

Dec 15, 2011

UVA

UNC

UC Berkeley

UMich

1. Get iPad

2. homework in green basket

3. scroll down to story: "Let It Snow"

4. Read to grow our reading levels by 2 years!

5. Daily effort:

4 = A, 3 = B, 2 = C, 1 = D, 0 = E

HOMEWORK:

- reading logs 30 min**
- study for test! (use the poster you make today)**
- turn in the poster tomorrow for extra credit on test**

SWBAT review what they know about narratives & show how they smart they are by scoring 80% or better on tomorrow's Unit 3 test!

LET IT SNOW by David Sedaris

Winter barely existed in North Carolina, but the year I was in the fifth grade we got lucky. Snow fell, and, for the first time in years, it stuck. School was cancelled, and two days later we got lucky again. There were eight inches on the ground, and, rather than melting, it froze. On the fifth day of our snow vacation, my mother had a little breakdown. We had interrupted the secret life she led while we were at school, and when she could no longer take it, she threw us out. It wasn't a gentle request but something closer to an eviction. "David! Gretchen! Amy! Lisa! Tiffany! Get the heck out of my house," she yelled angrily.

We reminded her that it was our house, too, but she just opened the front door and shoved us into the driveway. "And stay out!" she shouted.

My sisters and I went down the hill and sledded with other children from the neighborhood. A few hours later, we returned home, surprised to find that the door was locked. "Oh, come on!" We complained. I rang the bell, and when no one answered, we went to the window and saw our mother in the living room, calmly watching television. Normally she waited until five o'clock to watch her trashy reality TV shows, but for the past few days she'd been making an exception. She sat there, laughing to herself with a glass of wine on her lap.

"Hey!" we yelled. "Open the door. It's us." We knocked on the windowpane and, without looking in our direction, mom refilled her wine glass and left the room.

"That crazy woman," my sister Lisa said. We pounded again and again, and when our mother failed to answer, we went around back and threw snowballs at her bedroom window. "You are going to be in so much trouble when Dad gets home!" we shouted. In response, my mother closed her bedroom curtains. Night approached. As it grew colder, it occurred to us that we could possibly die. It happened, surely. There had to be stories about selfish mothers who wanted the house to themselves and their children were discovered years later, frozen like dinosaurs into blocks of ice.

My sister, Gretchen, suggested that we call our father, but none of us knew his number, and he probably wouldn't have done anything anyway. He'd gone to work because he wanted to escape our mother, and between the weather and her mood it could be hours, even days, before he returned home.

"One of us should get hit by a car," I said. "That would teach the both of them." I pictured Gretchen, her life hanging by a thread as my parents paced the halls of Rex Hospital, wishing they had been more loving. It was really the perfect solution. With her out of the way, the rest of us would be more valuable and have a bit more room to spread out. "Gretchen, go lie in the street."

"Make Amy do it," Gretchen said. Amy, in turn, pushed it off on Tiffany, who was the youngest and had no clue about death. "It's like sleeping," we lied.

Poor Tiffany. She'd do just about anything in return for a little attention. All you had to do was call her Tiff, and whatever you wanted was yours: her allowance, her dinner... anything. When we asked her to lie in the middle of the street, her only question was, "Where?"

We chose a quiet dip in the road between two hills, a spot where drivers usually skid out of control. She took her place, this six-year-old in a butter-colored coat, and we gathered on the curb to watch. The first car to come along belonged to a neighbor who had covered his tires with chains and stopped a few feet from our sister's body. "Is that a person?" he asked in disbelief.

"Well, sort of," Lisa said. She explained that we'd been locked out of our house, and, while the man appeared to accept it as a reasonable explanation, I'm pretty sure he was the one who snitched. Another car passed, and then we saw our mother, this puffy figure awkwardly climbing up the hill. She did not own a pair of pants, and her legs were halfway buried in snow. We wanted to send her home, to kick her out of nature just the way she had kicked us out of the house, but it was hard to stay angry at someone that pitiful-looking.

"I cannot freakin' believe this," my mother was muttering as she scooped Tiffany out of the road.

"Are you wearing your *flip-flops*?" Lisa asked, and in response our mother raised a bare foot.

"I was wearing flip-flops," she said. "I mean, really, it was there a second ago." This was how things went. One moment she was locking us out of our own home and the next we were digging around in the snow, looking for her left shoe. "Oh, forget about it," she said. "It'll turn up in a few days." Gretchen fitted her cap over my mother's foot. Lisa secured it with her scarf, and, surrounding her tightly on all sides, we made our way home.

TURN AND TALK: What do you think will be on the narrative test? How can you remember that idea?

Story Poster: Criteria for Success

1. A description of the **setting** and the **mood** created by the setting
2. A **plot** map for the story
3. A sentence showing what **point of view** the story is written in
4. A list of all the **characters**
5. A detailed description of **one character** (what they say, what activities they do, what other characters say them)
6. A **picture** from the story!

Priscilla + the Wimps

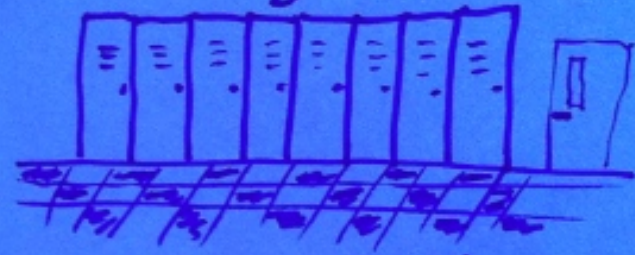
by Richard Peck

1) Setting + Mood
 The story happens in a school after most people have left. This makes it creepy and tense because there are no adults to stop Monk from hurting people.

3) Point of View
 1st person:
 "I admit: I paid up on a regular basis."

4) Characters
 Narrator
 Priscilla
 Melvin
 Monk
 gang member

6) Picture from the story
 Help!



5) Character:
 Priscilla
 The narrator tells us that Priscilla keeps to herself but is a big young woman - the largest in the school + beautiful "in a bionic kind of way". She uses her strength to stand up for little people, like when she defends Melvin from Klutter.

2) Plot

exposition:
 the gang controls the school

Rising action
 we find out there is a problem in Klutter's paradise - a girl

Climax!
 Stand off in the hall when Monk threatens Melvin who will get hurt?

by Mr. Pratt

12.15.2011

Falling action
 Priscilla stuffs Monk in a locker

Resolution
 Monk trapped in a locker - school closes for a week

1. A description of the **setting** and the **mood** created by the setting

The story takes place in a school after most people have left. This makes it creepy and tense because we know there are no adults to stop Monk. Also, we know that the students live in fear of being hurt by the gang because you can see all their scars in the locker room.

2. A **plot** map for the story (can use graphic organizer)

Exposition: we find out that the gang controls the school

Rising action: we find out that there is a problem in “Klutter’s paradise”—and it’s a girl

Climax: There’s a standoff in the hallway as Monk ignores Priscilla and threatens Melvin. Someone is going to get hurt.

Falling action: Priscilla stuffs Monk in a locker and walks out.

Resolution: Monk is trapped in a locker when school closes for a week.

3. A sentence showing what **point of view** the story is written in:

“I admit: I paid up on a regular basis.”

(1st person)

4. A list of all the **characters**

Narrator

Priscilla

Melvin

Monk

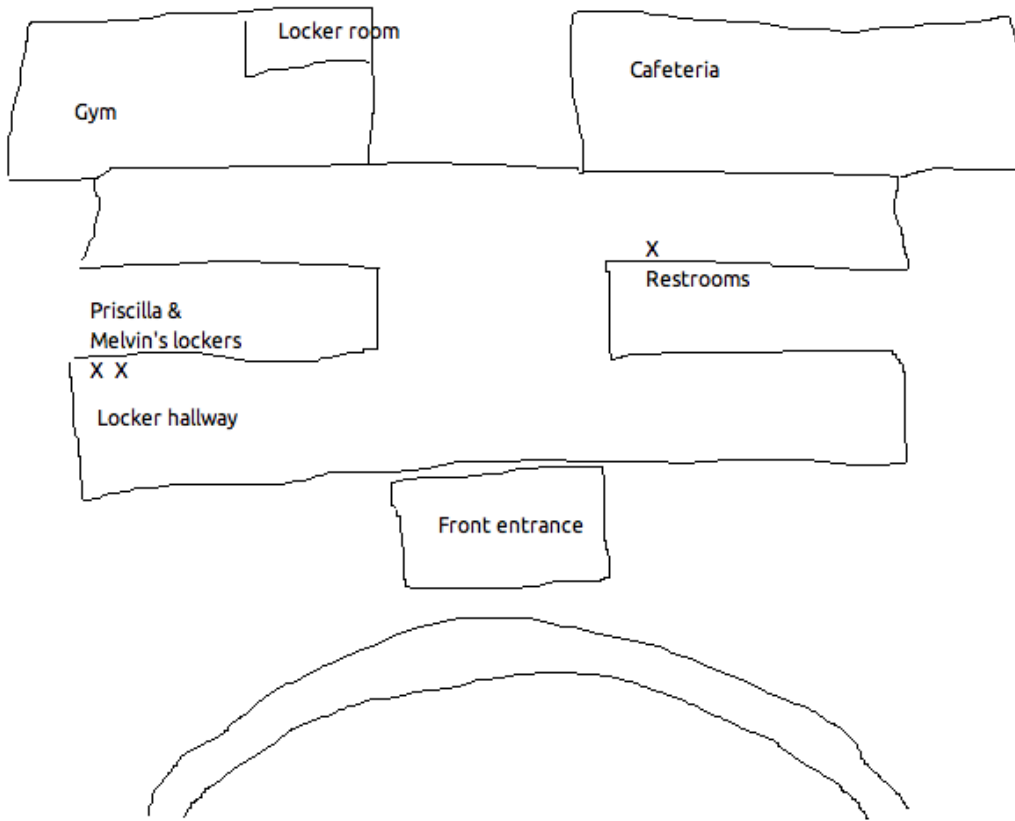
Monk's lackey, gang member

5. A detailed description of **one character** (what they say, what activities they do, what other characters say them)

The narrator tells us that Priscilla keeps to herself but is a big young woman, the largest in the school and beautiful in a “bionic kind of way”... She uses her strength to stand up for little people, like when she defends Melvin from Klutter and the Kobras.

6. A picture from the story!

[locker with no one else around]



Check Your Narrative Knowledge:

1) login to Gholson 7

2) tap on "Team Review Race (room: 4433)"

3) teams:

Yellow, Red, Blue, Green, Purple, Pink

4) On your own, answer the questions to score points for your team. Scholar dollars to the winning team.

5) 7 minutes

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