



Exit Ticket #17

Name: _____

Date: _____

Read the passage below from Walter Dean Myers about his life growing up. As you read, pay close attention to the words **solace** and **dysfunctional**.

I was born on a Thursday, the 12th of August, 1937, in Martinsburg, West Virginia. My name at birth was Walter Milton Myers. I was about two years old when my mother died and then I was inexplicably given to Florence and Herbert Dean. I was raised in Harlem by Herbert, who was African-American and Florence, who was German and Native American and wonderful. They loved me very much and I grew to love Harlem.

I found solace in books. My mother read to me from a very young age. From my comfortable perch on her lap, I would watch as she moved her finger slowly across the page and I'd imagine the characters. Reading pushed me to discover worlds beyond my landscape, especially during dark times when my uncle was murdered and my family became dysfunctional with alcohol and grief ([from http://walterdeanmyers.net/about/](http://walterdeanmyers.net/about/)).

I think **solace** probably means:

because

I think **dysfunctional** probably means:

because
