

Cal

Cal nodded at her mother as she looked at what was in the basket on her arm. There was a homemade dinner in the basket for Mr. Greeley, a shut-in. Cal's mother had asked her to take the basket to Mr. Greeley. "And remember, California, you come straight home after you drop this dinner off. Oh, but stay and talk to him while he eats. Make sure he can reach it all -- he can't see anymore." Cal walked off the porch and stretched. She was tall for her age and hadn't stopped growing yet. There was plenty of time to walk to Mr. Greeley's ranch and back. She couldn't ride because all the horses were being used for the final cattle round up. The cattle were just arriving from the long trip across the plains. Every available man and horse was helping gather the cattle into the corral. She walked by the large, wooden corral on the way and waved at the cowboys. As usual, the cowboys ignored Cal. She could hear them singing to calm the cattle. They would finish rounding up the cattle into the corral by tonight. Halfway to Mr. Greeley's, she noticed that the wind was picking up. Gray clouds were beginning to appear as she turned into Mr. Greeley's gate. "Howdy do, is that you, Cal?" "Sure is, Mr. Greeley." She told him, "My mother fixed some fried chicken and apple pie for you." Cal stepped into the cabin. Mr. Greeley still had the bandages around his head and eyes from the ranching accident. But he was walking now, with a cane. He felt his way around to the table. He reached out and gave her a hug. Cal thought that he held her a little too close for a little too long. Come sit by me, girl, and tell me the news. Cal thought it was better to sit across the table from Mr. Greeley. Cal set the food out in front of Mr. Greeley and then took a seat. She talked about the new preacher who had arrived in town. She told him about the cattle roundup. The cattle yard was almost full. She told him about the train coming tomorrow for the cattle. All the families in town were invested in the cattle, including her family. Everyone was expecting high prices for the sale of the cattle. It was getting dark when Mr. Greeley finished the dinner. When Cal left she noticed that it was dark because of a storm that had gathered. She held the empty basket and started to run home. Just then, she saw a flash of light and heard what sounded like a huge rumbling wagon. She felt like she was being poked with ice. The rain had started. Cal was soaked by the time she came to the cattle yard. She couldn't see any of the cowboys, just the cattle, and they were upset by the thunder. In the distance, in the direction of town, she could see a small light. "Is something on fire?" she wondered. The cattle moaned and moored. Then she noticed something disturbing. The cattle yard gate was blowing open. The hard rain had washed away some of the dirt under the main gate post. The wind had the gate slamming open against the fence. Cal knew that the storm might scare the cattle so much that they would bolt out the opening. If they did that they might stampede to the cliff nearby. Some people had their life savings invested in these cattle. Cal moved toward the corral gate. She pulled it closed using her full strength. Lightning struck and the cattle got frantic. They began to push against the fence causing it to open. She didn't have any rope to tie the gate shut. She would have to hold the gate by gripping the end post in one arm and the gate post in the other arm. "I'll hold it until someone comes," she thought. She looked around but still couldn't see any cowboys. She watched the cattle, who looked as miserable as she felt in the pouring rain. As night came, Cal shivered from the continuing rain. She thought of home, the wood stove and her warm bed. She wished for some of the chicken dinner she had given to Mr. Greeley. The hours passed and Cal's arms grew numb and her neck became stiff. She shivered and her teeth chattered. She would probably catch a cold. As the storm subsided towards early morning, the stars appeared. Cal tried to keep herself awake by finding the constellations.

Just then she heard horses coming and voices. "What's this?" her father said as he found the wet shivering huddled girl. "Why, Cal, what are you doing?" Cal told him what had happened. Her father explained that a fire had spread to several houses in the town. All the men had been up through the night putting out the fires. "You saved the cattle, Cal." Mr. Jones tied the gate to the post while her father wrapped a blanket around her. California coughed and sneezed. "Let's get you home," said her father.

Lexical decision probes

Mprobe GIVING

Nwprobe LECHAL

Mprobe SNOB

Uprobe BALANCE

Nwprobe PUNATIC

Iprobe REVOTUTION

Mprobe MISTRUST

Iprobe HERD

Iprobe DUSK

Uprobe PAIR

Nwprobe SOBLING

Iprobe AJAR

Nwprobe JAMP

Uprobe SCAN

Nwprobe HYRT

Mprobe PERSIST

Nwprobe BLAID

Uprobe COGNITIVE

Nwprobe HADDLE

Iprobe SICK

Jed

Jed waved goodbye to his mother, pulled the door shut, and sighed. Jed had a lot to do. But he was hungry so he went to the refrigerator and ate some leftover pizza. Jed drank straight from the carton of milk. He also ate some chocolate ice cream. Like a typical teen boy, he had a very large appetite. He thought that he should get started on the chores while his baby sister was still napping. It was Saturday and his mother was off to her nursing class at the university. His dad was a cop and was on duty this weekend. So Jed was in charge of the house for the next four hours. That included his sister, making dinner, cleaning his room, and brushing Rags, the dog -- who was shedding hair all over the house. He was also supposed to prepare the cans for recycling. Jed also took some frozen chicken out of the freezer to thaw. Then, Jed decided to brush the dog. Rags followed him out the front door and

immediately ran off into the next yard. Jed watched Rags leave a gift by the front walkway. Jed sighed, called Rags back, and went inside. Rags was an old sheep dog with a lot of fur. Jed came back outside, sat down on the steps, and began to brush him. Rags cooperated by sitting on top of Jed's feet. Jed kept quiet so he could hear his sister, if she woke up. When Jed was almost finished, his friend Lance walked up with a football. Lance was the starting quarterback for the football team because of his great aim. "Hey, Jed, want to play football?" "We're getting a bunch of kids together to play at the park." "Naw, I've got chores to do." "But I'll play!" The call came from next door where Kou lived. Kou ran over from his yard. Lance saw the sprinklers on in the next yard and smiled slyly to himself. "Alright Kou, go long!" Lance ordered. Lance threw the ball toward the sprinklers as Kou tried to run under it. Kou slipped in the mud and water and missed the ball. When he got up he was soaked. Lance was laughing hysterically. "What do you have to do, Jed?" Lance asked. "Oh, just some cleaning, dinner..." he mumbled. "Wouldn't you rather go play?" "You could do all that stuff later," Lance suggested. He really wanted to play football. It was always fun hanging out with friends and playing. Maybe he could just buy pizza for the family dinner. And he could clean his room Sunday night, instead of watching TV with the family. He started to brush the rest of the dog as fast as he could. "I'll get my bike," Lance yelled as he ran across the street. "Get your things -- I will finish," Kou urged as he took the brush. Jed stepped inside and started up the stairs. Then he remembered his sister. He would wake her up and take her along in the stroller. He went upstairs and she was asleep in her crib. She had been asleep for only an hour. If he woke her up now, she'd probably be crabby the rest of the day. Then his mother would have to deal with it. Jed filled the diaper bag with diapers and wetwipes. He got a jacket from his room and then went back to the crib. He leaned over her, and then he stopped. He was supposed to be taking care of her. His mom was counting on him to take care of things. He put his jacket back and walked downstairs and outside. He sat down on the steps and took the brush from Kou. Jed started brushing the dog again. "Aren't you going?" asked Kou. Jed shrugged. Kou looked at him and nodded, "I understand." Kou ran off to find Lance.

Lexical decision probes

Iprobe CHORES

Mprobe LAZY

Uprobe METHOD

Nwprobe NIME

Iprobe EAT

Nwprobe LEMEND

Mprobe BAD

Nwprobe JARMON

Nwprobe VEAD

Uprobe BLANK

Nwprobe MALUTE

Iprobe NEIGHBOR

Mprobe CRUEL

Uprobe RESTORE

Nwprobe NAMB
Uprobe APPEAL
Iprobe PREPARATION
Nwprobe AFEX
Mprobe RESPONSIBLE
Nwprobe CORM

Kim

Kim pushed against the heavy boxes as they leaned towards her on the sharp curve. Her dad noticed that the boxes were sliding so he slowed down. Her dad had lost his job. They were moving to another city where jobs grew on trees -- hopefully. They were headed for Minneapolis. The car was packed with everything they owned. The dinner table and chairs were on top of the car with two mattresses. They gave away the old sofa and chair before they left Detroit. Every couple of hours they stopped to tighten the ropes on top of the car. Kim had her own box. It had her clothes, her favorite (and only) doll, and the jewelry box she got for her birthday. She felt a punch on her arm. Ow! Stop it, Martin! Kim's dad said: "What did I say about that?" Her little brother squirmed next to her, having gotten bored with rereading favorite book. He took a marker and wrote his name in it. Martin had checked the book out from the public library just before they had left Detroit. He looked like his father -- curly hair, blue eyes, and olive skin. Kim looked like her mother, a Filipino-Chinese. She had almond eyes, straight dark hair and olive skin. Their parents had given them "American names" so that they would not be teased in school. Mr. Perez found a small gas station with a grassy lot behind and pulled in. "Everybody out for a stretch!" Mr. Perez didn't have to convince anyone to get out of the car. As her dad filled the gas tank, Kim leaned against the car. Martin was off bouncing an old tennis ball in the grassy lot. "You should get some exercise, girl!" her dad said. "Here take this \$20 and go pay for the gas -- you should get back \$1.15." Her dad was very careful with money. They barely had enough money for gas to Minneapolis. The only thing they were eating was baloney sandwiches -- not even any ketchup! They would share a carton of milk and a carton of juice while they ate. Martin always spilled the juice. Inside the gas station store, Kim noticed a fisherman standing next to an elderly couple. "Could you please tell us the best way to get to Wooded Terrace Drive?" the couple asked the fisherman. "Sure I could," the fisherman replied. The elderly couple continued to look at him, waiting for a reply. The fisherman laughed and walked out the door. As Kim approached the counter she eyed some potato chips but then looked away. She handed the clerk the \$20 bill. As the clerk opened the cash drawer there was a loud crash in the corner of the store. They heard a loud cry and the clerk became alarmed. "It's my 3-year-old son," the clerk uttered. She had the 15 cents in her hand. She quickly reached for a bill, pushed it into Kim's hand and went running to help her son. Kim watched and the boy was fine. He had pulled down a stack of cereal boxes but didn't look hurt. Kim went outside. Her father was playing catch with Martin and her mother was waiting for the bathroom. She looked at the change in her hand. Instead of \$1.15 she had \$5.15. The clerk had given her a five-dollar bill instead of a one-dollar bill. She thought of the candy that she could buy with the extra money. The whole family could have a treat, something they rarely had money for. Or she could go ask for change, give her dad the \$1.15 and then save the \$4 for herself. Kim had been

longing for a "Teacher" Barbie doll. In fact, she wanted to be a teacher when she grew up. She couldn't decide, candy and treats now or save for the doll. Then she heard her mother's voice in her head. "You are a Kwong -- Kwongs know that the path to success is self-control. Stop and think -- plan for the future. What you do today affects all your tomorrows." She thought about the money. Then she heard her father's voice inside her head. His boss had given him too much money in his paycheck. "If you want to be a good person, you should always try to be honest. We, Perez, are all honest, good people -- everybody knows that." Was she being dishonest by keeping money put in her hand by someone she didn't even know? She would never see this clerk again. Did it really matter to be honest with people that you didn't know and didn't know you? She entered the store and went to the counter. Later, when everyone was back in the car, Kim handed the money to her father. "Here's the change, Papá." "She gave me too much but I gave it back." "Good for you, sweetheart, good for you." Mr. Perez started up the car and they drove out of the lot.

Lexical decision probes

Uprobe PAUSE

Nwprobe SARROW

Uprobe ADVERSARY

Mprobe HURT

Mprobe STEAL

Nwprobe RECRESH

Iprobe TIRED

Nwprobe FONDNASS

Iprobe POOR

Iprobe CLUMSY

Mprobe RUDE

Nwprobe FILCHY

Nwprobe HIRMFUL

Uprobe BLIND

Nwprobe DOIM

Iprobe PURCHASE

Nwprobe PRETIND

Mprobe HONESTY

Nwprobe HAMY

Uprobe DENSE

Malcolm stepped out the back door with his cat. While the cat chased a bird, Malcolm heard a shout: "How's it going?" He looked over at the neighbor's yard. There was Richard, waving at him with a sack of garbage in his hand. Richard had just moved into the neighborhood with his mother. He was Malcolm's age but had been placed in the special education class at school. The kids in Malcolm's class treated kids in the special education class differently. Richard's family kept a pile of garbage in the back yard. Everyone thought they were strange. Malcolm waved and then went back into the house. Later, as

Malcolm sat playing cards with his family, he could still see Richard. Richard was bending over the pile of garbage in his yard, adding dirt and turning it. Maybe Richard was crazy. The next day Malcolm leaned over to pick his pencil up from the floor. When he sat back up, there was a note on his desk. He looked to see whether the fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Groves, had seen it. No, she was busy writing on the blackboard. Malcolm picked up his book to block the teacher's view as he read the note. It read: "Do you want to sleep over on Friday? We can sleep in the backyard tent -- Dre." Malcolm smiled at Andre in the desk next to his and nodded. Dre had taken out his slingshot and was pretending to fire something at Mrs. Groves. Malcolm laughed at the charade. Dre's yard was next to a forest and it was fun to explore. Malcolm always found a new insect to take home. Dre was fun -- he always wanted to try new things. There was a knock on the classroom door. The principal opened the door and motioned for Mrs. Groves to step into the hall. The classroom buzzed with whispers. Dre leaned towards Malcolm, "Ask your mom today and then call me." "I'm sure it will be alright," whispered Malcolm. Mrs. Groves stepped in the room with Mr. Wilson, who looked unhappy. "Andre Washington, please go with Mr. Wilson," Mrs. Groves looked stern. Dre quickly stuffed the slingshot he had been playing with into his desk. He then walked behind Mr. Wilson out the door. Malcolm wondered what kind of trouble Dre was in. He opened his desk to get his math book out. Inside he looked at the new bug he had caught this morning on the way to school. He had put it in a baby food jar. It was big and ugly. He couldn't wait for science when he could show everybody. In the middle of the math lesson, Mr. Wilson appeared at the door. He talked silently to Mrs. Groves. Mrs. Groves walked to Malcolm's desk and asked him to go with her into the hall to talk to Mr. Wilson. Malcolm stood in the hall and listened as Mr. Wilson explained the situation. "There was a fire on the playground last night," Mr. Wilson explained. "We have two boys we suspect started the fire. Andre says that he wasn't there because he was at your house last night." Was Andre with you between 7 and 8 last evening?" Mr. Wilson looked into Malcolm's eyes. Malcolm knew he hadn't been with Dre. Yesterday was Sunday and Sunday evening was always family night at home. They had popcorn and played card games. But he could get Dre out of trouble by telling a lie. If he didn't lie, there would be no sleepover on Friday. But even more important, they would never be friends again. He looked at Mrs. Groves who was also looking worried. What would Mrs. Groves do? Malcolm could get punished if they found out that he lied. If he lied, though, he could save his friendship with Dre. But lying was wrong. Malcolm cleared his throat, "I couldn't have been with Andre on Sunday." He continued, "It's our family night at home -- just for family." "I see," said Mr. Wilson "Andre claimed that Richard Woods, the new boy, started the fire -- is this true?" Malcolm could save his friend by saying he didn't see Richard. He hardly knew Richard or cared about him. Malcolm thought about what he would want someone to do in the same situation. What if everyone lied to save their friends? "Richard was at home -- in his yard," Malcolm told Mr. Wilson. "I saw him playing with garbage." Mr. Wilson looked a little puzzled but then said, "Thank you, Malcolm, you may go back to class now." Mrs. Groves put her hand on Malcolm's shoulder and nodded approvingly. They went back in the classroom and back to math.

Lexical decision probes

Nwprobe APSTAIN

Mprobe MEAN

Iprobe FALL
Mprobe DECEIVE
Nwprobe PULE
Iprobe CURIOUS
Iprobe GOSSIP
Mprobe GUILT
Nwprobe MITINY
Uprobe BLUR
Nwprobe MAIVING
Uprobe ENTIRE
Iprobe PROBING
Nwprobe IMGLORE
Nwprobe LAUNFRY
Uprobe PRECISE
Nwprobe PRUFIT
Uprobe ACUTE
Mprobe CONSCIENCE
Nwprobe UFFEND

Lars (not moral)

Lars walked down the hallway at school. He decided that he should find some friends and start his own band. He was already fifteen, and if he didn't do it now, it would be too late. It seemed like an easy way to make a lot of money. His friends had pretty decent voices, but not quite good enough. Besides, they always preferred the boring stuff. They always liked playing instruments more than singing or dancing. Lars wanted to start a Boy Band group of all vocalists. He got a great idea. He thought that he should organize a talent show at his school. By doing this, he could have a ton of people "audition" for his group. That afternoon, Lars talked to one of his teachers. Lars was ecstatic when she approved his idea. The only condition was that it had to take place within the next 2 weeks. Lars went to the computer lab. He sent out a mass email to all of the students at his school. The next morning, Lars checked his email right away. To his surprise, there were over 100 replies to his email. He could not believe how many people were interested in participating. Unfortunately, many of the emails were from people who were not singers. There were many jugglers, piano players, and comedians. Lars wasn't sure what to do. He wanted to have a show consisting of singers and dancers. The decision was easy. He replied to the unwanted emails rejecting them from the show. He lied and told them that they replied too late. The next week, Lars worked diligently to get the talent show organized. He met with the maintenance staff. This was to make sure that he could have access to the auditorium late at night. He even volunteered to mop the aisles and to replace any missing lights. By the end of the two weeks, Lars was exhausted. However, it was now time for the show. That night he arrived at the school an hour before the show. He felt a little nervous before the show. He wondered how many good performers there would be. Finally, it was time to begin. Lars turned down the lights and introduced the first act. The first few performers could not sing at all -- they were rotten. After them, the next ones were even worse. Toward the end,

there was a group of three guys who came on stage. Their names were Nick, Justin, and Kyle. Lars was blown away by their performance. All three of them had fabulous voices. They accurately hit all of the notes. However, none of them had any rhythm. During the performance, all three of them tripped. One of them lost his balance and kept wobbling. Eventually he fell on his face. The other two fell off the stage and landed in the audience. Lars was disappointed. Apparently, his idea to hold a talent show did not work. However, just then, he had a new idea. He listened as the audience was laughing hysterically. He figured out a way to get rich. He could sell the tape of the performances to a television comedy show.

Lexical decision probes

Nwprobe EXPERE

Uprobe HARSH

Nwprobe GLAW

Nwprobe RIVOLT

Nwprobe DIFY

Nwprobe GUARDEW

Uprobe CHOOSE

Nwprobe PENTLEMAN

Nwprobe ANAS

Uprobe FAKE

Uprobe DIFFERENCE

Nwprobe MONERCH

Doug (not moral)

Doug looked at his watch. It was almost time. He paced nervously around the room. Every once in a while he would glance out the window. He couldn't believe that he was about to go through with this. This wasn't like him. Doug reflected back on the past month. It just seemed like he had become a new person over this time. In the past, he had been calm, healthy, and dedicated to his family. Now, he was completely different. He was a nervous wreck. He always felt anxious - sometimes biting at his fingernails. This wasn't good for his health. But, it was during this past month that he finally gave in. The pressure to do it had been there for a while, but he had always been able to withstand it. Doug thought about his wife, Stacey. He really hoped that she wouldn't find out what he had been doing. Unfortunately, she probably noticed the changes in him. She always noticed the smallest details. Doug thought about the stain on his shirt from last week. He had considered washing it himself, but then figured that would be a clear sign. Instead, he took his chances that Stacey wouldn't notice it while doing the wash. Doug looked at his watch again. Where was she? She should have been here by now! Doug pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped the sweat from his forehead. As he paced around the room, he took a few deep breaths. Then he sat down to try and calm himself a bit. Why should he be so nervous? Who was he really hurting? Himself - that's who. After all, he was the one

suffering through the guilt. There was no need for anyone else to know about this. Doug stood up and looked out the window. There she was - she was pulling down the street. Doug opened the door and raced outside. He stood there while she rolled down the window. He was growing impatient - he wanted to speak. Finally, the window was down and she turned to him. Doug said, "I'll have two scoops of chocolate."

Lexical decision probes

Uprobe NEGLECT

Uprobe GREED

Nwprobe LUPT

Nwprobe STEAN

Nwprobe HANT

Uprobe SCENARIO

Nwprobe GUSTOM

Nwprobe FUMILE

Nwprobe INMEST

Uprobe CAUTION

Nwprobe MOOK

Nwprobe ALTERNUTE

Beanie Babies (not moral)

About ten years ago beanie babies became very popular in Mary's town of Lakewood. They were cute little toys that came in a variety of animals. She purchased them as gifts at Christmas for her children. While most collectors enjoy beanie babies, they are not as highly valued today. For some reason, beanie babies became very popular at that time. Beanie babies were first brought into Lakewood from Los Angeles. In 1996, Ellen Smith told Mary of seeing these toys. She had been quite taken with the cuteness of these stuffed animals. In a few weeks, some toys were shipped out. They were to be sold at toy shops in Lakewood. Months later, in July, a cargo of beanie babies arrived. Jarrod's Department Store was the first to sell them. The toys then spread through Lakewood from there. At first, only the children collected and traded beanie babies. Eventually, most of Lakewood was involved in the matter. Some people did not collect and trade beanie babies. They were thought to be uncool. Almost everyone tried to outdo their neighbors by buying rare beanie babies. A price of sixty thousand dollars was paid for one flamingo beanie baby in 1997. Sixty thousand dollars was also the price of Mary's house. There were unusual payments in the neighboring town of Tyndall as well. There, a profitable bar was exchanged for one hippo beanie baby. Soon, everyone in Lakewood was working in the beanie baby trade. Ordinary business was being neglected by people throughout the city. There were also some tragic accidents. A local doctor mistook a beanie baby worth several thousand dollars for a chew toy. He gave it to his dog who tore it to shreds. People in Lakewood felt that the great demand for beanie babies would hold forever. Soon, Mary thought, wealthy people all over the Tri-State area would find beanie babies irresistible. They would be willing to pay any price for them. However, after a while, people realized

something important. The demand for beanie babies was limited mostly to Lakewood. Even in Lakewood, most people were buying beanie babies only to resell them. Even the children were not playing with the rarest toys. They, too, were only trying to sell them for profit. Unfortunately, the beanie baby craze ended as quickly as it began. People had huge collections of beanie babies that no one wanted anymore. This led to a panic. The price of beanie babies fell drastically. Many people, including Mary, were very much poorer. In 1998, high-quality beanie babies sold for less than five dollars each. Today, it seems that almost every home in Lakewood has some beanie babies. Some of the popular ones are frogs, alligators, and parrots. Mary thinks that the popularity of the parrot is due to its bright colors. To people tired of the day's events, a bright cheery beanie baby is a welcome sight.

Lexical decision probes

Nwprobe RISH

Nwprobe BIZARDE

Uprobe DEADLY

Uprobe BELOW

Nwprobe NUCK

Nwprobe GLESS

Nwprobe FARTUNE

Uprobe PEAK

Nwprobe MUTH

Nwprobe DOVA

Uprobe GOAL

Nwprobe NERIC

Farmer Rebellion (not moral)

The farmer rebellion was an important episode in our town of Pitman. It stemmed from a set of long-standing grievances. Many farmers had been subjected to severe environmental laws. These laws had been implemented during the term of mayor Judy Copeland. Her successor Mark Dunn was elected two years ago. He had promised some relief. When it did not happen, some members of the farming community wanted to fight back. Bob Collins, a well-to-do pig farmer, proposed to blow up the county court house. His goal was to blow up the city council, mayor, sheriff and judge in August. This would provide an opportunity for the farmers to take over the county. Collins hired the services of someone he knew. His name was George Fields. Fields was known to be an anti-government extremist. Fields was to carry out the plot when the city council met at the end of the summer. On March 24th Fields rented an apartment adjoining the court house. His plan was to dig a tunnel through the dividing wall. A second house, for storing explosives, was rented in Lambeth. In April, however, Collins and Fields were also able to rent a storage cellar. The cellar was perfect because it ran under the court house. Fields carried 200 pounds of explosives into the cellar. To hide them until the council meeting, he covered them with blankets. Collins and Fields then separated until the next council meeting. In the interim, Collins decided

to recruit more conspirators. He brought in others, including a cousin, Frank Tess. Altogether, 13 farmers were directly involved in the plot. The farmers discussed the plan thoroughly. They wanted to make sure that everyone understood it. One problem was that the explosion might kill friendly pro-farmer members of the city council. Tess was particularly anxious. He decided to warn his brother-in-law who was on the council. On July 26th, Tess' brother-in-law talked to the mayor. The mayor decided to search the court house and the adjoining buildings. The search was conducted on August 4th. The sheriff encountered Fields in the cellar. He saw the piles of blankets and the boxes of explosives. Fields was arrested immediately. Fields confessed and revealed the names of the other conspirators. Some of the conspirators fled from Pitman. Those that stayed behind were rounded up. Collins was arrested and killed in town. The others that were arrested were tried and convicted in November. The plot bitterly intensified government suspicions of farmers. It led to the rigorous enforcement of certain laws. Particularly, the Smythe Law, which levied a large tax on pig farmers. Years later, the city council established August 5th as a public holiday. The day, known as Fields' Day, is still celebrated. There are bonfires, fireworks, and the carrying of "pigs" through the streets.

Lexical decision probes

Nwprobe SOLIFARY

Nwprobe KITTON

Uprobe ACHE

Nwprobe RAFIATE

Uprobe LABEL

Nwprobe SAFA

Nwprobe PUVÉ

Nwprobe MANTOR

Uprobe SAFE

Nwprobe TEMAN

Nwprobe BUTA

Uprobe EQUAL