Norfolk Public Schools
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English 11th

Phase II
April 6 to April 24, 2020

Name:
School:
Teacher:

NPS Curriculum & Instruction

#NPS LITERACY
STRATEGIC.
AUTHENTIC.
ENGAGED.

NPS English Office

Learning in Place 2020/Phase II

11th Grade

Daily Reading	**READ 14.2:** Each day read for 15 minutes, something of choice, and complete the reading log including the title of the book/text, the number of pages read, and a hashtag summary of what was read. The reading log is on the back of this sheet. A sample entry is included.
Daily Writing	**Three times a week**, reflect on how our theme of **rights** connects to current events by journaling your thoughts and feelings about the ideas here: Since the middle of March, we have learned terms that most of us have never heard before—global pandemic, "stay at home" executive orders, and "shelter in place." These terms and all they imply limit our ability to do what we want when we want to do it. Reflect on how you feel about and how you are dealing with these new limitations. Feel free to discuss your thoughts on the fairness and necessity of the state and federal mandates. Feel free to add drawings, cartoons, and sketches of your own to express how you are feeling.

For the texts assigned below, you are expected to annotate **each paragraph** thoroughly either on a printed version or on a separate sheet of paper by writing a hashtag summary or sketchnoting/doodling something that captures the key information of each paragraph and writing one inference that you can make from that paragraph. Remember that an inference is a conclusion you make based on what you read **+** what you already know! You are also to write a one to two page response to the "Response to Text" question that accompanies the text.

April 6-10

Theme	Weekly Reading	Response to Text Question
Inalienable Rights: To what degree have people been denied those rights? How have people responded to the denial of their rights?	"Adam"	What does this text suggest about how people often attempt to strip others of their humanity?

April 13-17 Spring Break

April 20-24

Theme	Weekly Reading	Response to Text Question
Inalienable Rights: To what degree have people been denied those rights? How have people responded to the denial of their rights?	"Stop and Frisk"	In the context of the text, do "Terry stops" prioritize freedom or security? Is one more important than the other? Can we increase security without having a negative effect on freedom? Do freedom and security go hand-in-hand, or are they competing priorities?

READ 14.2 READING LOG

Date	Number of Pages Read	Title	#summary
3-12-20	10	*Cinderella*	#mistreatedgirlmeetsprincelosesshoeandliveshappilyeverafter

Adam

Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

BACKGROUND In the short story "Adam," set during the early 1950s, the main character, Heinz Knechtmann (knĕkнt'män), has survived the atrocities of the Holocaust and, like many Jewish survivors, has come to the United States seeking a better life. As the story begins, he and another expectant father, Mr. Sousa, are in the waiting room of a maternity hospital.

It was midnight in a Chicago lying-in hospital.

"Mr. Sousa," said the nurse, "your wife had a girl. You can see the baby in about twenty minutes."

"I know, I know, I know," said Mr. Sousa, a sullen gorilla, plainly impatient with having a tiresome and familiar routine explained to him. He snapped his fingers. "Girl! Seven, now. Seven girls I got now. A houseful of women. I can beat the stuffings out of ten men my own size. But, what do I get? Girls."

"Mr. Knechtmann," said the nurse to the other man in the room. She pronounced the name, as almost all Americans did, a colorless Netman. "I'm sorry. Still no word on your wife. She is keeping us waiting, isn't she?" She grinned glassily and left.

Sousa turned on Knechtmann. "Some little son of a gun like you, Netman, you want a boy, bing! You got one. Want a football team, bing, bing, bing, eleven, you got it." He stomped out of the room.

The man he left behind, all alone now, was Heinz Knechtmann, a presser in a dry-cleaning plant, a small man with thin wrists and a bad spine that kept him slightly hunched, as though forever weary. His face was long and big-nosed and thin-lipped, but was so overcast with good-humored humility as to be beautiful. Ⓐ His eyes were large and brown, and deep-set and longlashed. He was only twenty-two, but seemed and felt much older. He had died a little as each member of his family had been led away and killed by the Nazis, until only in him, at the age of ten, had life and the name of Knechtmann shared a soul. He and his wife, Avchen, had grown up behind barbed wire.

Analyze Visuals ▶
What ideas are suggested by the images in the collage on page 1181? What is the cumulative impact of these images taken together? Explain.

Ⓐ **CHARACTERIZATION**
Reread lines 15–18. Here Vonnegut combines his physical description of Heinz Knechtmann with a reflection on his personality. What might it look like to see a person "so overcast with good-humored humility as to be beautiful"?

Fatherhood (1990s). Ed Roskowski.
© Ed Roskowski/Corbis.

He had been staring at the walls of the waiting room for twelve hours now, since noon, when his wife's labor pains had become regular, the surges of slow rollers coming in from the sea a mile apart, from far, far away. This would be his second child. The last time he had waited, he had waited on a straw tick in a displaced-persons camp in Germany. The child, Karl Knechtmann, named after Heinz's father, had died, and with it, once more, had died the name of one of the finest cellists ever to have lived. B

When the numbness of weary wishing lifted momentarily during this second vigil, Heinz's mind was a medley of proud family names, gone, all gone, that could be brought to life again in this new being—if it lived. Peter Knechtmann, the surgeon; Kroll Knechtmann, the botanist; Friederich Knechtmann, the playwright. Dimly recalled uncles. Or if it was a girl, and if it lived, it would be Helga Knechtmann, Heinz's mother, and she would learn to play the harp as Heinz's mother had, and for all Heinz's ugliness, she would be beautiful. The Knechtmann men were all ugly, the Knechtmann women were all lovely as angels, though not all angels. It had always been so—for hundreds and hundreds of years.

"Mr. Netman," said the nurse, "it's a boy, and your wife is fine. She's resting now. You can see her in the morning. You can see the baby in twenty minutes."

Heinz looked up dumbly.

"It weighs five pounds nine ounces." She was gone again, with the same prim smile and officious, squeaking footsteps.

"Knechtmann," murmured Heinz, standing and bowing slightly to the wall. "The name is Knechtmann." He bowed again and gave a smile that was courtly and triumphant. He spoke the name with an exaggerated Old World pronunciation, like a foppish footman announcing the arrival of nobility, a guttural drum roll, unsoftened for American ears. "KhhhhhhhhhhhhhhNECHT! mannnnnnnnnnn." C

"Mr. Netman?" A very young doctor with a pink face and close cropped red hair stood in the waiting-room door. There were circles under his eyes, and he spoke through a yawn.

"Dr. Powers!" cried Heinz, clasping the man's right hand between both of his. "Thank God, thank God, thank God, and thank you."

"Um," said Dr. Powers, and he managed to smile wanly.

"There isn't anything wrong, is there?"

"Wrong?" said Powers. "No, no. Everything's fine. If I look down in the mouth, it's because I've been up for thirty-six hours straight." He closed his eyes, and leaned against the doorframe. "No, no trouble with your wife," he said in a faraway voice. "She's made for having babies. Regular pop-up toaster. Like rolling off a log. Schnip-schnap."

"She is?" said Heinz incredulously.

Dr. Powers shook his head, bringing himself back to consciousness. "My mind—conked out completely. Sousa—I got your wife confused with Mrs. Sousa. They finished in a dead heat. Netman, you're Netman. Sorry. Your wife's the one with pelvis trouble."

B HISTORICAL CONTEXT
Reread lines 19–30. With the help of the historical information on pages 1178–1179 and the Background on page 1180, explain the various events that happened to Heinz and his family.

C CHARACTERIZATION
Reread lines 45–50. How does Heinz's pride in the birth of his son express itself in his words and actions?

"Malnutrition as a child," said Heinz. D

"Yeah. Well, the baby came normally, but, if you're going to have another one, it'd better be a Caesarean. Just to be on the safe side."

"I can't thank you enough," said Heinz passionately.

Dr. Powers licked his lips, and fought to keep his eyes open. "Uh huh. 'S O.K.," he said thickly. "'Night. Luck." He shambled out into the corridor.

The nurse stuck her head into the waiting room. "You can see your baby, Mr. Netman."

"Doctor—" said Heinz, hurrying out into the corridor, wanting to shake Powers' hand again so that Powers would know what a magnificent thing he'd done. "It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened." The elevator doors slithered shut between them before Dr. Powers could show a glimmer of response.

"This way," said the nurse. "Turn left at the end of the hall, and you'll find the nursery window there. Write your name on a piece of paper and hold it against the glass."

Heinz made the trip by himself, without seeing another human being until he reached the end. There, on the other side of a large glass panel, he saw a hundred of them cupped in shallow canvas buckets and arranged in a square block of straight ranks and files.

Heinz wrote his name on the back of a laundry slip and pressed it to the window. A fat and placid nurse looked at the paper, not at Heinz's face, and missed seeing his wide smile, missed an urgent invitation to share for a moment his ecstasy.

She grasped one of the buckets and wheeled it before the window. She turned away again, once more missing the smile.

"Hello, hello, hello, little Knechtmann," said Heinz to the red prune on the other side of the glass. His voice echoed down the hard, bare corridor, and came back to him with embarrassing loudness. He blushed and lowered his voice. "Little Peter, little Kroll," he said softly, "little Friederich—and there's Helga in you, too. Little spark of Knechtmann, you little treasure house. Everything is saved in you."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be more quiet," said a nurse, sticking her head out from one of the rooms.

"Sorry," said Heinz. "I'm very sorry." He fell silent, and contented himself with tapping lightly on the window with a fingernail, trying to get the child to look at him. Young Knechtmann would not look, wouldn't share the moment, and after a few minutes the nurse took him away again.

Heinz beamed as he rode on the elevator and as he crossed the hospital lobby, but no one gave him more than a cursory glance. He passed a row of telephone booths and there, in one of the booths with the door open, he saw a soldier with whom he'd shared the waiting room an hour before.

"Yeah, Ma—seven pounds six ounces. Got hair like Buffalo Bill. No, we haven't had time to make up a name for her yet . . . That you, Pa? Yup, mother and daughter doin' fine, just fine. Seven pounds six ounces. Nope, no name. . . .

D HISTORICAL CONTEXT
Consider why Heinz's wife might have suffered malnutrition as a child. What does this suggest about the impact of history on the present?

That you, Sis? Pretty late for you to be up, ain't it? Doesn't look like anybody yet. Let me talk to Ma again. . . . That you, Ma? Well, I guess that's all the news from Chicago. Now, Mom, Mom, take it easy—don't worry. It's a swell-looking baby, Mom. Just the hair looks like Buffalo Bill, and I said it as a joke, Mom. That's right, seven pounds six ounces. . . ."

There were five other booths, all empty, all open for calls to anyplace on earth. Heinz longed to hurry into one of them breathlessly, and tell the marveolus news. But there was no one to call, no one waiting for the news. E

E TONE
Reread lines 117–119. How would you describe the tone of the story at this point?

But Heinz still beamed, and he strode across the street and into a quiet tavern there. In the dank twilight there were only two men, têtê-à-têtê, the bartender and Mr. Sousa.

"Yes sir, what'll it be?"

"I'd like to buy you and Mr. Sousa a drink," said Heinz with a heartiness strange to him. "I'd like the best brandy you've got. My wife just had a baby!"

"That so?" said the bartender with polite interest.

"Five pounds nine ounces," said Heinz.

"Huh," said the bartender. "What do you know."

"Netman," said Sousa, "Wha'dja get?"

"Boy," said Heinz proudly.

"Never knew it to fail," said Sousa bitterly. "It's the little guys, all the time the little guys."

"Boy, girl," said Heinz, "it's all the same, just as long as it lives. Over there in the hospital, they're too close to it to see the wonder of it. A miracle over and over again—the world made new."

"Wait'll you've racked up seven, Netman," said Sousa. "Then you come back and tell me about the miracle."

"You got seven?" said the bartender. "I'm one up on you. I got eight." He poured three drinks.

"Far as I'm concerned," said Sousa, "you can have the championship."

Heinz lifted his glass. "Here's long life and great skill and much happiness to—to Peter Karl Knechtmann." He breathed quickly, excited by the decision.

"There's a handle to take ahold of," said Sousa. "You'd think the kid weighed two hundred pounds."

"Peter is the name of a famous surgeon," said Heinz, "the boy's great-uncle, dead now. Karl was my father's name." F

F HISTORICAL CONTEXT
Reread lines 141–146. Why do you think Vonnegut focuses so much attention on the naming of the baby?

"Here's to Pete K. Netman," said Sousa, with a cursory salute.

"Pete," said the bartender, drinking.

"And here's to your little girl—the new one," said Heinz.

Sousa sighed and smiled wearily. "Here's to her. God bless her."

"And now, I'll propose a toast," said the bartender, hammering on the bar with his fist. "On your feet, gentlemen. Up, up, everybody up."

Heinz stood, and held his glass high, ready for the next step in camaraderie, a toast to the whole human race, of which the Knechtmanns were still a part.

"Here's to the White Sox!" roared the bartender.

"Minoso, Fox, Mele," said Sousa.

"Fain, Lollar, Rivera!" said the bartender. He turned to Heinz. "Drink up, boy! The White Sox! Don't tell me you're a Cub fan."

"No," said Heinz, disappointed. "No—I don't follow baseball, I'm afraid." The other two men seemed to be sinking away from him. "I haven't been able to think about much but the baby."

The bartender at once turned his full attention to Sousa. "Look," he said intensely, "they take Fain off of first, and put him at third, and give Pierce first. Then move Minoso in from left field to shortstop. See what I'm doing?"

"Yep, yep," said Sousa eagerly.

"And then we take that no-good Carrasquel and . . ."

Heinz was all alone again, with twenty feet of bar between him and the other two men. It might as well have been a continent.

He finished his drink without pleasure, and left quietly.

At the railroad station, where he waited for a local train to take him home to the South Side, Heinz's glow returned again as he saw a co-worker at the dry-cleaning plant walk in with a girl. They were laughing and had their arms around each other's waist.

"Harry," said Heinz, hurrying toward them. "Guess what, Harry. Guess what just happened." He grinned broadly.

Harry, a tall, dapper, snub-nosed young man, looked down at Heinz with mild surprise. "Oh—hello, Heinz. What's up, boy?"

The girl looked on in perplexity, as though asking why they should be accosted at such an odd hour by such an odd person. Heinz avoided her slightly derisive eyes. G

"A baby, Harry. My wife just had a boy."

"Oh," said Harry. He extended his hand. "Well, congratulations." The hand was limp. "I think that's swell, Heinz, perfectly swell." He withdrew his hand and waited for Heinz to say something else.

"Yes, yes—just about an hour ago," said Heinz. "Five pounds nine ounces. I've never been happier in my life."

"Well, I think it's perfectly swell, Heinz. You should be happy."

"Yes, indeed," said the girl.

There was a long silence, with all three shifting from one foot to the other.

"Really good news," said Harry at last.

"Yes, well," said Heinz quickly, "Well, that's all I had to tell you."

"Thanks," said Harry. "Glad to hear about it."

There was another uneasy silence.

"See you at work," said Heinz, and strode jauntily back to his bench, but with his reddened neck betraying how foolish he felt.

The girl giggled.

Back home in his small apartment, at two in the morning, Heinz talked to himself, to the empty bassinet, and to the bed. He talked in German, a language he had sworn never to use again. H

"They don't care," said Heinz. "They're all too busy, busy, busy to notice life, to feel anything about it. A baby is born." He shrugged. "What could be duller?

G CHARACTERIZATION
What character trait of Heinz's does Vonnegut reveal through the sentence "Heinz avoided her slightly derisive eyes"?

H HISTORICAL CONTEXT
Reread lines 197–199. What is Vonnegut's purpose in including this description of Heinz's use of and feelings about speaking German? Explain.

Who would be so stupid as to talk about it, to think there was anything important or interesting about it?"

He opened a window on the summer night, and looked out at the moonlit canyon of gray wooden porches and garbage cans. "There are too many of us, and we are all too far apart," said Heinz. "Another Knechtmann is born, another O'Leary, another Sousa. Who cares? Why should anyone care? What difference does it make? None."

He lay down in his clothes on the unmade bed, and, with a rattling sigh, went to sleep.

I CHARACTERIZATION AND TONE
Reread lines 226–243. How does the story's final section of dialogue contribute to your understanding of the main character and his wife? What tone does Vonnegut convey by closing the story with this particular conversation?

He awoke at six, as always. He drank a cup of coffee, and with a wry sense of anonymity, he jostled and was jostled aboard the downtown train. His face showed no emotion. It was like all the other faces, seemingly incapable of surprise or wonder, joy or anger.

He walked across town to the hospital with the same detachment, a gray, uninteresting man, a part of the city.

In the hospital, he was as purposeful and calm as the doctors and nurses bustling about him. When he was led into the ward where Avchen slept behind white screens, he felt only what he had always felt in her presence—love and aching awe and gratitude for her.

"You go ahead and wake her gently, Mr. Netman," said the nurse.

"Avchen—" He touched her on her white-gowned shoulder. "Avchen. Are you all right, Avchen?"

"Mmmmmmmmm?" murmured Avchen. Her eyes opened to narrow slits. "Heinz. Hello, Heinz."

"Sweetheart, are you all right?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered. "I'm fine. How is the baby, Heinz?"

"Perfect. Perfect, Avchen."

"They couldn't kill us, could they, Heinz?"

"No."

"And here we are, alive as we can be."

"Yes."

"The baby, Heinz—" She opened her dark eyes wide. "It's the most wonderful thing that ever happened, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Heinz. I

Life Decisions (1995), Ed Roskowski. © Ed Roskowski/Corbis.

Name: _____ Class: _____

Stop and Frisk: Right or Wrong?

By Mike Kubic
2016

Mike Kubic is a former correspondent of Newsweek*. In the following article, Kubic examines the rationale behind "Stop and Frisk," a controversial law enforcement tactic, and explores preliminary data on the impact of its decline. As you read, identify the evidence used in the article to address this controversial issue.*

"Government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people..."
– Virginia Bill of Rights, article 1, ratified in 1776

"The right of the people to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated..."
– Constitution of the United States, Fourth Amendment, ratified in 1791

"Frisked" by Wisconsin Jobs Now is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0

[1] To be protected by the government and, at the same time, be secure against an illegitimate[1] use of its powers are bedrock American values going back to the founding of our republic. But despite their importance, their practical application – by finding the correct balance between the benefit of police protection from potential danger, and the harm to freedom when the same police stop and search a suspect – continues to be controversial.

In the U.S., police officers stop and frisk[2] individuals without an arrest warrant[3] thousands of times a day. When are they crossing the line, and when are they simply serving and protecting the public?

In 1968, this question was tackled by the U.S. Supreme Court in a case (John W. Terry v. State of Ohio) involving a Cleveland police officer who arrested and frisked three suspiciously behaving individuals. Although two of them carried hidden revolvers, they claimed they did nothing illegal, and that by searching them, the police officer had violated their rights under the Fourth Amendment.

The Court, which was known for its liberal opinions, sided – with only one justice dissenting[4] – with the defendant, the State of Ohio representing the police officer. The ruling, written by Chief Justice Earl Warren, said that:

1. **Illegitimate** ***(adjective):*** not in accordance with the law or with accepted standards of what is right
2. When an officer "frisks" an individual, he or she searches them, usually with their hands in order to see if they are hiding a weapon or something else (such as drugs) in their clothes.
3. A warrant is a legal document that allows someone to do something, especially one that is signed by a judge or magistrate and gives the police permission to arrest someone or search them or their property.
4. **Dissent** ***(verb):*** to express disagreement

"Police may stop a person if they have a reasonable suspicion that the person has committed or is about to commit a crime, and may frisk the suspect for weapons if they have reasonable suspicion that the suspect is armed and dangerous, without violating the Fourth Amendment prohibition on unreasonable searches and seizures."

[5] Two subsequent Supreme Court decisions granted officers limited approval to frisk individuals for weapons – even if their behavior was not suspicious, as long as the officers still considered them to be potentially dangerous.

The 'Terry Stops' Controversy

The Court's decisions, which made an officer's "suspicion of danger" grounds for a "reasonable search," have been cited for decades to justify widespread "Terry stops" – the stopping and frisking of individuals without a prior authorization by a judge. In New York City, the practice was initially praised. It was used only in high-crime areas and was believed to have contributed to the 29% drop in the city's violent crimes from 2001 to 2010. Nevertheless, the "Terry stops" had detractors.[5]

One of them, former New York City Police Commissioner Ray Kelly, charged in 2000 that stop-and-frisk abuses "corrode[6] trust" between the police and communities, which makes everyone less safe. Other critics have complained that the "Terry stops" were overused, peremptory,[7] and unfair. When most of the 684,000 people who were stopped and searched in New York City in 2011 were reported to be African-Americans or Latinos, the police were accused of racial and ethnic profiling.

The Big Apple's Mayor Michael Bloomberg defended the focus on people of color on the assertion that African-Americans and Latinos were statistically more likely to be violent criminals and victims of violent crime, but the critics were not convinced.

The New York Civil Liberties Union (NYCLU), protested that "[n]o research has ever proven the effectiveness of New York City's stop-and-frisk regime, and the small number of arrests, summonses, and guns recovered demonstrates that the practice is ineffective." NYCLU also has pointed out that other big cities, which did not use "Terry stops" – for example, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Dallas and Baltimore – had experienced even larger drops in criminal violence than New York.

[10] The opposition to the police stops and searches was so resolute[8] that by January 1, 2014, when Bloomberg was succeeded by Mayor Bill de Blasio, the "Terry stops" in New York City practically came to a halt. Moreover, since then, the use of police force to stop and search suspects has come under severe scrutiny from coast to coast. In 2014, while "Terry stops" faced mounting critique, there was intense public fury over the deaths of black men and women in officer-involved shootings. Two of the best-known victims – both young black men – were Michael Brown[9] in Ferguson, Missouri, and Laquan McDonald[10] in Chicago, Illinois. The outrage has triggered widespread demonstrations, and in some cities resulted in a significant decline in the use of police force when apprehending alleged law breakers.

5. **Detractor** ***(noun):*** a person who criticizes the importance, value, or effectiveness of someone or something
6. **Corrode** ***(verb):*** to gradually make something worse or weaker; to gradually destroy; to eat away at
7. **Peremptory** ***(adjective):*** leaving no opportunity for denial or refusal
8. **Resolute** ***(adjective):*** having or showing a significant amount of determination
9. The shooting of Michael Brown occurred on August 9, 2014, in Ferguson, Missouri, a northern suburb of St. Louis. Brown, an unarmed 18-year-old black man and recent high school graduate, was fatally shot by Darren Wilson, a

An Uncertain Balance

The extent and the implications of this change are still unclear. The F.B.I. crime statistics have shown a slight uptick (1.7 percent) of violent criminality nationwide during the first six months of 2015 compared to the same period in 2014. On the other hand, a recent study of the so-called "Ferguson Effect"[11] by Blake Consulting, a firm specializing in police practices, questioned just how much the outrage over the Missouri killing has slowed down law enforcement.

The study received 489 responses from patrol-level officers in small suburban towns (with approximately 25 officers), and large metropolitan departments (with more than 3,000 police officers). Almost two-thirds of the respondents (61.1%) believed criminal activity in 2015 had increased in their jurisdictions; 29.5% thought crime had remained the same, and 9.2% believed crime had gone down. More than one-half (55%) believed the crime rate increase in their jurisdictions was due to less "proactive" enforcement.

In New York City, the near-discontinuation of the "Terry stops" has not been followed by a significant increase in violent crime. In late summer of 2015, Mayor de Blasio proudly announced that "We are the safest big city in America" and promised that "We will continue to be. We will, in fact, go farther."

But the situation has been dramatically different in Chicago, where the police department now requires patrol officers to fill out detailed reports every time they make a street stop as of January 1, 2016. Following this time-consuming step – which, presumably, was an attempt to discourage such unbridled[12] actions as was the killing of Brown and McDonald – the Windy City's police made only 6,818 arrests in January, a 32% drop from nearly 10,000 arrests a year earlier. The number of street stops plummeted to less than 16% of the 61,330 stops made in January 2015.

[15] According to a *Chicago Tribune* article published on March 31, 2016, the city's violence during the first quarter of the year reached levels "unseen in years," with 135 homicides. The number of homicides shows a 71% jump over the 79 killings that occurred during the same period in 2015.

When asked to comment on the usefulness of the "Terry stops," Chicago's new interim police Superintendent Eddie Johnson emphasized the need to protect citizens against crime without subjecting them to "unreasonable" stops and searches.

In his judgment, he said, "We just have to make sure we stop the right people at the right times, for the right reasons."

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white Ferguson police officer. The large-scale nationwide protests that followed the killing received considerable international attention and generated vigorous debate about the relationship between law enforcement and African Americans.

10. The shooting of Laquan McDonald occurred on October 20, 2014, in Chicago, Illinois. McDonald, a 17-year-old black male armed with a 3-inch knife, was shot 16 times in 13 seconds by Jason Van Dyke, a Chicago police officer, from approximately ten feet away. Video of the shooting, captured on a police cruiser's dashboard camera, was released to the public on November 24, 2015—over 13 months after the shooting and only after several independent investigators demanded release of records. Van Dyke was charged with first-degree murder a few hours after the video's release.
11. The "Ferguson Effect" refers to the theory that increased scrutiny of police has led to an increased murder rate in major U.S. cities. Proponents of this theory believe that, since police could now be more fearful of facing retribution for their actions, they are less likely to intervene in potentially dangerous situations.
12. **Unbridled** ***(adjective):*** not held back or controlled