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VISUAL PROMPT

A butterfly goes through several changes in its life. It starts as an egg, becomes a caterpillar and then a chrysalis, and finally emerges as a beautiful butterfly. In what ways do people change as they move through the stages of their lives?

STORIES OF CHANGE

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today.

—from “Eleven” by Sandra Cisneros

Stories of Change

GOALS

- To understand how change can be significant
- To evaluate details to determine the key idea of texts
- To use narrative techniques such as sequencing, dialogue, and descriptive language
- To compose meaningful narratives using genre characteristics
- To understand pronouns and the conventions of punctuating dialogue

VOCABULARY

ACADEMIC

sequence
cause-effect
transitions
coherence

LITERARY

conflict (external/internal)
personal narrative
point of view
connotation
denotation
metaphor
simile
short story
theme
plot
foreshadowing
personification

ACTIVITY

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WORD CONNECTIONS

Content Connections

Bracero is a Spanish word that means “one who works with his arm.” The word was used to describe Mexicans who were invited to come to the United States to work as laborers during World War II. With so many Americans overseas at war, workers were needed in industries such as agriculture and rail transportation. Braceros often worked under extreme conditions for low pay. The U.S. government Bracero program ended in 1964.

My Notes

sharecropper: a farmer who farms another person’s property in exchange for a share of the crops or the sale of them

About the Author



Francisco Jiménez (1943–) was born in Tlaquepaque, Mexico, and grew up in a family of migrant workers in California. He spent much of his childhood moving around California with no permanent home or regular schooling, yet he went on to have a distinguished academic career. A graduate of Santa Clara University, he also attended Harvard University and received both a master’s degree and a PhD from Columbia University.

Short Story

The Circuit

by Francisco Jiménez

1 It was that time of year again. Ito, the strawberry **sharecropper**, did not smile. It was natural. The peak of the strawberry season was over and the last few days the workers, most of them *braceros*, were not picking as many boxes as they had during the months of June and July.

2 As the last days of August disappeared, so did the number of *braceros*. Sunday, only one—the best picker—came to work. I liked him. Sometimes we talked during our half-hour lunch break. That is how I found out he was from Jalisco, the same state in Mexico my family was from. That Sunday was the last time I saw him.

3 When the sun had tired and sunk behind the mountains, Ito signaled us that it was time to go home. “*Ya esora*,” he yelled in his broken Spanish. Those were the words I waited for twelve hours a day, every day, seven days a week, week after week. And the thought of not hearing them again saddened me.

4 As we drove home Papá did not say a word. With both hands on the wheel, he stared at the dirt road. My older brother, Roberto, was also silent. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Once in a while he cleared from his throat the dust that blew in from outside.

5 Yes, it was that time of year. When I opened the front door to the shack, I stopped. Everything we owned was neatly packed in cardboard boxes. Suddenly I felt even more the weight of hours, days, weeks, and months of work. I sat down on a box. The thought of having to move to Fresno and knowing what was in store for me there brought tears to my eyes.

6 That night I could not sleep. I lay in bed thinking about how much I hated this move.

7 A little before five o’clock in the morning, Papá woke everyone up. A few minutes later, the yelling and screaming of my little brothers and sisters, for whom the move was a great adventure, broke the silence of dawn. Shortly, the barking of the dogs accompanied them.

My Notes

15 The garage was worn out by the years. It had no windows. The walls, eaten by termites, **strained** to support the roof full of holes. The dirt floor, populated by earth worms, looked like a gray road map.

16 That night, by the light of a kerosene lamp, we unpacked and cleaned our new home. Roberto swept away the loose dirt, leaving the hard ground. Papá plugged the holes in the walls with old newspapers and tin can tops. Mamá fed my little brothers and sisters. Papá and Roberto then brought in the mattress and placed it on the far corner of the garage. “Mamá, you and the little ones sleep on the mattress. Roberto, Panchito, and I will sleep outside under the trees,” Papá said.

17 Early next morning Mr. Sullivan showed us where his crop was, and after breakfast, Papá, Roberto, and I headed for the vineyard to pick.

18 Around nine o'clock the temperature had risen to almost one hundred degrees. I was completely soaked in sweat and my mouth felt as if I had been chewing on a handkerchief. I walked over to the end of the row, picked up the jug of water we had brought, and began drinking. “Don't drink too much; you'll get sick,” Roberto shouted. No sooner had he said that than I felt sick to my stomach. I dropped to my knees and let the jug roll off my hands. I remained motionless with my eyes glued on the hot sandy ground. All I could hear was the drone of insects. Slowly I began to recover. I poured water over my face and neck and watched the dirty water run down my arms to the ground.

19 I still felt a little dizzy when we took a break to eat lunch. It was past two o'clock and we sat underneath a large walnut tree that was on the side of the road. While we ate, Papá jotted down the number of boxes we had picked. Roberto drew designs on the ground with a stick. Suddenly I noticed Papá's face turn pale as he looked down the road. “Here comes the school bus,” he whispered loudly in alarm. Instinctively, Roberto and I ran and hid in the vineyards. We did not want to get in trouble for not going to school. The neatly dressed boys about my age got off. They carried books under their arms. After they crossed the street, the bus drove away. Roberto and I came out from hiding and joined Papá. “*Tienen que tener cuidado,*” he warned us.

20 After lunch we went back to work. The sun kept beating down. The buzzing insects, the wet sweat, and the hot dry dust made the afternoon seem to last forever. Finally the mountains around the valley reached out and swallowed the sun. Within an hour it was too dark to continue picking. The vines blanketed the grapes, making it difficult to see the bunches. “*Vámonos,*” said Papá, signaling to us that it was time to quit work. Papá then took out a pencil and began to figure out how much we had earned our first day. He wrote down numbers, crossed some out, wrote down some more. “*Quince,*” he **murmured**.

21 When we arrived home, we took a cold shower underneath a water-hose. We then sat down to eat dinner around some wooden crates that served as a table. Mamá had cooked a special meal for us. We had rice and tortillas with *carne con chile*, my favorite dish.

strained: pulled or stretched by force

murmured: spoke softly or quietly

My Notes

22 The next morning I could hardly move. My body ached all over. I felt little control over my arms and legs. This feeling went on every morning for days until my muscles finally got used to the work.

23 It was Monday, the first week of November. The grape season was over and I could now go to school. I woke up early that morning and lay in bed, looking at the stars and **savoring** the thought of not going to work and of starting sixth grade for the first time that year. Since I could not sleep, I decided to get up and join Papá and Roberto at breakfast. I sat at the table across from Roberto, but I kept my head down. I did not want to look up and face him. I knew he was sad. He was not going to school today. He was not going tomorrow, or next week, or next month. He would not go until the cotton season was over, and that was sometime in February. I rubbed my hands together and watched the dry, acid stained skin fall to the floor in little rolls.

24 When Papá and Roberto left for work, I felt relief. I walked to the top of a small grade next to the shack and watched the “Carcanchita” disappear in the distance in a cloud of dust.

25 Two hours later, around eight o’clock, I stood by the side of the road waiting for school bus number twenty. When it arrived I climbed in. Everyone was busy either talking or yelling. I sat in an empty seat in the back.

26 When the bus stopped in front of the school, I felt very nervous. I looked out the bus window and saw boys and girls carrying books under their arms. I put my hands in my pant pockets and walked to the principal’s office. When I entered I heard a woman’s voice say: “May I help you?” I was startled. I had not heard English for months. For a few seconds I remained speechless. I looked at the lady who waited for an answer. My first instinct was to answer her in Spanish, but I held back. Finally, after struggling for English words, I managed to tell her that I wanted to enroll in the sixth grade. After answering many questions, I was led to the classroom.

27 Mr. Lema, the sixth grade teacher, greeted me and assigned me a desk. He then introduced me to the class. I was so nervous and scared at that moment when everyone’s eyes were on me that I wished I were with Papá and Roberto picking cotton. After taking roll, Mr. Lema gave the class the assignment for the first hour. “The first thing we have to do this morning is finish reading the story we began yesterday,” he said enthusiastically. He walked up to me, handed me an English book, and asked me to read. “We are on page 125,” he said politely. When I heard this, I felt my blood rush to my head; I felt dizzy. “Would you like to read?” he asked hesitantly. I opened the book to page 125. My mouth was dry. My eyes began to water. I could not begin. “You can read later,” Mr. Lema said understandingly.

28 For the rest of the reading **period** I kept getting angrier and angrier with myself. I should have read, I thought to myself.

savoring: enjoying something and make it last
period: a specific length of time

My Notes

29 During recess I went into the restroom and opened my English book to page 125. I began to read in a low voice, pretending I was in class. There were many words I did not know. I closed the book and headed back to the classroom.

30 Mr. Lema was sitting at his desk correcting papers. When I entered he looked up at me and smiled. I felt better. I walked up to him and asked if he could help me with the new words. “Gladly,” he said.

31 The rest of the month I spent my lunch hours working on English with Mr. Lema, my best friend at school.

32 One Friday during lunch hour Mr. Lema asked me to take a walk with him to the music room. “Do you like music?” he asked me as we entered the building.

33 “Yes, I like *corridos*,” I answered. He then picked up a trumpet, blew on it, and handed it to me. The sound gave me goose bumps. I knew that sound. I had heard it in many *corridos*. “How would you like to learn how to play it?” he asked. He must have read my face because before I could answer, he added: “I’ll teach you how to play it during our lunch hours.”

34 That day I could hardly wait to get home to tell Papá and Mamá the great news. As I got off the bus, my little brothers and sisters ran up to meet me. They were yelling and screaming. I thought they were happy to see me, but when I opened the door to our shack, I saw that everything we owned was neatly packed in cardboard boxes.

Making Observations

- What happens in the story?
- What emotions does the narrator have throughout the story?
- How would you describe the ending of the story?

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
 - Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
1. Reread the opening paragraphs, which establish the cultural setting of the story. How does this information influence the events that follow? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.

2. Based on the figurative phrase “lump in my throat” in paragraph 12, how does the narrator feel about the move? Cite other evidence from the story to support your answer.

3. Revisit paragraph 14. How does Mamá feel about having to stay in a garage for the whole season? Cite text evidence to support your answer.

4. In paragraph 16, the narrator refers to the garage as home. What actions do the family members take to make it a home? What do their actions show about how the family faces change?

5. Starting with paragraph 23, the narrator gets ready for school. What kinds of feelings does he have about leaving the family’s work and going to school? Highlight text that helps you answer the question.

ACADEMIC

To **sequence** something is to put things in an order, so a sequence of events is a set of events that follows one after another in a sequential or orderly presentation of steps or events.

LITERARY

In an **external conflict**, the character struggles with an outside force. In an **internal conflict**, the character struggles with his or her own needs or emotions. Both kinds of conflict can cause the the character to have an internal response expressed as thoughts or feelings, and/or an external response, expressed through words or actions.

6. Reread paragraphs 26–33. Why is Mr. Lema an important person in the narrator’s life?

7. What does the ending of this story say about the life of migrant workers? How does the ending relate to the title of the story? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.

Working from the Text

8. Return to the story and review the words and phrases that you underlined. Use these annotations to work with your class to create a **sequence** of events.

9. Use the following table to organize details about the setting, characters, and their **internal** and **external** responses to conflict.

Change the Narrator and His Family Face	Description of Setting	Internal and External Responses to Conflict	Textual Evidence Including Dialogue
<p>In the beginning of the story,</p>			

Change the Narrator and His Family Face	Description of Setting	Internal and External Responses to Conflict	Textual Evidence Including Dialogue
Then,			
Next,			
Finally,			

10. What conclusions can you draw about the narrator's attitude toward change? Provide evidence from the story that supports your conclusion?

Check Your Understanding

Think of a story you know well. Describe the story to your partner using the vocabulary you learned in this activity: characters, dialogue, setting, sequence of events, and conflict.

Personal Narrative: Incident-Response-Reflection

Learning Targets

- Analyze how the response in a personal narrative contributes to the development of the story.
- Identify an organizational structure to develop ideas and events in a personal narrative.

Preview

In this activity, you will make predictions about a personal narrative, read the narrative, and reflect on your predictions.

Genre Study: Personal Narrative

A **personal narrative** is a first-person **point of view** autobiographical story. Personal narratives often include a significant incident, the writer's response to the incident, and a reflection on the meaning of the incident.

- The **incident** is the central piece of action that is the focus of the narrative.
- The **response** is the immediate emotions and actions associated with the incident.
- The **reflection** is a description that explores the significance of the incident.

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- Before you read, use the title of the personal narrative to make a prediction about the incident the author will describe.
- While you read, create an image in your mind of the setting and characters the author describes.

About the Author

Dan Greenburg (1936–) is a novelist, journalist, screenwriter, playwright, and humorist who has also done stand-up comedy. He has written for both adults and children. His successful series *The Zack Files* was inspired by his own son Zack. Greenburg wanted to write books that his son would like to read.

Learning Strategies

- Predicting
- Close Reading
- Marking the Text
- Graphic Organizer
- Visualizing

LITERARY

A **personal narrative** is a story based on one's own life and told in the first person.

Point of view is the perspective from which a story or poem is told. In first-person point of view, the narrator is a character in the story using first-person pronouns such as *I* and *we* to tell what he or she sees and knows. In third-person point of view, the narrator is someone outside the story using third-person pronouns such as *he*, *she*, and *they* to tell the story.

Third-person narrators can be *omniscient* or *limited*. Omniscient narrators show what all of the characters are thinking and doing. Limited narrators show the action of the story through the eyes of one character.

My Notes

My Notes

Personal Narrative

My Superpowers

by Dan Greenburg

1 Do you ever wish you had superpowers?

2 When I was a kid, growing up on the North Side of Chicago and being picked on by bullies, I prayed for superpowers. Like Superman, I wanted to be able to fly faster than speeding bullets, to be more powerful than **locomotives**, to leap tall buildings at a single bound. Mainly, I wanted to punch bullies in the stomach so hard that my fist came out of their backs.

3 Winters in Chicago are so cold that frost forms leafy patterns on your bedroom window and stays there for months. The wind howls off Lake Michigan, and a thick shell of pitted black ice covers the streets and sidewalks from December to April. To keep warm in winter, I wore a heavy wool coat, a wool muffler, wool mittens, furry earmuffs and—one of my most treasured possessions—a Chicago Cubs baseball cap autographed by a player named Big Bill Nicholson.

4 On the coldest days of winter, three bullies waited for me after school, just for the fun of **terrorizing** me. The biggest one was a fat ugly kid named Vernon Manteuffel. Vernon and his two buddies would pull off my Cubs cap and tease me with it. They'd pretend to give it back, then toss it around in a game of keep-away.

5 One day in February when the temperature was so low I felt my eyeballs cracking, Vernon and his friends caught up with me on my way home. As usual, they tore off my Cubs cap and started playing catch with it. What made it worse than usual was that on this particular day I happened to be walking home with a pretty girl named Ann Cohn, who lived across the street from me. Ann Cohn had green eyes and shiny black hair and I had a goofy crush on her. As if it wasn't bad enough that these guys humiliated me when I was alone, now they were doing it in front of Ann Cohn.

6 I was so embarrassed, I began to cry. Crying in front of Ann Cohn made me even more embarrassed. I was speechless with shame and anger. Driven by rage, I did what only an insane person would do: I attacked Vernon Manteuffel. I punched him in the chest and grabbed back my Cubs cap.

7 Vernon saw that I had become a madman. People don't know what to do with madmen. Vernon looked shocked and even a little afraid. He backed away from me. I attacked the second boy, who also backed away from me. Encouraged by their backing away, I ran after them, screaming, punching, flailing at them with both fists. I chased them for two blocks before they finally pulled ahead and disappeared. Breathing hard, tears streaming down my face, I felt I had regained my honor, at least temporarily.

GRAMMAR & USAGE

Hyperbole

Writers use hyperbole to add humor to a text. In paragraph 2, the author says, "I wanted to punch bullies in the stomach so hard that my fist came out their backs." This is an example of hyperbole because it is a wild exaggeration. Hyperbole is different from ordinary exaggeration. It is an exaggeration that couldn't actually happen.

The use of hyperbole adds humor to a difficult subject. It also helps show the author's voice and personality. Without the use of hyperbole, writing about this topic would have a much different tone.

locomotives: engine cars that power trains

terrorizing: frightening someone

My Notes

8 That weekend, perhaps made braver by my triumph over the three bullies, I kissed Ann Cohn on her sofa. I can't tell you exactly why I did that. Maybe because it was a cold, cloudy Saturday and there was nothing else to do. Maybe because we both wondered what it would feel like. In any case, I could now brag that, at age eight, I had personally kissed an actual girl who wasn't related to me.

9 I never did get those superpowers. Not as a kid, at least.

10 When I grew up, I became a writer. I discovered a particular pleasure in going on risky adventures. I wrote about my real-life adventures for national magazines: I spent four months riding with New York firefighters and running into burning buildings with them. I spent six months riding with New York homicide cops as they chased and captured drug dealers and murderers. I flew upside-down over the Pacific Ocean with a stunt pilot in an open-cockpit airplane. I took part in dangerous **voodoo** ceremonies in Haiti. I spent time on a tiger ranch in Texas and learned to tame two-hundred-pound tigers by yelling "No!" and smacking them hard on the nose. I found that tigers were not much different from the bullies of my childhood in Chicago.

11 I also wrote fiction. I created entire worlds and filled them with people I wanted to put in there. I made these people do and say whatever it pleased me to have them do and say. In the worlds I made up, I was all-powerful—I *had superpowers*.

12 I began writing a series of children's books called *The Zack Files*, about a boy named Zack who keeps stumbling into the supernatural. In many of these books I gave Zack temporary powers—to read minds, to travel outside his body, to travel back into the past, to triumph over ghosts and monsters. I created another series called *Maximum Boy*, about a boy named Max who accidentally touches **radioactive** rocks that just came back from outer space and who suddenly develops superpowers. Maximum Boy is me as a kid in Chicago, but with superpowers.

13 Oh yeah, I almost forgot. In *The Zack Files*, I created a fat, stupid kid who sweats a lot and thinks he's cool, but who everyone laughs at behind his back. You know what I named this fool? Vernon Manteuffel. I do hope the real Vernon knows.

Making Observations

- What images catch your attention?
- What is one detail that sticks with you?

voodoo: religious practices involving spells and spirits
radioactive: full of dangerous radiation

ACADEMIC

Cause and effect describes a relationship in which an action or event will produce or cause a certain response or effect in the form of another event. It is important to show that a specific effect is directly related to a cause. For example, the effect of a flat tire is caused by driving over a sharp object.

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
 - Write any additional questions you have about the narrative in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
1. Look back at the prediction you made based on the title and your knowledge of the structure of personal narratives. Was your prediction confirmed? Revise it into a statement about how the title relates to the narrative.

2. What is the author’s message in this personal narrative?

3. Why does the author start the narrative with a question? How does the question contribute to the author’s voice?

Working from the Text

4. During the class discussion, use a graphic organizer like the one below to take notes on the key parts of “My Superpowers.” The incident in a personal narrative is like the **cause**, and the response is like an **effect**. Use your annotations to help locate textual evidence that supports your ideas.

Incident (Cause)	Response (Effect)	Reflection (The lessons the narrator learned from this experience)

Check Your Understanding

Using the information from your class discussion and the graphic organizer, briefly summarize what the narrator learns from the incident in the story. Use specific details from the text in your summary.

INDEPENDENT READING LINK

Read and Discuss

How is the concept of change present in the book you are reading on your own? What is happening to the characters (or subjects) that is causing them to change, or what can you predict will happen? With a small group of your peers, compare how the theme of change is playing out in each of your independent reading books. Add your notes to an Independent Reading section of your Reader/Writer Notebook.

He Said, She Said: Characterization

Learning Targets

- Make inferences about a character and provide textual evidence in a short, written response.
- Explain how an author develops the point of view of characters.
- Practice the use and conventions of pronouns and dialogue.

Preview

In this activity, you will read an excerpt from a novel, analyze different characters' points of view, and write about how people can have different attitudes about an incident.

Learning Strategies

Collaborative Discussion
 Predicting
 Close Reading
 Marking the Text
 Graphic Organizer
 Visualizing
 Note-taking

My Notes

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- Before you read, look at the title and the two chapter headings and make a prediction about what will happen in the excerpt.
- Use the My Notes section to describe any connections you have with the characters.
- Create an image in your mind of how the characters sound and look and what they do.

About the Author

Wendelin Van Draanen (1965–) started writing for adults but discovered that she much preferred writing for children. She has had much success with her Sammy Keyes mystery series, several of which have won the Edgar Allan Poe Award for best children's mystery. She lives with her family in California.



Novel Excerpt

from **Flipped**

by Wendelin Van Draanen

from the chapter "Diving Under"

1 All I've ever wanted is for Juli Baker to leave me alone. For her to back off—you know, just give me some *space*.

2 It all started the summer before second grade when our moving van pulled into her neighborhood. And since we're now about done with the *eighth* grade, that, my friend, makes more than half a decade of strategic avoidance and social discomfort.

GRAMMAR & USAGE

Italics

Writers use **italics** to emphasize words or phrases. In paragraph 2, Van Draanen puts the word *eighth* in italics to emphasize how much time the narrator feels has passed since second grade. By putting this word in italics, readers get the idea that the narrator feels like it has been a really long six years.

When reading a word in italics, place a special emphasis on the word to ensure that you read it the way the author intended.

GRAMMAR & USAGE

Reflexive and Intensive Pronouns

The words *myself*, *yourself*, *itself*, *ourselves*, *yourselves*, and *themselves* can be used as reflexive or intensive pronouns, depending on how they are used in a sentence.

A **reflexive pronoun** is the object of a sentence; it refers back to the subject of the sentence. Look at paragraph 14. In the phrase “I planted myself,” *myself* is a reflexive pronoun that refers back to *I*, the subject of the sentence.

An **intensive pronoun** adds emphasis to a noun in the sentence. For example, in the sentence “I was holding hands with Juli herself,” the word *herself* emphasizes the noun *Juli*. Notice that the intensive pronoun can be removed without changing the meaning of the sentence: *I was holding hands with Juli*.

When you encounter one of these pronouns in your reading, look to see how the word is used in the sentence. Then you can tell if the pronoun is used as a reflexive or an intensive pronoun.

catapulting: quickly moving ahead

implication: idea that is suggested

3 She didn't just barge into my life. She barged and shoved and wedged her way into my life. Did we invite her to get into our moving van and start climbing all over boxes? No! But that's exactly what she did, taking over and showing off like only Juli Baker can.

4 My dad tried to stop her. “Hey!” he says as she's **catapulting** herself on board. “What are you doing? You're getting mud everywhere!” So true, too. Her shoes were, like, caked with the stuff.

5 She didn't hop out, though. Instead, she planted her rear end on the floor and started pushing a big box with her feet. “Don't you want some help?” She glanced my way. “It sure looks like you *need* it.”

6 I didn't like the **implication**. And even though my dad had been tossing me the same sort of look all week, I could tell—he didn't like this girl either. “Hey! Don't do that,” he warned her. “There are some really valuable things in that box.”

7 “Oh. Well, how about this one?” She scoots over to a box labeled LENOX and looks my way again. “We should push it together!”

8 “No, no, no!” my dad says, then pulls her up by the arm. “Why don't you run along home? Your mother's probably wondering where you are.”

9 This was the beginning of my soon-to-become-acute awareness that the girl cannot take a hint. Of any kind. Does she zip on home like a kid should when they've been invited to leave? No. She says, “Oh, my mom knows where I am. She said it was fine.” Then she points across the street and says, “We just live right over there.”

10 My father looks to where she's pointing and mutters, “Oh boy.” Then he looks at me and winks as he says, “Bryce, isn't it time for you to go inside and help your mother?”

11 I knew right off that this was a ditch play. And I didn't think about it until later, but ditch wasn't a play I'd run with my dad before. Face it, pulling a ditch is not something discussed with dads. It's like, against parental law to tell your kid it's okay to ditch someone, no matter how annoying or *muddy* they might be.

12 But there he was, putting the play in motion, and man, he didn't have to wink twice. I smiled and said, “Sure thing!” then jumped off the liftgate and headed for my new front door.

13 I heard her coming after me but I couldn't believe it. Maybe it just sounded like she was chasing me; maybe she was really going the other way. But before I got up the nerve to look, she blasted right past me, grabbing my arm yanking me along.

14 This was too much. I planted myself and was about to tell her to get lost when the weirdest thing happened. I was making this big windmill motion to break away from her, but somehow on the downswing my hand wound up tangling into hers. I couldn't believe it. There I was, holding the mud monkey's hand!

My Notes

15 I tried to shake her off, but she just clamped on tight and yanked me along, saying, “C’mon!”

16 My mom came out of the house and **immediately** got the world’s sappiest look on her face. “Well, hello,” she says to Juli.

17 “Hi!”

18 I’m still trying to pull free, but the girl’s got me in a death grip. My mom’s grinning, looking at our hands and my fiery red face. “And what’s your name, honey?”

19 “Julianna Baker. I live right over there,” she says, pointing with her unoccupied hand.

20 “Well, I see you’ve met my son,” she says, still grinning away.

21 “Uh-huh!”

22 Finally I break free and do the only manly thing available when you’re seven years old—I dive behind my mother.

23 Mom puts her arm around me and says, “Bryce, honey, why don’t you show Julianna around the house?”

24 I flash her help and warning signals with every part of my body, but she’s not receiving. Then *she* shakes *me* off and says, “Go on.”

25 Juli would’ve tramped right in if my mother hadn’t noticed her shoes and told her to take them off. And after those were off, my mom told her that her dirty socks had to go, too. Juli wasn’t embarrassed. Not a bit. She just peeled them off and left them in a crusty heap on our porch.

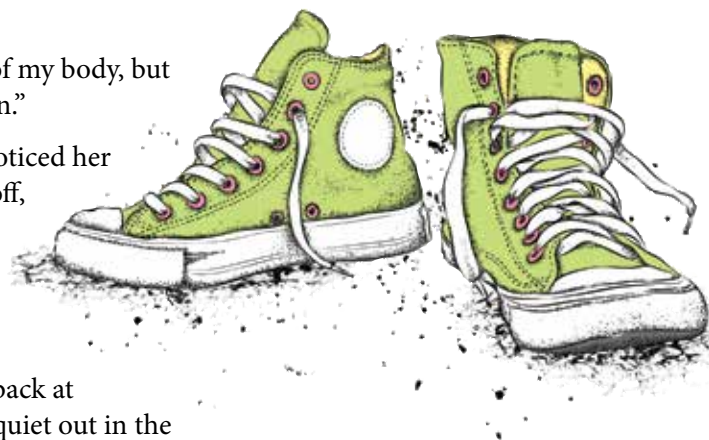
26 I didn’t exactly give her a tour. I locked myself in the bathroom instead. And after about ten minutes of yelling back at her that no, I wasn’t coming out anytime soon, things got quiet out in the hall. Another ten minutes went by before I got the nerve to peek out the door.

27 No Juli.

28 I snuck out and looked around, and yes! She was gone.

29 Not a very sophisticated ditch, but hey, I was only seven.

30 My troubles were far from over, though. Every day she came back, over and over again. “Can Bryce play?” I could hear her asking from my hiding place behind the couch. “Is he ready yet?” One time she even cut across the yard and looked through my window. I spotted her in the nick of time and dove under my bed, but man, that right there tells you something about Juli Baker. She’s got no concept of personal space. No respect for privacy. The world is her playground, and watch out below—Juli’s on the slide!



immediately: right away

GRAMMAR & USAGE

Sentences and Fragments

In narrative writing, authors often use simple sentences or fragments in dialogue.

A **simple sentence** contains one independent clause with a single subject and a verb.

“I know you, sweetheart,” in paragraph 8, is an example of a simple sentence used in dialogue. The effect is that an entire thought is expressed by the speaker.

A **fragment** is not a complete sentence; it is missing either a subject or a verb. “Sure thing!” in paragraph 12 of “Diving Under” is an example of a fragment. Authors may use fragments intentionally in dialogue and for stylistic reasons. Fragments can make dialogue more realistic because people often use fragments when speaking.

absolutely: without question
literally: without exaggeration

from the chapter “Flipped”

31 The first day I met Bryce Loski, I flipped. Honestly, one look at him and I became a lunatic. It’s his eyes. Something in his eyes. They’re blue, and framed in the blackness of his lashes, they’re dazzling. **Absolutely** breathtaking.

32 It’s been over six years now, and I learned long ago to hide my feelings, but oh, those first days. Those first years! I thought I would die for wanting to be with him.

33 Two days before the second grade is when it started, although the anticipation began weeks before—ever since my mother had told me that there was a family with a boy my age moving into the new house right across the street.

34 Soccer camp had ended, and I’d been so bored because there was nobody, absolutely nobody, in the neighborhood to play with. Oh, there were kids, but every one of them was older. That was dandy for my brothers, but what it left *me* was home alone.

35 My mother was there, but she had better things to do than kick a soccer ball around. So she said, anyway. At the time I didn’t think there was anything better than kicking a soccer ball around, especially not the likes of laundry or dishes or vacuuming, but my mother didn’t agree. And the danger of being home alone with her was that she’d recruit me to help her wash or dust or vacuum, and she wouldn’t tolerate the dribbling of a soccer ball around the house as I moved from chore to chore.

36 To play it safe, I waited outside for weeks, just in case the new neighbors moved in early. **Literally**, it was *weeks*. I entertained myself by playing soccer with our dog, Champ. Mostly he’d just block because a dog can’t exactly kick and score, but once in a while he’d dribble with his nose. The scent of a ball must overwhelm a dog, though, because Champ would eventually try to chomp it, then lose the ball to me.

37 When the Loskis’ moving van finally arrived, everyone in my family was happy. “Little Julianna” was finally going to have a playmate.

38 My mother, being the truly sensible adult that she is, made me wait more than an *hour* before going over to meet him. “Give them a chance to stretch their legs, Julianna,” she said. “They’ll want some time to adjust.” She wouldn’t even let me watch from the yard. “I know you, sweetheart. Somehow that ball will wind up in their yard and you’ll just *have* to go retrieve it.”

39 So I watched from the window, and every few minutes I’d ask, “Now?” and she’d say, “Give them a little while longer, would you?”

40 Then the phone rang. And the minute I was sure she was good and preoccupied, I tugged on her sleeve and asked, “Now?”

41 She nodded and whispered, “Okay, but take it easy! I’ll be over there in a minute.”

My Notes

42 I was too excited not to charge across the street, but I did try very hard to be **civilized** once I got to the moving van. I stood outside looking in for a record-breaking length of time, which was hard because there he was! About halfway back! My new sure-to-be best friend, Bryce Loski.

43 Bryce wasn't really doing much of anything. He was more hanging back, watching his father move boxes onto the liftgate. I remember feeling sorry for Mr. Loski because he looked worn out, moving boxes all by himself. I also remember that he and Bryce were wearing matching turquoise polo shirts, which I thought was really cute. Really *nice*.

44 When I couldn't stand it any longer, I called, "Hi!" into the van, which made Bryce jump, and then quick as a cricket, he started pushing a box like he'd been working all along.

45 I could tell from the way Bryce was acting so guilty that he was supposed to be moving boxes, but he was sick of it. He'd probably been moving things for days! It was easy to see that he needed a rest. He needed some juice! Something.

46 It was also easy to see that Mr. Loski wasn't about to let him quit. He was going to keep on moving boxes around until he collapsed, and by then Bryce might be dead. Dead before he'd had the chance to move in!

47 The tragedy of it catapulted me into the moving van. I had to help! I had to save him!

48 When I got to his side to help him shove a box forward, the poor boy was so exhausted that he just moved aside and let me take over. Mr. Loski didn't want me to help, but at least I saved Bryce. I'd been in the moving van all of three minutes when his dad sent him off to help his mother unpack things inside the house.

49 I chased Bryce up the walkway, and that's when everything changed. You see, I caught up to him and grabbed his arm, trying to stop him so maybe we could play a little before he got trapped inside, and the next thing I know he's holding my hand, looking right into my eyes.

50 My heart stopped. It just stopped beating. And for the first time in my life, I had that feeling. You know, like the world is moving all around you, all beneath you, all *inside* you, and you're floating. Floating in midair. And the only thing keeping you from drifting away is the other person's eyes. They're connected to yours by some invisible physical force, and they hold you fast while the rest of the world swirls and twirls and falls completely away.

51 I almost got my first kiss that day. I'm sure of it. But then his mother came out the front door and he was so embarrassed that his cheeks turned completely red, and the next thing you know he's hiding in the bathroom.

52 I was waiting for him to come out when his sister, Lynetta, saw me in the hallway. She seemed big and mature to me, and since she wanted to know what was going on, I told her a little bit about it. I shouldn't have, though, because she wiggled the bathroom doorknob and started teasing Bryce something fierce.

civilized: normal

My Notes

“Hey, baby brother!” she called through the door. “There’s a hot chick out here waiting for you! Whatsa matter? Afraid she’s got cooties?”

53 It was so embarrassing! I yanked on her arm and told her to stop it, but she wouldn’t, so finally I just left.

54 I found my mother outside talking to Mrs. Loski. Mom had given her the beautiful lemon Bundt cake that was supposed to be our dessert that night. The powdered sugar looked soft and white, and the cake was still warm, sending sweet lemon smells into the air.

55 My mouth was watering just looking at it! But it was in Mrs. Loski’s hands, and I knew there was no getting it back. All I could do was try to eat up the smells while I listened to the two of them discuss grocery stores and the weather forecast.

56 After that Mom and I went home. It was very strange. I hadn’t gotten to play with Bryce at all. All I knew was that his eyes were a dizzying blue, that he had a sister who was not to be trusted, and that he’d almost kissed me.

Making Observations

- What made this story funny?
- What’s the main difference between the first chapter and the second?
- Was your prediction confirmed, or do you have to correct it?

Focus on the Sentence

Use information from *Flipped* to change each of the fragments below into a complete sentence. Write the sentences with correct capitalization and punctuation.

when bryce first meets juli

likes bryce because

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses. Be sure to respond with appropriate register, vocabulary, tone, and voice.
- Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. Describe the first meeting between Juli and Bryce from Bryce’s point of view. How does Bryce feel about meeting Juli? Use details from the story to support your answer.

2. What changes in paragraph 31?

3. Find the part of the story that both Bryce and Juli describe. How are Juli’s words different from Bryce’s? How do the words show Juli’s feelings about what is happening?

4. Why does the author use different chapters to represent each character? How does this structure contribute to the development of the plot?

LITERARY

Connotation refers to the suggested or implied meaning or emotion associated with a word. In contrast, **denotation** refers to the literal meaning, or dictionary definition, of a word.

Working from the Text

5. Writers often use a word’s **connotation**, along with its **denotation**, to create an effect or meaning. For example, what do the verbs “barged,” “shoved,” and “wedged” say about how a character is moving? What image of the character do you get based on these words? In paragraph 17, notice that Juli uses the verbs “charge” and “catapult” to describe how she moves. These verbs mean more than simply “to walk or run”; they have strong connotations. How does the connotative effect of these words describe Juli’s attitude toward her friendship with Bryce?

As you continue to work on the characterization of Juli and Bryce in the following questions, use additional examples of connotation to support your responses.

6. Record the textual evidence of the author’s characterization in the following graphic organizer.

<p>What Bryce/Juli says:</p>	<p>What Bryce/Juli does:</p>
<p>What others say about Bryce/Juli:</p>	<p>How Bryce/Juli appears:</p>

7. Make an inference about the characters’ attitudes in *Flipped*. To support your thinking, include textual evidence about what the characters say and do.

I know Bryce thinks Juli is _____ because he says,

I know Juli thinks Bryce is _____ because she says,

8. To fill out the following chart, use evidence from the text to show the differences in Bryce's and Juli's perspective about an incident and how each character responded to it.

	Bryce's Point of View	Juli's Point of View
Incident		
Response		

LANGUAGE & WRITER'S CRAFT: Punctuating Dialogue

Writers use **dialogue** to give characters voices and to advance the plot of a narrative. Using dialogue requires a special set of punctuation rules. Look at how the writer uses dialogue in paragraphs 16–21 of *Flipped*.

My mom came out of the house and immediately got the world's sappiest look on her face. "Well, hello," she says to Juli.

"Hi!"

I'm still trying to pull free, but the girl's got me in a death grip. My mom's grinning, looking at our hands and my fiery red face. "And what's your name, honey?"

"Julianna Baker. I live right over there," she says, pointing with her unoccupied hand.

"Well, I see you've met my son," she says, still grinning away.

"Uh-huh!"

What do you notice about the use of quotation marks? How does the writer indicate who is speaking?

When writing dialogue, remember these points:

- Place a character's spoken words inside quotation marks (beginning and ending).
- Place the comma, exclamation mark, or question mark inside the ending quotation mark. If the quote is the end of the sentence, put the period inside the ending quotation mark, too.
- Capitalize the first word of dialogue.
- Start a new paragraph when a different character speaks.

PRACTICE Edit the following text. Rewrite the text following the punctuation rules for dialogue.

Hello, I said to the new family next door. My name is Janell. Hi, said the boy awkwardly. I'm Lavar. He seemed nervous. I tried to ease his nerves by saying, it must be weird moving to a new state. "Yeah, it is, he responded.

Language Checkpoint: Punctuating Complete Sentences

Learning Targets

- Understand the difference between complete sentences and fragments.
- Revise writing to use fragments appropriately for effect.

Punctuating Complete Sentences

Knowing the difference between complete sentences and sentence fragments is an important part of becoming a strong writer and self-editor. A sentence is considered complete when it includes a subject and a verb and expresses a complete idea. Look at the paragraph below from the story *Flipped*, by Wendelin Van Draanen. Which sentence seems complete, and which seems like a fragment?

All I've ever wanted is for Juli Baker to leave me alone. For her to back off—you know, just give me some *space*.

1. **Quickwrite:** Writers sometimes “break the rules” of grammar when they are trying to produce a specific effect in their writing. What are some reasons an author might break the rules by using sentence fragments?
2. Read the following excerpts from *Flipped*. Mark the fragments in the excerpt.

Excerpt 1

I tried to shake her off, but she just clamped on tight and yanked me along, saying, “C'mon!” My mom came out of the house and immediately got the world's sappiest look on her face. “Well, hello,” she says to Juli.

“Hi!”

I'm still trying to pull free, but the girl's got me in a death grip. My mom's grinning, looking at our hands and my fiery red face. “And what's your name, honey?”

“Julianna Baker. I live right over there,” she says, pointing with her unoccupied hand.

Excerpt 2

The first day I met Bryce Loski, I flipped. Honestly, one look at him and I became a lunatic. It's his eyes. Something in his eyes. They're blue, and framed in the blackness of his lashes, they're dazzling. Absolutely breathtaking.

It's been over six years now, and I learned long ago to hide my feelings, but oh, those first days. Those first years! I thought I would die for wanting to be with him.

3. **Think-Pair-Share** with a partner about the difference between the fragments in the excerpts above. How do the fragments enhance the story? Write your responses below.

Fragments versus Complete Sentences

Writers choose different ways to use language, depending on their audience and what they are writing. For example, writers typically do not use fragments in academic, business, or professional writing, but they may use fragments in fiction to create an informal—even humorous—tone. Using fragments can enhance your writing in the right situation; however, you must be careful not to use fragments accidentally or when you are writing formal, academic texts. In these situations, using fragments can hurt your credibility.

4. Decide whether each selection of text is a fragment (F) or a sentence (S). Circle the corresponding letter.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| a. All I've ever wanted is for Juli Baker to leave me alone. | F / S |
| b. For her to back off—you know, just give me some <i>space</i> . | F / S |
| c. Juli wasn't embarrassed. | F / S |
| d. Not a bit. | F / S |
| e. He needed some juice! | F / S |
| f. Something. | F / S |
| g. Dead before he'd had the chance to move in! | F / S |

Revising

Correct the accidental fragments in the paragraph below and add intentional fragments for a stylistic effect.

It was my team against Marcos's team, and there was so much tension between us it was like a rubber band being stretched to the breaking point. The game was going well. It was one to three. My team was winning, of course. It was my turn at bat, and a friend of mine named Rocko was pitching. He threw the first ball. It was a strike. He threw the second ball. It was a strike. I took a deep breath, and he lined up for the pitch. I knew he was going to throw a fastball. Because of his eyes. I waited for the pitch. I hit the ball so fast it was on fire, but I didn't hit it high enough. SMASH! It hit Mr. Thompson's window. I looked so scared. Because not only did I break the grumpiest man's window in the neighborhood. My mom has sonic ears. I know she heard that smash of his window.

Check Your Understanding

What questions can you ask yourself when editing your work to check for sentence fragments? How can you be sure they are appropriate? Add the questions to your Editor's Checklist.

Practice

Reread the narrative you wrote in Activity 1.5. Work with a partner to:

- Highlight any place you used dialogue or wrote fragments.
- Add a fragment to dialogue to create a more casual tone, if none is present.
- Add a fragment to help convey the narrator's voice.
- Check for accidental fragments that take away from the text and correct the fragments as needed.

My Notes

windows from her cooking. She listened so long while stirring dinner that I thought she understood for sure the kind I wanted. The next day when I got home from school, I discovered draped on my bedpost a jacket the color of day-old guacamole. I threw my books on the bed and approached the jacket slowly, as if it were a stranger whose hand I had to shake. I touched the **vinyl** sleeve, the collar, and peeked at the mustard-colored lining.

3 From the kitchen mother yelled that my jacket was in the closet. I closed the door to her voice and pulled at the rack of clothes in the closet, hoping the jacket on the bedpost wasn't for me but my mean brother. No luck. I gave up. From my bed, I stared at the jacket. I wanted to cry because it was so ugly and so big that I knew I'd have to wear it a long time. I was a small kid, thin as a young tree, and it would be years before I'd have a new one. I stared at the jacket, like an enemy, thinking bad things before I took off my old jacket, whose sleeves climbed halfway to my elbow.

4 I put the big jacket on. I zipped it up and down several times, and rolled the cuffs up so they didn't cover my hands. I put my hands in the pockets and flapped the jacket like a bird's wings. I stood in front of the mirror, full face, then profile, and then looked over my shoulder as if someone had called me. I sat on the bed, stood against the bed, and combed my hair to see what I would look like doing something natural. I looked ugly. I threw it on my brother's bed and looked at it for a long time before I slipped it on and went out to the backyard, smiling a "thank you" to my mom as I passed her in the kitchen. With my hands in my pockets I kicked a ball against the fence, and then climbed it to sit looking into the alley. I hurled orange peels at the mouth of an open garbage can, and when the peels were gone I watched the white puffs of my breath thin to nothing.

5 I jumped down, hands in my pockets, and in the backyard, on my knees, I teased my dog, Brownie, by swooping my arms while making birdcalls. He jumped at me and missed. He jumped again and again, until a tooth sunk deep, ripping an L-shaped tear on my left sleeve. I pushed Brownie away to study the tear as I would a cut on my arm. There was no blood, only a few loose pieces of fuzz. Damn dog, I thought, and pushed him away hard when he tried to bite again. I got up from my knees and went to my bedroom to sit with my jacket on my lap, with the lights out.

6 That was the first afternoon with my new jacket. The next day I wore it to sixth grade and got a D on a math quiz. During the morning recess Frankie T., the playground terrorist, pushed me to the ground and told me to stay there until recess was over. My best friend, Steve Negrete, ate an apple while looking at me, and the girls turned away to whisper on the monkey bars. The teachers were no help: they looked my way and talked about how foolish I looked in my new jacket. I saw their heads bob with laughter, their hands half covering their mouths.

7 Even though it was cold, I took off the jacket during lunch and played kickball in a thin shirt, my arms feeling like **braille** from goose bumps. But when I returned to class I slipped the jacket on and shivered until I was warm. I sat on my hands, heating them up, while my teeth chattered like a cup of crooked dice. Finally warm, I slid out of the jacket but put it back on a few minutes later when

vinyl: a type of plastic
braille: a system of writing for blind people that uses raised dots

My Notes

the fire bell rang. We paraded out into the yard where we, the sixth graders, walked past all the other grades to stand against the back fence. Everybody saw me. Although they didn't say out loud, "Man, that's ugly," I heard the buzz-buzz of gossip and even laughter that I knew was meant for me.

8 And so I went, in my guacamole-colored jacket. So embarrassed, so hurt, I couldn't even do my homework. I received C's on quizzes and forgot the state capitals and the rivers of South America, our friendly neighbor. Even the girls who had been friendly blew away like loose flowers to follow the boys in neat jackets.

9 I wore that thing for three years until the sleeves grew short and my forearms stuck out like the necks of turtles. All during that time no love came to me—no little dark girl in a Sunday dress she wore on Monday. At lunchtime I stayed with the ugly boys who leaned against the chainlink fence and looked around with **propellers** of grass spinning in our mouths. We saw girls walk by alone, saw couples, hand in hand, their heads like bookends pressing air together. We saw them and spun our propellers so fast our faces were blurs.

10 I blame that jacket for those bad years. I blame my mother for her bad taste and her cheap ways. It was a sad time for the heart. With a friend I spent my sixth-grade year in a tree in the alley, waiting for something good to happen to me in that jacket, which had become the ugly brother who tagged along wherever I went. And it was about that time that I began to grow. My chest puffed up with muscle and, strangely, a few more ribs. Even my hands, those fleshy hammers, showed bravely through the cuffs, the fingers already hardening for the coming fights. But that L-shaped rip on the left sleeve got bigger; bits of stuffing coughed out from its wound after a hard day of play. I finally Scotch-taped it closed, but in rain or cold weather the tape peeled off like a scab and more stuffing fell out until that sleeve shriveled into a **palsied** arm. That winter the elbows began to crack and whole chunks of green began to fall off. I showed the cracks to my mother, who always seemed to be at the stove with steamed-up glasses, and she said that there were children in Mexico who would love that jacket. I told her that this was America and yelled that Debbie, my sister, didn't have a jacket like mine. I ran outside, ready to cry, and climbed the tree by the alley to think bad thoughts and watch my breath puff white and disappear.

11 But whole pieces still casually flew off my jacket when I played hard, read quietly, or took **vicious** spelling tests at school. When it became so spotted that my brother began to call me "camouflage," I flung it over the fence into the alley. Later, however, I swiped the jacket off the ground and went inside to drape it across my lap and **mope**.

12 I was called to dinner: steam silvered my mother's glasses as she said grace; my brother and sister with their heads bowed made ugly faces at their glasses of powdered milk. I gagged too, but eagerly ate big rips of buttered tortilla that held scooped-up beans. Finished, I went outside with my jacket across my arm. It was a cold sky. The faces of clouds were piled up, hurting. I climbed the fence, jumping down with a grunt. I started up the alley and soon slipped into my jacket, that green ugly brother who breathed over my shoulder that day and ever since.

propellers: fanlike objects with turning blades

palsied: shaking uncontrollably because of an illness

vicious: cruel and dangerous

mope: feel aimless and unhappy

Making Observations

- What do you notice about the setting of the story?
- Which details about the jacket are important?
- What feelings does the narrator have about the jacket?

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
- Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. What mood does the first sentence set up?

2. What is the point of view of this text? How does writing the story from this point of view help develop the plot?

3. What is one example of personification in the story? What is the mood it creates?

4. Why does the narrator use hyperbole to describe Frankie T. in paragraph 6?

5. How does the narrator respond to the jacket? How does that response drive the plot?

6. Paragraphs 7, 8, and 9 have vivid similes that describe how the narrator is feeling. Underline examples. Choose one that struck you, rewrite it, and explain its effect.

7. In the final paragraph of the narrative, Soto uses the following metaphor to describe his jacket: “... my jacket, that green ugly brother who breathed over my shoulder that day and every day since.” Based on this line, what can you conclude about the significance of the jacket in Soto’s life?

LANGUAGE & WRITER’S CRAFT: Vivid Verbs

Verbs show action, existence, or occurrence. Verb choice in writing can help build a specific mood for a story. Vivid verbs describe action in ways that help readers create mental images. Each word in the examples below is related to the word *walked*, but each vivid verb indicates a more exact meaning than *walked*, thereby creating a different mood.

- Example:** They **marched** to school. (creates serious mood)
- They **scrambled** to school. (creates panicked mood)
- They **sauntered** to school. (creates relaxed mood)
- They **skipped** to school. (creates gleeful mood)

Look at paragraph 4 of “The Jacket.” Create mental images for the vivid verbs *zipped*, *rolled*, *flapped*, *combed*, *slipped*, *kicked*, and *hurled*. What mood is created by these specific verb choices?

PRACTICE Reread paragraph 5 of “The Jacket” and underline the vivid verbs. Choose two of them and describe the mood they create. Then rewrite those two sentences using different verbs. Tell how the new verbs change the mood.

Working from the Text

8. In addition to figurative language and vivid verbs, writers use sensory details to enhance their writing. Revise the following paragraph to include sensory details that appeal to any of the five senses.

June and her friends were playing baseball in her yard. Billy was up at the plate. When June pitched the ball, Billy hit the ball high into the air. June watched the ball fly into her attic window. The glass shattered. June and Billy looked at each other and ran out of the yard.

9. Skim through “The Jacket,” looking for examples of descriptive language. Write four examples in the table. Then analyze each example to understand the effect the author is trying to create. Finally, evaluate the example for its effectiveness.

Type of Descriptive Language	Example of Descriptive Language	Analyze the Effect	Evaluate How Effective It Is

10. With your group, choose one of the narratives you have read and make a poster that demonstrates your analysis of the story by creatively incorporating the following:

- Title and author of text
- An ending to this sentence: *This narrative is effective because ...*
- Examples of textual evidence that support the sentence
- Pictures/symbols/color that illustrate the elements of a narrative

As you complete your poster, think about the answer to the Essential Question: What makes a good story?

Check Your Understanding

Select a short passage in the text that includes vivid description of a person, place, or situation. Describe the effect of this passage on you as a reader. How does the description make you feel? What does the passage help you understand about the story?

Writing to Sources: Informational Text

Describe the writer’s use of descriptive language, including similes, metaphors, vivid verbs, and sensory language. How does the use of descriptive language help express the narrator’s response to the incident? Be sure to:

- Start the paragraph with a topic sentence that directly addresses the prompt.
- Support your answer by referencing textual evidence from the narrative.
- Punctuate complete sentences.

Creating a Narrative

Learning Strategies

- Drafting
- Brainstorming
- Graphic Organizer
- Mapping
- Note-taking

Learning Targets

- Brainstorm a personal incident about change to develop a narrative.
- Establish a sequence of events and use organization to plan the details for a narrative.
- Write dialogue and commentary to help establish the context of an incident.

Preview

In this activity, you will start to think about a memorable incident in your own life and begin drafting your own personal narrative.

The Writing Process

In creating your personal narrative, you will use the following writing process:

Planning and Prewriting: brainstorm ideas and plan your writing using the incident-response-reflection structure

Drafting: write your narrative with an effective beginning, middle, and end, including interesting details, descriptive language, and transitions

Revising: add words, phrases, sentences, and ideas to enhance your writing

Editing: check for correct grammar and spelling

1. **Prewriting:** Write about changes that have happened in your life and changes that could occur in the future.

In what ways has your life changed since first grade?	In what ways has your life changed since last year?
How might your life change during the current school year?	What types of changes might occur when you become a teenager?

2. What words, phrases, and images show the kinds of changes you and your classmates have faced? Interview your classmates and make a list for each of the five areas shown below.

Hobbies	Beliefs	Appearance	School	Responsibilities

3. Think about the narratives you have read and how the writers created a story around an incident. List some of the incidents that resulted in some kind of change to your life. An example might be events that happened when changing from elementary school to middle school.

4. Choose one memorable incident that you would be willing to share as a visual memory map. Think back to that incident and determine what happened at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end. Try to come up with nine or ten events for the entire incident, at least three for each part. Use the graphic organizer to list the events of the incident.

My Incident:

Events at the Beginning	Events in the Middle	Events at the End

5. Next, brainstorm details of the events. Record descriptive language (connotative diction, sensory details, vivid verbs) and dialogue. Use the questions in the boxes to guide your thoughts.

Structure of a Personal Narrative

Beginning Details	Middle Details	Ending Details
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • What was the time and place? (setting) • Who was there? (characters) • What were you (the narrator) doing, thinking, and feeling? 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Describe events in chronological order. Include dialogue. • What happened? (conflict) • What were you and others doing? • What were you thinking and feeling? 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • How did it end? • What did you learn, discover, or realize? How did you grow?
← Incident	Response	Reflection →
<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

Creating a Memory Map

For each event you have listed, you will create one panel or page and include the following:

- Write a sentence that gives specific details about the event. Then, write commentary using a different-colored pen. Your **commentary** should explain the importance of the event or explain your feelings and emotions at the time.
- Using a third color, provide one sentence of dialogue for the scene.
- Create a drawing or graphic representation for each event.
- Give your Memory Map a title that will intrigue the reader and represent the narrative.
- Be prepared to present your Memory Map, telling your story to either a small group or the whole class.

You will use your Memory Map in the next activities as you write a narrative.

Learning Targets

- Apply the writing process while drafting a personal narrative.
- Use a variety of transition words, phrases, and clauses to create coherence in a narrative.
- Craft an opening sentence that hooks the reader and establishes the narrative.

Preview

In this activity, you will start organizing your personal narrative.

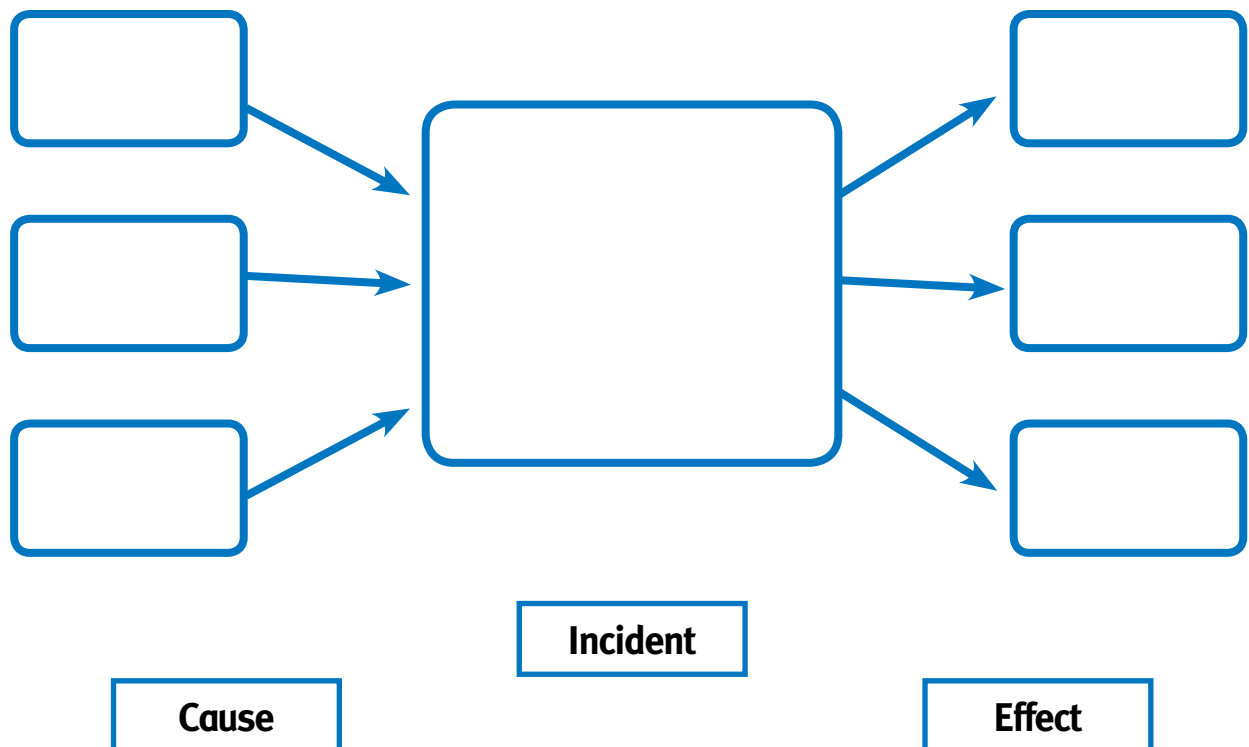
Learning Strategies

- Generating Questions
- Brainstorming
- Summarizing
- Graphic Organizer

My Notes

Planning a Narrative

- 1. Prewriting:** Using the topic from your Memory Map or another topic of your choice, think about whether there are additional questions you might ask. Use the reporter's questions (*who, what, when, where, why, and how*) to fill in details of the narrative plan.
- 2. Planning:** Organize the answers to your questions in a graphic organizer such as the one below (see the Resources section for a full-page version).



3. **Characterization:** Plan the characters by deciding what they say and do.

<p>What the Character Says:</p>	<p>What Others Say:</p>
<p>What the Character Does:</p>	<p>Descriptions of the Character's Appearance:</p>
<p>What the Character Thinks:</p>	<p>Language Techniques:</p>

LANGUAGE & WRITER'S CRAFT: Transitions

Transitions are words that link two ideas, sentences, or paragraphs by showing their relationship. Transitions create **coherence** within and across paragraphs. Without effective transitions, a text can seem choppy and be hard to read.

One group of transition words is **subordinating conjunctions**. Writers use subordinating conjunctions to form complex sentences by combining two sentences and making one a dependent clause. Using complex sentences helps make writing more varied and appealing to readers. Varying sentence types helps to make writing more appealing to readers.

Examples of Subordinating Conjunctions: *after, because, although, if*

- **Although** we had a great time at the street fair, I was very tired the next day.
- We can go to the museum tomorrow **if** you clean your room before going to bed.
- I received a good grade on my test **because** I studied for days before.
- **After** we ran out of milk, we had to change our plans for making dessert.

Notice that subordinating conjunctions can be at the beginning or in the middle of sentences. You might also notice that when subordinating conjunctions are used at the beginning of a sentence, a comma follows the dependent clause.

PRACTICE The following paragraph is choppy. Revise it by creating complex sentences with subordinating conjunctions.

My writing process is easy to follow. I read the source text closely. I study the prompt to make sure I understand it. I read the source text one more time with the prompt in mind. It takes some time to do. I make an outline that addresses the prompt. I write my rough draft based on the outline. I finish by editing and proofreading.

Writing the Beginning

How have you seen authors interest, or “hook,” their audiences? What types of beginnings do you enjoy? Narratives must begin in a way that grabs the reader’s attention and interests him or her enough to continue reading.

Some authors use the AQQS strategy to hook their readers. AQQS is an acronym for:

Anecdote: a short sketch or account of a biographical incident

Question: a question that focuses the reader’s attention on the subject of the writing

Quote: a line of dialogue or a famous quotation that points to the idea of the narrative

Statement of intrigue: a statement designed to capture the reader’s interest and compel him or her to read more

ACADEMIC

When you use **transitions** to connect ideas, you are helping to create **coherence**. Coherence is the clear and orderly presentation of ideas in your writing and speaking. This ability to make your thinking cohere, or stick together, is an important skill in writing and thinking about any subject.

4. Reread the openings of the narratives in Activities 1.2, 1.4, 1.5, and 1.6. In the last column of the graphic organizer, describe the type of hook each author uses.

Text		What choice did the author make to hook the reader? Does the author use one of the AQQS strategies?
“The Circuit”	“It was that time of year again. Ito, the sharecropper, did not smile. It was natural. The peak of strawberry season was over and the last few days the workers, most of them <i>braceros</i> , were not picking as many boxes as they had during the months of June and July.”	
“My Superpowers”	“Do you ever wish you had superpowers?”	
<i>Flipped</i> From the chapter “Diving Under”	“All I’ve ever wanted is for Juli Baker to leave me alone. For her to back off—you know, just give me some space.”	
“The Jacket”	“My clothes have failed me. I remember the green coat that I wore in fifth and sixth grades when you either danced like a champ or pressed yourself against a greasy wall, bitter as a penny toward the happy couples.”	

Check Your Understanding

Which narrative opening do you believe is most effective? Why?

Writing an Ending

5. Reread the endings in the narratives in Activities 1.2, 1.4, 1.5, and 1.6. Then complete the graphic organizer.

Title of Text	Describe how the narrator ends the story.	Summarize how the narrator changes because of the incident. Consider what the narrator learns and how he/she has grown as a person.
“The Circuit”	Jiménez explains	The ending shows that

Learning Strategies

Adding
Drafting
Sharing and Responding
Writer's Checklist
Self-Editing

My Notes

Learning Targets

- Examine and use revision strategies to enhance narrative writing.
- Add dialogue and incorporate transitions and sensory details into a final draft.

Preview

No one ever creates a perfect piece of writing with just one try. Revision gives you the chance to look at your writing critically and decide how to improve it. In this activity, you will use the editing strategies you have been learning to revise your draft of your personal narrative.

Introducing the Strategy: Adding

The **adding** strategy is a revision strategy. With this strategy, you make conscious choices to enhance a piece of your writing by adding words, phrases, sentences, or ideas. For example, characters and incidents should be fully developed in narrative writing. Adding details as you revise can make a character come alive for the reader or make the story more appealing.

Adding Dialogue

Adding dialogue is one way to enhance narrative writing. When adding dialogue, it is important to vary your use of dialogue tags. *Dialogue tags* are phrases used to explain who is speaking. For example, look at this line from *Flipped*:

“No, no, no!” my dad says, then pulls her up by the arm.

The dialogue tag is the phrase “my dad says.”

1. Brainstorm words other than *says* that you could use in dialogue tags, categorizing them by beginning letter. These verbs should be vivid and more descriptive than *said*.

starts with

A-D

starts with

E-K

starts with

L-P

starts with

Q-Z

**INDEPENDENT
READING LINK****Read and Respond**

Create an outline that shows the structure of how your independent reading book is organized. Show how the author has used the structure to develop the plot.

My Notes**Revision Practice**

5. The following student narrative does not include any transitional words or phrases. It also lacks details to help the reader imagine the scene. Highlight each place where a transition might fit. Underline sentences that would benefit from sensory details and vivid verbs. Circle or draw a box around the pronouns.

When the author Gary Soto was in sixth grade, he needed a new jacket. His mother bought him a green jacket that he did not like at all. It was ugly. It was bad luck for him at school. He did poorly on tests and his friends didn't pay any attention to him. He thought his teachers and classmates all made fun of him and his jacket. The author's luck didn't change over time. No girls came his way. He tried to show his mother how bad his jacket looked. Her glasses were always steamed up. The author blames those bad times on his green jacket.

6. Rewrite the paragraph above, adding transitions, sensory details, and vivid verbs.

Revising Your Opening

7. Reread the opening of your narrative. Does it have a hook that grabs the reader's attention? Are you using a compound or complex sentence that establishes the narrative? Review the AQQS strategy. If needed, revise your narrative opening to use one of these techniques.

Revising Your Ending

8. Reread your ending. Does it have a reflection on the incident, following the incident-response-reflection pattern? How can you make your ending stronger? Do you need to add sensory language or transitions? Revise the ending to your narrative.

Writing a Personal Narrative



ASSIGNMENT

Your assignment is to write a personal narrative that includes a well-told incident, a response to the incident, and a reflection about the significance of the incident.

Planning and Prewriting:

Take time to make a plan for your personal narrative.

- What activities have you completed or ideas have you brainstormed that will help you as you think of an appropriate incident to write about?
- How will you make sure you understand all that needs to be part of your personal narrative?
- What prewriting strategies can you use to help you create ideas? Will you work from your Memory Map?

Drafting: Determine the structure of your personal narrative.

- What will you include in the beginning, the middle, and the end of your narrative?
- How will you introduce your incident?
- How will you be sure to write about the significance of the incident in a way that conveys importance?

Evaluating and Revising the Draft: Create opportunities to review and revise in order to make your work the best it can be.

- During the process of writing, have you paused at points to share and respond with others how well you are following the structure of a narrative?
- Are you considering revising your draft to add transitions and additional details to the incident? Once you get suggestions, are you creating a plan to include revision ideas in your draft?
- Have you used the Scoring Guide to help you evaluate how well your draft included the requirements of the assignment?

Checking and Editing for Publication: Confirm that your final draft is ready for publication.

- How will you check for grammatical and technical accuracy?
- How will you make sure that everything is spelled correctly?

Reflection

After completing this Embedded Assessment, think about how you went about accomplishing this assignment and answer the questions below:

- How did the activities leading up to this Embedded Assessment help you to be successful?
- What activities were especially helpful and why?

SCORING GUIDE

Scoring Criteria	Exemplary	Proficient	Emerging	Incomplete
Ideas	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • presents a clearly focused and significant incident • develops experiences, events, and/or characters through thorough and effective use of dialogue, pacing, and descriptive details. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • presents a focused and significant incident • develops experiences, events, and/or characters through techniques such as dialogue, pacing, and descriptive details. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • presents an inconsistently focused incident • begins to develop experiences, events, and/or characters through some use of dialogue, pacing, and/or descriptive details. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • presents an unfocused or unclear incident • fails to develop experiences, events, and/or characters; minimal use of elaborative techniques.
Structure	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • engages and orients the reader in an introduction • sequences events in the incident and response logically and naturally • uses a variety of transitional strategies effectively • provides an insightful reflective conclusion. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • orients the reader with an adequate introduction • sequences events in the incident and response logically • uses transitional words, phrases, and clauses to link events and signal shifts • provides a reflective conclusion. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • provides a weak or unrelated introduction • sequences events unevenly • uses inconsistent, repetitive, or basic transitional words, phrases, and clauses • provides a weak or disconnected conclusion. 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • lacks an introduction • sequences events illogically • uses few or no transitional strategies • lacks a conclusion.
Use of Language	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • uses precise words and sensory language effectively to convey the experience • demonstrates command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronoun use, sentence variety, dialogue tags, and punctuation). 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • uses generally precise words and sensory language to convey the experience • demonstrates adequate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronoun use, sentence variety, dialogue tags, and punctuation). 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • uses few precise words and little sensory language • demonstrates partial or inconsistent command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronoun use, sentence variety, dialogue tags, and punctuation). 	<p>The narrative</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • uses limited, vague, and unclear words and language • lacks command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage; frequent errors obscure meaning.

Personal Narrative vs. Short Story: Comparing Genres

ACTIVITY 1.11

Learning Targets

- Analyze and compare story elements across genres.
- Make connections between literary elements across genres.

Preview

In this activity, you will learn about the short story genre and compare it to the genre of personal narrative.

Learning Strategies

Graphic Organizer
Paraphrasing

Genre Study: Narrative

1. Based on your current understanding, how do you think writing a personal narrative and writing a short story are similar? How are they different? Fill in the chart below with your ideas for each genre.

	Personal Narrative	Short Story
Topics		
Setting		
Plot		
Characters		
Dialogue		

2. With a group, discuss your ideas about how personal narratives and short stories may be similar or different. Write down the conclusions you can draw, based on your discussion.
3. What do these similarities and differences mean for you as a writer? Do you think writing a short story will be more or less challenging than writing a personal narrative?

Check Your Understanding

Look back over the notes in your chart. How can you apply your knowledge of the literary elements used to add realistic personal narrative to your short story?

My Notes

blue-jeaned sitter. Then she reached down, picked the boy up by his shirt front, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

2 After that the woman said, “Pick up my pocketbook, boy, and give it here.”

3 She still held him. But she bent down enough to permit him to **stoop** and pick up her purse. Then she said, “Now ain’t you **ashamed** of yourself?”

4 Firmly gripped by his shirt front, the boy said, “Yes’m.”

5 The woman said, “What did you want to do it for?”

6 The boy said, “I didn’t aim to.”

7 She said, “You a lie!”

8 By that time two or three people passed, stopped, turned to look, and some stood watching.

9 “If I turn you loose, will you run?” asked the woman.

10 “Yes’m,” said the boy.

11 “Then I won’t turn you loose,” said the woman. She did not release him.

12 “I’m very sorry, lady, I’m sorry,” whispered the boy.

13 “Um-hum! And your face is dirty. I got a great mind to wash your face for you. Ain’t you got nobody home to tell you to wash your face?”

14 “No’m,” said the boy.

15 “Then it will get washed this evening,” said the large woman starting up the street, dragging the frightened boy behind her.

16 He looked as if he were fourteen or fifteen, frail and **willow**-wild, in tennis shoes and blue jeans.

17 The woman said, “You ought to be my son. I would teach you right from wrong. Least I can do right now is to wash your face. Are you hungry?”

18 “No’m,” said the being-dragged boy. “I just want you to turn me loose.”

19 “Was I bothering *you* when I turned that corner?” asked the woman.

20 “No’m.”

21 “But you put yourself in contact with me,” said the woman. “If you think that that contact is not going to last awhile, you got another thought coming. When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones.”

22 Sweat popped out on the boy’s face and he began to struggle. Mrs. Jones stopped, jerked him around in front of her, put a half-nelson about his neck, and continued to drag him up the street. When she got to her door, she dragged the boy inside, down a hall, and into a large kitchenette-furnished room at the rear of the house. She switched on the light and left the door open. The boy could hear other roomers laughing and talking in the large house. Some of their doors were open, too, so he knew he and the woman were not alone. The woman still had him by the neck in the middle of her room.

WORD CONNECTIONS

Etymology

The term **nelson** is derived from *full nelson*, which dates back to the early 19th century. It is supposedly named after the British war hero Admiral Horatio Nelson, who used strategies based on surrounding the opponent to win the Battle of the Nile and the Battle of Trafalgar.

stoop: bend forward and down
ashamed: feeling shame or guilt
willow: long and thin, like a willow tree branch

My Notes

23 She said, “What is your name?”

24 “Roger,” answered the boy.

25 “Then, Roger, you go to that sink and wash your face,” said the woman, whereupon she turned him loose—at last. Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door—*and went to the sink.*

26 Let the water run until it gets warm,” she said. “Here’s a clean towel.”

27 “You gonna take me to jail?” asked the boy, bending over the sink.

28 “Not with that face, I would not take you nowhere,” said the woman. “Here I am trying to get home to cook me a bite to eat and you snatch my pocketbook! Maybe, you ain’t been to your supper either, late as it be. Have you?”

29 “There’s nobody home at my house,” said the boy.

30 “Then we’ll eat,” said the woman, “I believe you’re hungry—or been hungry—to try to snatch my pocketbook.”

31 “I wanted a pair of blue suede shoes,” said the boy.

32 “Well, you didn’t have to snatch my pocketbook to get some suede shoes,” said Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones. “You could of asked me.”

33 “M’am?”

34 The water dripping from his face, the boy looked at her. There was a long pause. A very long pause. After he had dried his face and not knowing what else to do, dried it again, the boy turned around, wondering what next. The door was open. He could make a dash for it down the hall. He could run, run, run, run, *run!*

35 The woman was sitting on the day-bed. After a while she said, “I were young once and I wanted things I could not get.”

36 There was another long pause. The boy’s mouth opened. Then he frowned, but not knowing he frowned.

37 The woman said, “Um-hum! You thought I was going to say *but*, didn’t you? You thought I was going to say, *but I didn’t snatch people’s pocketbooks.* Well, I wasn’t going to say that.” Pause. Silence. “I have done things, too, which I would not tell you, son—neither tell God, if he didn’t already know. So you set down while I fix us something to eat. You might run that comb through your hair so you will look presentable.

38 In another corner of the room behind a screen was a gas plate and an **icebox**. Mrs. Jones got up and went behind the screen. The woman did not watch the boy to see if he was going to run now, nor did she watch her purse which she left behind her on the day-bed. But the boy took care to sit on the far side of the room where he thought she could easily see him out of the corner of her eye, if she wanted to. He did not trust the woman not to trust him. And he did not want to be mistrusted now.

39 “Do you need somebody to go to the store,” asked the boy, “maybe to get some milk or something?”

icebox: refrigerator

My Notes

40 “Don’t believe I do,” said the woman, “unless you just want sweet milk yourself. I was going to make cocoa out of this canned milk I got here.”

41 “That will be fine,” said the boy.

42 She heated some lima beans and ham she had in the icebox, made the cocoa, and set the table. The woman did not ask the boy anything about where he lived, or his folks, or anything else that would embarrass him. Instead, as they ate, she told him about her job in a hotel beauty-shop that stayed open late, what the work was like, and how all kinds of women came in and out, blondes, red-heads, and Spanish. Then she cut him a half of her ten-cent cake.

43 “Eat some more, son,” she said.

44 When they were finished eating she got up and said, “Now, here, take this ten dollars and buy yourself some blue suede shoes. And next time, do not make the mistake of latching onto *my* pocketbook *nor nobody else’s*—because shoes come by devilish like that will burn your feet. I got to get my rest now. But I wish you would behave yourself, son, from here on in.”

45 She led him down the hall to the front door and opened it. “Goodnight! Behave yourself, boy!” she said, looking out into the street.

46 The boy wanted to say something else other than “Thank you, m’am” to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but he couldn’t do so as he turned at the barren stoop and looked back at the large woman in the door. He barely managed to say “Thank you” before she shut the door. And he never saw her again.

This photograph of a street in Harlem was taken in 1938 by Berenice Abbott. Langston Hughes was a prominent member of the Harlem Renaissance and may have used the sights and sounds of this time in American history as inspiration for his story. What setting did you envision as you read the story?



Making Observations

- What details do you notice about the characters and setting?
- What feelings do you experience while reading the story?

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses. Be sure to respond with appropriate register, vocabulary, tone, and voice.
- Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. How do the details of setting and character in the first paragraph set up the conflict of this story?

2. How does Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones’s comment in paragraph 13—“I got a great mind to wash your face for you”—define how she treats Roger? Find other textual evidence based on things Mrs. Jones says to support your answer.

3. In paragraph 25, Mrs. Jones finally turns Roger loose: “Roger looked at the door—looked at the woman—looked at the door—*and went to the sink.*” Why did the author choose to italicize this part of the text?

4. How do Roger’s internal thoughts in paragraph 34 develop the plot?

5. Even though Roger never sees Mrs. Jones again after their interaction in the story, what evidence supports Mrs. Jones’s promise in paragraph 21, “When I get through with you, sir, you are going to remember Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones”?

Working from the Text

6. Use the following table to organize your annotations from the first read:

<p>Describe the setting of the short story.</p>	<p>List the main characters.</p>
<p>Summarize the incident of story.</p>	
<p>Provide evidence, including dialogue from the text, to describe each character’s response to the incident.</p>	
<p>Summarize the ending of the story.</p>	

Plot Elements

Learning Targets

- Explain how a character responds to change.
- Describe how a well-structured story plot develops.

Preview

In this activity, you will learn how stories are structured and start to plan a short story of your own.

Learning Strategies

Guided Reading
 Note-taking
 Graphic Organizer
 SIFT
 Manipulatives
 Drafting

Elements of Storytelling

Storytellers use the following elements of **plot** to develop and organize ideas.

Exposition: the events that give the reader background information needed to understand the story. The introduction to the story usually reveals the setting, the major characters, and the conflict.

Rising Action: the major events that develop the plot and lead to the climax

Climax: the event that is the turning point in the story, at which the conflict could be resolved in different ways

Falling Action: the events that begin to conclude the story and lead to the ending

Resolution: the events that conclude the story and reveal the theme

Types of Conflict

You learned in the first part of the unit that conflict is an important part of a story. Writers reveal conflict through the dialogue and events of a story. Conflict is used to move the action forward, reveal information about characters, and create a decision or change.

The two main types of conflict are internal conflict and external conflict.

- *Internal conflict* occurs when a character struggles with his or her own needs, desires, or emotions.
- *External conflict* occurs when a character struggles with an outside force, such as another character or something in nature.

Reviewing and Analyzing a Fairy Tale

Fairy tales apply familiar story ideas—such as a quest toward a goal or a rags-to-riches character arc—to the plot elements of storytelling. A rags-to-riches fairy tale involves a poor, struggling person who finds fortune or success. *Cinderella* is a classic example. A quest fairy tale is about a hero on a journey of adventure who achieves something important. *The Lord of the Rings* is a kind of quest fairy tale.

1. After your teacher reads a fairy tale aloud, summarize the story. Make sure your summary maintains the meaning of the story and is sequenced by plot elements.

LITERARY

Plot is the sequence of related events that make up a story. Plot often unfolds in a linear cause and effect structure: something happens, and then something else happens in response. Sometimes plot develops in a nonlinear way through literary devices like flashbacks, parallel story lines, and dreams.

VOCABULARY

WORD CONNECTIONS

Multiple-Meaning Words

A single word sometimes has several meanings. For example, the word **exposition** refers to the plot of a short story. It also describes a type of writing. It may also describe a fair or public exhibit.

WORD CONNECTIONS

Roots and Affixes

Resolution is a noun form of *resolve*. The root *sol* or *solve* means “to set loose or free.” This root occurs in *solution*, *absolution*, and *resolute*. The Latin prefix *re-* means “back” or “again.”

Learning Strategies

Marking the Text
Metacognitive Markers
Graphic Organizer
Rereading
Skimming/Scanning
Visualizing

WORD CONNECTIONS

Roots and Affixes

The study of **myths** is called *mythology*. The suffix *-logy* is from Greek and means “the study of.” This much-used word part appears in many words in English, such as *biology*, *psychology*, *criminology*, and *ecology*.

My Notes

Learning Targets

- Identify the elements of the exposition of a story by accurately recording textual evidence that supports interpretation.
- Identify and utilize varied sentence patterns in writing.

Preview

In this activity, you will explore foreshadowing and other common elements of myths.

Genre Study: Myth

Myths are traditional stories that have been passed down from long, long ago. They usually explain something about the natural world and include gods and goddesses that take human forms, possess supernatural powers, and interfere with people’s lives. Strange, made-up creatures often play a role in myths as well. Myths have been retold or referenced in storybooks, movies, graphic novels, and comic books.

1. **Quickwrite:** What are some myths you have read about, seen in movies, or been told? What do the stories have in common? What cultures did they come from?

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- While you read the myth, create an image in your mind of the sights, smells, feelings, and sounds the author describes.
- Use the My Notes section to identify any characteristics of myths you notice.
- Circle unfamiliar words and phrases. Try to use context clues or your knowledge of word parts to clarify their meaning.

Myth

Orpheus and Eurydice

by Bob Blaisdell

1 Now let us hear the story of the great musician and singer Orpheus. A sad fate awaited this poet of the *Argo*¹. We know that when Orpheus sang to the tunes he played on his **lyre** even the muddy stones on the side of the road sat up and listened. The trees swayed in time to his music. He gave spirit to those things which have none and joy to those which have. If a man or beast felt hot, eager anger, Orpheus’s songs would soon soothe him.

2 Orpheus fell in love with Eurydice. They trembled with delight in each other’s presence and their love gave Orpheus the joy that his music gave others. They were soon married.

¹ The ship Jason and the Argonauts used on their quest for the Golden Fleece; built by Argus with instructions from Athena

lyre: a small, stringed instrument

3 It was during their honeymoon that a son of Apollo, Aristaeus, desiring Eurydice for his own, chased her. She, dashing away from the path to escape him, stepped on a snake, which bit her. She tumbled to the ground and cried for help. Aristaeus was frightened and ran away. Orpheus was terrified at her desperate call and came running to her.

4 But it was too late.

5 Orpheus cried. His beloved was dead! He wandered away, tears in his eyes. Even in his grief, however, Orpheus's lyre still played beautifully and his voice still melted the hearts of stones, as well as men's soft hearts, and his songs of sorrow made the gods weep. Zeus asked **fleet-footed**

Hermes to go to the mortal. "Escort him alive down to Hades," commanded Zeus through his tears. "See if my brother Hades, lord of the dead, will return Eurydice to him."

6 Hermes took Orpheus by the hand and led the way across the seas to the secret entrance of the underworld. The terrible three-headed watchdog, Cerberus, hearing Orpheus's sweet music, lay down and sighed, and, without the **faintest** bark, allowed the god and his mortal guest to go past.

7 Orpheus sang his mournful song to the lord and queen of the underworld, Hades and Persephone. Perhaps remembering her own sweet life above ground, Persephone had pity for Orpheus and persuaded her husband to return Eurydice's soul to the upper world, where she could live again with her beloved.

8 "Very well," said Hades. "You go on your way, back the way you came, and Eurydice will follow. But you must not look at her until she has passed out of the underworld. If you do, she will stay here with me. You may look at her all you like when you get her above."

9 Orpheus promised not to look. As the singer **proceeded** through the dark, **dreary** caves of the underworld, followed by Eurydice, he wanted to turn and see his wonderful wife. He resisted and resisted, but the way out was so long and so winding that he feared she might get lost.



Cerberus by William Blake, 1824–27

My Notes

fleet-footed: quick

faintest: barely able to be heard

proceeded: began or continued

dreary: sad or hopeless

10 Finally, he was so afraid that she had not been able to follow him that he slowly turned his head around to look. His eyes grew wide, and there he saw her, his dear Eurydice. He reached for her, to take her by the hand—and she began to fade and disappeared, leaving Orpheus with only the memory of her loving expression.

11 He cried out, for he was now back at the entrance to the underworld. Cerberus shoved him along, out of the way, with three snarling snouts. Orpheus turned again, hoping to be allowed to return and beg for Eurydice, but Hermes held him back, and Cerberus snarled.

12 Hermes led the **grieving** man home. Poor Orpheus's heart for music was gone, and thereafter he lived and died alone.

grieving: feeling sad about a loss

Orpheus and Eurydice by Edward Poynter, 1862



Making Observations

- What emotions did you experience while you read?
- What happens in the myth?

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
 - Write any additional questions you have about the myth in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
2. What point of view is the myth told from? What tone does the narrator set for the story in the first paragraph?

3. What trait must Orpheus show in order to bring Eurydice back? Why does he struggle? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.

4. What elements in the story are characteristic of a myth?

5. How does the author's language in the final paragraph set a mood for the resolution?

6. How do the details in the painting help you better understand an element of the myth? Make a statement about the details and then connect them to the text.

Working from the Text

7. Use the graphic organizer to analyze the beginning of the story—its exposition. The exposition of a story introduces the setting, characters, and conflict. In addition, skim the story to find examples of **foreshadowing**.

Exposition	Details from the Text	Graphic Representation	What is foreshadowed?
Setting			
Character(s)			
Conflict			

LITERARY

Foreshadowing refers to clues or hints signaling events that will occur later in the plot of a story. Authors use foreshadowing to add suspense and expectation about what will happen in a story.

Focus on the Sentence

Myths often try to explain natural phenomena (such as earthquakes and volcanos) or teach a lesson (such as “respect your elders”). Below are three lessons from “Orpheus and Eurydice.” Identify whether each statement is a complete sentence or fragment.

- _____ don’t let fear and distrust win
- _____ lack of self-control can have dire consequences
- _____ music can affect

LANGUAGE & WRITER'S CRAFT: Varied Sentence Patterns

Writers vary sentence patterns in order to add interest for the reader and to give life and rhythm to their writing. Too many sentences with the same structure and length can become boring for readers. Writers also use sentence patterns to develop their own distinctive style.

Example: Paragraphs 2 and 3 of “Orpheus and Eurydice” include varied sentence patterns that engage the reader.

Orpheus fell in love with Eurydice. They trembled with delight in each other’s presence and their love gave Orpheus the joy that his music gave others. They were soon married.

It was during their honeymoon that a son of Apollo, Aristaeus, desiring Eurydice for his own, chased her. She, dashing away from the path to escape him, stepped on a snake, which bit her. She tumbled to the ground and cried for help. Aristaeus was frightened and ran away. Orpheus was terrified at her desperate call and came running to her.

By varying sentence structure, writers can accomplish specific goals. Longer sentences are used to provide a lot of information. Using transitions and coordinating conjunctions such as *and*, *but*, *or*, *for*, and *nor* creates longer sentences. Shorter sentences are used to emphasize a particular fact or idea. Dialogue also tends to include short sentences because people rarely speak using very long sentences.

Return to the myth of “Orpheus and Eurydice.” Choose a section of the text to reread and examine the sentences.

- Highlight a short sentence. What was the effect of the sentence length or pattern?
- Underline a long sentence and note when the coordinating conjunction “and” is used. What is the effect of the sentence length or pattern?
- Identify a sentence that stands out to you. Is it long or short, and what is its effect?

PRACTICE Revise the following paragraph to include varied sentence patterns.

I love baseball. I love summer. Baseball is a summer sport. I love to feel like part of a team. Baseball is a team sport. I am good at baseball. I can catch. I can throw. I can hit the ball. I love baseball when my team wins. Winning is not everything. I love baseball when my team loses. Baseball is my favorite sport.



Narrative Writing Prompt

Write a great new opening paragraph for this myth. Be sure to:

- Establish the story’s context by introducing the setting, characters, and conflict of the story.
- Choose a voice that engages the reader.
- Use figurative language.
- Use a variety of sentence lengths and patterns.

Learning Strategies

Group Discussion
Previewing
Predicting
Metacognitive Markers
Rereading
Graphic Organizer

Learning Targets

- Analyze how conflicts in a story advance the plot's rising action and climax.

Preview

In this activity, you will read another short story and imagine a new scene for a story you've analyzed.

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- Before you read, look at the About the Author section and predict what the story will be about.
- As you read the story, use the My Notes section to connect the main character's experiences to your personal experiences.
- Use metacognitive markers to interact with the text and to monitor your comprehension. Pause to reflect on parts of the text that are a struggle.

About the Author

Sandra Cisneros (1954–) is best known for writing *The House on Mango Street*, a novel that explores the life of a young girl growing up in the Latin American section of Cisneros's hometown, Chicago. Cisneros says she creates stories from things that have touched her deeply: "... in real life a story doesn't have shape, and it's the writer that gives it a beginning, a middle, and an end." She has won several awards, including the Texas Medal of the Arts and a MacArthur Fellowship.



GRAMMAR & USAGE

Indefinite Pronouns

Indefinite pronouns refer to nonspecific persons or things. In this passage, the author uses the indefinite pronouns *everything* in paragraph 1 and *something* in paragraph 2 to refer to nonspecific things. In paragraph 3, the author uses the word *somebody* to refer to a person who is not specifically named. Authors often use indefinite pronouns when they want to be vague or open-ended. As you read, notice when the author uses nonspecific pronouns and how their use affects your understanding of the text.

Short Story

Eleven

from *Woman Hollering Creek and Other Stories*, by Sandra Cisneros

1 What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are—underneath the year that makes you eleven.

2 Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five. And maybe one day

My Notes

when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

3 Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

4 You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

5 Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

6 "Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see. "Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

7 "Not mine," says everybody. "Not me."

8 "It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater with red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope. It's maybe a thousand years old and even if it belonged to me I wouldn't say so.

9 Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she doesn't like me, that stupid Sylvia Saldívar says, "I think it belongs to Rachel." An ugly sweater like that, all **raggedy** and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs. Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk, but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

10 "That's not, I don't, you're not . . . Not mine," I finally say in a little voice that was maybe me when I was four.

11 "Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember you wearing it once." Because she's older and the teacher, she's right and I'm not.

12 Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two, and math problem number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm feeling sick inside, like the part of me that's three wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try to remember today I am eleven, eleven. Mama is making a cake for me for tonight, and when Papa comes home everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you.

13 But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there like a big red mountain. I move the red sweater to the corner of my desk with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair a little to the right. Not mine, not mine, not mine.



raggedy: worn out and tattered

14 In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime, how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it over the schoolyard fence, or leave it hanging on a **parking meter**, or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends, Mrs. Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now, Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the tippy-tip corner of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge like a waterfall, but I don't care.

15 "Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. "You put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense."

16 "But it's not—"

17 "Now!" Mrs. Price says.

18 This is when I wish I wasn't eleven, because all the years inside of me—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one—are pushing at the back of my eyes when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs that aren't even mine.

19 That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven and it's my birthday today and I'm crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms. My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me, until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the **hiccups**, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

20 But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldívar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

21 Today I'm eleven. There's a cake Mama's making for tonight, and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents, and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late.

22 I'm eleven today. I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny-tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.



Retrato de Muchacha/Portrait of a Girl by Frida Kahlo, 1931

parking meter: machine that collects payment for parking

hiccups: gasping sounds one makes due to an uncontrolled muscle spasm

Making Observations

- What details about the main character stand out to you?
- What happens in the story?

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
- Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. What can you infer about the conflict of the story? How is it both internal and external?

2. How does Cisneros show the transition from one event to another?

3. What is the effect of a phrase that repeats such as “Not mine, not mine, not mine”? How does this sentence type help develop the story?

4. What words in the story convey a mood? What mood did Cisneros want to convey?

5. What can you infer about Rachel’s teacher, Mrs. Price, based on her dialogue with Rachel?

6. How is the conflict resolved? How does the resolution affect Rachel?

2 “I had to leave school when I was thirteen,” his father had said, “that’s a year younger than you are now. If I’d had half the chances you have, I’d . . .”

3 Greg sat in the small, pale green kitchen listening, knowing the lecture would end with his father saying he couldn’t play ball with the Scorpions. He had asked his father the week before, and his father had said it depended on his next report card. It wasn’t often the Scorpions took on new players, especially fourteen-year-olds, and this was a chance of a lifetime for Greg. He hadn’t been allowed to play high school ball, which he had really wanted to do, but playing for the Community Center team was the next best thing. Report cards were due in a week, and Greg had been hoping for the best. But the principal had ended the **suspense** early when she sent the letter saying Greg would probably fail math if he didn’t spend more time studying.

4 “And you want to play *basketball*?” His father’s brows knitted over deep brown eyes. “That must be some kind of a joke. Now you just get into your room and hit those books.”

5 That had been two nights before. His father’s words, like the distant thunder that now echoed through the streets of Harlem, still rumbled softly in his ears.

6 It was beginning to cool. Gusts of wind made bits of paper dance between the parked cars. There was a flash of nearby lightning, and soon large drops of rain splashed onto his jeans. He stood to go upstairs, thought of the lecture that probably **awaited** him if he did anything except shut himself in his room with his math book, and started walking down the street instead. Down the block there was an old **tenement** that had been abandoned for some months. Some of the guys had held an impromptu checker tournament there the week before, and Greg had noticed that the door, once boarded over, had been slightly ajar.



GRAMMAR & USAGE

Possessive Pronouns

Pronouns replace nouns in a text, referring to a person or thing previously mentioned. For example, in the second sentence of paragraph 3, *He* refers to (and replaces) *Greg*.

Like nouns, pronouns can show possession. The possessive pronouns include *mine*, *hers*, *his*, *theirs*, *ours*, and *its*. Find the phrase *father’s brows* in paragraph 4. The noun *father’s* shows possession; the brows belong to the father. The phrase *father’s brows* can be replaced by *his brows*. *His* is a possessive pronoun.

When you read a sentence with a possessive pronoun, you may need to reread to determine the noun to which the pronoun refers. Find the phrase *his jeans* in paragraph 6. Ask yourself, “Whose jeans are being described?”

Paying attention to pronouns is one way you can monitor your own understanding as you read.

suspense: a feeling of nervous uncertainty before something happens

awaited: waited for

tenement: a set of rooms that form a living space

My Notes

7 Pulling his collar up as high as he could, he checked for traffic and made a dash across the street. He reached the house just as another flash of lightning changed the night to day for an instant, then returned the graffiti-scarred building to the grim shadows. He vaulted over the outer stairs and pushed tentatively on the door. It was open, and he let himself in.

8 The inside of the building was dark except for the dim light that filtered through the dirty windows from the streetlamps. There was a room a few feet from the door, and from where he stood in the entrance, Greg could see a squarish patch of light on the floor. He entered the room, frowning at the musty smell. It was a large room that might have been someone's parlor at one time. **Squinting**, Greg could see an old table on its side against one wall, what looked like a pile of rags or a torn mattress in the corner, and a couch, with one side broken, in front of the window.

9 He went to the couch. The side that wasn't broken was comfortable enough, though a little creaky. From the spot he could see the blinking neon sign over the bodega on the corner. He sat awhile, watching the sign blink first green then red, allowing his mind to drift to the Scorpions, then to his father. His father had been a postal worker for all Greg's life, and was proud of it, often telling Greg how hard he had worked to pass the test. Greg had heard the story too many times to be interested now.

10 For a moment Greg thought he heard something that sounded like a scraping against the wall. He listened carefully, but it was gone.

11 Outside the wind had picked up, sending the rain against the window with a force that shook the glass in its frame. A car passed, its tires hissing over the wet street and its red taillights glowing in the darkness.

12 Greg thought he heard the noise again. His stomach tightened as he held himself still and listened intently. There weren't any more scraping noises, but he was sure he had heard something in the darkness—something breathing!

13 He tried to figure out just where the breathing was coming from; he knew it was in the room with him. Slowly he stood, tensing. As he turned, a flash of lightning lit up the room, frightening him with its sudden brilliance. He saw nothing, just the overturned table, the pile of rags and an old newspaper on the floor. Could he have been imagining the sounds? He continued listening, but heard nothing and thought that it might have just been rats. Still, he thought, as soon as the rain let up he would leave. He went to the window and was about to look when he heard a voice behind him.

14 "Don't try nothin' 'cause I got a razor sharp enough to cut a week into nine days!"

15 Greg, except for an involuntary tremor in his knees, stood stock still. The voice was high and brittle, like dry twigs being broken, surely not one he had ever heard before. There was a shuffling sound as the person who had been speaking moved a step closer. Greg turned, holding his breath, his eyes straining to see in the dark room.

squinting: partially closing one's eyes

My Notes

16 The upper part of the figure before him was still in darkness. The lower half was in the dim rectangle of light that fell unevenly from the window. There were two feet, in cracked, dirty shoes from which rose legs that were wrapped in rags.

17 “Who are you?” Greg hardly recognized his own voice.

18 “I’m Lemon Brown,” came the answer. “Who’re you?”

19 “Greg Ridley.”

20 “What you doing here?” The figure shuffled forward again, and Greg took a small step backward.

21 “It’s raining,” Greg said.

22 “I can see that,” the figure said.

23 The person who called himself Lemon Brown **peered** forward, and Greg could see him clearly. He was an old man. His black, heavily wrinkled face was surrounded by a halo of crinkly white hair and whiskers that seemed to separate his head from the layers of dirty coats piled on his smallish frame. His pants were bagged to the knee, where they were met with rags that went down to the old shoes. The rags were held on with strings, and there was a rope around his middle. Greg relaxed. He had seen the man before, picking through the trash on the corner and pulling clothes out of a Salvation Army box. There was no sign of a razor that could “cut a week into nine days.”

24 “What are you doing here?” Greg asked.

25 “This is where I’m staying,” Lemon Brown said. “What you here for?” “Told you it was raining out,” Greg said, leaning against the back of the couch until he felt it give slightly.

26 “Ain’t you got no home?”

27 “I got a home,” Greg answered.

28 “You ain’t one of them bad boys looking for my treasure, is you?” Lemon Brown cocked his head to one side and squinted one eye. “Because I told you I got me a razor.”

29 “I’m not looking for your treasure,” Greg answered, smiling. “*If* you have one.”

30 “What you mean, *if* I have one.” Lemon Brown said. “Every man got a treasure. You don’t know that, you must be a fool!”

31 “Sure,” Greg said as he sat on the sofa and put one leg over the back. “What do you have, gold coins?”

32 “Don’t worry none about what I got,” Lemon Brown said. “You know who I am?”

33 “You told me your name was orange or lemon or something like that.”

34 “Lemon Brown,” the old man said, pulling back his shoulders as he did so, “they used to call me Sweet Lemon Brown.”

peered: looked curiously or carefully

My Notes

35 “Sweet Lemon?” Greg asked.

36 “Yessir. Sweet Lemon Brown. They used to say I sung the blues so sweet that if I sang at a funeral, the dead would **commence** to rocking with the beat. Used to travel all over Mississippi and as far as Monroe, Louisiana, and east on over to Macon, Georgia. You mean you ain’t never heard of Sweet Lemon Brown?”

37 “Afraid not,” Greg said. “What . . . happened to you?”

38 “Hard times, boy. Hard times always after a poor man. One day I got tired, sat down to rest a spell and felt a tap on my shoulder. Hard times caught up with me.”

39 “Sorry about that.”

40 “What you doing here? How come you don’t go in home when the rain come? Rain don’t bother you young folks none.”

41 “Just didn’t.” Greg looked away.

42 “I used to have a knotty-headed boy just like you.” Lemon Brown had half walked, half shuffled back to the corner and sat down against the wall. “Had them big eyes like you got. I used to call them moon eyes. Look into them moon eyes and see anything you want.”

43 “How come you gave up singing the blues?” Greg asked.

44 “Didn’t give it up,” Lemon Brown said. “You don’t give up the blues; they give you up. After a while you do good for yourself, and it ain’t nothing but foolishness singing about how hard you got it. Ain’t that right?”

45 “I guess so.”

46 “What’s that noise?” Lemon Brown asked, suddenly sitting upright. Greg listened, and he heard a noise outside. He looked at Lemon Brown and saw the old man pointing toward the window.

47 Greg went to the window and saw three men, neighborhood thugs, on the stoop. One was carrying a length of pipe. Greg looked back toward Lemon Brown, who moved quietly across the room to the window. The old man looked out, then beckoned frantically for Greg to follow him. For a moment Greg couldn’t move.

48 Then he found himself following Lemon Brown into the hallway and up the darkened stairs. Greg followed as closely as he could. They reached the top of the stairs, and Greg felt Lemon Brown’s hand first lying on his shoulder, then probing down his arm until he took Greg’s hand into his own as they crouched in the darkness.

49 “They’s bad men,” Lemon Brown whispered. His breath was warm against Greg’s skin.

50 “Hey! Rag man!” A voice called. “We know you in here. What you got up under them rags? You got any money?”

51 Silence.

commence: begin, start

My Notes

52 “We don’t want to have to come in and hurt you, old man, but we don’t mind if we have to.”

53 Lemon Brown squeezed Greg’s hand in his own hard, gnarled fist. There was a banging downstairs and a light as the men entered.

54 They banged around noisily, calling for the rag man.

55 “We heard you talking about your treasure.” The voice was slurred. “We just want to see it, that’s all.”

56 “You sure he’s here?” One voice seemed to come from the room with the sofa.

57 “Yeah, he stays here every night.”

58 “There’s another room over there; I’m going to take a look. You got that flashlight?”

59 “Yeah, here, take the pipe too.”

60 Greg opened his mouth to quiet the sound of his breath as he sucked it in uneasily. A beam of light hit the wall a few feet opposite him, then went out.

61 “Ain’t nobody in that room,” a voice said. “You think he gone or something?”

62 “I don’t know,” came the answer. “All I know is that I heard him talking about some kind of treasure. You know they found that shopping bag lady with that load of money in her bags.”

63 “Yeah. You think he’s upstairs?”

64 “HEY, OLD MAN, ARE YOU UP THERE?” Silence.

65 “Watch my back. I’m going up.”

66 There was a footstep on the stairs, and the beam from the flashlight danced crazily along the peeling wallpaper. Greg held his breath. There was another step and a loud crashing noise as the man banged the pipe against the wooden banister. Greg could feel his temples throb as the man slowly neared them. Greg thought about the pipe, wondering what he would do when the man reached them—what he could do.

67 Then Lemon Brown released his hand and moved toward the top of the stairs. Greg looked around and saw stairs going up to the next floor. He tried waving to Lemon Brown, hoping the old man would see him in the dim light and follow him to the next floor. Maybe, Greg thought, the men wouldn’t follow them up there. Suddenly, though, Lemon Brown stood at the top of the stairs, both arms raised high above his head.

68 “There he is!” A voice cried from below.

69 “Throw down your money, old man, so I won’t have to **bash** your head in!”

70 Lemon Brown didn’t move. Greg felt himself near panic. The steps came closer, and still Lemon Brown didn’t move. He was an eerie sight, a bundle of rags standing at the top of the stairs, his shadow on the wall looming over him. Maybe, the thought came to Greg, the scene could be even eerier.

bash: smash or hit with force

My Notes

71 Greg wet his lips, put his hands to his mouth and tried to make a sound. Nothing came out. He swallowed hard, wet his lips once more and howled as evenly as he could.

72 “What’s that?”

73 As Greg howled, the light moved away from Lemon Brown, but not before Greg saw him hurl his body down the stairs at the men who had come to take his treasure. There was a crashing noise, and then footsteps. A rush of warm air came in as the downstairs door opened, then there was only an **ominous** silence. Greg stood on the landing. He listened, and after a while there was another sound on the staircase.

74 “Mr. Brown?” he called.

75 “Yeah, it’s me,” came the answer. “I got their flashlight.”

76 Greg exhaled in relief as Lemon Brown made his way slowly back up the stairs.

77 “You OK?”

78 “Few bumps and bruises,” Lemon Brown said.

79 “I think I’d better be going,” Greg said, his breath returning to normal. “You’d better leave, too, before they come back.”

80 “They may hang around for a while,” Lemon Brown said, “but they ain’t getting their nerve up to come in here again. Not with crazy rag men and howling spooks. Best you stay a while till the coast is clear. I’m heading out west tomorrow, out to East St. Louis.”

81 “They were talking about treasures,” Greg said. “You really have a treasure?”

82 “What I tell you? Didn’t I tell you every man got a treasure?” Lemon Brown said. “You want to see mine?”

83 “If you want to show it to me,” Greg shrugged.

84 “Let’s look out the window first, see what them scoundrels be doing,” Lemon Brown said.

85 They followed the oval beam of the flashlight into one of the rooms and looked out the window. They saw the men who had tried to take the treasure sitting on the **curb** near the corner. One of them had his pants leg up, looking at his knee.

86 “You sure you’re not hurt?” Greg asked Lemon Brown.

87 “Nothing that ain’t been hurt before,” Lemon Brown said. “When you get as old as me all you say when something hurts is, ‘Howdy, Mr. Pain, sees you back again.’ Then when Mr. Pain see he can’t worry you none, he go on mess with somebody else.”

88 Greg smiled.

ominous: implying that something bad will happen

curb: raised cement border at the edge of the street

89 “Here, you hold this.” Lemon Brown gave Greg the flashlight.

90 He sat on the floor near Greg and carefully untied the strings that held the rags on his right leg. When he took the rags away, Greg saw a piece of plastic. The old man carefully took off the plastic and unfolded it. He revealed some yellowed newspaper clippings and a battered harmonica.

91 “There it be,” he said, nodding his head. “There it be.”

92 Greg looked at the old man, saw the distant look in his eye, then turned to the clippings. They told of Sweet Lemon Brown, a blues singer and harmonica player who was appearing at different theaters in the South. One of the clippings said he had been the hit of the show, although not the headliner. All of the clippings were reviews of shows Lemon Brown had been in more than fifty years ago. Greg looked at the harmonica. It was dented badly on one side, with the reed holes on one end nearly closed.

93 “I used to travel around and make money to feed my wife and Jesse—that’s my boy’s name. Used to feed them good, too. Then his mama died, and he stayed with his mama’s sister. He grew up to be a man, and when the war come he saw fit to go off and fight in it. I didn’t have nothing to give him except these things that told him who I was, and what he come from. If you know your pappy did something, you know you can do something too.

94 “Anyway, he went off to war, and I went off still playing and singing. ‘Course by then I wasn’t as much as I used to be, not without somebody to make it worth the while. You know what I mean?”

95 “Yeah.” Greg nodded, not quite really knowing.

96 “I traveled around, and one time I come home, and there was this letter saying Jesse got killed in the war. Broke my heart, it truly did.

97 “They sent back what he had with him over there, and what it was is this old mouth fiddle and these clippings. Him carrying it around with him like that told me it meant something to him. That was my treasure, and when I give it to him he treated it just like that, a treasure. Ain’t that something?”

98 “Yeah, I guess so,” Greg said.

99 “You guess so?” Lemon Brown’s voice rose an octave as he started to put his treasure back into the plastic. “Well, you got to guess ‘cause you sure don’t know nothing. Don’t know enough to get home when it’s raining.”

100 “I guess . . . I mean, you’re right.”

101 “You OK for a youngster,” the old man said as he tied the strings around his leg, “better than those scalawags what come here looking for my treasure. That’s for sure.”

102 “You really think that treasure of yours was worth fighting for?” Greg asked. “Against a pipe?”

WORD CONNECTIONS

Multiple-Meaning Words

The word **blue** can mean a kind of color. It can also mean feeling depressed, gloomy, or sad. *Blues* music is a genre of music created by African Americans in the southern United States that is often about depressing or sad subjects.



My Notes

My Notes

103 “What else a man got ‘cepting what he can pass on to his son, or his daughter, if she be his oldest?” Lemon Brown said. “For a big-headed boy you sure do ask the foolishhest questions.”

104 Lemon Brown got up after patting his rags in place and looked out the window again. “Looks like they’re gone. You get on out of here and get yourself home. I’ll be watching from the window so you’ll be all right.”

105 Lemon Brown went down the stairs behind Greg. When they reached the front door the old man looked out first, saw the street was clear and told Greg to scoot on home.

106 “You sure you’ll be OK?” Greg asked.

107 “Now didn’t I tell you I was going to East St. Louis in the morning?” Lemon Brown asked. “Don’t that sound OK to you?”

108 “Sure it does,” Greg said. “Sure it does. And you take care of that treasure of yours.”

109 “That I’ll do,” Lemon said, the wrinkles around his eyes suggesting a smile. “That I’ll do.”

110 The night had warmed and the rain had stopped, leaving puddles at the curbs. Greg didn’t even want to think how late it was. He thought ahead of what his father would say and wondered if he should tell him about Lemon Brown. He thought about it until he reached his stoop, and decided against it. Lemon Brown would be OK, Greg thought, with his memories and his treasure.

111 Greg pushed the button over the bell marked Ridley, thought of the lecture he knew his father would give him, and smiled.

Making Observations

- What about the language in this story stands out to you?
- What images stuck with you?
- Was your original prediction confirmed or corrected?

Focus on the Sentence

Use details from the story to complete the following sentences.

Lemon Brown has a treasure, but

Lemon Brown has a treasure, so

Returning to the Text

- Return to the text as you respond to the following questions. Use text evidence to support your responses.
- Write any additional questions you have about the story in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. Explain how the author uses language to create a mood during the first half of the story.

2. What sensory details can you find in paragraphs 8–11? Try to name one for each sense: taste, smell, touch, sight, and hearing. How do these details help a reader predict that something ominous is coming?

3. The author distinguishes Greg from Lemon by giving each person a unique voice. How would you describe Lemon Brown's voice based on the language he uses? How would you describe Greg's voice?

4. How do Greg and Lemon's external reactions to the "scalawags" or "bad men" develop the plot?

5. Literally, what is Lemon Brown's treasure? Why does it mean so much to him?

6. From whose point of view is the story told? How does the author’s chosen point of view help achieve a purpose? What is the purpose?

Working from the Text

7. What are your initial reactions to the ending of this story? Were you surprised? If so, what surprised you?

8. Reread the text and mark it for the following:

- Exposition
- Rising action
- Climax
- Falling Action
- Resolution

Share your marked passages with a partner. With your partner, create a story board to demonstrate your understanding of the text. For each panel, include a drawing that symbolizes a key moment for that part in the plot and include textual evidence to support the drawing.

9. Provide an example of a simile, a metaphor, and the use of personification in the story. How do these examples of figurative language enhance the story? What purpose does this figurative language serve?

10. The story is told from a limited third-person point of view—the narrator is a third person but sees everything, including Lemon, from Greg’s perspective. What purpose does this point of view achieve?

11. What are the themes of “The Treasure of Lemon Brown”? You should have evidence from the story to support you responses. Complete this sentence with three themes: “The Treasure of Lemon Brown” is a story about ...

12. Write theme statements, no more than one sentence each, using the themes you described.

13. Now, transform one theme statement into a question to use in a collaborative discussion.

14. Return to the story and mark the text to answer the following question:
What is the portion of the story that makes up the falling action and resolution?

15. Think about the stories you have read in this unit. Each one has a setting that includes a historical and cultural context. What are some cultural and historical settings you have read about in this unit? How are they similar? How are they different? What influence does each setting have on the story's plot and characters?

Check Your Understanding

Quickwrite: What is another way this story could have ended? How could some of the story's conflicts have been resolved differently?



INDEPENDENT READING LINK

Read and Discuss

Make a list of the themes present in your independent reading book. As a class, take turns discussing the themes you've discovered. Try to match similarly themed texts and discuss whether the texts also share a genre, a plot type, or other features.

Learning Strategies

- Previewing
- Visual Prompt
- Graphic Organizer
- Brainstorming
- Mapping
- Prewriting



INDEPENDENT READING LINK

Read and Respond

Investigate how the author of your independent reading book uses sensory details. Record your favorite sensory words, phrases, and sentences from this book in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

Learning Targets

- Analyze picture books for images that spark writing ideas.
- Write a short story with characters, conflict, plot, dialogue, and sensory details.

Preview

In this activity, you will read mystery picture books and write the first draft of a story.

Genre Study: Mystery

1. When you hear the word *mystery*, what do you think of? What do you think makes a good mystery?

2. Chris Van Allsburg has written several books that are mysteries. Among some of his best-known books are the following:

- *The Polar Express*
- *Jumanji*
- *The Mysteries of Harris Burdick*
- *The Stranger*
- *The Wreck of the Zephyr*
- *The Garden of Abdul Gasazi*

Find copies of these or other picture books and write questions about particular pictures that intrigue you. Using one or more of the images as your inspiration, write freely to draft a story in a genre of your choice, such as realistic fiction, mystery, or adventure.

3. Select one of your freewrites to develop further. Before you continue to draft, plan your story, taking its genre into account. Who will your audience be? What is your purpose for writing? Then think about your main character, such as a name, age, favorite hobby, behaviors and actions, and accomplishments. Use a graphic organizer such as the one below to plan your characters.

Characterization	
Describe your main character's appearance.	What does this appearance say about your character?

Characterization	
Describe some of your main character's actions.	What do these actions say about your character?
Other characters	Details about these characters

4. What words or phrases could you include from each sense (taste, touch, sight, smell, hearing) in your story? What vivid verbs and connotative diction help show that sense? What figurative language could you use?

My Notes

5. Consider your plot. What is the main conflict or problem? How will it be solved? How can you add a twist? How will you introduce the setting and characters? How can you build to the climax?

My Notes

**Drafting the Embedded Assessment**

Draft a short story, adding the elements you've brainstormed as you write.

Be sure to:

- Sequence events logically using elements of plot.
- Use characterization and dialogue to develop conflict.
- Use language purposefully (e.g., figurative and/or sensory details and a variety of sentences).
- Consider your genre, purpose for writing, and intended audience as you make choices.

Return to any of the texts in the unit to reinforce these elements in your writing.

Save this writing prompt response so that you can revisit it when generating ideas for the original short story you will create for Embedded Assessment 2.

**Independent Reading Checkpoint**

Prepare a short oral presentation about a connection you can make between your independent reading and a text you read in class. It could be a thematic connection, a cultural or historical connection, or a plot connection. In addition, describe any personal connections you felt to your independent reading and in-class reading. Were the connections similar, or did each text evoke a different memory or feeling? Provide a brief, logical summary of your independent reading so your classmates can understand what you are talking about. Present evidence from each text that supports your connection. When giving your presentation, be sure to:

- Maintain good eye contact with your audience.
- Speak at an appropriate rate and volume, and enunciate well enough to be understood and taken seriously.
- Use natural gestures to engage your audience and convey information.
- Use language conventions appropriate for a formal presentation in front of your peers.

Writing a Short Story



ASSIGNMENT

Write a story using dialogue, vivid verbs, and figurative language that captures a real or imagined experience and includes characters, conflict, and a plot with exposition, climax, and resolution.

Planning and Prewriting:

Take time to make a plan for your short story.

- Review the unit activities and your Reader/Writer Notebook for ideas. What activities have you completed that will help you as you create a short story with the required elements?
- What would you like your short story to be about? Who will be your audience? What genre would you like to write? What prewriting strategies can you use to help you create ideas?

Drafting: Decide the structure of your story and how you will incorporate the elements of a short story.

- How will you make use of the story starters in the unit to help you create and develop a short story?
- Will you work from a plot diagram or an outline of a story idea? Is there another way you can create a structure that develops the characters and plot of your story?

Evaluating and Revising:

Create opportunities to review and revise in order to make your work the best it can be.

- During the process of drafting, have you paused at points to share and respond with others to learn how well you are integrating the necessary narrative techniques into your short story?
- Is your story developing as you want it to? Are you willing to change your story if you must? Once you get suggestions, are you creating a plan to include revision ideas in your draft?
- Have you used the Scoring Guide to help you evaluate how well your draft includes the requirements of the assignment?

Checking and Editing for Publication: Confirm your final draft is ready for publication.

- How will you check for grammatical and technical accuracy?
- Have you verified spelling using online dictionaries, thesauruses, or other resources?

Reflection

After completing this Embedded Assessment, think about how you went about accomplishing this assignment and answer this question: How did you make sure your final draft was the best it could be in terms of spelling, vocabulary use, and conventions for punctuating and writing dialogue?

SCORING GUIDE

Scoring Criteria	Exemplary	Proficient	Emerging	Incomplete
Ideas	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> develops a focused and compelling conflict establishes an interesting setting, character(s), and point of view uses a variety of narrative techniques to effectively advance the plot. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> presents and develops a focused conflict establishes a setting, character(s), and point of view uses sufficient narrative techniques to advance the plot, such as dialogue and descriptive detail. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> presents an undeveloped or unclear conflict establishes setting, character(s), and point of view unevenly uses partial or weak narrative techniques to advance the plot. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> lacks a conflict does not establish setting, character(s), and/or point of view uses minimal narrative techniques.
Structure	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> engages and orients the reader with exposition sequences events in the plot logically and naturally to add interest or suspense uses a variety of transitional strategies effectively and purposefully provides a thoughtful resolution. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> orients the reader with adequate exposition sequences events in the plot logically (rising action, climax, falling action) uses transitional words, phrases, and clauses to link events and signal shifts provides a logical resolution. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> provides weak or vague exposition sequences events in the plot unevenly uses inconsistent, repetitive, or basic transitional words, phrases, and clauses provides a weak or disconnected resolution. 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> lacks exposition sequences events in the plot illogically or incompletely uses few or no transitional strategies lacks a resolution.
Use of Language	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> uses connotative diction, vivid verbs, figurative language, and sensory language effectively demonstrates command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronouns, sentence patterns, and dialogue). 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> uses adequate connotative diction, vivid verbs, figurative language, and sensory language demonstrates adequate command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronouns, sentence patterns, and dialogue). 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> uses weak or inconsistent diction, verbs, figurative language, and sensory language demonstrates partial or inconsistent command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage (including pronouns, sentence patterns, and dialogue). 	<p>The short story</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> uses limited, vague, and unclear diction and language lacks command of the conventions of standard English capitalization, punctuation, spelling, grammar, and usage; frequent errors interfere with meaning.