of our two-block alley was a small sandlot playground with swings and slides well-shined down the middle with use. The play area was bordered by wood-slat benches where old-country people sat cracking roasted watermelon seeds with

their golden teeth and scattering the husks to an impatient gathering of gurgling pigeons. The best playground, however, was the dark alley itself. It was crammed with daily mysteries and adventures. My brothers and I would peer into the medicinal herb shop, watching old Li dole out onto a stiff sheet of white paper the right amount of insect shells, saffron-colored seeds, and pungent leaves for his ailing customers. It was said that he once cured a woman dying of an ancestral curse that had eluded the best of American doctors. Next to the pharmacy was a printer who specialized in gold-embossed wedding invitations and festive red banners.

Farther down the street was Ping Yuen Fish Market. The front window displayed a tank crowded with doomed fish and turtles struggling to gain footing on the slimy green-tiled sides. A handwritten sign informed tourists, "Within this store, is all for food, not for pet." Inside, the butchers with their bloodstained white smocks deftly gutted the fish while customers cried out their orders and shouted, "Give me your freshest," to which the butchers always protested, "All are freshest." On less crowded market days, we would inspect the crates of live frogs and crabs which we were warned not to poke, boxes of dried cuttlefish, and row upon row of iced prawns, squid, and slippery fish. The sanddabs made me shiver each time; their eyes lay on one flattened side and reminded me of my mother's story of a careless girl who ran into a crowded street and was crushed by a cab. "Was smash flat," reported my mother.

At the corner of the alley was Hong Sing's, a four-table cafe with a recessed stairwell in front that led to a door marked "Tradesmen." My brothers and I believed the bad people emerged from this door at night. Tourists never went to Hong Sing's, since the menu was printed only in Chinese. A Caucasian man with a big camera once posed me and my playmates in front of the restaurant. He had us move to the side of the picture window so the photo would capture the roasted duck with its head dangling from a juice-covered rope. After he took the picture, I told him he should go into Hong Sing's and eat dinner. When he smiled and asked me what they served, I shouted, "Guts and duck's feet and octopus gizzards!" Then I ran off with my friends, shrieking with laughter as we scampered across the alley and hid in the entryway grotto of the China Gem Company, my heart pounding with hope that he would chase us.

My mother named me after the street that we lived on: Waverly Place Jong, my official name for

95 important American documents. But my family  
called me Meimei, "Little Sister." I was the youngest,  
the only daughter. Each morning before school, my  
mother would twist and yank on my thick black hair  
until she had formed two tightly wound pigtails.  
100 One day, as she struggled to weave a hard-toothed  
comb through my disobedient hair, I had a sly  
thought.

I asked her, "Ma, what is Chinese torture?"  
My mother shook her head. A bobby pin was  
105 wedged between her lips. She wetted her palm and  
smoothed the hair above my ear, then pushed the  
pin in so that it nicked sharply against my scalp.

"Who say this word?" she asked without a  
trace of knowing how wicked I was being. I  
110 shrugged my shoulders and said, "Some boy in my  
class said Chinese people do Chinese torture."

"Chinese people do many things," she said  
simply. "Chinese people do business, do medicine,  
do painting. Not lazy like American people. We do  
115 torture. Best torture."

\* \* \*

My older brother Vincent was the one who  
actually got the chess set. We had gone to the  
annual Christmas party held at the First Chinese  
Baptist Church at the end of the alley. The  
120 missionary ladies had put together a Santa bag of  
gifts donated by members of another church. None  
of the gifts had names on them. There were  
separate sacks for boys and girls of different ages.  
One of the Chinese parishioners had donned a  
125 Santa Claus costume and a stiff paper beard with  
cotton balls glued to it. I think the only children who  
thought he was the real thing were too young to  
know that Santa Claus was not Chinese. When my  
turn came up, the Santa man asked me how old I  
130 was. I thought it was a trick question; I was seven  
according to the American formula and eight by the  
Chinese calendar. I said I was born on March 17,  
1951. That seemed to satisfy him. He then solemnly  
asked if I had been a very, very good girl this year  
135 and did I believe in Jesus Christ and obey my  
parents. I knew the only answer to that. I nodded  
back with equal solemnity.

Having watched the older children opening  
their gifts, I already knew that the big gifts were not  
140 necessarily the nicest ones. One girl my age got a  
large coloring book of biblical characters, while a  
less greedy girl who selected a smaller box received  
a glass vial of lavender toilet water. The sound of  
the box was also important. A ten-year-old boy had

145 chosen a box that jangled when he shook it. It was a  
tin globe of the world with a slit for inserting  
money. He must have thought it was full of dimes  
and nickels, because when he saw that it had just  
ten pennies, his face fell with such undisguised  
150 disappointment that his mother slapped the side of  
his head and led him out of the church hall,  
apologizing to the crowd for her son who had such  
bad manners he couldn't appreciate such a fine gift.

As I peered into the sack, I quickly fingered  
155 the remaining presents, testing their weight,  
imagining what they contained. I chose a heavy,  
compact one that was wrapped in shiny silver foil  
and a red satin ribbon. It was a twelve-pack of Life  
Savers and I spent the rest of the party arranging  
and rearranging the candy tubes in the order of my  
160 favorites. My bother Winston chose wisely as well.  
His present turned out to be a box of intricate  
plastic parts; the instructions on the box proclaimed  
that when they were properly assembled he would  
165 have an authentic miniature replica of a World War  
II submarine.

Vincent got the chess set, which would have  
been a very decent present to get at a church  
Christmas party, except it was obviously used and,  
170 as we discovered later, it was missing a black pawn  
and a white knight. My mother graciously thanked  
the unknown benefactor, saying, "Too good. Cost  
too much." At which point, an old lady with fine  
white, wispy hair nodded toward our family and  
175 said with a whistling whisper, "Merry, merry  
Christmas."

When we got home, my mother told Vincent  
to throw the chess set away. "She not want it. We  
not want it." she said, tossing her head stiffly to the  
180 side with a tight, proud smile. My brothers had deaf  
ears. They were already lining up the chess pieces  
and reading from the dog-eared instruction book. I  
watched Vincent and Winston play during Christmas  
week. The chessboard seemed to hold elaborate  
185 secrets waiting to be untangled. The chessmen were  
more powerful than old Li's magic herbs that cured  
ancestral curses. And my brothers wore such serious  
faces that I was sure something was at stake that  
was greater than avoiding the tradesmen's door to  
190 Hong Sing's.

"Let me! Let me!" I begged between games  
when one brother or the other would sit back with a  
deep sigh of relief and victory, the other annoyed,  
unable to let go of the outcome. Vincent at first  
195 refused to let me play, but when I offered my Life  
Savers as replacements for the buttons that filled in  
for the missing pieces, he relented. He chose the

flavors: wild cherry for the black pawn and  
peppermint for the white knight. Winner could eat  
200 both.

As our mother sprinkled flour and rolled out  
small doughy circles for the steamed dumplings that  
would be our dinner that night, Vincent explained  
the rules, pointing to each piece. "You have sixteen  
205 pieces and so do I. One king and queen, two  
bishops, two knights, two castles, and eight pawns.  
The pawns can only move forward one step, except  
on the first move. Then they can move two. But  
they can only take men by moving crossways like  
210 this, except in the beginning, when you can move  
ahead and take another pawn."

"Why?" I asked as I moved my pawn. "Why  
can't they move more steps?"

"Because they're pawns," he said.

215 "But why do they go crossways to take other  
men? Why aren't there any women and children?"

"Why is the sky blue? Why must you always  
ask stupid questions?" asked Vincent. "This is a  
game. These are the rules. I didn't make them up.

220 See. Here in the book." He jabbed a page with a  
pawn in his hand. "Pawn. P-A-W-N. Pawn. Read it  
yourself."

My mother patted the flour off her hands.

"Let me see book," she said quietly. She scanned the  
225 pages quickly, not reading the foreign English  
symbols, seeming to search deliberately for nothing  
in particular.

"This American rules," she concluded at last.

"Every time people come out from foreign country,  
230 must know rules. You not know, judge say, too bad,  
go back. They not telling you why so you can use  
their way go forward. They say, Don't know why, you  
find out yourself. But they knowing all the time.  
Better you take it, find out why yourself." She tossed  
235 her head back with a satisfied smile.

I found out about all the whys later. I read the  
rules and looked up all the big words in a dictionary.  
I borrowed books from the Chinatown library. I  
studied each chess piece, trying to absorb the  
240 power each contained.

I learned about opening moves and why it's  
important to control the center early on; the  
shortest distance between two points is straight  
down the middle. I learned about the middle game  
245 and why tactics between two adversaries are like  
clashing ideas; the one who plays better has the  
clearest plans for both attacking and getting out of  
traps. I learned why it is essential in the endgame to  
have foresight, a mathematical understanding of all  
250 possible moves, and patience; all weaknesses and

advantages become evident to a strong adversary  
and are obscured to a tiring opponent. I discovered  
that for the whole game one must gather invisible  
strengths and see the endgame before the game  
255 begins.

I also found out why I should never reveal  
"why" to others. A little knowledge withheld is a  
great advantage one should store for future use.  
That is the power of chess. It is a game of secrets in  
260 which one must show and never tell.

I loved the secrets I found within the sixty-  
four black and white squares. I carefully drew a  
handmade chessboard and pinned it to the wall  
next to my bed, where I would stare for hours at  
265 imaginary battles. Soon I no longer lost any games  
or Life Savers, but I lost my adversaries. Winston  
and Vincent decided they were more interested in  
roaming the streets after school in their Hopalong  
Cassidy cowboy hats.

270 On a cold spring afternoon, while walking  
home from school, I detoured through the  
playground at the end of our alley. I saw a group of  
old men, two seated across a folding table playing a  
game of chess, others smoking pipes, eating  
275 peanuts, and watching. I ran home and grabbed  
Vincent's chess set, which was bound in a cardboard  
box with rubber bands. I also carefully selected two  
prized rolls of Life Savers. I came back to the park  
and approached a man who was observing the  
280 game.

"Want to play?" I asked him. His face widened  
with surprise, and he grinned as he looked at the  
box under my arm.

285 "Little sister, been a long time since I play with  
dolls," he said, smiling benevolently. I quickly put  
the box down next to him on the bench and  
displayed my retort.

Lau Po, as he allowed me to call him, turned  
out to be a much better player than my brothers. I  
290 lost many games and many Life Savers. But over the  
weeks, with each diminishing roll of candies, I  
added new secrets. Lau Po gave me the names. The  
Double Attack from the East and West Shores.  
Throwing Stones on the Drowning Man. The Sudden  
295 Meeting of the Clan. The Surprise from the Sleeping  
Guard. The Humble Servant Who Kills the King. Sand  
in the Eyes of Advancing Forces. A Double Killing  
Without Blood.

There were also the fine points of chess  
300 etiquette. Keep captured men in neat rows, as well-  
tended prisoners. Never announce "Check" with  
vanity, lest someone with an unseen sword slit your  
throat. Never hurl pieces into the sandbox after you

305 have lost a game, because then you must find them  
again, by yourself, after apologizing to all around  
you. By the end of the summer, Lau Po had taught  
me all he knew, and I had become a better chess  
player.

310 A small weekend crowd of Chinese people  
and tourists would gather as I played and defeated  
my opponents one by one. My mother would join  
the crowds during these outdoor exhibition games.  
She sat proudly on the bench, telling my admirers  
with proper Chinese humility, "Is luck."

315 A man who watched me play in the park  
suggested that my mother allow me to play in local  
chess tournaments. My mother smiled graciously,  
an answer that meant nothing. I desperately wanted  
to go, but I bit back my tongue. I knew she would  
320 not let me play among strangers. So as we walked  
home I said in a small voice that I didn't want to play  
in the local tournament. They would have American  
rules. If I lost, I would bring shame on my family.

325 "Is shame you fall down nobody push you,"  
said my mother.

During my first tournament, my mother sat  
with me in the front row as I waited for my turn. I  
frequently bounced my legs to unstick them from  
the cold metal seat of the folding chair. When my  
330 name was called, I leapt up. My mother unwrapped  
something in her lap. It was her *chang*, a small  
tablet of red jade which held the sun's fire. "Is luck,"  
she whispered, and tucked it into my dress pocket. I  
turned to my opponent, a fifteen-year-old boy from  
335 Oakland. He looked at me, wrinkling his nose.

As I began to play, the boy disappeared, the  
color ran out of the room, and I saw only my white  
pieces and his black ones waiting on the other side.  
A light wind began blowing past my ears. It  
340 whispered secrets only I could hear.

"Blow from the South," it murmured. "The  
wind leaves no trail." I saw a clear path, the traps to  
avoid. The crowd rustled. "Shhh! Shhh!" said the  
comers of the room. The wind blew stronger.  
345 "Throw sand from the East to distract him." The  
knight came forward ready for the sacrifice. The  
wind hissed, louder and louder. "Blow, blow, blow.  
He cannot see. He is blind now. Make him lean away  
from the wind so he is easier to knock down."

350 "Check," I said, as the wind roared with  
laughter. The wind died down to little puffs, my own  
breath.

My mother placed my first trophy next to a  
new plastic chess set the neighborhood Tao society  
355 had given to me. As she wiped each piece with a  
soft cloth, she said, "Next time win more, lose less."

"Ma, it's not how many pieces you lose," I  
said. "Sometimes you need to lose pieces to get  
ahead."

360 "Better to lose less, see if you really need."  
At the next tournament, I won again, but it  
was my mother who wore the triumphant grin.

365 "Lost eight piece this time. Last time was  
eleven. What I tell you? Better off lose less!" I was  
annoyed, but I couldn't say anything.

I attended more tournaments, each one  
farther away from home. I won all games, in all  
divisions. The Chinese bakery downstairs from our  
flat displayed my growing collection of trophies in  
370 its window, amidst the dust covered cakes that were  
never picked up. The day after I won an important  
regional tournament, the window encased a fresh  
sheet cake with whipped-cream frosting and red  
script saying "Congratulations, Waverly Jong,  
375 Chinatown Chess Champion." Soon after that, a  
flower shop, headstone engraver, and funeral parlor  
offered to sponsor me in national tournaments.  
That's when my mother decided I no longer had to  
do the dishes. Winston and Vincent had to do my  
380 chores.

"Why does she get to play and we do all the  
work," complained Vincent. "Is new American  
rules," said my mother. "Meimei play, squeeze all  
her brains out for win chess. You play, worth  
385 squeeze towel."

By my ninth birthday, I was a national chess  
champion. I was still some 429 points away from  
grand-master status, but I was touted as the Great  
American Hope, a child prodigy, and a girl to boot.  
390 They ran a photo of me in Life magazine next to a  
quote in which Bobby Lischer said, "There will never  
be a woman grand master." "Your move, Bobby,"  
said the caption.

The day they took the magazine picture I wore  
395 neatly plaited braids clipped with plastic barrettes  
trimmed with rhinestones. I was playing in a large  
high school auditorium that echoed with phlegmy  
coughs and the squeaky rubber knobs of chair legs  
sliding across freshly waxed wooden floors. Seated  
400 across from me was an American man, about the  
same age as Lau Po, maybe fifty. I remember that  
his sweaty brow seemed to weep at my every move.  
He wore a dark, malodorous suit. One of his pockets  
was stuffed with a great white kerchief on which he  
405 wiped his palm before sweeping his hand over the  
chosen chess piece with great flourish.

In my crisp pink-and-white dress with scratchy  
lace at the neck, one of two my mother had sewn  
for these special occasions, I would clasp my hands

410 under my chin, the delicate points of my elbows  
poised lightly on the table in the manner my mother  
had shown me for posing for the press. I would  
swing my patent leather shoes back and forth like  
an impatient child riding on a school bus. Then I  
415 would pause, suck in my lips, twirl my chosen piece  
in midair as if undecided, and then firmly plant it in  
its new threatening place, with a triumphant smile  
thrown back at my opponent for good measure.

\* \* \*

I no longer played in the alley of Waverly  
420 Place. I never visited the playground where the  
pigeons and old men gathered. I went to school,  
then directly home to learn new chess secrets,  
cleverly concealed advantages, more escape routes.

But I found it difficult to concentrate at home.  
425 My mother had a habit of standing over me while I  
plotted out my games. I think she thought of herself  
as my protective ally. Her lips would be sealed tight,  
and after each move I made, a soft "Hmmpmph"  
would escape from her nose.

430 "Ma, I can't practice when you stand there like  
that," I said one day. She retreated to the kitchen  
and made loud noises with the pots and pans.  
When the crashing stopped, I could see out of the  
corner of my eye that she was standing in the  
435 doorway. "Hmmpmph!" Only this one came out of  
her tight throat.

My parents made many concessions to allow  
me to practice. One time I complained that the  
bedroom I shared was so noisy that I couldn't think.  
440 Thereafter, my brothers slept in a bed in the living  
room facing the street. I said I couldn't finish my  
rice; my head didn't work right when my stomach  
was too full. I left the table with half-finished bowls  
and nobody complained. But there was one duty I  
445 couldn't avoid. I had to accompany my mother on  
Saturday market days when I had no tournament to  
play. My mother would proudly walk with me,  
visiting many shops, buying very little. "This my  
daughter Wave-ly Jong," she said to whoever looked  
450 her way.

One day after we left a shop I said under my  
breath, "I wish you wouldn't do that, telling  
everybody I'm your daughter." My mother stopped  
walking.

455 Crowds of people with heavy bags pushed  
past us on the sidewalk, bumping into first one  
shoulder then another. "Aii-ya. So, shame be with  
mother?" She grasped my hand even tighter as she  
glared at me.

460 I looked down. "It's not that, it's just so  
obvious. It's just so embarrassing."

"Embarrass you be my daughter?" Her voice  
was cracking with anger.

465 "That's not what I meant. That's not what I  
said."

"What you say?"

I knew it was a mistake to say anything more,  
but I heard my voice speaking, "Why do you have to  
use me to show off? If you want to show off, then  
470 why don't you learn to play chess?"

My mother's eyes turned into dangerous  
black slits. She had no words for me, just sharp  
silence. I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears. I  
jerked my hand out of my mother's tight grasp and  
475 spun around, knocking into an old woman. Her bag  
of groceries spilled to the ground.

"Aii-ya! Stupid girl!" my mother and the  
woman cried. Oranges and tin cans careened down  
the sidewalk. As my mother stooped to help the old  
480 woman pick up the escaping food, I took off.

I raced down the street, dashing between  
people, not looking back as my mother screamed  
shrilly, "Meimei! Meimei!" I fled down an alley, past  
dark, curtained shops and merchants washing the  
485 grime off their windows. I sped into the sunlight,  
into a large street crowded with tourists examining  
trinkets and souvenirs. I ducked into another dark  
alley, down another street, up another alley. I ran  
until it hurt and I realized I had nowhere to go, that I  
490 was not running from anything. The alleys contained  
no escape routes.

My breath came out like angry smoke. It was  
cold. I sat down on an upturned plastic pail next to a  
stack of empty boxes, cupping my chin with my  
495 hands, thinking hard. I imagined my mother, first  
walking briskly down one street or another looking  
for me, then giving up and returning home to await  
my arrival. After two hours, I stood up on creaking  
legs and slowly walked home. The alley was quiet  
500 and I could see the yellow lights shining from our  
flat like two tiger's eyes in the night. I climbed the  
sixteen steps to the door, advancing quietly up each  
so as not to make any warning sounds. I turned the  
knob; the door was locked. I heard a chair moving,  
505 quick steps, the locks turning – click! click! click! –  
and then the door opened.

"About time you got home," said Vincent.

"Boy, are you in trouble."

510 He slid back to the dinner table. On a platter  
were the remains of a large fish, its fleshy head still  
connected to bones swimming upstream in vain

escape. Standing there waiting for my punishment, I heard my mother speak in a dry voice.

515 "We not concerning this girl. This girl not have concerning for us." Nobody looked at me. Bone chopsticks clinked against the inside of bowls being emptied into hungry mouths.

520 I walked into my room, closed the door, and lay down on my bed. The room was dark, the ceiling filled with shadows from the dinnertime lights of neighboring flats.

In my head, I saw a chessboard with sixty-four black and white squares. Opposite me was my opponent, two angry black slits. She wore a

525 triumphant smile. "Strongest wind cannot be seen," she said.

530 Her black men advanced across the plane, slowly marching to each successive level as a single unit. My white pieces screamed as they scurried and fell off the board one by one. As her men drew closer to my edge, I felt myself growing light. I rose up into the air and flew out the window. Higher and higher, above the alley, over the tops of tiled roofs, where I was gathered up by the wind and pushed up toward the night sky until everything below me disappeared and I was alone.

I closed my eyes and pondered my next move.

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Answer the following questions before class and be prepared to discuss your answers. Note that further vocabulary is included in these questions and should be part of your vocabulary list.

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**1. The point of view of this story can best be described as**

- A. Reliable, objective first-person account
- B. Reliable, subjective first-person account
- C. Unreliable, objective first-person account
- D. Unreliable, subjective first-person account

**2. The voice of the protagonist's mother appears in the story the way it does to**

- A. clearly show the difference of intelligence between the protagonist and her mother.
- B. colorfully portray the cultural heritage of the protagonist and her mother
- C. subtly show the cultural differences between the protagonist and her mother
- D. creatively imbue the reading with realistic characters and believable dialogue.

**3. Lines 103 through 105 can best be described as**

- A. Irony
- B. Foreshadowing
- C. Symbolism
- D. Metaphor

**4. The words said by Waverly's mother in lines 228 to 240 are meant to**

- A. show Waverly that chess originated in China with different rules than in American chess.
- B. signal to the reader the social circumstances in which the story is couched
- C. teach Waverly to be independent, seeking out answers to questions on her own.
- D. demonstrate Waverly's precociousness, foreshadowing her adept abilities at chess.

**5. In this story, the game of chess could be thought of as**

- A. A metaphor of navigating complex and difficult circumstances in one's life
- B. A metaphor for the manipulation of people and circumstances to one's advantage
- C. A metaphor for the cultural differences between America and China
- D. A metaphor for the struggles of a girl in a male dominated society

**6. How does Waverly first obtain her own chess set?**

- A. It was given to her by her brother
- B. She stole it from her brothers
- C. It was given to her by her teacher Lau Po
- D. It was given to her by the neighborhood Tao society

**7. As used in line 403, the word malodorous most nearly mean**

- A. Musty
- B. Stinky
- C. Pungent
- D. Fetid

**8. Why does Waverly become angry with her mother at the market?**

- A. Because her mother is telling everyone that Waverly is her daughter.
- B. Because her mother is telling everyone that Waverly is a chess champion.
- C. Because her mother is telling everyone that Waverly is a genius.
- D. Because her mother is telling everyone that Waverly is lucky.

**9. During the story, Waverly's teacher Lau Po taught her the fine points of chess etiquette. Which, if any, of these etiquettes did Waverly break in the course of the story?**

- A. She broke none of the points of etiquette
- B. Keep captives in rows, as well-tended prisoners.
- C. Never announce "Check" with vanity.
- D. Never hurl pieces into the sandbox after you have lost a game.

**10. When did she break this rule of etiquette?**

- A. She broke none of the points of etiquette
- B. While playing at home with her brothers
- C. During one of her competition matches
- D. During an exchange with her mother

**Vocabulary List:**

concession  
couch (verb)  
etiquette  
malodorous  
objective  
precocious  
subjective  
vanity