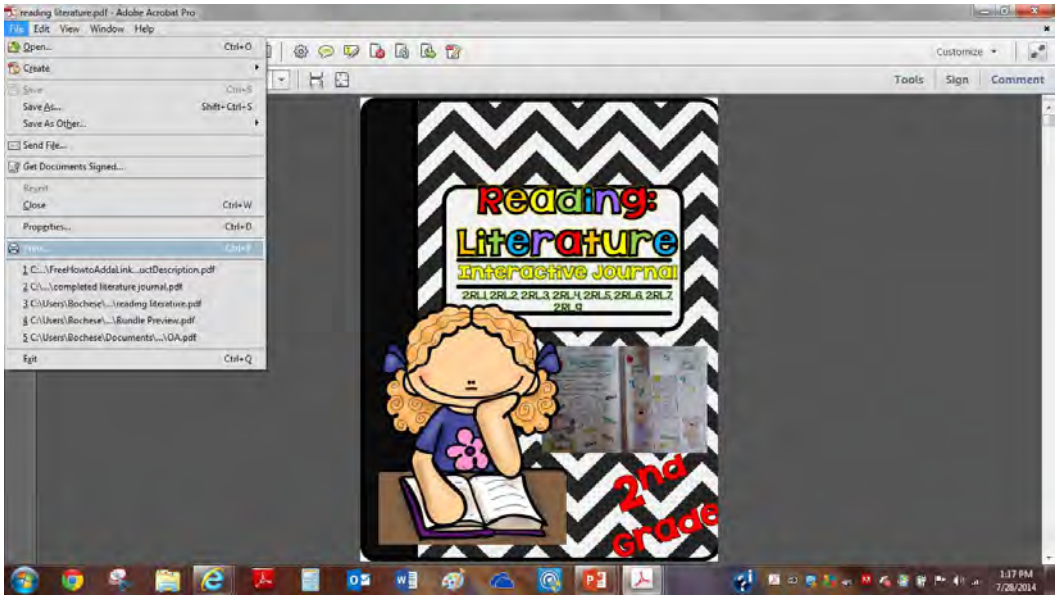
3rd grade literature
INTERACTIVE JOURNAL



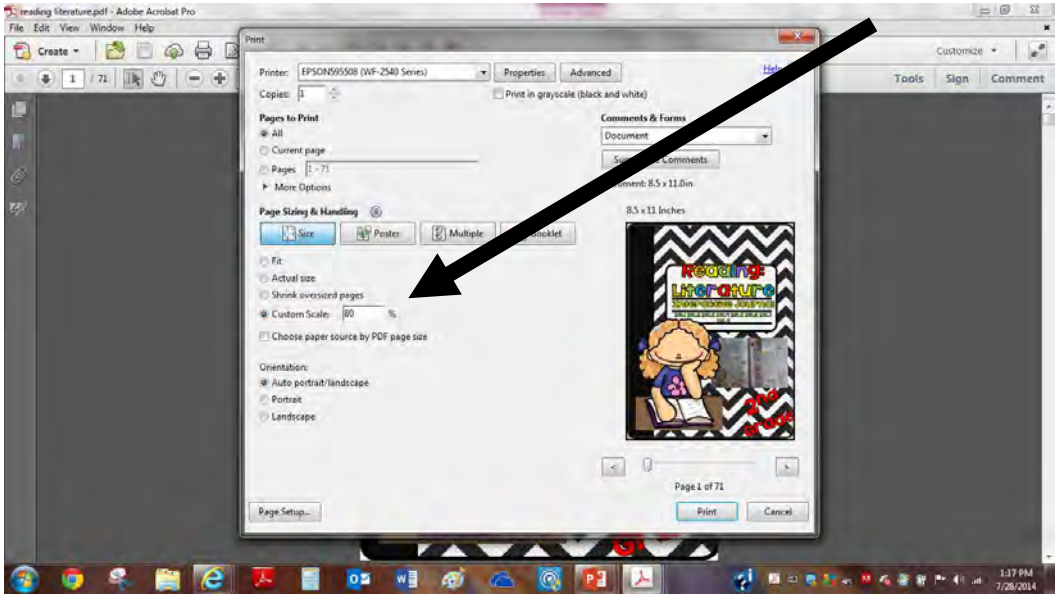
Directions to make interactive journal fit in composition notebooks:

*Foldables are formatted to print two-sided

1. Go to File - Print.



2. Click "Custom Scale" and type in 80%.



CHEDULE DATE _____

_____ SCHOOL _____

_____

UES.	RM.	WED.	RM.	THURS.	RM.	FRI.	RM.

Reading Interactive Notebook

table of Contents

Date	Topic	Pages
	Questions	
	Recount Stories	
	Characters	
	Context Clues	
	Stories, Dramas, Poems	
	Point of View	
	Illustrations	
	Compare & Contrast Stories	

©Kyle Bates

Interactive Journal

Ask and Answer Questions

What?

Who?

When?

Where?

How?

Why?



Ask and answer such questions to demonstrate understanding of a text, referring explicitly to the text as the basis for the answers.

©Julie Bielen

Standard:

Ask and Answer Questions

Good Readers ask and answer questions

- Before - predicting
- During - clarify and check comprehension
- After - check Comprehension; question author, think beyond the text

Who?

What?



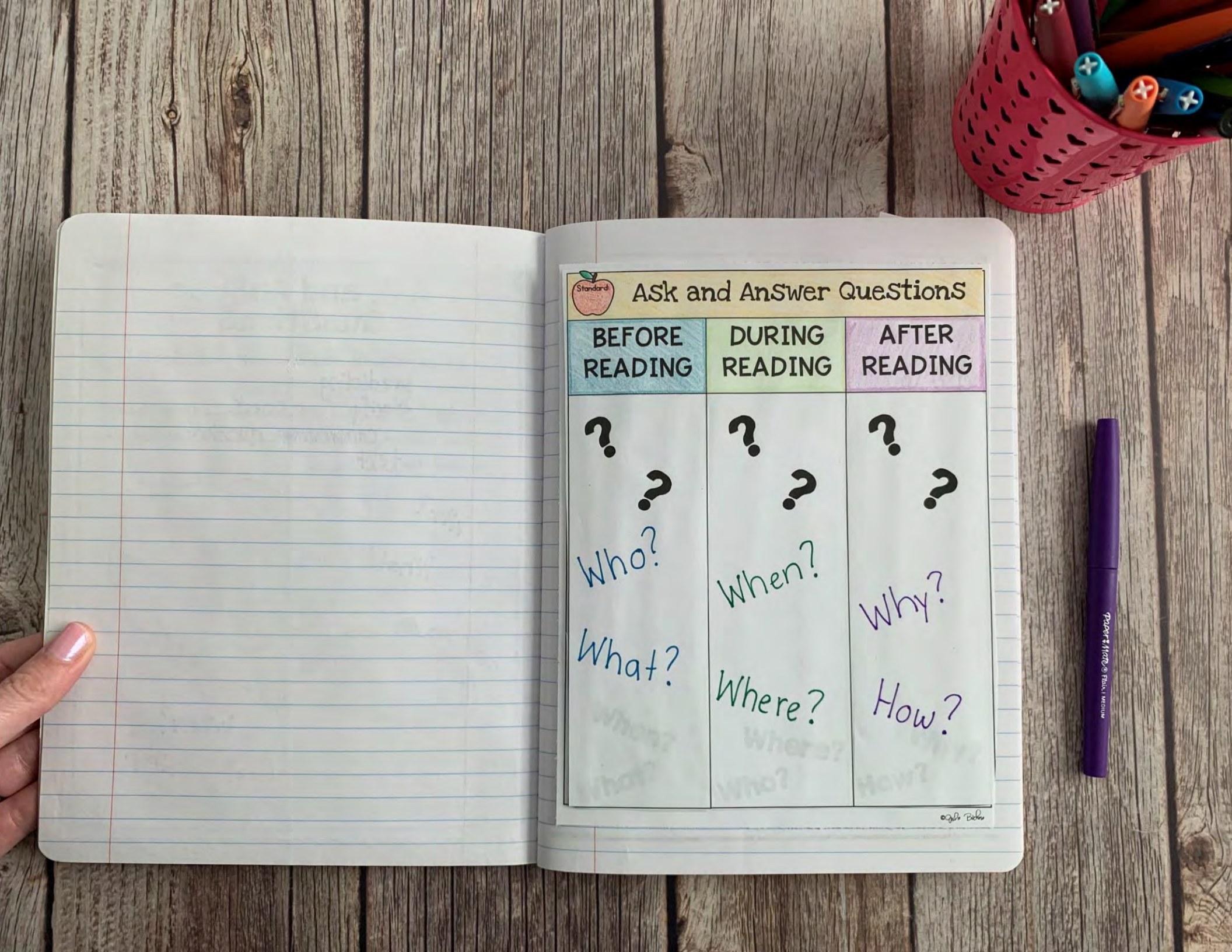
When?

Where?

How?

Why?

©Julie Bielen


Standard
Ask and Answer Questions
BEFORE READING
DURING READING
AFTER READING
Who?
What?
When?
Where?
Why?
How?

Standard:

Ask and Answer Questions

"Right There" Questions	Inferential Questions
The answer is in the text.	You need to use text + your brain to determine the answer.
	

To Answer Questions about a Story:

1. Read the text completely through until you comprehend it.
2. Read the question through one time.
3. Read the question through a second time. This time, circle and underline key words.
4. Ask yourself "Is this a right there question, or an inferential question?"
5. If it is a "right there" question, look for the answer in the text and underline it.
6. If it is an inferential question, look for text evidence and underline it. Then ask yourself, "What conclusion can I draw based on this text evidence?"

©Julie Bacher

430L

Pizza or Chicken Tenders?

I hurried to the cafeteria. A yummy smell greeted me at the door. Pizza! There were lots of kids in line, but my friend Sam waved to me from near the front. "Pizza or chicken tenders?" Ms. Lee asked each student. What a ridiculous question! Soon the pizza was almost gone, but the tray of chicken tenders was full.

"I'll get more pizza from the kitchen," said Ms. Lee as she turned away and walked through a door.

Sam gave me a nod and gestured towards her. This was my chance! I tiptoed to the front and slipped into line ahead of Sam.

"Hey!" said the girl behind Sam. She was a little first grader named Lulu. I grinned down at her. "What?" She was acting like I'd cut in front of her, but Sam had let me in.



Lulu blinked. "Nothing," she whispered.

The kitchen door swung open and Ms. Lee returned empty handed. "Sorry, kids," she announced. "This is the last pizza."

"Oh, no," Lulu mumbled.

I counted the slices left on the serving tray, then I counted the kids ahead of me. I groaned because the boy in front of me would get the last piece!

I couldn't believe it when I heard two kids ask for chicken. Sam and I would get the last two slices! We bumped fists enthusiastically. I could practically taste the pepperoni already.

Ms. Lee handed me a big plateful of cheesy goodness. She slid the very last pizza slice onto a plate for Sam.

Lulu stepped up to the counter while Ms. Lee spooned chicken tenders onto a plate. Lulu looked at my pizza and sighed.

Suddenly, eating the pizza didn't feel right. "Come on!" said Sam, but I didn't follow him. I tapped Lulu on the shoulder. "This is yours," I said.

Her face lit up as she took the plate from my hand. "Thanks!" It felt good to see her smile.

I walked to the back of the line and stood behind the last kid. And guess what? Those chicken strips were pretty scrumptious!

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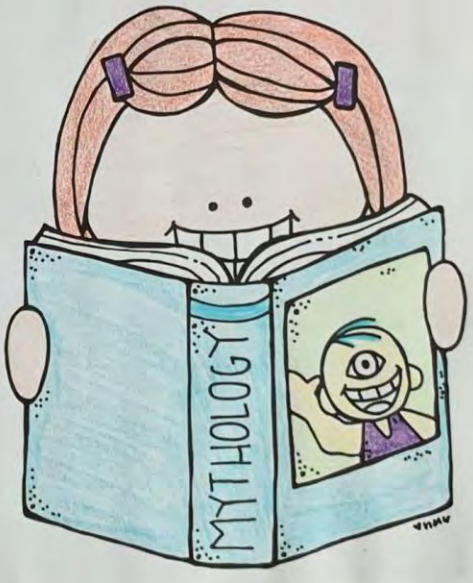
"Right There" Questions & Answers



Inferential Questions & Answers



Interactive Journal
Recount Stories



Recount stories, including fables, folktales, and myths from diverse cultures; determine the central message, lesson, or moral and explain how it is conveyed through key details in the text.

Standard:

Fables



The Lion and the Mouse



The Fox and the Grapes



The Ant and the Grasshopper



The Tortoise and the Hare

Fables are short stories that have animals that act like humans. Fables teach a moral or lesson.

©Gabi Bichler

810L

The Dog and His Reflection

A Dog was excited to have a bone from the butcher. He was hurrying home with his prize as fast as he could go. As he crossed a narrow footbridge, he happened to look down and saw himself reflected in the quiet water as if in a mirror. But the greedy Dog thought he saw a real Dog carrying a bone much bigger than his own.

If he had stopped to think he would have known better. But instead of thinking, he dropped his bone and sprang at the Dog in the river. Now he found himself swimming for dear life to reach the shore. At last he managed to scramble out. As he stood sadly thinking about the good bone he had lost, he realized what a stupid Dog he had been.

It is very foolish to be greedy.



Characters: Dog

Setting: water by footbridge

Problem: Dog sees his reflection and he thinks it is another dog with a bigger bone, so he falls in the water.

Solution: Dog managed to scramble out of the water.



Moral Meaning: Be happy with what you have.

©Josh Bickin

750L

The Fox and the Stork

One day, the fox thought of a plan to amuse himself at the expense of the stork. The fox was always laughing at the stork's odd appearance.

"You must come and dine with me today," he said to the Stork, smiling to himself at the trick he was going to play. The Stork gladly accepted the invitation. He arrived on time and with a very good appetite.

For dinner, the Fox served soup. But it was set out in a very shallow dish. All the Stork could do was to wet the very tip of his bill. He could not get a drop of soup. But the fox lapped it up easily. To increase the disappointment of the Stork, he made a great show of enjoyment.

The hungry stork was much displeased at the trick, but he was a calm, even-tempered fellow and saw no good in flying into a rage. Instead, he invited the fox to dine with him. The fox arrived promptly on time. The stork served a fish dinner that had a very appetizing smell. But it was served in a tall jar with a very narrow neck. The stork could easily get at the food with his long bill. But all the fox could do was to lick the outside of the jar, and sniff at the delicious odor. When the fox lost his temper, the stork said calmly:

Do not play tricks on your neighbors unless you can stand the same treatment yourself.

Characters: fox, Stork

Setting: dinner time

Problem: fox tricked Stork by serving a dinner Stork could not eat.

Solution: Stork served fox a dinner he could not eat.



Moral Meaning: Expect revenge if you trick others.

©Josh Bickin

Standard:

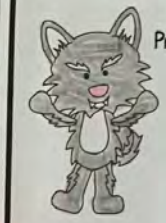
Folktales



Timeless and placeless story passed down orally in a culture.



Characters are people and animals



Problem/ Solution



Elements of Magic



Sets of Three



Good vs. Evil



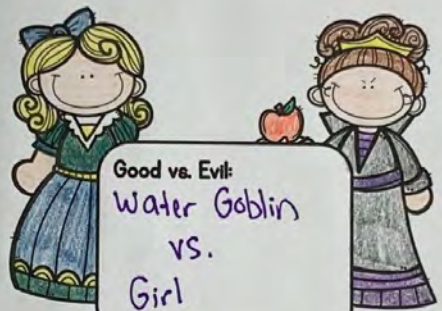


Explains something or teaches a moral

©Gail's Binders

Standard:

Folktale Title: Kebeg



Good vs. Evil:
Water Goblin
vs.
Girl



The Farries
magic mist
Water Goblin

Elements of Magic



Happy Endings



Lesson or Moral

Dont wander off.

©Gail's Binders

490L

Kebeg from the Isle of Man

There is a deep dub, or pool, on Ballacoan stream, which the children of Laxey call Nikkesen's. It is the home of Nyker, the Water Goblin. It has no bottom; and brambles and ferns are growing round it, and fir trees and hazels are hiding it from sight. No child, no grown-up person, will go near it after dark.

A great many years ago a beautiful girl living at Ballaquine was sent to look for the calves, which had gone astray. She had got as far as Nikkesen's, when she took a notion that she heard the calves over the river in Johnny Baldoon's nuts. At once she began to call to them:

'Kebeg! Kebeg! Kebeg!' so loud that you could hear her at Chibber Pherick, Patrick's Well. The people could hear her calling quite plainly, but, behold, a great mist came and rolled down the valley, and shut it from sight. The people on one side of the valley could hear her voice yet calling through the mist: 'Kebeg! Kebeg! Kebeg!'



Then came a little sweet voice through the mist and the trees in answer:
'Kebeg's here! Kebeg's here!'
And she cried:
'I'm comin'! I'm comin'!'
And that was all.
The Fairies who live in Nikkesen's had pulled her in, and carried her to their own home.

She was never heard of again.

©Gabi Pichon

Standard:

Myths

- Have gods, goddesses, heroes, monsters
- Try to explain why things are the way they are
- Explain the creation of the World
- Teach a lessor
- Have magic
- Come from different cultures







©Gabi Pichon

800L

MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEE: First Fire

In the beginning there was no fire, and the world was cold. Then, the Thunders sent their lightning and put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree which grew on an island. The animals knew it was there, because they could see the smoke coming out at the top, but they could not get to it because a body of water was in their way. So they held a council to decide what to do.

Every animal that could fly or swim was anxious to go after the fire. The Raven offered, and because he was so large and strong, they thought he could surely do the work. So he was sent first. He flew high and far across the water and landed on the sycamore tree. While he was wondering what to do next, the heat had scorched all his feathers black. He was frightened and came back without the fire.



Then the Hooting Owl and the Horned Owl went. By the time they got to the hollow tree, the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them. The ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home again without the fire, but rubbing they were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Now no more of the birds would venture. So, the little black racer snake said he would go through the water and bring back some fire. He swam across to the island, crawled through the grass to the tree, and went in by a small hole at the bottom. The heat and smoke were too much for him, too. After dodging ...out blindly over the hot ashes, he managed to get out again, but his body had been scorched black. ...er since had the habit of darting and doubling on his track as if trying to escape from close quarters.

Now they held another council. There was still no fire, and the world was cold. All the birds, snakes, and four-footed animals all had some excuse for not going. They were all afraid. At last, the water spider said she would go. She could run on top of the water or dive to the bottom, so there would be no trouble to get over to the island. But how could she bring back the fire?

"I'll manage that," said the water spider; so she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a *tusti* bowl, which she fastened on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass to where the fire was still burning. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl, and came back with it. and Ever since we have had fire. And the water spider still keeps her tusti bowl.

©Gallo Pachis

Interactive Journal
Character Challenge



Describe characters in a story and explain how their actions contribute to the sequence of events.

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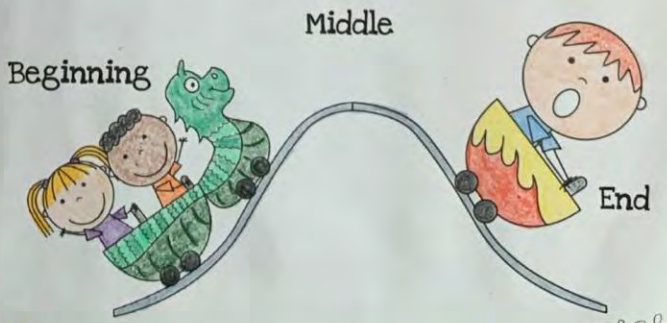
Standard:

Characters in a Story

The main character in a story goes through a sequence of events that can cause them to change.

WHILE READING A STORY, ASK YOURSELF:

1. What is the main character like in the beginning of the story?
2. What are the major events?
3. What does the character **do, say, think, and feel** during each event?
4. How does the major event change the main character? Do they learn a lesson?



©Gabi Bachus

550L

Andrew's Gratitude

Andrew was angry. He hated his new school, he hated his new house, and he hated that he never saw his dad anymore. Andrew's mom seemed happy, and his sister seemed happy too. Even his dog was always wagging its tail. It had been almost six months since his parents had divorced and Andrew had moved away to another state. His dad worked a lot and was always traveling. He talked to Andrew on the phone sometimes, but it wasn't the same as seeing him every day.

He had to admit that his new bedroom was better than his old one, but the backyard was small and he barely had made any friends yet. He was always grumpy, and his mom knew it. She was constantly trying to cheer him up.

"Andrew, let's go to the park to play soccer!" she'd say.

"No, thanks," he'd mumble.

"Let's go see a movie!

"No, thanks. I'm not in the mood for a movie."



He knew his mom was worried about him, but he was angry with her, and with his dad too. They had turned his life upside down.

His mom stopped in his room. "Andrew, please go with your sister and walk this to the post office for me." He looked at her, but before he could say anything, she said, :It will be good for you to get out of the house." She set a package on his bed.

He picked it up and sighed. His sister was already waiting at the door. Without saying a word, they left together. It was a nice day, but the weather did not match his mood. As he walked, he noticed the address on the box. Puzzled, he asked his sister, "Who is this package for?"

Stopping, she said, "It's for a classmate that I went to school with back home. His house caught on fire and his family lost everything. We're sending him some things to help,"

Andrew was stunned and then immediately felt sad. :Oh, that's terrible," he said.

"It sure is, but he and his family and pets are all okay," she said. Then she looked at him. "We may have two homes now and divorced parents, Andrew, but we should still be grateful for all that we have." Then she kept walking, and Andrew knew that she was right.

©Kelsi Bachar

Standard:

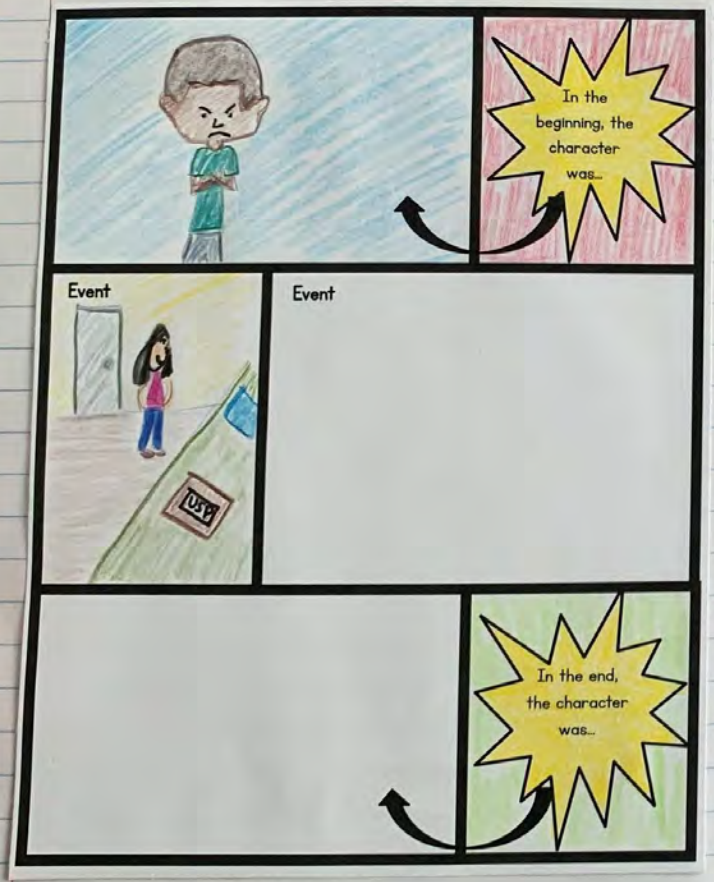
Story Title:
Andrew's Gratitude

Do	Think	Say	Feel
Went on a walk to the post office.	his life is upside down	"No, thanks," he'd mumble."	angry
		"I'm not in the mood."	

The character's reaction tells me...

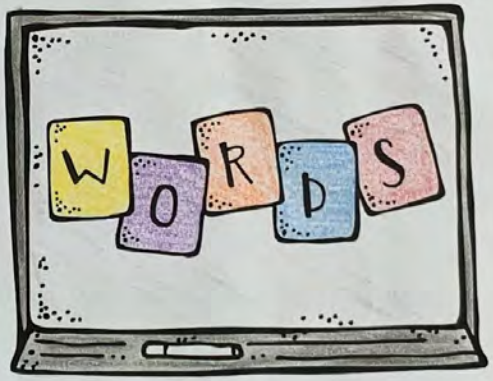
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Interactive Journal

Literal and Nonliteral Words & Phrases



Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, distinguishing literal from nonliteral language.

Words & Phrases

LITERAL LANGUAGE

Means exactly what it says



Example: My class went on a field trip to the zoo. We saw elephants.

NONLITERAL/ FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

The author uses language beyond its literal meaning. Often times, figurative language compares one thing to another. Authors use figurative language to help readers use their imagination.



Example: My class was a zoo. Kids were jumping around and yelling.

Figurative Language

SIMILE

Compares two things using the words *like* or *as*.



This pizza is as cold as ice.

METAPHOR

Compares two things by saying that one thing is another thing



Danny was a bear when he woke up.

ONOMATOPOEIA

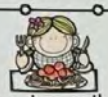
Word that makes a sound



Splash!

HYPERBOLE

An exaggeration



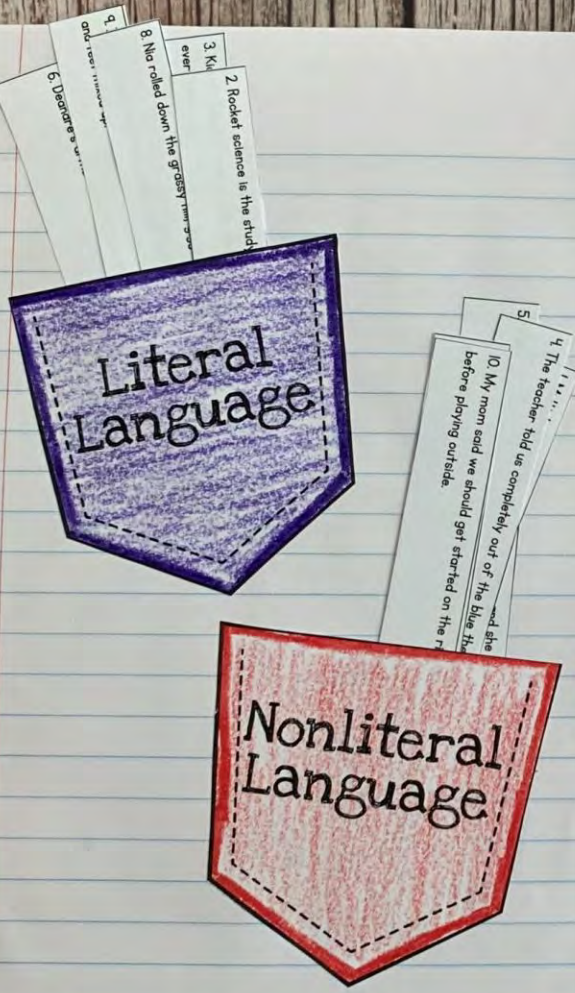
I'm so hungry that I could eat a horse!

PERSONIFICATION

Giving human qualities to nonliving things



The leaves danced in the wind.



800L

Summer Storm

The dark clouds blew across the sky. The wind howled and pushed through the green leaves on the trees. I pedaled faster, as if I were racing to a finish line at full speed. In reality, I was. I wanted to beat the storm and get home before my mom realized that I had left the house to go to the park to play. I knew she wanted me to stay inside, but the warm breeze was teasing me through the open windows of my bedroom. I was like a tiger ready to escape its cage. I longed for sweet sunshine on my skin and fresh air that smelled like summer.

I hoped she wouldn't be home yet and that the rain would hold off until I made it inside. I glanced up at the sky, expecting a big raindrop to hit my nose, but nothing fell yet. If my bike wasn't parked safely in the garage and the windows were left open, my secret would be let out of the bag for sure.

I heard a loud crack, like a baseball bat making contact with a fast pitch. I knew that the storm was closing in on me. My long legs moved even faster; I didn't think that was possible. Ahead of me, the sky split into two. A zigzag lightning bolt sliced it down the middle.

I kept pedaling, over and over again. I could finally see my street, long and narrow with curves like a slithering snake. I rounded the last bend and parked in my driveway, hopping off to enter the garage code. The door began to open, and I quickly pushed my bike inside, making sure it was right where it had been earlier.

I climbed the steps and then began shutting windows. The curtains whipped around then fell suddenly still as I closed them. Just as I finished, huge raindrops began to hit the glass. Then a loud boom of thunder and a flash of lighting announced the storm's arrival. I sat on my bed and began reading my book, safe and sound, like a bear happy in its cozy cave.

Color the similes and metaphors. red	Color examples of personification. green
Color examples of onomatopoeia. yellow	Color examples of hyperbole. blue

©Kelly Bolton

Figurative Language vs. Literal Language

Examples of Literal Language	Examples of Figurative Language
"I pedaled faster"	"I was like a tiger ready to escape its cage."
"I climbed the steps and then began shutting windows."	"I heard a loud crack, like a baseball bat making contact with a fast pitch."

©Julie Perkins

Interactive Journal

Parts of Stories, Dramas, and Poems



Refer to parts of stories, dramas, and poems when writing or speaking about a text, using terms such as chapter, scene, and stanza; describe how each successive part builds on earlier sections.

©Julie Perkins

Poem

Our Little Ghost
By Louisa May Alcott

OFT, in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,
In the quiet, dusky chamber,
By the flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

A winsome little ghost it is,
Rosy-cheeked, and bright of eye;
With yellow curls all breaking loose
From the small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
For the "big dark" brings no dread,
And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

A fearless little ghost it is;
Safe the night seems as the day;
The moon is but a gentle face,
And the sighing winds are gay.
The solitude is full of friends,
And the hour brings no regrets;
For, in this happy little soul,
Shines a sun that never sets.

A merry little ghost it is,
Dancing gayly by itself,
On the flowery counterpane,
Like a tricksy household elf;
Nodding to the fitful shadows,
As they flicker on the wall,
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

A thoughtful little ghost it is;
And, when lonely gambols tire,
With chubby hands on chubby knees,
It sits winking at the fire.
Fancies innocent and lovely
Shine before those baby-eyes,
Endless fields of dandelions,
Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

A loving little ghost it is:
When crept into its nest,
Its hand on father's shoulder laid,
Its head on mother's breast,
It watches each familiar face,
With a tranquil, trusting eye;
And, like a sleepy little bird,
Sings its own soft lullaby.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
Lest baby play till dawn,
Wake and watch their folded flower,
Little rose without a thorn.
And, in the silence of the night,
The hearts that love it most
Pray tenderly above its sleep,
"God bless our little ghost!"

©Jodi Bebbo

Poem

Our Little Ghost
By Louisa May Alcott

Directions: Read the poem. Write or draw what each stanza is about in the corresponding box.

OFT, in the silence of the night,
When the lonely moon rides high,
When wintry winds are whistling,
And we hear the owl's shrill cry,
In the quiet, dusky chamber,
By the flickering firelight,
Rising up between two sleepers,
Comes a spirit all in white.

1.

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With yellow curls all breaking loose
From the small cap pushed awry.
Up it climbs among the pillows,
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And a baby's boundless fancy
Makes a kingdom of a bed.

2.

A fearless little ghost it is;
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The moon is but a gentle face,
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Shines a sun that never sets.

3.

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As they flicker on the wall,
Talking to familiar pictures,
Mimicking the owl's shrill call.

4.

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With chubby hands on chubby knees,
It sits winking at the fire.
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Brooks, and birds, and butterflies.

5.

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Its head on mother's breast,
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With a tranquil, trusting eye;
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Sings its own soft lullaby.

6.

Then those who feigned to sleep before,
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Wake and watch their folded flower,
Little rose without a thorn.
And, in the silence of the night,
The hearts that love it most
Pray tenderly above its sleep,
"God bless our little ghost!"

7.

How does each stanza build on the previous stanza and develop the poem's meaning?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

©Jodi Bebbo

Play

The Big Contest

SCENE 1

(The classroom buzzes with excitement.)

MR. ROBERTS: Good morning, boys and girls! Please take your seats quietly. I know you're all excited. Settle down, please.

JUSTIN: Excited? We sure are!

(The bell rings, and the chatter continues.)

MARY ANNE: How many more minutes until the big announcement, Mr. Roberts?

MR. ROBERTS: The announcements will be on any minute now. Please stay quiet and in your seats so we can hear which class has won the big contest.

JUSTIN: Do you think we won, Mary Anne? I thought our skit was the best!

MARY ANNE: I hope so! I'd love to win a class trip to the amusement park and perform our skit for the whole crowd onstage there!

BRENT: I don't know. I thought our skit was great, but the kids in Mrs. Stein's class really made the audience laugh, and their costumes were perfect too.

MARY ANNE: I'm so anxious. What's taking them so long to tell us?

JULIA: I know what's taking them so long.

MARY ANNE: You do? What? How do you know?

JULIA: I heard Principal Allen talking about it in the office.

BRENT: What did he say?

(Mary Anne shrugs and smiles.)

©Julie Perkins

SCENE 2:

(The class continues to talk as the teacher tries to get them to focus on their work.)

MR. ROBERTS: Please take a look at page twenty-one in your math books. Let's review what we learned yesterday.

(A sound is heard over the loudspeaker.)

VOICE: Attention, students and teachers. Principal Allen here. I know you've been waiting anxiously to hear the results of our recent contest. I have some good news and some bad news. Which would you like to hear first?

(He chuckles and the students all look at one another, confused.)

PRINCIPAL ALLEN: The good news is that we have not one, but TWO winners!

(The students cheer.)

PRINCIPAL ALLEN: The bad news is that both groups will be performing together, so they'll need to work on combining their skits. AND – without further ado, our contest winners, who tied for first place with the exact same number of votes, are Mrs. Stein's class AND Mr. Roberts's class!

(The students cheer loudly.)

MR. ROBERTS: Class, I'm so proud of you! I can't wait to talk to Mrs. Stein and create an even better skit than before!

Parts of a Play

Directions: Underline each part of the play in the color indicated.

Scenes 

Dialogue 

Stage Directions 

©Julie Perkins

Story 670L

A Snowy Sleepover

Chapter 1:

It was Saturday night, and I couldn't wait for my friends to sleep over. The snow fell from the sky as I looked out the window and waited for them.

My mom had hot chocolate ready to serve with big fluffy marshmallows and some yummy snacks too. I had gathered two of my favorite games, a big jigsaw puzzle, and a movie to watch later on.

I tapped my fingers on the windowsill and anxiously looked for headlights in our driveway. Just then, I heard a car and raced to our front door.

Chapter 2:

I opened the door quickly, only to be greeted by the pizza delivery person.

He grinned, "You must be hungry!" I had opened the door before he had even made it up onto the porch.

I giggled. "I am, but I'm waiting for my friends to visit too. We're having a slumber party."

He smiled nicely as my dad came to the door to gather the pizza and my mom gave him some money for it. I shut the door as he walked away, anxious for my friends to get there, but also anxious for that delicious-smelling pizza too.

Chapter 3:

My dad peered out the window. "The snow is really falling now," he commented. He glanced at my mother.

I knew that look. That was his trying-not-to-worry look. I saw the snow falling, but I knew my friends would still come.

"Let's dig into our pizza," Mom said, "Your friends can eat when they get here."

We devoured several slices, and as much as I enjoyed it, I began to feel worried too. What if my friends missed out on the sleepover?

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Chapter 4:

"Maybe we can go outside and build a snow fort or a snowman," my dad suggested.

I did love every bit of the winter and the snow that came along with it. The pretty snowflakes and the outdoor fun were two of my favorite parts. I shrugged.

"Come on! It will be a good way to pass time until your friends get here!" he said.

I wasn't so sure they were coming anymore, but I didn't want to miss out on the snow. I hurried to get ready.

Chapter 5:

Outside, I began rolling huge snowballs. Dad helped me to stack them.

"That looks great," he said. "I'll run inside to get a scarf and carrot for it."

I continued working, but suddenly heard laughter just as a huge snowball bounced off my back. I turned to see three girls, bundled up in warm winter coats, with hats and gloves and sleds dragging behind.



Laughing, my dad came back outside and saw them too.

"Sorry we are late, Becky! We asked Melissa's mom to take us back home to get our snow stuff. We knew you'd want to play in the snow!"

They were right. Not only was it the perfect snowy night, it was the perfect night for a sleepover too.

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Standard:

Point of View



Who is telling the story? Sometimes the Narrator is a character in the story. Sometimes the narrator is outside of the story.



Characters have different thoughts and feelings. This means characters have different Points of view.



The reader forms judgements about characters and events. The reader may have different thoughts and feelings than the characters.

ASK YOURSELF:

1. What does character one think or feel about what happened? Why does he or she feel this way?
2. What does character two think or feel about what happened? Why does he or she feel this way?
3. How would you feel in the same situation?
4. How can you use your voice to show how character one feels?
5. How can you use your voice to show how character two feels?

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530L

Rudy

"Here I am!" I announce to my mom after hearing her calling my name from the front yard. I race around the side of the house to find her. Smiling, she responds, "I was wondering where you were!" I reach down to pet my dog, Rudy, and his tail wags.



"Maybe he'll play fetch with me!" Rudy thinks, hurrying over to the long stick in the yard.

"Your dog has been looking for you, I think," his mom says, smiling.

"I sure have! I'm ready to play or take a walk."

I bend down again and scratch his head. I take the stick from him and toss it across the grass.

"Yes! My favorite game to play!"

I watch as he races across the yard. Laughing, I call him back to me. I fight to get him to release the stick from his mouth. With his tail wagging, he runs off before I've even thrown it.

"He loves to play that game with you, Brad. Look how fast he can run! That's a good exercise for him," my mom says.

I watch as he takes off again, but he doesn't stop. "Rudy! Stop!" I holler.

"No way! I'm heading to the park, my favorite place to be."

©Gabi Bichon



I run, Rudy runs, my mom runs. We finally catch up to him, as his tail continues to wag, but he's not alone.

"Rudy, who is this?" I ask, glancing at a small brown dog. Rudy's tail wags. Rudy barks and turns in circles. The other dog's tail wags back and forth too.

Just then, I hear someone calling, "Maggie! Maggie! There you are! I've been wondering where you've been each day."

She looks at me and says, "Each day, she's been running toward this way, but she always comes back. Looks like she has found a friend!"

"It certainly does! Looks like man's best friend has found a second best friend!" my mom says to me as we continue to watch them chase one another around the park.

"I sure have!" Rudy thinks.

"He sure has!" I say, laughing.

©Zoli Bahn

Brad enjoys playing with his dog, Rudy.
"Laughing, I call him back to me. I fight to get him to release the stick from his mouth."

Point of View

Rudy



Reader



Interactive Journal
Illustrations & Words



Explain how specific aspects of a text's illustrations contribute to what is conveyed by the words in a story (e.g., create mood, emphasize aspects of a character or setting).

©Jodi Bieber

Understanding Text & Illustrations

Both the text and illustrations convey meaning and help readers comprehend stories.

Pay attention to what the words and illustrations show you about:



CHARACTERS | SETTING | PLOT | MOOD

ASK YOURSELF:

1. What do the words tell you about the characters, setting, and plot____?
2. What _mood_ do the words create?
3. How do the illustrations add to what you know about the characters, setting, and plot?
4. What mood do the illustrations create?

©Jodi Bieber

- trees
- forest animals
- green

Text & Illustration

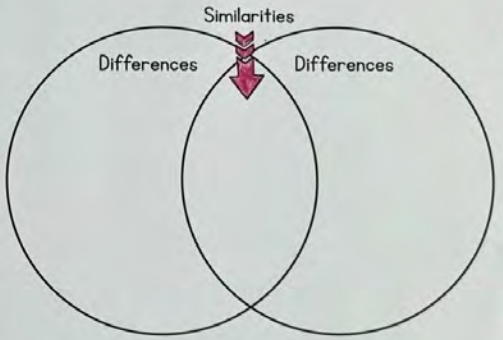
The Three Little Pigs



Hansel and Gretel



Interactive Journal
Compare & Contrast Stories



Compare and contrast the themes, settings, and plots of stories written by the same author about the same or similar characters.

©Julie Bishop

Standard

Compare & Contrast Stories in a Series

Books by the same author with the same character or characters are called books in a Series.



If you read several books in a series, you can compare and contrast the:

- Characters, or who the stories are about
- Setting, or where the stories take place
- Plot, or the events in the stories
- Theme, or the messages or lessons you learn from the stories

Compare- similarities, or things that are the same
Contrast- differences

Comparing and contrasting stories in a series helps readers analyze the different approaches the author takes.

To compare and contrast similar stories:

1. How are the characters similar? How are the characters different?
2. How are the settings similar? How are the settings different?
3. How are the problems similar? How are the problems different?
4. How are the solutions similar? How are the solutions different?
5. How are the themes similar? How are the themes different?

©Kelli Bolton

510L

Jenna's Sleigh Ride



Jenna marched behind her older brother, trying to keep up. The snow crunched down underneath her feet. She was cold, and her gloves were already soaked with ice crystals, but they were both eager to try out their brand-new sleds.

"Keep going," he encouraged. "The best hill is over that way!"

She looked up, shielding her eyes from the sun. It was cold, but the bright light bouncing off the snow sure made for a pretty sight. She didn't mind being cold as long as some fun was going to come out of it. They reached the bottom of the hill and began to climb to the top. She slipped a few times, but laughed, grabbing her sled quickly so it wouldn't end up all the way at the bottom.

"Are you ready, Jenna?" her brother teased.

Of course she wasn't ready; she was only halfway up the hill so far. He, of course, had already made it to the top.

"Look out!" she heard, as a bright red sled came whizzing by, narrowly missing her. She could hear her brother laughing behind her.

Panicked for a second, she looked up to the top, knowing she needed to get up there as quickly as she could. She was nervous because she was not a big fan of heights and the hill was very tall. She kept going because the excitement and fun of it would be worth it.

Finally, she made it to the top. Many kids were waiting their turn to head down the hill. She watched as each sled went, one by one, faster and faster as they landed at the bottom. She could hear laughter the entire way. She noticed a little boy in front of her. He smiled and asked, "Have you ever gone down this hill before?"

She shook her head, "Not yet. Have you?"

"No," he responded, "and I'm nervous."

Just then, she had an idea. "Let's go down at the same time!"

His eyes lit up, and he nodded. Her brother ran over after noticing her talking to the little boy.

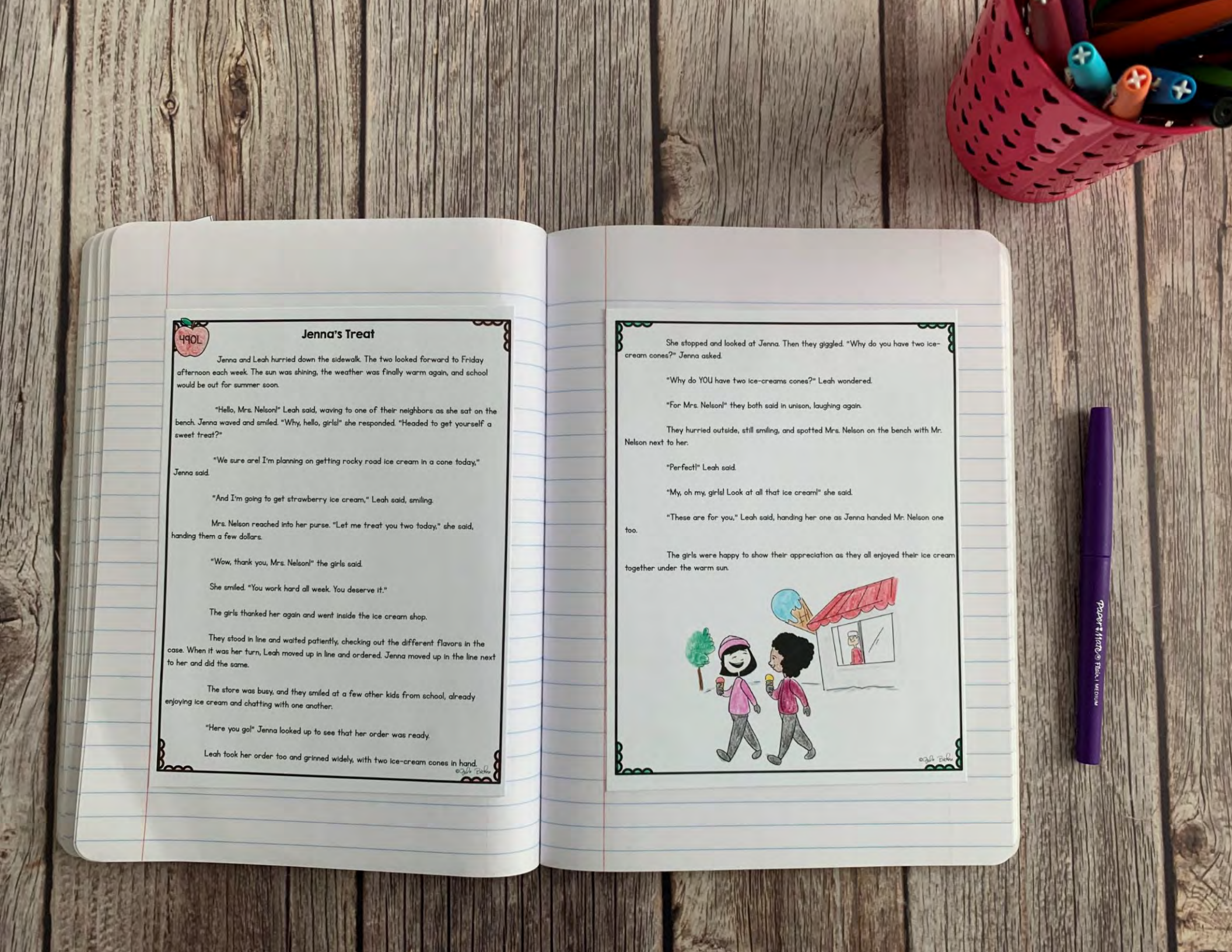
"Are you both ready? It's so fun. You'll see!"

They both nodded.

"We're ready!"

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490L
Jenna's Treat
Jenna and Leah hurried down the sidewalk. The two looked forward to Friday afternoon each week. The sun was shining, the weather was finally warm again, and school would be out for summer soon.
"Hello, Mrs. Nelson!" Leah said, waving to one of their neighbors as she sat on the bench. Jenna waved and smiled. "Why, hello, girls!" she responded. "Headed to get yourself a sweet treat?"
"We sure are! I'm planning on getting rocky road ice cream in a cone today," Jenna said.
"And I'm going to get strawberry ice cream," Leah said, smiling.
Mrs. Nelson reached into her purse. "Let me treat you two today," she said, handing them a few dollars.
"Wow, thank you, Mrs. Nelson!" the girls said.
She smiled. "You work hard all week. You deserve it."
The girls thanked her again and went inside the ice cream shop.
They stood in line and waited patiently, checking out the different flavors in the case. When it was her turn, Leah moved up in line and ordered. Jenna moved up in the line next to her and did the same.
The store was busy, and they smiled at a few other kids from school, already enjoying ice cream and chatting with one another.
"Here you go!" Jenna looked up to see that her order was ready.
Leah took her order too and grinned widely, with two ice-cream cones in hand.
©Jodi Bailey
She stopped and looked at Jenna. Then they giggled. "Why do you have two ice-cream cones?" Jenna asked.
"Why do YOU have two ice-creams cones?" Leah wondered.
"For Mrs. Nelson!" they both said in unison, laughing again.
They hurried outside, still smiling, and spotted Mrs. Nelson on the bench with Mr. Nelson next to her.
"Perfect!" Leah said.
"My, oh my, girls! Look at all that ice cream!" she said.
"These are for you," Leah said, handing her one as Jenna handed Mr. Nelson one too.
The girls were happy to show their appreciation as they all enjoyed their ice cream together under the warm sun.
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