

THEMATIC UNIT

Related to ELA Prototypes



Theme: **Courage**

Suggested for: **High School**

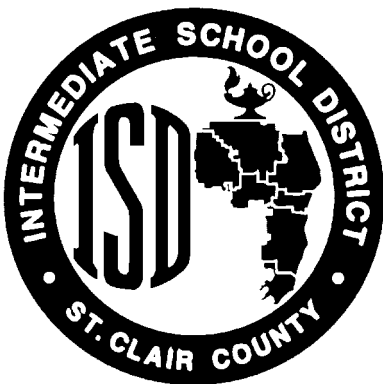
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~Thematic Units~

Dear Colleagues:

The purpose of this project was to organize thematic units related to previously published MEAP ELA prototypes using best practices in reading and writing.

These were developed by, **real teachers**, just like you! We worked to make them teacher friendly for easy implementation in your classroom. Teachers from school districts across St. Clair County gathered the material. The units are a representation of what each group of teachers thought was important to your grade level and to the themes in the prototypes.

Every packet includes **THEME RELATED TEXT SETS**. These are titles that can be used in a variety of ways to develop a deeper understanding of themes. We have noted the **PAIRED TEXTS** (look for the #2) and **LISTENING** text (#3) that are included in the prototypes. We also noted the title(s) we used for **FRAYER'S MODEL** (#1).

A **PROFUNDITY MATRIX** was developed for each set of paired texts in the prototype to help in identifying possible themes. The matrix also helps look across text to make cross text connections. Blank copies of this chart are included and can be used in your classroom to help students make connections between other texts.

CROSS TEXT QUESTIONS were written and answered to aid in responding to both the multiple choice questions and the provocative question given in the second writing piece of the ELA MEAP assessment.

Many packets include one or more **WRITING MODELS** for the second writing piece. We suggest you use these before or after student writing to exhibit a well written constructed response.

The **TEACHER SUGGESTION PAGE** is a personal response by the individuals involved in the project. Some contain anecdotes from the use of the material in their classrooms. Others contain a plethora of ideas to implement. We hope these help.

OTHER ACTIVITIES (#4) are poems, plays, articles, reader's theater presentations and related suggestions to further develop understanding of the themes.

It is our sincere hope these packets are useful to you and your students.

Happy reading and writing!

High School ELA Prototype

Thematic Unit Teacher Comments

This unit contains possible strategies that could be used when implementing the ELA prototype test. In compiling the strategies and lesson ideas, we looked at *Buckle Down!_On Michigan English Language Arts* to see which skills the “experts” felt were important. We then looked for activities that would support these areas.

As high school teachers know, most supplementary materials seem to be targeted at grades K-8. In our searching we encountered the same problem. The strategies included in this thematic unit are based on ideas that will work regardless of grade level. In some cases, however, the materials themselves may be on the young side, especially when working with eleventh and twelfth graders. These materials were included in the unit because the strategies are effective, but they may need to be adapted to fit older students’ needs.

We found that the Frayer’s Model and the Profundity Matrix (or variations of these methods) were very effective for directing student thinking and discussion to higher levels. For a more direct activity to prepare students for writing a response to a scenario, the Graphic Organizer for Scenario Writing was very effective because it helps students clarify their choices and see the connections for the their response.

Comments About Problems and Revisions in the Prototype

The Individual Rights prototype had required students to read a whole booklet on the Disability Rights Movement, which was very cumbersome. Now the students only have to read a two page section which is much more manageable.

The reading selections for the Trust prototype relate more to the idea of trusting yourself, but the scenario question has more to do with trusting others. However, these prototypes were already in print and changes could not be made.

ELA Prototype Materials

- **Thematically related texts**
- **Fruyer’s Model examples**
- **Profundity examples**
- **Cross Text Question examples**
- **Writing in Response to Reading example**

These materials were designed to provide examples of instructional approaches that will help you and your students prepare for the ELA assessment. The examples are all possible answers; they are not to be considered the “right” answers. We wanted to provide examples of other teachers’ thinking through Fruyer’s, Profundity and cross text questions to help guide you through your own thinking.

The sequence of instruction would be to introduce the theme through using the Fruyer’s Model of concept attainment. Think through each reading selection using the profundity scale to create a matrix by which cross text questions can be posed and answered. Examples and blank copies are provided to help you in planning instruction.

Thematically Related Text Sets – Courage

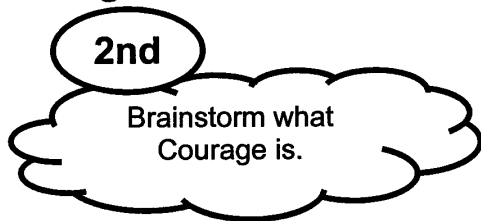
CODE	TITLE	AUTHOR	GENRE
2	The Bear	William Faulkner	Short Story
2	Know Your True Enemy	Nancy Springer	Short Story
3	The Diary of Anne Frank	Anne Frank	Diary
	There's a Nightmare in My Closet	Mercer Mayer	Picture Book
	The Little Old Lady Who Was Not Afraid of Anything	Linda Williams	Picture Book
	If	Rudyard Kipling	Poem
1	It Takes Courage	Unknown	Poem
	Where Have You Gone Charming Billy?	Tim O'Brian	Short Story
	Courage	Anne Sexton	Poem

Code Key:
Suggested Uses

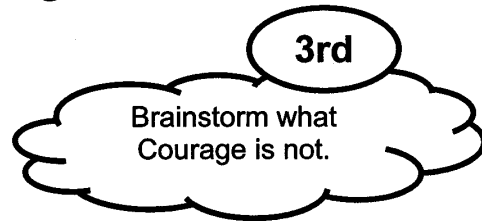
- 1 – Frayer's Model
- 2 – Paired Text
- 3 – Listening Selection

How to Use Frayer's Model to Develop Student Understanding of Themes

Courage is...



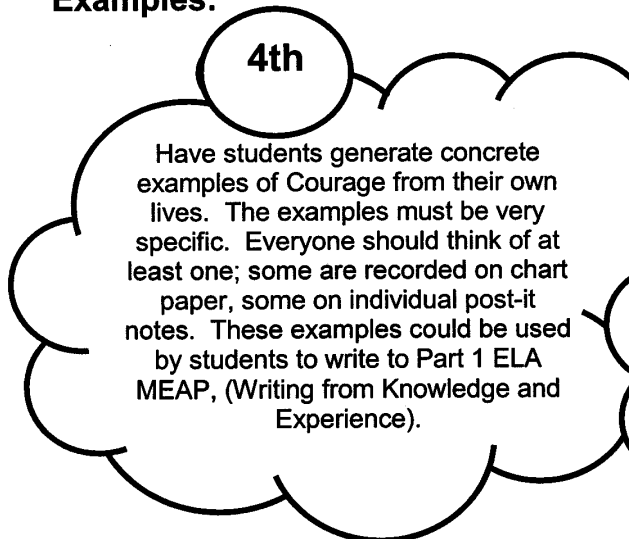
Courage is not...



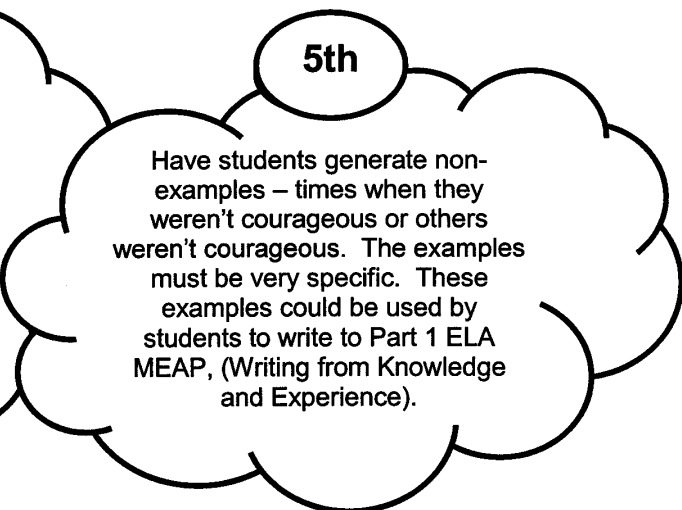
State theme in center oval



Examples:



Non-examples:



6th Read a book about "Courage" that is not in the prototype. Have students listen for clear examples and non-examples of courage. Use names and situations specific to the reading selection, when recording the examples.

7th Have students identify clear examples from the 1st reading selection to record on the chart.

8th Have students identify clear examples from the 2nd reading selection to record on the chart.

9th Have students listen for clear examples and non-examples of courage during part three of the prototype to record on the chart.

10th Students who need help can use the clear examples from this chart when writing to Part II ELA MEAP, Response to Reading.

Example of Frayer's Model

Courage is...

Bravery

Standing up for something in the face of adversity

Not letting fear and emotions control your actions

Courage is not...

Not speaking up for an injustice

Being controlled by fear

Cowardice



Examples:

Saving someone from a burning building

Standing up for a friend that is being teased.

Standing up for your beliefs or values, even if you might get made fun of

Non examples:

Panicking when someone yells "fire"

Hit-and-run

Compromising your values for popularity

...from *It Takes Courage*

Examples:

Refrain from gossip

Hold fast to your ideals

Refusing to do something that you know is wrong

Deny yourself what you can't afford

Non examples:

(none)

...as you continue through the prototype add examples from each of the reading and listening selections

Courage is...

Courage is not...



Examples:

Non examples:

Writing From Knowledge and Experience

The English Language Arts MEAP assessment requires students to write from knowledge and experience. Students may choose the style or genre of writing that suites them best. However, the majority of students choose to write personal narratives. Dr. Elaine Weber, Barbara Nelson, and Ray Woods, the authors of *Profiles in Writing 2002*, have granted permission to us to offer some information from the book. This information may help you instruct students in personal narratives.

These resources will provide you with:

- Description of the four qualities of writing the MEAP assessment used to evaluate student writing;
- A model for creating writing prompts;
- Examples of well written student papers;
- Attributes of writing that commonly appear at this grade level;
- Strategies used by narrative writers; and
- Examples of student papers with the narratives strategies highlighted.

attributes of **writing**

Note

This year the Profiles Project has reorganized the attributes of writing to align with the 4-trait rubric most widely used by Profiles Network members:

Focus on Content and Ideas

Organization

Voice/Style,

and

Conventions.

focus on content

Focus refers to concentration on the content and ideas of the piece of writing and to the development of the content and major ideas with appropriate details, examples, etc.

or gan i za tion

Organization refers to the structure of a piece of writing with logical sequence; beginning, middle, and end; flow; cohesion, coherence, unity, effective leads; transitions and conclusions; sense of wholeness, etc.

Voice/style

Voice refers to the writer's ability/attempts to engage and interest the reader through stylistic elements and techniques such as: descriptive detail, precise word choice, sentence variety, strong verbs, humor, figurative language, personal reflection, etc.

con·ven·tion(s)

Conventions refer to a writer's presentation of a piece of writing through accurate and effective use of writing form including: directionality, spacing, mechanics (capitalization, punctuation), grammar and usage, spelling, etc.

profiles prompt

Topic

A Special Place

Thinking About The Topic

Do you have a favorite place that is important to you?

- Where or what is this place or space? (indoors, outdoors, your bedroom, closet, tree house, a place you like to visit, etc.)
- What is it like there?
- What do you do there
- Why is it special to you?

Writing About The Topic

Write about a special place.

You might, for example, do one of the following:

- describe in detail a place that is important to you.
- or ■ tell what you like to do in your special place.
- or ■ tell why your special space is important to you.
- or ■ write about the topic in another way.

You may use examples from real life, from what you read or watch, or from your imagination. Your writing will be read by interested adults.

grade nine (Change)

Flat lands of corn turned slowly into rolling, grassy hills. Walls of concrete, beside the highways turned into trees. Sport cars disappeared into old pickup trucks and parcels of land turned into lakes. Dreams were suddenly thrown against reality and shattered into ragged pieces. This is what my life became when I moved from Ohio to Michigan, a scary reality. The scenery of my life turned upside down and dreams were broken. The biggest change in my life was my life style change that I received by my move from Ohio to Michigan.

A major change in my lifestyle was the school that I went to. I no longer went to a school where I had friends on either side of me, I went to a school where I felt alone. The school that I went to wasn't on top of a hill where a person could feel comfortable, but in a crowded area. This new school was boring and crowded and I was forced to adjust to my new surroundings.

Another major change in my life was a change in the way I thought. I didn't believe anymore that I was surrounded by dreams, but reality. I realized that to become what I wanted to be in this crazy world would take work and sacrific. I also realized that fate just doesn't happen, but that you have to work toward fate.

When I moved from Ohio to Michigan I went through a major life change. Not only did the physical surrounds change around me, but my emotional feelings. I couldn't live in a dream anymore, I had to face reality and create new dreams.

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topic
- ✓ develops through sensory imagery and personal experience

organization

- ✓ organization is purposeful
- ✓ effective lead
- ✓ uses transitions

Voice/style

- ✓ conveys emotion
- ✓ reflective thinking
- ✓ figurative language – personification
- ✓ contrasts
- ✓ very descriptive language
- ✓ visual imagery
- ✓ snapshots
- ✓ binoculars
- ✓ thoughtshots

con-ven·tion(s)

- ✓ uses standard writing conventions with few errors

attributes **grade nine**

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topic, message and theme
- ✓ elaborates through detail
- ✓ descriptive details skillfully woven throughout piece
- ✓ develops with imagination and creativity
- ✓ uses reflective thinking
- ✓ uses abstract thinking

organization

- ✓ organization unifies writing
- ✓ smooth, connected text
- ✓ uses logical sequence of events
- ✓ uses chronological development
- ✓ organization is purposeful
- ✓ strong lead engages reader
- ✓ conclusion revisits introduction
- ✓ uses comparison/contrast
- ✓ develops plot: ascending action, climax, descending action
- ✓ sets the scene
- ✓ develops paragraphs well
- ✓ uses transitions

Voice/style

- ✓ writing is well-crafted without losing focus
- ✓ personal writing style emerging
- ✓ conveys emotion
- ✓ shows awareness of audience
- ✓ involves reader throughout piece
- ✓ sentence variety – includes complex sentences
- ✓ employs unique approach to topic
- ✓ includes mature tone
- ✓ writer's voice shows personal influence
- ✓ uses sincere voice
- ✓ uses humor
- ✓ builds anticipation/suspense
- ✓ creates imagery through metaphor, simile, original expressions and personification
- ✓ uses alliteration
- ✓ effectively uses quotes
- ✓ effectively uses questions to engage reader
- ✓ uses a variety of genres: narrative, expository, etc.
- ✓ uses foreshadowing
- ✓ uses concise, effective word choice
- ✓ uses mature vocabulary
- ✓ uses slang appropriately
- ✓ uses literary allusion
- ✓ uses spacing and rhythm
- ✓ uses sentence fragment effectively
- ✓ reflective thinking
- ✓ snapshots
- ✓ binoculars
- ✓ thoughtshots

con-ven-tion(s)

- ✓ uses standard writing conventions
- ✓ control of mechanics and grammar
- ✓ sophisticated use of punctuation
- ✓ correct use of introductory clauses and phrases
- ✓ uses appositives
- ✓ effective use of hyphens

strategies used by **narrative writers**

The next step in the Profile process, after selecting the most effective writings and holistically scoring the papers with a rubric, is to identify writing strategies used by the authors of the effective papers. The following list of writers' strategies is a combination of the original list that came from the New Standards Project shared by Sally Hampton and modified by Barbara Nelson to include the writing strategies of Barry Lane. These writing strategies can be taught in focused lessons. It is also a way to talk about narrative writing with students during writing conferences. The list of strategies used by narrative writers follows:

1. forecasting
2. flashback / flash forward
3. foreshadowing
4. compressing - shrink a century
5. naming (specific names of people or objects quantities, number)
6. describing visual details of scenes, objects, or people (size, colors, shapes, feature, dress) binoculars
7. describing sounds or smells of the scene - snapshots
8. narrating specific action (movements, gestures, postures, expressions) snapshots
9. creating dialogues, interior monologues, or expressing remembered feelings or insights at the time of the incident - thoughtshots
10. slowing the pace to elaborate the central moment in the incident - explode a moment
11. using syntax to support meaning
12. creating suspense or tension - explode a moment
13. including the element of surprise
14. comparing or contrasting other scenes or people
15. detailing subjects's routines habits or typical activities - binoculars
16. humor or irony
17. repetition / recurring events, objects, phrases
18. using various characters' voices to narrate a story
19. inserting historical or factual information into a story
20. figurative language - simile, metaphor, personification, onomatopoeia, alliteration
21. effective lead
22. effective conclusion, ending
23. literary allusion
24. creative, insightful word choice/word order (eg. active not passive voice, strong verbs, interesting or unusual use of or combination of words, etc.)
25. transitions
26. engaging audience intentionally and effectively (questioning, conversational tone)

strategies used by **narrative writers** (cont.)

Ninth Grade

Flat lands of corn turned slowly into rolling, grassy hills. Walls of concrete, beside the highways turned into trees. Sport cars disappeared into old pickup trucks and parcels of land turned into lakes. Dreams were suddenly thrown against reality and shattered into rugged pieces.

figurative language, binoculars, snapshots This is what my life became when I moved from Ohio to Michigan, a scary reality. The scenery of my life turned upside down and dreams were broken **imagery**. The biggest change in my life was my life style change that I received by my move from Ohio to Michigan. **effective lead**

A major change in my life style was the school that I went to **effective, purposeful organization**. I no longer went to a school where I had friends on either side of me, I went to a school where I felt alone. The school that I went to wasn't on top of a hill where a person could feel comfortable, but in a crowded area. This new school was boring and crowded and I was forced to adjust to my new surroundings. **contrasting**

Another major change in the way I thought. I didn't believe anymore that I was surrounded by dreams, but reality. I realized that to become what I wanted to be in this crazy world would take work and sacrific. I also realized that fate just doesn't happen, but that you have to work toward fate. **thoughtshots, contrasting**

When I moved from Ohio to Michigan I went through a major life change. Not only did the physical surrounds change around me, but my emotional feelings. I couldn't live in a dream anymore, I had to face reality and create new dreams.

grade ten (A Special Place)

“My Refuge – Or My Furniture?”

What do you believe is the most important aspect of daily life? My first choice would have to be the wonderful world of relaxation. When one is relaxing, it may seem to him that he is wasting his time, but relaxing can actually lead to a more productive and useful day. For example, many successful businessmen are known to take a short nap in their office everyday. They claim it has been one of the biggest keys to their success. Sometimes it is easier to find true relaxation if one has a special spot or place in which to enjoy it. My room has a narrow passageway that leads to a large window. Attached to the window is a seat adorned with cushions and pillows galore. The designers of our house probably thought it was a lovely addition to the room, but it is more than a decoration. My windowseat provides me with a relaxing spot to spend some time alone, it also allows me to gather my ideas and think, and it helps me go through my daily life more smoothly.

My windowseat proves to be the most relaxing spot for me to spend time alone. It is a completely peaceful atmosphere. If I open the window, my room is filled with the sweet sound of birds, but if I keep it closed, it offers much needed quiet and stillness. It all depends on what kind of mood I am in. If I want to cheer myself up, I will usually leave the window open, but on the days I just want to be melancholy, I leave the window closed, lean my head against the glass, and have a welcomed cry. My windowseat is an excellent cradle of privacy where I can spend a calm minute alone amidst my hectic daily life.

I am also able to think more clearly and rationally when I am alone at my windowseat. Despite what many adults say, high school is one of the most difficult times in a person's life. There are so many things one has to worry about, both socially and academically. Often I need a quiet place to think about my everyday problems, big or little, and create a solution to my troubles. My personal sanctuary enables me to focus on my problems and tackle them quickly so I can concentrate on more enjoyable topics such as dreaming. While reclining at my window seat, my mind drifts to a faraway place, away from all the worries and troubles of life. I can go anywhere I want, see anything I wish, and visit anyone I miss. There are no limits to my thoughts. It is great escape from everyday life and a wonderful way to fulfill desires otherwise left unsatisfied.

Daily life can be difficult and trying, but a short visit to my windowseat can change a horrible morning into a favorable afternoon. Ten minutes alone at the window can help me gather my thoughts and discover new ideas I have. It is a private place in which I can listen to myself more closely and figure out the right thing to do in a certain situation. If I am upset about something, it helps me settle down and feel better. It brings back many memories – some good, others bad, but I am grateful to have those good memories to look back on and reminisce about “the good ol' days,” and those bad memories to learn from my mistakes and to focus on the positive aspects of life.

My windowseat is a great escape from the pressures of the outside world, into my own little world where I can focus on myself, and solving my problems. It calms me and equips me with a sense of control and peace that only it can give me. Whether I am thinking about the past dreaming about the future, or just talking on the phone, my windowseat serves as one of my best friends. If we move, I will have to bring it along!

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topics
- ✓ supports with personal experiences
- ✓ title gives essence of piece

organization

- ✓ beginning, middle, end – past/future/present
- ✓ flow
- ✓ well-structured yet not constrained by structure
- ✓ interesting introduction
- ✓ effective conclusion
- ✓ sequential

Voice/style

- ✓ uses extremely effective vocabulary – word choice and word order
- ✓ simplistic place made grandiose
- ✓ uses mature, insightful, introspective tone

con-ven·tion(s)

- ✓ uses standard writing conventions

attributes **grade ten**

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topic
- ✓ clear why paper was written
- ✓ uses supportive examples
- ✓ draws on experience
- ✓ includes effective title
- ✓ shows knowledge of real world
- ✓ experience of author goes full circle
- ✓ title gives essence of piece

organization

- ✓ organization unifies writing
- ✓ smooth flow and direction – reader is never lost nor caused to reread
- ✓ reader is immediately included in the introduction
- ✓ concludes with advice
- ✓ uses vignettes cleverly for organization
- ✓ uses effective transitions
- ✓ uses variety of paragraph beginnings
- ✓ uses fable form
- ✓ rhyme scheme attempted
- ✓ uses identifiable poetic format
- ✓ interesting introduction
- ✓ effective conclusion
- ✓ well-structured, yet not constrained by structure
- ✓ sequential

Voice/style

- ✓ demonstrates writer's voice
- ✓ emotionally compelling
- ✓ uses variety of sentence structure and length
- ✓ insight into own thoughts – introspective
- ✓ consistent recognition of audience
- ✓ makes a point without belaboring
- ✓ experimenting with style
- ✓ presents various points of view
- ✓ shows empathy with others
- ✓ uses visual descriptions
- ✓ stages scene to draw in reader
- ✓ uses figurative language
- ✓ vivid description through imagery
- ✓ uses language imaginatively
- ✓ uses cliché effectively
- ✓ experiments with interchangeability of parts of speech
- ✓ uses conversational tone
- ✓ uses questions effectively
- ✓ repeats phrases and ideas
- ✓ employs tongue in cheek
- ✓ uses objective tone
- ✓ uses mature tone
- ✓ uses reflective tone
- ✓ uses narrative voice
- ✓ takes risks with tone and mood
- ✓ uses reference to literature outside of self experience
- ✓ compares fantasy with reality
- ✓ simplistic place made grandiose
- ✓ uses insightful, introspective tone

con-ven-tion(s)

- ✓ uses standard writing conventions
- ✓ control of grammar and mechanics
- ✓ consistent verb tense
- ✓ quotation marks used for effect
- ✓ effective use of parenthesis

strategies used by **narrative writers** (cont.)

Tenth Grade

“My Refuge – Or My Furniture?”

What do you believe is the most important aspect of daily life? My first choice would have to be the wonderful world **alliteration** of relaxation. When one is relaxing, it may seem to him that he is wasting his time, but relaxing can actually lead to a more productive and useful day. **factual information** For example, many successful businessmen are known to take a short nap in their office everyday. They claim it has been one of the biggest keys to their success. Sometimes it is easier to find true relaxation if one has a special spot or place in which to enjoy it. My room has a narrow passageway that leads to a large window. Attached to the window is a seat adorned with cushions and pillows galore. **word choice** The designers of our house probably thought it was a lovely addition to the room, but it is more than a decoration. My windowseat provides me with a relaxing spot to spend some time alone, it also allows me to gather my ideas and think, and it helps me go through my daily life more smoothly.

My windowseat proves to be the most relaxing spot for me to spend time alone. It is a completely peaceful atmosphere. If I open the window, my room is filled with the sweet sound of birds, but if I keep it closed, it offers much needed quiet and stillness. **word choice, detailing** It all depends on what kind of mood I am in. **thoughtshot** If I want to cheer myself up, I will usually leave the window open, but on the days I just want to be melancholy, I leave the window closed, lean my head against the glass, and have a welcomed cry, **word choice** My windowseat is an excellent cradle **word choice** of privacy where I can spend a calm minute alone amidst my hectic daily life.

I am also able to think more clearly and rationally when I am alone at my windowseat. Despite what many adults say, high school is one of the most difficult times in a person's life. There are so many things one has to worry about, both socially and academically. Often I need a quiet place to think about my everyday problems, big or little, and create a solution to my troubles. My personal sanctuary enables me to focus on my problems and tackle **strong verb** them quickly so I can concentrate on more enjoyable topics such as dreaming. While reclining at my window seat, my mind drifts to a faraway place, away from all the worries and troubles of life **insight at time of incident**. I can go anywhere I want, see anything I wish, and visit anyone I miss. There are no limits to my thoughts. It is great escape from everyday life and a wonderful way to fulfill desires otherwise left unsatisfied.

Daily life can be difficult and trying, but a short visit to my windowseat can change a horrible morning into a favorable afternoon. Ten minutes alone at the window can help me gather my thoughts and discover new ideas I have. It is a private place in which I can listen to myself more closely and figure out the right thing to do in a certain situation. If I am upset about something, it helps me settle down and feel better. It brings back many memories – some good, others bad, but I am grateful to have those good memories to look back on and reminisce about “the good ol’ days,” and those bad memories to learn from my mistakes and to focus on the positive aspects of life.

My windowseat is a great escape from the pressures of the outside world, into my own little world where I can focus on myself, and solving my problems. It calms me and equips me with a sense of control and peace that only it can give me. **syntax, word order** Whether I am thinking about the past dreaming about the future, or just talking on the phone, my windowseat serves as one of my best friends. If we move, I will have to bring it along!

grade eleven (A Special Place)

A Special Place

A satisfying ping rings through the air as my bat connects solidly with the ball. Without even the slightest pause, I drop my weapon and take off down the baseline. I sprint round first base and pick up steam as the ball skips to the fence in right field. My coach suddenly enters my field of vision, circling his arm wildly and motioning for me to continue to third. I take a huge turn past second, pick up a final burst of speed, and dive head first into the base just in time to beat the tag. I stand up as my coach pats me on the back, and feelings of joy and excitement overpower my heavy breathing. Everyone has somewhere where they experience feelings such as these; a special place in which they can actually say that they feel is if everything in their life is perfect for just a small period in time. For me, that place is the baseball field. Ever since I have been able to tie my shoe, I have been proud to say that I hold a place for our national pastime as my favorite sport. Consequently, when I step onto the diamond I am already doing what I enjoy more than anything else.

However, the baseball field is special to me as more than just a setting for pure enjoyment. It also exists as an escape from the pressures of everyday life. For instance, no matter how many disagreements I am in with friends or how many hours of homework I have on any given day, when I suit up for a baseball game after school all of this fades to the back of my mind. I still remember how much more enjoyable beating Brighton was my freshman year when the victory came after I had suffered through a day of school highlighted by five tests.

In addition to being an escape, the baseball field is also special to me because it gives me time to spend with my friends. For example, over the summer, many young adults have the problem of experiencing extreme boredom. However, summer baseball gives me a chance to converse with all my teammates, many of whom I have been playing ball with my entire life. In reality, small talk in the dugout is actually a major part of the true baseball experience. It's amazing how chomping sunflower seeds and blurting out obnoxious comments has somewhat of a calming aura to it.

Finally, one of the most important reasons that a baseball field is special to me is the overall atmosphere. On the diamond, everything seems to come across as more peaceful and natural. The smell of freshly mown grass mixed with the aroma of oiled leather reaches near perfection, and the meaningless chatter of the crowd, which can reach mammoth numbers nearing thirty, adds a slight hint of excitement. Digging my spikes in the batters box as I step to the plate sends chills up my spine, and when all of this is combined with the fresh spring air I am overcome with a feeling of complete control that puts my mind and body at peace.

Indeed, the baseball field is an important place to me, and the game of baseball continues to dominate a major portion of my teenage life. And, in the end, whether emerge from any game victoriously or in defeat, I will always walk off the field ready to deal with and conquer life's other strikeouts and foul balls.

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topics
- ✓ develops with specific details
- ✓ shows knowledge of real world

organization

- ✓ strong lead engages reader
- ✓ effective conclusion – ends with metaphor
- ✓ flow and rhythm to paper

Voice/style

- ✓ emotionally compelling
- ✓ personal reflective tone throughout
- ✓ draws on personal experience
- ✓ introspective tone
- ✓ creative imagery and description – very vivid in detail
- ✓ builds anticipation/suspense
- ✓ uses narrative voice
- ✓ uses variety of paragraph beginnings

con-ven-tion(s)

- ✓ shows control of standard writing conventions

attributes **grade eleven**

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topic
- ✓ richly develops with details
- ✓ uses variety of examples
- ✓ uses real life examples
- ✓ gives good support for general statements
- ✓ takes reader on a clear journey
- ✓ includes creative title

or gan i za tion

- ✓ controls organization
- ✓ uses grabbing lead
- ✓ includes strong ending
- ✓ includes philosophical conclusion
- ✓ sequence is logical
- ✓ ending ties to beginning
- ✓ title links to conclusion
- ✓ uses effective transitions
- ✓ problems and solutions effectively interfaced
- ✓ uses complex structure
- ✓ uses comparison and contrast
- ✓ shows momentum

Voice/style

- ✓ clear sense of voice
- ✓ sense of audience
- ✓ creates emotional response
- ✓ shows sense of humor
- ✓ builds suspense
- ✓ uses sensory words
- ✓ uses figurative language effectively: metaphor, simile personification
- ✓ uses parable/extended metaphor
- ✓ good word choice
- ✓ uses repetition effectively
- ✓ uses foreshadowing/flashback/foreshadowing
- ✓ uses literary allusion
- ✓ shows originality
- ✓ point of view is creative
- ✓ persuasive
- ✓ uses visual imagery (you can see what they see)
- ✓ experiments with epiphany
- ✓ uses variety of sentence structure and length
- ✓ uses effective phrasing
- ✓ uses effective shifts of mood
- ✓ uses narrative voice
- ✓ uses tone effectively
- ✓ language flows rhythmically
- ✓ creates a feeling tone
- ✓ creates a sincere tone
- ✓ creates an authentic tone
- ✓ uses mature tone
- ✓ uses philosophical tone
- ✓ uses reflective tone
- ✓ binoculars
- ✓ snapshots

con·ven·tion(s)

- ✓ uses standard writing conventions
- ✓ shows command of mechanics
- ✓ uses punctuation appropriately
- ✓ verb tense is consistent
- ✓ uses quotation marks effectively
- ✓ uses standard spelling

strategies used by **narrative writers** *(cont.)*

Eleventh Grade

A Special Place

A satisfying ping rings through the air as my bat connects solidly with the ball. Without even the slightest pause, I drop my weapon **word choice** and take off down the baseline. I sprint **strong verb** around first base and pick up steam **sports analogy** as the ball skips to the fence in right field. My coach suddenly enters my field of vision, circling his arm wildly and motioning for me to continue to third. I take a huge turn past second, pick up a final burst of speed, and dive head first into the base just in time to beat the tag. **sports analogy** I stand up as my coach pats me on the back, and feelings of joy and excitement overpower my heavy breathing. Everyone has somewhere where they experience feelings such as these; a special place in which they can actually say that they feel is if everything in their life is perfect for just a small period in time. For me, that place is the baseball field. Ever since I have been able to tie my shoe, **binoculars** I have been proud to say that I hold a place for our national pastime as my favorite sport. Consequently, when I step onto the diamond I am already doing what I enjoy more than anything else.

However, the baseball field is special to me as more than just a setting for pure enjoyment. It also exists as an escape from the pressures of everyday life. For instance, no matter how many disagreements I am in with friends or how many hours of homework I have on any given day, when I suit up for a baseball game after school all of this fades to the back of my mind. I still remember how much more enjoyable beating Brighton was my freshman year when the victory came after I had suffered through a day of school highlighted by five tests.

In addition to being an escape, **effective transition** the baseball field is also special to me because it gives me time to spend with my friends. For example, over the summer, many young adults have the problem of experiencing extreme boredom. However, summer baseball gives me a chance to converse with all my teammates, many of whom I have been playing ball with my entire life. In reality, small talk in the dugout is actually a major part of the true baseball experience. It's amazing how chomping sunflower seeds and blurting out obnoxious comments has somewhat of a calming aura to it. **humor**

Finally, one of the most important reasons that a baseball field is special to me is the overall atmosphere. On the diamond, everything seems to come across as more peaceful and natural. The smell of freshly mown grass **snapshot** mixed with the aroma of oiled leather **snapshot** reaches near perfection, and the meaningless chatter of the crowd, which can reach mammoth numbers nearing thirty, **humor** adds a slight hint of excitement. Digging my spikes in the batters box as I step to the plate sends chills up my spine, **detailing activities** and when all of this is combined with the fresh spring air **snapshot** I am overcome with a feeling of complete control that puts my mind and body at peace.

Indeed, the baseball field is an important place to me, and the game of baseball continues to dominate a major portion of my teenage life. And, in the end, whether emerge from any game victoriously or in defeat, I will always walk off the field ready to deal with and conquer life's other strikeouts and foul balls. **effective conclusion, metaphor**

attributes **grade twelve**

focus on content

- ✓ focuses on topic
- ✓ good use of detail
- ✓ uses rational, supportive details
- ✓ supported by examples
- ✓ uses insightful details
- ✓ uses appropriate, creative title
- ✓ topic is original
- ✓ includes important message without being “preachy”
- ✓ shows mature thinking
- ✓ shows deep abstract thinking

or gan i za tion

- ✓ shows control of organization
- ✓ cohesion/coherence of purpose
- ✓ attention-getting introduction
- ✓ surprise ending
- ✓ clear sequencing
- ✓ uses logical progression in developing the theme
- ✓ uses effective transitions
- ✓ flow (deliberate intent)

Voice/style

- ✓ voice is evident
- ✓ engages and includes of the audience
- ✓ style is identifiable
- ✓ uses emotional appeal
- ✓ controls phrasing
- ✓ uses variety of sentence structure (complex)
- ✓ personal revelation included
- ✓ analyzes own reaction to situations
- ✓ imaginative
- ✓ uses different twist or approach
- ✓ uses humor effectively
- ✓ ironic
- ✓ empathetic
- ✓ effective building of suspense
- ✓ uses sensory images to evoke feelings and mood
- ✓ uses personification
- ✓ uses metaphorical language
- ✓ uses appropriate word choice
- ✓ incorporates dialogue for effect
- ✓ embeds monologue
- ✓ carries double meaning (of “wish”) throughout
- ✓ uses mature tone
- ✓ uses reflective tone
- ✓ uses narrative voice
- ✓ integrates fantasy with reality

con-ven-tion(s)

- ✓ demonstrates refined conventions of writing

Using Profundity in Grades 3-12

To get third through twelfth graders to think about books at the theme level we use an activity that is systematic, based on the Profundity Scale, and dependent upon group discussion. The activity must be presented using the to, with and by format. First the teachers model the entire activity to their students. Next, teachers will share the responsibility of the activity with their students. Then teachers will guide students working in small groups through the use of the activity. Finally, students will independently work in small discussion groups to complete the activity or independently complete the activity. Following are the directions we give to teachers to guide students working in small groups. From these directions you should be able to model and share the activity and to help students move to independent use of this activity. The directions will be followed by some hints to help you do that. Depending upon the age of the student, adjust how much direction is needed.

To prepare for the activity you need the following materials for each small group working on the activity; sets of eight different color markers, large sheets of unlined chart paper: two sheets for the teacher and one sheet for each small group. You will also need a great book. There is a list of thematically linked text at the beginning of this unit. If they are books that you and your students have enjoyed over time they are probably good books with good lessons to be learned.

We are going to demonstrate the use of the activity using the book, *Elmer*, by David McKee. *Elmer* is the story of a patchwork colored elephant. He is always the center of attention until one day he mistakenly gets the notion that the other elephants are laughing at him, not with him. He leaves the herd to find a berry bush that has elephant colored berries. He covers himself in berry juice until he looks like any other elephant. When he rejoins the herd he is unnoticed by the others. He stands there seriously still until he can't stand it any longer and yells, "Booo!" The other elephants think it is a great joke and make the remark that Elmer should have been there to enjoy the joke. In the next moment a rain cloud showers Elmer back to his normal patchwork color. All the elephants think that what Elmer did was his best joke ever and they decide to have a parade each year to celebrate Elmer's best joke. So, every year Elmer comes to the parade looking like a normal elephant and all the other elephants color themselves patchwork.

To begin, hang two sheets of chart paper up where everyone can see them. Devise a way for students to gather the material they need. We usually have them count the number of buttons on their person. The one with the most buttons gets to come up and get the markers and sheet of chart paper. Once everyone is situated in small groups, four to a group seems to be a workable size, and has the materials they need you tell the students to listen for the actions of the main character in the story as you read. Profundity depends on following the actions of one character throughout the story.

Tell the students to listen for the actions of Elmer as you read the story. Remind them that actions are the things Elmer does. Read the story aloud to the class. As a class cooperatively build a list of important actions on the first piece of chart paper. **This list goes along with the Physical Plane: the reader is aware of the physical actions of the character.** Choose the three actions the class feels are the most important being sure that one of them is the turning point of the story (the turning point is often the clearest example of the theme in stories). Then explain that they will be working in co-operative groups, which means we will listen to each person talk and each person will have an opportunity to talk. The person with the most buttons needs to pick up the black marker and draw this shape (a rectangle divided into three equal parts) in the middle of their group chart paper. Then they write one of the three actions chosen by the class in each of the boxes. As they are writing the teacher also draws the boxes and writes one of the three actions in each of the boxes (on the second sheet of chart paper), as a model.

We always have the students use the markers as their talking sticks. That means when you have the marker in your hand it is your turn to talk and everyone should listen to what you have to say. It is very important to establish this procedure from the very beginning especially if this is the first time the student will be working in cooperative discussion groups. The first student in each group to have a marker is the one with the most buttons on his or her person. We always start there and then have the students exchange the use of the marker by the order they are sitting in, moving clock-wise around the group. So, moving clock-wise around the group the next person needs a red marker to draw a red bubble that connects to the first action box. We are going to use the example for *Elmer* to help explain the next steps. What the group is going to be thinking about is “Why did Elmer think the other elephants were laughing at him?” **This question goes along with the Mental Plane: the reader is aware of the intellectual actions of the character.** The person with the red marker tells why first, then passing the marker clock-wise, everyone gets to share his or her reason why. When everyone is done sharing, the group synthesizes the information and the person with the red marker writes their response in the red bubble. The next person takes a blue marker and draws a blue bubble that connects to the red bubble. What the group is going to be thinking this time is “was it right or wrong for Elmer to think the other elephants were laughing at him and tell why?” **This question goes along with the Moral Plane: the reader is aware of the character in light of an ethical code.** Repeat the process of sharing and writing shared response in the bubble. The next person takes a green marker and draws a green bubble that connects to the blue bubble. What the group is going to be thinking this time is “What did Elmer get from thinking the other elephants were laughing at him?” **This question goes along with the Psychological Plane: the reader is aware of the psychological forces influencing the character.** It is important to remember that Profundity begins with the actions of the character and always goes back to the actions. It is also important to remember that for the third bubble you must stay specific to the action, you can never go beyond the next action. Students repeat this process for the next two actions on their own. As they are working you wander from group to group monitoring the group discussion, giving advice, modeling discussion behavior, prompting for deeper discussion and giving evaluative feedback that students can use to help monitor their own discussion groups.

Next, the teacher explains to the students that they will understand stories and theme better when they attempt to identify with the characters of the story. Every group now turns over their large sheet of chart paper and makes a list of how these are like a character in the story. Think about the ways you are the same as Elmer to make your list. This typically starts out as a list of physical characteristics; such as, we are both animals. Teachers should get students to think deeper by posing situations from the story to consider while they are filling out the chart. One such situation is pointing out that when Elmer was standing with the herd still, quiet and serious, he yelled, “Booo!” If you would do that then you are like Elmer. Teachers want students to see how their thinking is the same as Elmer’s. Do they do the same things as Elmer? Do they think the same things are right or wrong?

An example of the power identifying with characters has in helping students get to the theme level came about one day as while presenting this activity in a third grade classroom in Memphis, Michigan. We walked into the classroom and were immediately able to identify at least one Elmer, in the room. You can always identify the Elmers in classrooms very quickly. He was a very vivacious, very blond boy seated with a group of about 10 students and he was keeping them very entertained as we were preparing for the activity. He did stop long enough to become thoroughly engaged in the activity. However, when we got to the part where they had to think about “Why did Elmer yell, “Booo!” he stood up, threw his arms in the air, in very Elmer fashion, and announced, “Nobody needs to think, I know the answer, Elmer was addicted to attention, just like me!” It was a very easy jump for him to get from that understanding to the theme of “Be true to yourself.”

Go back to the person with the most buttons and have them turn the chart paper back over to the bubbling side. He or she needs to draw a large brown bubble. What the group is going to be thinking about here is “What is the theme of this story?” **This question goes along with the philosophical plane: the universal truth the author is trying to expound.**

Then you finish up the activity by having everyone draw a square and respond to one of the prompts listed on the three ways reading can transform your thinking page. This illustrates to students that universal truths are generative. This step often takes you beyond the theme level to the ideas in action level. Now that you know this to be true what can or are you going to do about it. This is the social action level that is described well by Terri and Randy Bomer in their book, *Reading and Writing for Social Action*, (1999) and by Paula Rogovin in her book, *The Research Workshop, Bringing the World into Your Classroom* (2001).

Here are some helpful hints to help you manage the activity in the classroom. This activity takes a few hours to do with the children so think of creative ways to break it down and spread the instruction over several days. You could do all the red bubbles one day, the blue bubbles the next day and then the green bubbles another day or you could do the first action one day or you could do the first action one day the second action the next day and then the third action another day. We recommend that the book be reread each day before resuming the activity. Since it takes a great deal of time to complete the activity, be sure to select text carefully. The teachers we have worked with always stress that they would never have students complete this activity with a book they themselves had not personally analyzed. They want to make sure they are able to help students through the tough spots and they want to make sure that the theme the students infer is reasonable and justifiable given the evidence in the story.

Here are some helpful suggestions to help you present this activity in a to, with, and by format. When modeling the activity the teacher will do all the talking and will be demonstrating how to draw the boxes and bubbles and how to think about the questions before filling in the bubbles. A time or two of modeling should be enough for most classes. When sharing the activity the teacher will share the talking and thinking about the questions with the students. The teacher still draws the boxes and bubbles and fills them in with synthesized answers. It looks and sounds like this when a teacher is sharing, the teacher draws the red bubble and poses the question, “Why did Elmer think the other elephants were laughing at him?” He or she then asks for responses from several students. The teacher then shares their own response and shows the children how to synthesize the several responses into a statement that can be written into the bubble. The teacher continues to share the talking and thinking until the activity is completed. Again, a time or two of sharing should be enough for most classes. When independently completing the activity, the students are to work alone. The teacher’s job becomes one of facilitator and evaluator. As they are working, you wander from group to group, monitoring discussion, giving advice, modeling discussion behavior, prompting for deeper discussion, and giving evaluative feedback that students can use to help monitor their own discussion groups. The ultimate goal is to have kids either using the Profundity Scale in small discussion groups or individually to understand text at a deeper level.

It is very helpful to repeat this process with a second thematically related book. A book that I often pair with *Elmer* is *Stand Tall Molly Lou Mellon*, by Patty Lovell. The theme of both stories is “Be true to yourself,” however; both characters accomplish this through entirely different means. By repeating the process with thematically related books students can compare and contrast one character’s understanding of the theme with the other character’s understanding of the theme and with their own understanding of the theme. It also demonstrates to students that theme is inferred. It is the teacher in this case who is inferring the theme of both books, declaring them thematically related and then asking students if they agree or disagree with the theme that the teacher has inferred. To answer that question effectively students will need to provide clear examples from the text to support their position. Looking at two thematically linked books will lead students to a deeper understanding of both texts.

As mentioned before, our ultimate goal is to have kids either using the Profundity Scale in small discussion groups or individually to understand text at a deeper level. We hope, by now, that it is becoming clear to you how useful the Profundity Scale is in helping students discuss and think about text. Hopefully, students will be able to choose text about which they are curious, get with interested others and successfully start and sustain a discussion group around that text. Hopefully, individual students will have enough experience with thinking this way that it will become internalized and students will think this way about all text. One teacher during a workshop remarked, “Now I have all the questions I need to discuss texts with my students.” She was referring to the questions asked at each plane during the bubbling activity.

Another adaptation was to use the Profundity Scale Matrix as shown on the next page. Teachers should read two thematically linked texts. Then on a greatly enlarged version of the matrix they would lead children through a group discussion about each box of the matrix. You complete the matrix one book at a time. When you have completed the matrix for both books you can then lead discussions that compare and contrast the two characters’ understanding of the theme to your own understanding of the theme. Students then can agree or disagree if the theme of both stories really is the same. Of course, to effectively answer that question, they will need to provide clear examples from the texts to support their position. Using this matrix truly helps students develop a deeper understanding of both texts.

Profundity Matrix - Courage

Titles of paired texts	List three important actions of one character	Why did the character act this way?	Was it right or wrong for the character to act this way?	What did the character get from acting this way?	How am I like the characters in this story?	What is the lesson learned from this story?	How has this lesson learned changed the way I think?
<p>The Bear</p> <p>By: William Faulkner</p> <p>Character: The boy</p>	<p>The boy decides he has to see the bear.</p> <p>The boy leaves behind his gun, watch and compass.</p> <p>The boy sits on the log.</p>	<p>Curiosity, he didn't want the wandering to go on forever.</p> <p>They were symbols of his fear; the Indian man told him to.</p> <p>It was the final piece of advice he needed to surrender to the experience.</p>	<p>He was right because it showed determination.</p> <p>He was right because he was allowing himself to be in a more natural state.</p> <p>He was right because he was following his training.</p>	<p>He was able to utilize and improve his hunting skills.</p> <p>He learned to trust in his abilities.</p> <p>He got to see the bear and have a "right of passage" experience.</p>		<p>Sometimes to reach a goal you must have the courage to take a risk and let go of things you think are important.</p>	
<p>Know Your True Enemy</p> <p>By: Nancy Springer</p> <p>Character: Rafe</p>	<p>Rafe grabs Tod and escapes into the forest.</p> <p>Rafe acknowledges that he doesn't hate Tod.</p> <p>Rafe recognizes his true enemy.</p>	<p>He was following orders.</p> <p>He sees that Tod is an unwanted, vulnerable child.</p> <p>He didn't let his feelings interfere with the reality of the situation.</p>	<p>He was right because he was protecting a child.</p> <p>He was right because he was able to see beyond his initial judgments.</p> <p>He was right because he admits the unbiased truth.</p>	<p>He gains a reinforcement of his ethics.</p> <p>He gained a friend and an ally.</p> <p>He gained true insight and a sense of inner-peace.</p>		<p>Courage is being willing to search for the true cause of a problem rather than choosing an easy answer.</p>	

Profundity Matrix

Titles of paired texts	List three important actions of one character	Why did the character act this way?	Was it right or wrong for the character to act this way?	What did the character get from acting this way?	How am I like the characters in this story?	What is the lesson learned from this story?	How has this lesson learned changed the way I think?

CROSS TEXT QUESTIONS FOR “THE BEAR” AND “KNOWING YOUR TRUE ENEMY”

Q. Did Rafe and the boy do the same kinds of things? How were their actions similar or different?

A. Rafe let go of his personal feelings. The boy let go of items he thought he needed.

Q. How are their reasons for acting the way they did similar or different?

A. Rafe changed his attitude because he was able to see what the real situation was like. The boy let go of his fear because he wanted to see the bear so badly.

Q. Did you agree more with the way that Rafe acted or the way that the boy acted? Why?

A. We agree with Rafe more because his change came as a result of helping others.

Q. Did Rafe and the boy get the same thing for their actions? Why or why not?

A. They both got what they wanted because they had meaningful experiences that gave them a sense of inner-peace.

Q. If both of the characters learned the same lesson what was the lesson?

A. They learned that, in order to truly understand yourself, you need to be willing to let go of certain things.

Q. If each of the characters learned a different lesson what were the lessons learned?



A. Both characters learned the same lesson.

Q. Do you agree or disagree that the theme of these two stories is “have the courage to let go”?

A. We agree.

Graphic Organizer for Scenario Writing

Theme: _____

Title	Title
Scenario Question	
What are the choices?	
Choice 1	Choice 2
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around; align-items: center;"> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div> </div> <p style="text-align: center;">Your Choice</p>	
Text Examples / Support	
Text 1	Text 2
Cross-Text Connection	
Related Personal Experience or Lesson Learned	

Graphic Organizer for Scenario Writing

Theme: Courage

Title <i>"The Bear"</i>	Title <i>"Know Your True Enemy"</i>
Scenario Question <i>Should Dad accept or decline the new position?</i>	
What are the choices?	
Choice 1 <i>Tell dad it's ok to take the new position</i>	Choice 2 <i>Tell Dad you want him decline the new position</i>
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around; align-items: center;"> <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> Your Choice <i>I will tell Dad it's ok to accept the new position</i> </div> <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> </div>	
Text Examples / Support	
Text 1 <i>- The boy is able to have a great experience when he gives up the symbols of his fear.</i>	Text 2 <i>- Rafe is able to let go of his feelings of hatred towards the sheriff and see the son as a real person.</i>
Cross-Text Connection <i>Both Rafe and the boy learned that they needed to let go of their feelings. It took courage for both of them to do so, but it resulted in benefits for both of them. The boy had a unique, rite-of-passage kind of experience. Rafe gained a friend, and an ally. Both characters gained a deeper understanding of themselves and a sense of inner-peace.</i>	
Related Personal Experience or Lesson Learned <i>Ex: By looking at the examples of the characters in these two stories, I have learned that sometimes personal feelings can stand in the way. I need to put my feelings aside and do what is best for everybody. Hopefully, things will turn out for me like they did for Rafe and the boy.</i>	

Courage

Copies of Prototype Readings for Teacher Use

****Does not include listening piece****

Excerpt from *The Bear* By William Faulkner

So I must see him, he thought. *I must look at him*. Otherwise, it seemed to him that it would go on like this forever, as it had gone on with his father and Major de Spain, who was older than his father, and even with old General Compson, who had been old enough to be a brigade commander in 1865. Otherwise, it would go on so forever, next time and next time, after and after and after. It seemed to him that he could see the two of them, himself and the bear, shadowy in the limbo from which time emerged, becoming time; the old bear absolved of mortality and himself partaking, sharing a little of it, enough of it. And he knew himself partaking, sharing a little of it, enough of it. And he knew now what he had smelled in the huddled dogs and tasted in his saliva. He recognized fear. *So I will have to see him*, he thought, without dread or even hope. *I will have to look at him*.

It was in June or the next year. He was eleven. They were in camp again, celebrating Major de Spain's and General Compson's birthdays. Although the one had been born in September and the other in the depth of winter and in another decade, they had met for two weeks to fish and shoot squirrels and turkey and run coons and wildcats with the dogs at night. That is, he and Boon Hoggenbeck and the Negroes fished and shot squirrels and ran the coons and cats, because the proved hunters, not only Major de Spain and old General Compson, who spent those two weeks sitting in a rocking chair before a tremendous iron pot of Brunswick stew, stirring and tasting, with old Ash to quarrel with about how he was making it and Tennie's Jim to pour whiskey from the demijohn into the tin dipper from which he drank it, but even the boy's father and Walter Ewell, who were still young enough, scorned such, other than shooting the wild gobblers with pistols for wagers on their marksmanship.

Or, that is, his father and the others believed he was hunting squirrels. Until the third day he thought that Sam Fathers believed that too. Each morning he would leave the camp right after breakfast. He had his own gun now, a Christmas present. He went back to the tree beside the little bayou where he had stood that morning. Using the compass which old General Compson had given him, he ranged from that point; he was teaching himself to be a better-than-fair woodsman without knowing he was doing it. On the second day he even found the gutted log where he had first seen the crooked print. It was almost completely crumbled now, healing with unbelievable speed, a passionate and almost visible relinquishment, back into the earth from which the tree had grown.

He ranged the summer woods now, green with gloom; if anything, actually dimmer than in November's gray dissolution, where, even at noon, the sun fell only in intermittent dappling upon the earth, which never completely dried out and which crawled with snakes—moccasins

and water snakes and rattlers, themselves the color of the dappled gloom, so that he would not always see them until they moved, returning later and later, first day, second day, passing in the twilight of the third evening the little log pen enclosing the log stable where Sam was putting up the horses for the night.

“You ain’t looked right yet,” Sam said.

He stopped. For a moment he didn’t answer. Then he said peacefully, in a peaceful rushing burst as when a boy’s miniature dam in a little brook gives way, “All right. But how? I went to the bayou. I even found that log again. I—“

“I reckon that was all right. Likely he’s been watching you. You never saw his foot?”

“I,” the boy said—“I didn’t—I never thought—“

“It’s the gun,” Sam said. He stood beside the fence, motionless—the old man, the Indian, in the battered faded overalls and the frayed five-cent straw hat which in the Negro’s race had been the badge of his enslavement and was now the regalia of his freedom. The camp—the clearing, the house, the barn and its tiny lot with which Major de Spain in his turn had scratched punily and evanescently at the wilderness—faded in the dusk, back into the immemorial darkness of the woods. *The gun*, the boy thought. *The gun*.

“You will have to choose,” Sam said.

He left the camp before daylight, long before Uncle Ash would wake in his quilts on the kitchen floor and start the fire for breakfast. He had only the compass and a stick for snakes. He could go almost a mile before he would begin to need the compass. He sat on a log, the invisible compass in his invisible hand, while the secret night sounds, fallen still at his movements, scurried again and then ceased for good, and the owls ceased and gave over to the waking of day birds, and he could see the compass. Then he went fast yet still quietly; he was becoming better and better as a woodsman, still without having yet realized it.

He jumped a doe and a fawn at sunrise, walked them out of the bed, close enough to see them—the crash of undergrowth, the white scut, the fawn scudding behind her faster than he had believed it could run. He was hunting right, upwind, as Sam had taught him, not that it mattered now. He had left the gun; of his own will and relinquishment he had accepted not a gambit, not a choice, but a condition in which not only the bear’s heretofore inviolable anonymity but all the old rules and balances of hunter and hunted had been abrogated. He would not even be afraid, not even in the moment when the fear would take him completely—blood, skin, bowels, bones, memory from the long time before it became his memory—all save that thin, clear, quenchless, immortal lucidity which alone differed him from this bear and from all the other bear and deer he would ever kill in the humility and pride of his skill and endurance, to which Sam had spoken when he leaned in the twilight on the lot fence yesterday.

By noon he was far beyond the little bayou, farther into the new and alien country than he had ever been. He was traveling now not only by the compass but also by the old, heavy, biscuit-thick silver watch which had belonged to his grandfather. When he stopped at last, it was for the first time since he had risen from the log at dawn when he could see the compass. It was far enough. He had left the camp nine hours ago; nine hours from now, dark would have already been an hour old. But he didn't think that. He thought, *All right. Yes. But what?* and stood for a moment, alien and small in the green and topless solitude, answering his own question before it had formed and ceased. It was the watch, the compass, the stick—the three lifeless mechanicals with which for nine hours he had fended the wilderness off; he hung the watch and compass carefully on a bush and leaned the stick beside them and relinquished completely to it.

He had not been going very fast for the last two or three hours. He went no faster now, since distance would not matter even if he could have gone fast. And he was trying to keep a bearing on the tree where he had left the compass, trying to complete a circle which would bring him back to it or at least intersect itself since direction would not matter now either. But the tree was not there, and he did as Sam had schooled him—made the next circle in the opposite direction, so that the two patterns would bisect somewhere, but crossing no print of his own feet, finding the tree at last, but in the wrong place—no bush, no compass, no watch—and the tree not even the tree, because there was a down log beside it and he did what Sam Fathers had told him was the next thing and the last.

As he sat down on the log he saw the crooked print—the warped, tremendous, two-toed indentation which, even as he watched it, filled with water. As he looked up, the wilderness coalesced, solidified—the glade, the tree he sought, the bush, the watch and the compass glinting where a ray of sunlight touched them. Then he saw the bear. It did not emerge, appear; it was just there, immobile, solid, fixed in the hot dappling of the green and windless noon, not as big as he had dreamed it, but as big as he had expected it, bigger, dimensionless against the dappled obscurity, looking at him where he sat quietly on the log and looked back at it.

Then it moved. It made no sound. It did not hurry. It crossed the glade, walking for an instant into the full glare of the sun; when it reached the other side it stopped again and looked back at him across one shoulder while his quiet breathing inhaled and exhaled three times.

Then it was gone. It didn't walk into the woods, the undergrowth. It faded, sank back into the wilderness as he had watched a fish, a huge old bass, sink and vanish back into the dark depths of its pool without even any movement of its fins.

**Excerpt from: *Know Your True Enemy*
from *Sherwood*, Jane Yolen, Editor**

At the edge of the forest near Nottingham the outlaws had gathered, their lips tight, their hands tight on their bows, not speaking as their leader joined them.

“Anything?” Robin asked. The high road to Nottingham curved near Sherwood at that point. As Rafe understood it, Little John had been taken by a patrol on sortie to the north. The sheriff would come riding—

“Soon.” The lookout jerked his chin at a puff of dust growing nearer. Rafe heard the trampling of horses, harsh voices, saw the glint of brazen helms. And the sheriff’s breastplate—on a heavy-headed charger the sheriff rode in the force.

Tod might expect to be beaten when he returned home. But Little John might expect to be beaten when he returned home. But Little John might expect to be hanged at dawn.

“Lad?” said Robin to Tod.

Staring at Little John, the boy swallowed hard, then nodded and crunched forward. Weaponless, Robin walked with him. Rafe could see blood on his face, and his stomach knotted; he felt as if he himself had been struck.

Tod might expect to be beaten when he returned home. But Little John might expect to be hanged at dawn.

Hand on the boy’s shoulder, Robin called, “Sheriff!”

It was the signal. The merry men stepped forward, just out of their leafy cover, presenting a score of arrows nocked to fly. Nottingham yanked his charger to a halt, his armor jangling, and his patrol stopped behind him.

“An exchange of prisoners, Sheriff, if you please,” said Robin.

Staring at Tod, the sheriff barely blinked. His meaty face creased and he roared with angry laughter. “That runt?” He laughed. “That scrawny wretch? He’s useless. Keep him. Do with him what you will. If you live long enough.” He lifted a gauntleted hand in sudden angry command. “Slay the wolf’s head!”

Robin lunged for the side of the road, taking Tod with him, shielding the boy with his body as the first volley of arrows flew. Then he snatched up Tod and ran for the forest.

Rafe loosed his bolt, terrified of hitting Little John – but Little John had stepped behind one of the horses, knowing what was about to happen – and then it was all dust and yells and the sound of his own heartbeat pounding and hooves pounding toward him and he was too young and too scared and he couldn’t get the next arrow to nock straight—

“Help Tod!” Robin yelled in his ear, grabbing the bow out of his hand.

Rafe almost stumbled over the boy a few paces behind him. His crutches lost, Tod crawled, clung to a tree to pull himself upright, tried to hobble away. Rafe hoisted him in his arms as best he could and ran. His gut did not argue against Robin's orders this time.

He had carried the boy not quite far enough for safety when he had to stop. The pain in his chest would let him go no farther. Panting, he let Tod slip to the ground and felt the boy's chest heaving worse than his own.

Tears on the boy's face. Tod was crying.

Rafe folded beside him and gathered him into his arms.

"Bloody hell," Tod whispered, huddled against his chest, trying to stop sobbing.

Rafe swallowed hard and held him, stroking his back. Listening to the sounds of battle not quite far enough away. Listening to the sounds, nearer at hand, of a boy turning into a man.

Tod quieted. Rafe's panting eased. The yells and screams went on. Rafe went up to take Tod to safety, lifting the boy with him.

"I can walk," Tod said, his voice almost steady.

Rafe set him on his feet and walked beside him. Tod hung onto him with one hand and hobbled along.

They left the sounds of battle behind them, walking in silence broken only by the soft comments of ringdoves and beech leaves.

"Rafe," Tod asked, his voice low, "did Robin have a father who – who cared for him?"

Rafe had never thought of Robin that way. It was hard to think of Robin with a father, hard to think of him as a child. "I don't know."

"Did you? Did you have a father who—" Tod faltered, trying to voice the concept of fatherly love.

"Yes."

"But he – he's dead?"

"Yes."

"How?"

Rafe clenched his teeth. He did not want to answer.

"Rafe?"

He stopped walking, and Tod stopped beside him. The sheriff's son was almost his height; he had to stoop only slightly to face him levelly. Keeping his voice as gentle as the voices of ringdoves and leaves, Rafe said, "Your father killed him."

In a mantrap. But Rafe did not say that.

Tod's eyes widened as if he had just taken an arrow to the heart. Rafe could not face that grief, mirror of his own. He had to turn away. "Come on."

They walked.

Halfway back to camp, Tod said, "That's why you didn't like me at first."

"Yes."

"But you don't hate me anymore."

"No." Know your true enemy, Robin had said, and Rafe knew it now.

Tod lifted his hand in a last farewell, then turned his horse and sent it cantering away from the forest.

From the shelter of a mighty oak, Rafe and Robin lifted their hands in response, then watched after him until he disappeared over a barley-covered hilltop.

"It's what he has to do," Robin said, maybe to still his own doubts and fears. Rafe had said nothing. "He's too young to be branded a wolf's head."

"But for him to ride that distance by himself..." Tod was riding toward the holdings of his mother's people, several leagues to the east. And if they tried to send him back to his father, he would ride on to the king's court in London. Perhaps the king would give him justice. Rafe ached with worry for Tod riding alone through a dangerous land – land there was nothing Rafe could do to help; Robin needed him. Robin and the band. They had rescued Little John, but at the cost of three dead, four wounded.

And they had captured a horse and given it to Tod to send him on his way.

"He will be all right," Robin said. "He is a proper young fox, remember?"

Rafe nodded, remembering how he had wished Tod dead the day Robin had first called Tod that. Robin was too good to say it, but Rafe knew that he was thinking the same: Know your true enemy.

"Rafe knew it, and it was his own hatred.

Silently he and Robin turned, slipping back into the forest. Overhead, a hawk screamed.

Courage

Copies of Supplementary Readings for Teacher Use

****Does not include picture books****

IF

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster a
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build'em up with wornout tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings – nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run –
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!
Rudyard Kipling

It Takes Courage

Author Unknown

It takes courage
To refrain from gossip
When others delight in it,
To stand up for the absent person
Who is being abused.

It takes courage
To live honestly
Within your means,
And not dishonestly
On the means of others.

It takes courage
To be a REAL man or a TRUE woman,
To hold fast to your ideals
When it causes you
To be looked upon
As strange and peculiar.

It takes courage
To be talked about,
And remain silent,
When a word would justify you
In the eyes of others,
But which you dare not speak
Because it would injure another.

It takes courage
To refuse to do something
That is wrong
Although everyone else
May be doing it
With attitudes as carefree
As a summer song.

It takes courage
To live according
To your own convictions,
To deny yourself
What you cannot afford.
To love your neighbor
As yourself!

Elements of Literature - Courage

Where Have You Gone Charming Billy?

The platoon of twenty-six soldiers moved slowly in the dark, single file, not talking. One by one, like sheep in a dream, they passed through the hedgerow, crossed quietly over a meadow, and came down to the rice paddy. There they stopped. Their leader knelt down, motioning with his hand, and one by one the other soldiers squatted in the shadows, vanishing in the primitive stealth of warfare. For a long time they did not move. Except for the sounds of their breathing, the twenty-six men were very quiet: some of them excited by the adventure, some of them afraid, some of them exhausted from the long night march, some of them looking forward to reaching the sea, where they would be safe. At the rear of the column, Private First Class Paul Berlin lay quietly with his forehead resting on the black plastic stock of his rifle, his eyes closed. He was pretending he was not in the war, pretending he had not watched Billy Boy Watkins die of a heart attack that afternoon. He was pretending he was a boy again, camping with his father in the midnight summer along the Des Moines River. In the dark, with his eyes pinched shut, he pretended. He pretended that when he opened his eyes, his father would be there by the campfire and they would talk softly about whatever came to mind and then roll into their sleeping bags, and that later they'd wake up and it would be morning and there would not be a war, and that Billy Boy Watkins had not died of a heart attack that afternoon. He pretended he was not a soldier.

In the morning, when they reached the sea, it would be better. The hot afternoon would be over, he would bathe in the sea, and he would forget how frightened he had been on his first day at the war. The second day would not be so bad. He would learn.

There was a sound beside him, a movement, and then a breath "Hey!"

He opened his eyes, shivering as if emerging from a deep nightmare.

"Hey!" a shadow whispered.

"We're *moving*. Get up."

"Okay."

"You sleepin', or something?"

"No." He could not make out the soldier's face. With clumsy, concrete hands he clawed for his rifle, found it, found his helmet.

The soldier shadow grunted.

"You got a lot to learn, buddy. I'd shoot you if I thought you was sleepin'. Let's go."

Private First Class Paul Berlin blinked.

Ahead of him, silhouetted against the sky, he saw the string of soldiers wading into the flat paddy, the black outline of their shoulders and packs and weapons. He was comfortable. He did not want to move. But he was afraid, for it was his first night at the war, so he hurried to catch up, stumbling once, scraping his knee, groping as though blind; his boots sank into the thick paddy water, and he smelled it all around him. He would tell his mother how it smelled: mud and algae and cattle manure and chlorophyll;¹ decay, breeding mosquitoes and leeches as big as mice; the fecund warmth of the paddy waters rising up to his cut knee. But he would not tell how frightened he had been.

Once they reached the sea, things would be better. They would have their rear guarded by three thousand miles of ocean, and they would swim and dive into the breakers and hunt crayfish and smell the salt, and they would be safe.

He followed the shadow of the man in front of him. It was a clear night. Already the southern Cross² was out.

And other stars he could not yet name – soon, he thought, he would learn their names. And puffy night clouds. There was not yet a moon. Wading through the paddy, his boots made sleepy, sloshing sounds, like a lullaby, and he tried not think. Though he was afraid, he now knew that fear came in many degrees and types and peculiar categories, and he knew that his fear now was not so bad as it had been in the hot afternoon, when poor Billy Boy Watkins got killed by a heart attack. His fear now was diffuse and unformed: ghosts in the tree line, nighttime fears of a child, a boogeyman in the closet that his father would open to show empty, saying, “See? Nothing there, champ. Now you can sleep.” In the afternoon it had been worse: The fear had been bundled and tight and he’d been on his hands and knees, crawling like an insect, an ant escaping a giant’s footsteps, and thinking nothing, brain flopping like wet cement in a mixer, not thinking at all, watching while Billy Boy Watkins dies.

Now, as he stepped out of the paddy onto a narrow dirt path, now the fear was mostly the fear of being so terribly afraid again.

He tried not to think.

There were tricks he’d learned to keep from thinking. Counting: He counted his steps, concentrating on the numbers, pretending that the steps were dollar bills and that each step through the night made him richer and richer, so that soon he would become a wealthy man, and he kept counting and considered the ways he might spend the money after the war and what he would do. He would look his father in the eye and shrug and say, “It was pretty bad at first, but I learned a lot and I got used to it.” Then he would tell his father the story of Billy Boy Watkins. But he would never let on how frightened he had been. “No so bad,” he would say instead, making his father feel proud.

Songs, another trick to stop from thinking: *Where have you gone, Billy Boy, Billy boy, oh, where have you gone, charming Billy? I have gone to seek a wife, she’s the joy of my life, but she’s a young thing and cannot leave her mother*, and other songs that he sang in his thoughts as he walked toward the sea. And when he reached the sea, he would dig a deep hole in the sand and he would sleep like the high clouds and he would not be afraid anymore.

The moon came out. Pale and shrunken to the size of a dime.

The helmet was heavy on his head. In the morning he would adjust the leather binding. He would clean his rifle, too. Even though he had been frightened to shoot it during the hot afternoon, he would carefully clean the breech and the muzzle and the ammunition so that next time he would be ready and not so afraid. In the morning, when they reached the sea, he would begin to make friends with some of the other soldiers. He would learn their names and laugh at their jokes. Then when the war was over, he would have war buddies, and he would write to them once in a while and exchange memories.

Walking, sleeping in his walking, he felt better. He watched the moon come higher.

Once they skirted a sleeping village. The smells again – straw, cattle, mildew. The men were quiet. On the far side of the village, buried in the dark smells, a dog barked. The column stopped until the barking died away; then they marched fast away from the village, through a graveyard filled with conical-shaped burial mounds and tiny altars made of clay and stone. The graveyard had a perfumy smell. A nice place to spend the night, he thought. The mounds would make fine battlements, and the smell was nice and the place was quiet. But they went on,

passing through a hedgerow and across another paddy and east toward the sea.

He walked carefully. He remembered what he'd been taught: Stay off the center of the path, for that was where the land mines and booby traps were planted, where stupid and lazy soldiers like to walk. Stay alert, he'd been taught.

Better alert than inert. Ag-ile, mo-bile, hos-tile. He wished he'd paid better attention to the training. He could not remember what they'd said about to stop being afraid; they hadn't given any lesson in courage – not that he could remember – and they hadn't mentioned how Billy Boy Watkins would die of a heart attack, his face turning pale and the veins popping out.

Private First Class Paul Berlin walked carefully.

Stretching ahead of him like dark beads on an invisible chain, the string of shadow soldiers whose names he did not yet know moved with the silence and slow grace of smoke. Now and again moonlight was reflected off a machine gun or a wristwatch. But mostly the soldiers were quiet and hidden and faraway-seeming in a peaceful night, strangers on a long street, and he felt quite separate from them, as if trailing behind like the caboose on a night train, pulled along by inertia,³ sleepwalking, an afterthought to the war.

So he walked carefully, counting his steps. When he had counted to 3,48, the column stopped.

One by one the soldiers knelt or squatted down.

The grass along the path was wet. Private First Class Paul Berlin lay back and turned his head so that he could lick at the dew with his eyes closed, another trick to forget the war. He might have slept. "I wasn't afraid," he was screaming or dreaming, facing his father's stern eyes. "I wasn't afraid," he was saying. When he opened his eyes,

a soldier was sitting beside him, quietly chewing a stick of Doublemint gum.

"You sleepin' again?" the soldier whispered.

"No," said Private First Class Paul Berlin. "Hell, no."

The soldier grunted, chewing his gum. Then he twisted the cap of his canteen, took a swallow, and handed it through the dark.

"Take some," he whispered.

"Thanks."

"You're the new guy?"

"Yes." He did not want to admit it, being new to the war.

The soldier grunted and handed him a stick of gum. "Chew it quiet – OK? Don't blow no bubbles or nothing."

"Thanks. I won't." He could not make out the man's face in the shadows.

They sat still and Private First Class Paul Berlin chewed the gum until all the sugars were gone; then the soldier said, "Bad day today, buddy."

Private First Class Paul Berlin nodded wisely, but he did not speak.

"Don't think it's always so bad," the soldier whispered. "I don't wanna scare you. You'll get used to it soon enough... They been fighting wars a long time, and you get used to it."

"Yeah."

"You will."

They were quiet awhile. And the night was quiet, no crickets or birds, and it was hard to imagine it was truly a war. He searched for the soldier's face but could not find it. It did not matter much. Even if he saw the fellow's face, he would not know the name; and even if he knew the name, it would not matter much.

"Haven't got the time?" the soldier whispered.

"No."

"Rats... Don't matter, really. Goes faster if you don't know the time, anyhow."

"Sure."

"What's your name, buddy?"

"Paul."

"Nice to meet ya," he said, and in the dark beside the path, they shook hands, "Mine's Toby. Everybody calls me Buffalo, though." The soldier's hand was strangely warm and soft. But it was a very big hand. "Sometimes they just call me Buff," he said.

And again they were quiet. They lay in the grass and waited. The moon was very high now and very right, and they were waiting from cloud cover. The soldier suddenly snorted.

"What is it?"

"Nothin'," he said, but then he snorted again. "A bloody *heart attack!*" the soldier said. "Can't get over it – Old Billy Boy croaking from a lousy heart attack...A heart attack – can you believe it?"

The idea of it made Private First Class Paul Berlin smile. He couldn't help it.

"Ever hear of such a thing?"

"Not till now," said Private First Class Paul Berlin, still smiling.

"Me neither," said the soldier in the dark.

"Gawd, dying of a heart attack. Didn't know him, did you."

"No."

"Tough as nails."

"Yeah."

"And what happens? A heart attack. Can you imagine it?"

"Yes," said Private First Class Paul Berlin. He wanted to laugh. "I can imagine it." And he imagined it clearly. He giggled – he couldn't help it. He imagined Billy's father opening the telegram: **SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON BILLY BOY WAS YESTERDAY SCARED TO DEATH IN ACTION IN THE REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM, VALIANTLY SUCUMBING TO A HEART ATTACK SUFFERED WHILE UNDER EMORMOUS STRESS, AND IT IS WITH GREATEST SYMPANTY THAT...** He giggled again. He rolled onto his

belly and pressed his face into his arms. His body was shaking with giggles.

The big soldier hissed at him to shut up, but he could not stop giggling and remembering the hot afternoon, and poor Billy Boy, and how they'd been drinking Coca-Cola from bright-red aluminum cans, and how they'd started on the day's march, and how a little while later poor Billy Boy stepped on the mine, and how it made a tiny little sound – *poof* – and how Billy Boy stood there with his mouth wide open, looking down at where his foot had been blown off, and how finally Billy Boy sat down very casually, not saying a word, with his foot lying behind him, most of it still in the boot.

He giggled louder – he could not stop. He bit his arm, trying to stifle it, but remembering: "War's over, Billy," the men had said in consolation, but Billy Boy got scared and started crying and said he was about to die.

"Nonsense," the medic said, Doc Peret, but Billy Boy kept bawling, tightening up, his face going pale and transparent and his veins popping out. Scared stiff. Even when Doc Peret stuck him with morphine, Billy Boy kept crying.

"Shut up!" the big soldier hissed, but Private First Class Paul Berlin could not stop. Giggling and remembering, he covered his mouth. His eyes stung, remembering how it was when Billy Boy died of fright.

"Shut up!"

But he could not stop giggling, the same way Billy Boy could not stop bawling that afternoon.

Afterward Doc Peret had explained: "You see, Billy Boy really died of a heart attack. He was scared he was gonna die – so scared he had himself a heart attack – and that's what really killed him. I seen it before."

So they wrapped Billy in a plastic poncho, his eyes still wide open and scared stiff, and they carried him over the meadow to a rice paddy, and then when the Medevac helicopter arrived,

they carried him through the paddy and put him aboard, and the mortar rounds were falling everywhere, and the helicopter pulled up, and Billy Boy came tumbling out, falling slowly and then faster, and the paddy water sprayed up as if Billy Boy had just executed a long and dangerous dive, as if trying to escape Graves Registration, where he would be tagged and sent to me under a flag, dead of a heart attack.

"Shut up!" the soldier hissed, but Paul Berlin could not stop giggling, remembering: scared to death.

Later they waded in after him, probing for Billy Boy with their rifle butts, elegantly and delicately probing for Billy Boy in the stinking paddy, singing – some of them – *Where have you gone, Billy Boy, Billy Boy, oh, where have you gone, charming Billy?* Then they found him. Green and covered with algae, his eyes still wide open and scared stiff, dead of a heart attack suffered while—

"Shut up!" the soldier said loudly, shaking him.

But Private First Class Paul Berlin could not stop. The giggles were caught in his throat, drowning him in his own laughter: scared to death like Billy Boy.

Giggling, lying on his back, he saw the moon move, or the clouds

moving across the moon. Wounded in action, dead of fright. A fine war story. He would tell it to his father; how Billy Boy had been scared to death, never letting on...He could not stop.

The soldier smothered him. He tried to fight back, but he was weak from the giggles.

The moon was under the clouds and the column was moving. The soldier helped him up. "You OK now, buddy?"

"Sure."

"What's so bloody funny?"

"Nothing."

"You can get killed, laughing that way."

"I know. I know that."

"You got to stay calm, buddy."

The soldier handed him his rifle. "Half the battle, just staying calm. You'll get better at it," he said. "Come on, now."

He turned away and Private First Class Paul Berlin hurried after him. He was still shivering.

He would do better once he reached the sea, he thought, still smiling a little. A funny war story that he would tell to his father, how Billy Boy Watkins was scared to death. A good joke. But even when he smelled salt and heard the sea, he could not stop being afraid.

-
1. Chlorophyll: green substance found in plant cells.
 2. Southern Cross: constellation, or group of stars, in the Southern Hemisphere
 3. inertia: tendency to remain either at rest or in motion

Words to own:

fecund: fertile; producing abundantly.

skirted: passed around rather than through. *Skirted* also means "missed narrowly" or "avoided."

Literature and Statistics

Database: Vietnam

- Year first American military advisers were sent to Vietnam: **1954**
- Year first American combat troops were sent to Vietnam: **1965**
- Total number of Americans who served in Vietnam: **2.6 million**
- Number of women who served in noncombat positions: **10,000**
- Number who rallied for peace in Washington, D.D.: on April 17, 1965, **20,000**; on May 9, 1970, **75,000-100,000**
- Year cease-fire declared: **1973**
- Money spend by the U.S. government for direct costs: **\$150 billion**
- Vietnamese killed (estimate): **1.6 million**
- Americans killed: **58,000**
- Americans wounded: **300,000**
- Americans missing and presumed dead: **2,300**
- Number of people who visit the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C., every year: **2.5 million**
- American homeless who are Vietnam veterans (estimate): **33%**

Elements of Literature

Before You Read – Courage

Reading Focus - What It Takes

Few people would disagree that it takes courage to face life's difficulties, but not everyone would see the same people or actions as courageous. In this poem, Anne Sexton Finds courage "in the small things." See if you agree with her.

A Dialogue with the Text

In your Reader's Log, list some examples from your own experience that illustrate your view of courage. As you read the poem, list the actions in each stanza that the poet thinks are courageous. Do you agree that courage lies in acts like these?

Keep your notes. For questions and activities on this poem, see page 514.

Elements of Literature - Figurative Language

Anne Sexton likes to use daring **similes** and **metaphors** as "shock tactics" to surprise us and command our attention. As you read, jot down your responses to her unusual comparisons and not any passages that puzzle you.

Figures of speech make unusual comparisons between two things that are basically unlike. You will find that interpreting figurative language is often very personal and varies from reader to reader.

Courage

Anne Sexton

It is in the small things we see it.
The child's first step,
as awesome as an earthquake.
The first time you rode a bike,
5 wallowing up the sidewalk
the first spanking when your heart
went on a journey all alone.
when they called you crybaby
or poor or fatty or crazy
10 and made you into an alien,
you rank their acid
and concealed it.

Later,
15 if you faced the death of bombs and bullets
you did not do it with a banner,
you did it with only a hat to
cover your heart.

You did not fondle the weakness inside you
thought it was there.
20 Your courage was a small coal
that you kept swallowing.
If your buddy saved you
and dies himself in so doing,
25 then his courage was not courage,
it was love; love as simple as shaving soap.

Later,
if you have endured a great despair,
then you did it alone,
getting a transfusion from the fire,
30 picking the scabs off your heart,
then wringing it out like a sock.
Next, my kinsman, you powdered your sorrow,
you gave it a back rub
and then you covered it with a blanket
35 and after it had slept a while
it woke to the wings of the roses
and was transformed.

Later,
when you face old age and its natural conclusion
40 your courage will still be shown in the little ways,
each spring will be a sword you'll sharpen,
those you love will live in a fever of love,
and you'll bargain with the calendar
and at the last moment
45 when death opens the back door
you'll put on your carpet slippers
and stride out.

MEET THE WRITER

Poet of Pain

Anne Sexton (1928-1974) was twenty-eight years old and a suburban homemaker in Newton, Massachusetts, when she began to study poetry. She made up for her late start with a stream of poems that were received enthusiastically both by general readers and by her fellow poets. In 1966, she won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. Sexton was associated with a group of poets called "confessional" because they wrote openly about intimate and often painful details of their lives. Sexton believed that poetry should be a "shock to the senses," that "it should almost hurt."

"...everyone said, 'You can't write this way. It's too personal; it's confessional; you can't write this, Anne,' and everyone was discouraging me."

Although much of Sexton's work is intensely personal, she also wrote about wider social issues, especially about the problems of women. One critic described her poetry as turning "wounds to words," and another said that it "delights even as it disturbs."

UNIT STRATEGIES

Point-of-View Study Guides

In order to focus on the perspective of others one should consider the point of view examination strategy. The students may read the selection, not as themselves, but as the character in the selection. This will create ownership of that perspective and generate emotions on the behalf of that character.

If the class is studying whales then the students should read the selection as whales. If the subject is an explorer, some may read as Native Americans. This can create a deeper discussion of the perspectives of the characters. The first time this strategy is used the teacher should model by becoming a character from a previously read selection. Have the students interview you with questions and comments.

Create a role from a new selection. Choose several questions that are focused on the important parts of the text. Distribute these to the class as a study guide for that selection.

Before the students begin reading, direct them to look for information that is important to the story. While they are reading they might search for emotions or background information about the character that might engage them in a search for the perspective of the characters.

When answering interview questions, the response should be written in the first person.

In order to add intrigue to Point-of-View Study Guides, assign groups of students to the characters in the selection. Include hidden characters, for example, if the story is about a male immigrant, you might include the perspective of his wife and children.

Point-of-View Study Guides for Social Studies

Chapter 3 Immigration

Imagine that you are a man who has a family and must migrate to the U.S.A in the 1800's. Answer the following questions as if you were that man.

1. When did you first decide to migrate to America? Why?
2. Did you know anyone here?
3. What type of job did you do in your home country? What type of work will you have here?
4. How was the trip?
5. Have you had any trouble since you came here?
6. When do you think your family will join you?
7. What are your feelings about limiting immigration?
8. Do you feel good about our country?

Point-of-View Study Guide for Science

Chapter 1 Tap Roots

You are a taproot. The following questions are for you. Please answer them in first person.

1. You are a root for what plant?
2. How are you any different than a fibrous root system?
3. Why are you so hairy?
4. What are some other plants that have taproots?
5. Why can you grow underground? What helps you push through the soil?

This strategy will help the students practice transferring text into his or her own words. This also engages them in a deeper study of the material.

Students should be encouraged to bring personal experiences and emotions into the perspective of the character. This practice will develop sensitivity to different perspectives and ideas.

Character Analysis Map

[Based on Davis and McPherson (1987)]

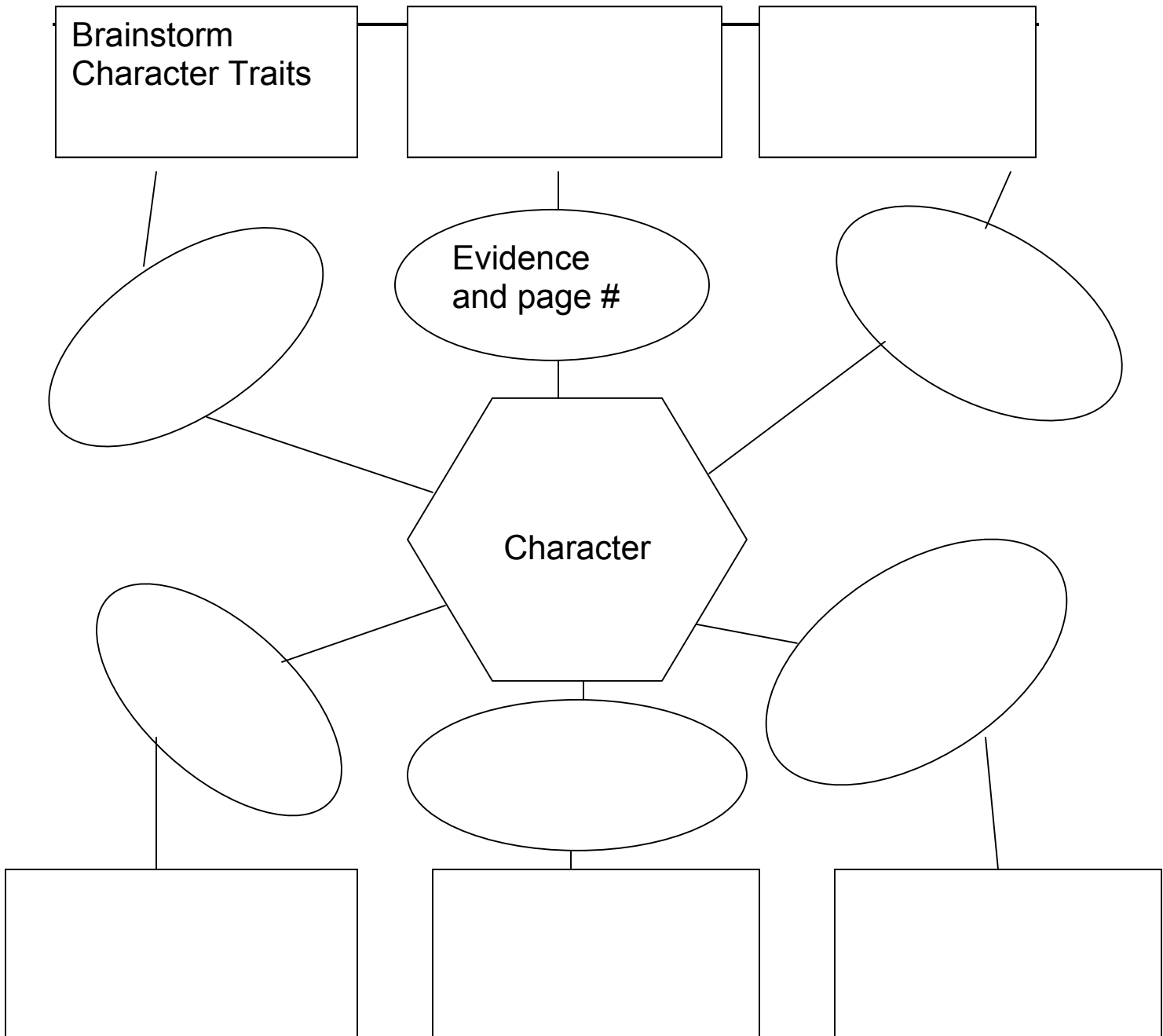
Fill in the words that describe the character and give page numbers and text to support your brainstorming.

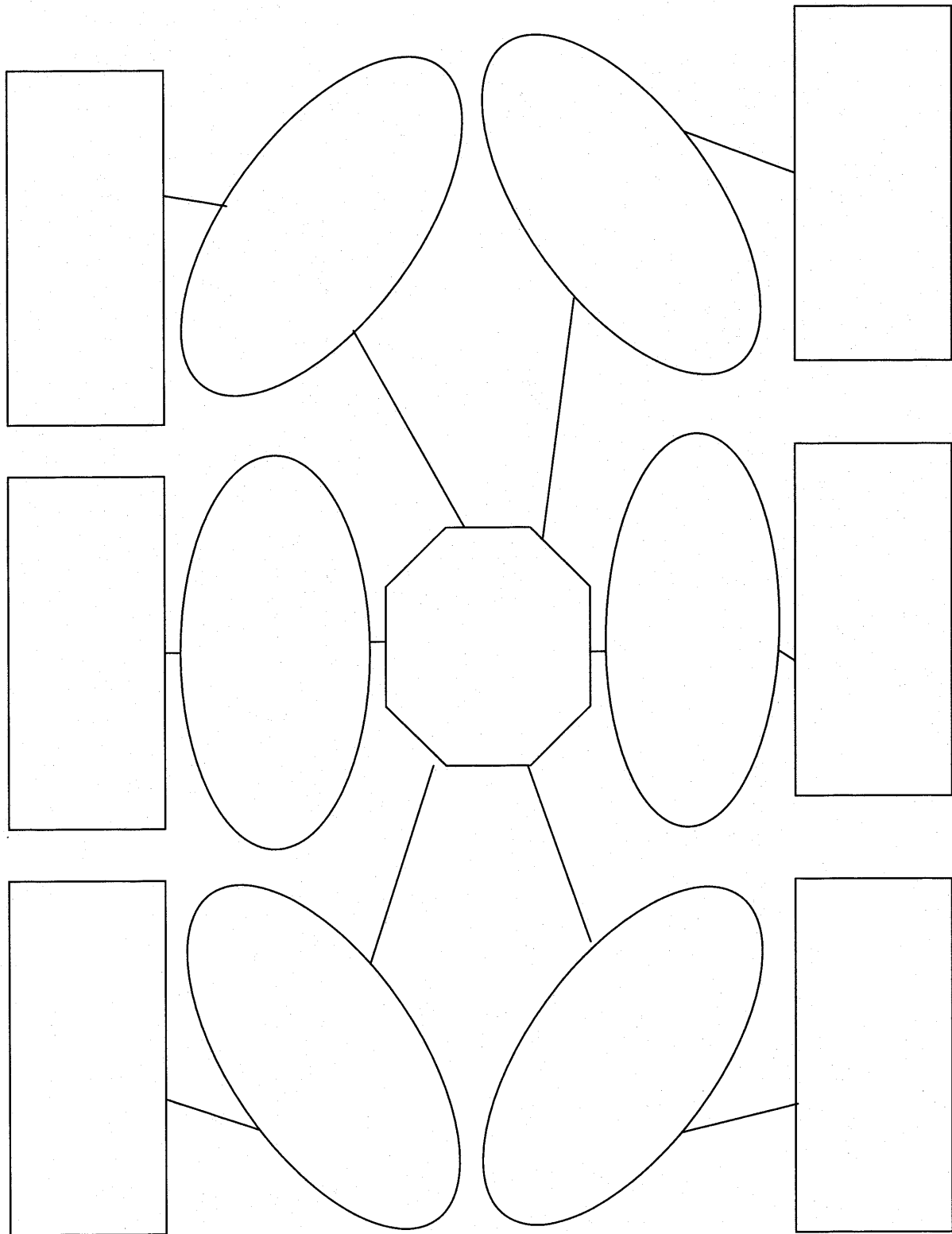
Title _____

Name _____

Author _____

Date _____





Character Quotes

- Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.
- Give me liberty or give me death.
- We have nothing to fear but fear itself.
- I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of it's creeds. We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal.

Expressive language is very powerful. It is a way to reveal ourselves and our beliefs to others. Character Quotes is a strategy to help students gain insight about a character by what the character has said.

Character Quotes can help in examining a character whether they are fictional or historical.

First, preview the text and identify several quotes that the character may use and show how they are related to the characters personality. Choose quotes that encourage the students to develop an idea of what the character might be like. Write each quote on a separate piece of paper or index card.

Organize the students into groups of three or four. Each group will brainstorm one quote. Ask the students to write down several words to describe what traits this character might have based on the quote.

When the groups are finished with the description list, one member from each group will read the quote aloud and then the list of descriptive words. The quote and describing words should be written on the board. After all groups have finished you may reveal that the words were all quoted by the same character.

Let the students become involved in creating a personality profile of this individual using all of the qualities and traits that the class listed on the board. Generalization can be discussed at this time.

Provide an opening stem for the personality profile.

Example: Joseph was the type of person who_____.
He seemed to be_____. Other traits included in his
personality are_____.

Now the students will read the story. After reading the story encourage the students to return to the profile and add any new traits and ask if the profile still matches their understanding of the character. The students will then select more quotes from the text to support their development of the character.

This can generate a journal activity about character traits that people in their own life have. Encourage the exploration of the reasons for these traits and how they create the personality of that person.

Compare and Contrast

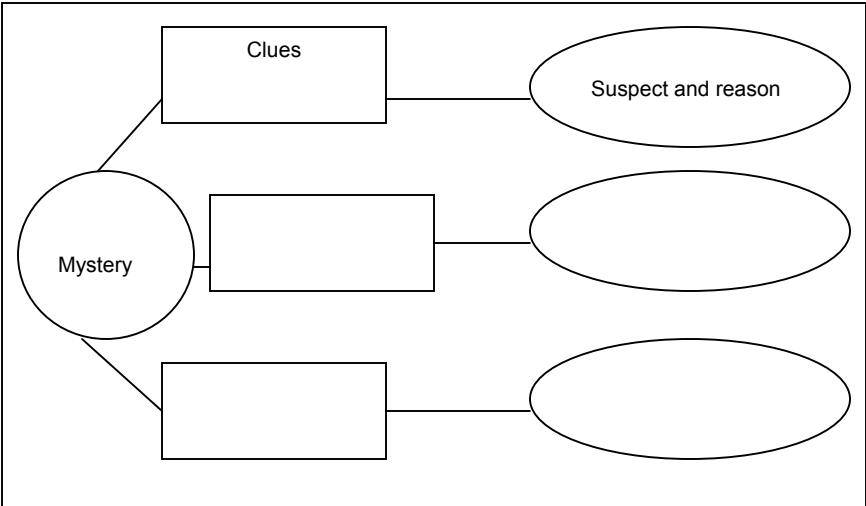
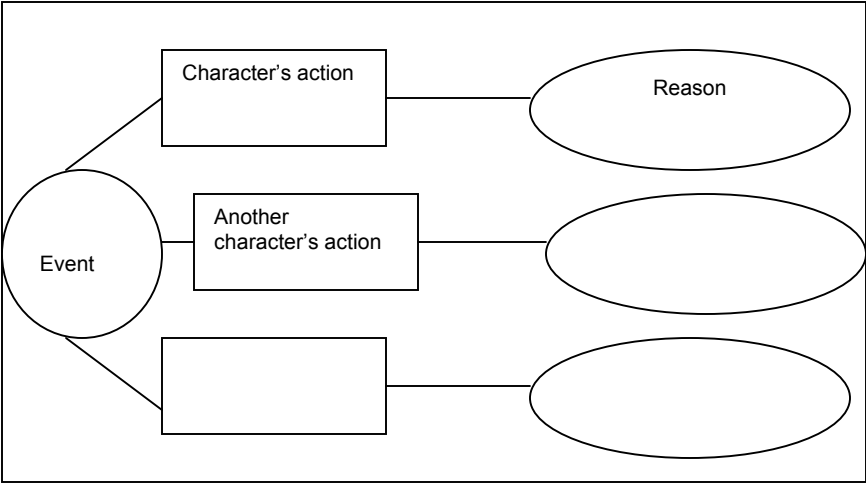
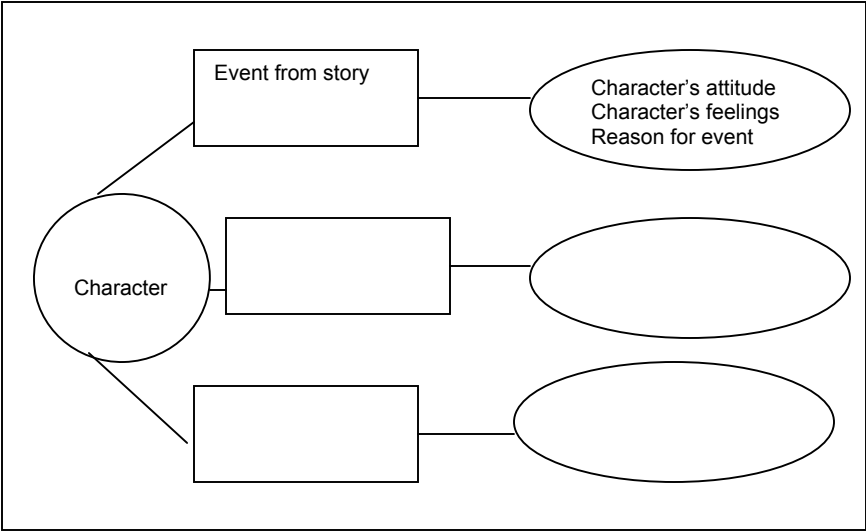
Name(s) of reader(s) _____

Date _____

Authors have different ways of utilizing story structure. Compare three books and consider the similarities and differences in the following areas.

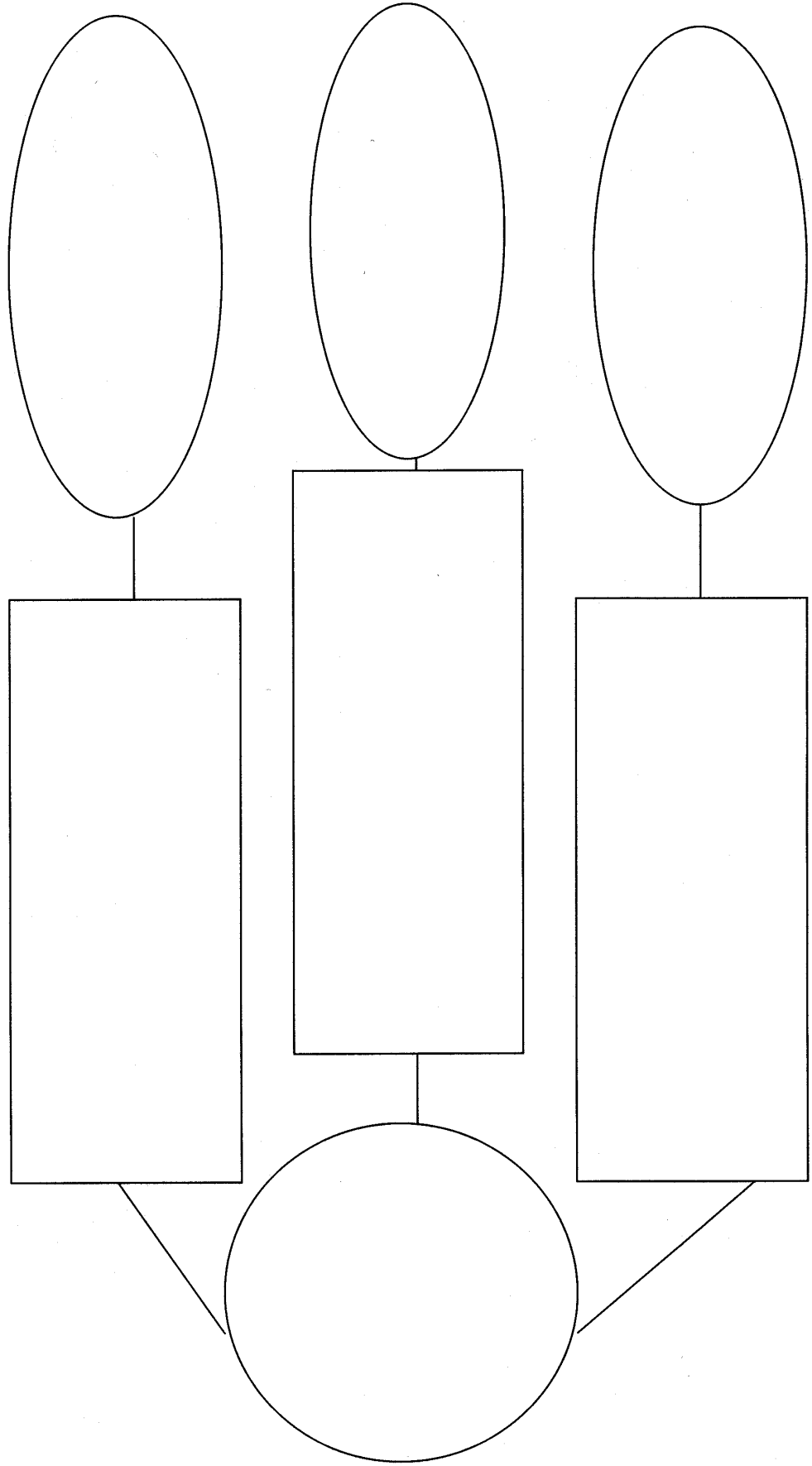
	Book 1	Book 2	Book3
Title			
The Setting			
The Problem			
The Climax			
The End			

Inferential Story Map



Title _____ Name _____

Author _____ Date _____



Story Map

Title _____ Major Characters: _____

Minor Characters: _____

**Events:
Rising Action**

Climax:

10. _____

9. _____

8. _____

7. _____

6. _____

5. _____

4. _____

3. _____

2. _____

1. _____

**Events:
Falling Action**

Conflict:

Resolution:

11. _____

12. _____

13. _____

14. _____

Setting:

Author's theme:

Maybe

Controversial statement about a book, a character, or a current event should be entered here.

Agree

Disagree

Group

Members _____

Novel Reflections

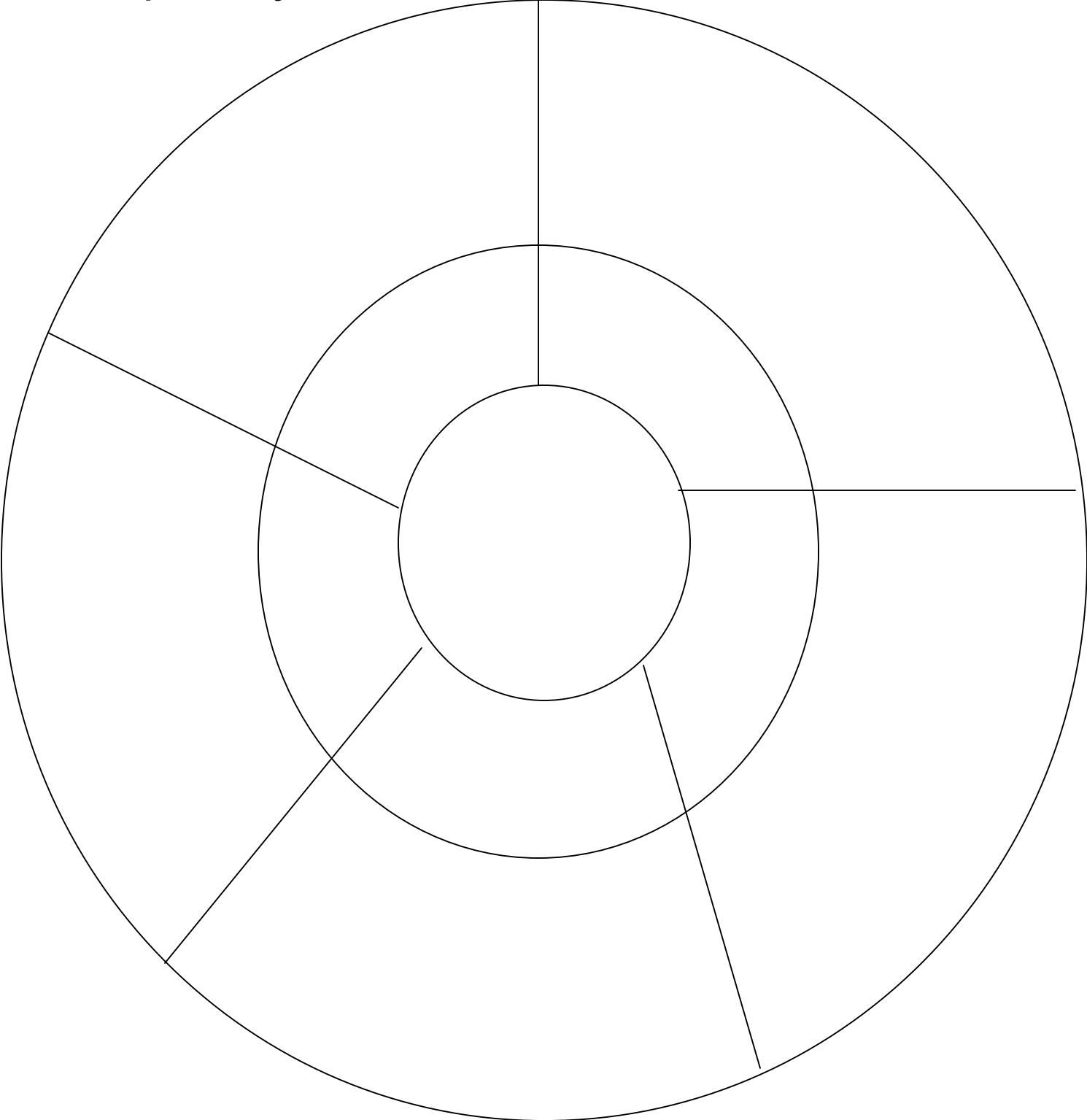
Draw or write three points for each chapter.

Examples:

- problem / solution / setting
- 3 key events
- literary devices
- points of view

Title _____	Reader _____	_____
Chapter _____	Chapter _____	Chapter _____

Five-part Story Wheel



Five-part Story Wheel

1.Characters, initiating event or problem

2.,3 and 4 Next events

5.Concluding event

