STANDARDS TO BE COVERED:

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.1 Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.
CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.2 Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze its development over the course of the text; provide an objective summary of the text.
CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.3 Analyze how particular elements of a story or drama interact (e.g., how setting shapes the characters or plot).
CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of rhymes and other repetitions of sounds (e.g., alliteration) on a specific verse or stanza of a poem or section of a story or drama.
CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.6 Analyze how an author develops and contrasts the points of view of different characters or narrators in a text.
CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.7.9 Compare and contrast a fictional portrayal of a time, place, or character and a historical account of the same period as a means of understanding how authors of fiction use or alter history.
My mother and I walked south on Fifth Street one morning to the corner of Q Street and turned right. Half of the block was occupied by the Lincoln School. It was a three-story wooden building, with two wings that gave it the shape of a double-T connected by a central hall. It was a new building, painted yellow, with a shingled roof that was not like the red tile of the school in Mazatlán. I noticed other differences, none of them very reassuring. We walked up the wide staircase hand in hand and through the door, which closed by itself. A mechanical contraption screwed to the top shut it behind us quietly.

Up to this point the adventure of enrolling me in the school had been carefully rehearsed. Mrs. Dodson had told us how to find it and we had circled it several times on our walks. Friends in the barrio explained that the director was called a principal, and that it was a lady and not a man. They assured us that there was always a person at the school who could speak Spanish.

Exactly as we had been told, there was a sign on the door in both Spanish and English: “Principal.” We crossed the hall and entered the office of Miss Nettie Hopley.

Miss Hopley was at a roll-top desk to one side, sitting in a swivel chair that moved on wheels. There was a sofa against the opposite wall, flanked by two windows and a door that opened on a small balcony. Chairs were set around a table and framed pictures hung on the walls of a man with long white hair and another with a sad face and a black beard.

The principal half turned in the swivel chair to look at us over the pinch glasses crossed on the ridge of her nose. To do this she had to duck her head slightly as if she were about to step through a low doorway.

What Miss Hopley said to us we did not know but we saw in her eyes a warm welcome and when she took off her glasses and straightened up she smiled wholeheartedly, like Mrs. Dodson. We were, of course, saying nothing, only catching the friendliness of her voice and the sparkle in her eyes while she said words we did not understand. She signaled us to the table. Almost tiptoeing across the office, I maneuvered myself to keep my mother between me and the gringo lady. In a matter of seconds I had to decide whether she was a possible friend or a menace. We sat down.
Then Miss Hopley did a formidable thing. She stood up. Had she been standing when we entered she would have seemed tall. But rising from her chair she soared. And what she carried up and up with her was a **buxom superstructure**, firm shoulders, a straight sharp nose, full cheeks slightly molded by a curved line along the nostrils, thin lips that moved like steel springs, and a high forehead topped by hair gathered in a bun. Miss Hopley was not a giant in body but when she **mobilized** it to a standing position she seemed a match for giants. I decided I liked her.

She strode to a door in the far corner of the office, opened it and called a name. A boy of about ten years appeared in the doorway. He sat down at one end of the table. He was brown like us, a plump kid with shiny black hair combed straight back, neat, cool, and faintly obnoxious.

Miss Hopley joined us with a large book and some papers in her hand. She, too, sat down and the questions and answers began by way of our interpreter. My name was Ernesto. My mother’s name was Henriqueta. My birth certificate was in San Blas. Here was my last report card from the **Escuela Municipal Número 3 para Varones de Mazatlán**, and so forth. Miss Hopley put things down in the book and my mother signed a card.

As long as the questions continued, **Doña** Henriqueta could stay and I was secure. Now that they were over, Miss Hopley saw her to the door, dismissed our interpreter and without further ado took me by the hand and strode down the hall to Miss Ryan’s first grade. Miss Ryan took me to a seat at the front of the room, into which I shrank—the better to survey her. She was, to skinny, somewhat runty me, of a withering height when she patrolled the class. And when I least expected it, there she was, crouching by my desk, her blond radiant face level with mine, her voice patiently maneuvering me over the awful idiocies of the English language.

During the next few weeks Miss Ryan overcame my fears of tall, energetic teachers as she bent over my desk to help me with a word in the pre-primer. Step by step, she loosened me and my classmates from the safe anchorage of the desks for recitations at the blackboard and consultations at her desk. Frequently she burst into happy announcements to the whole class. “Ito can read a sentence,” and small Japanese Ito, squint-eyed and shy, slowly read aloud while the class listened in wonder: “Come, Skipper, come. Come and run.” The Korean, Portuguese, Italian, and Polish first graders had similar moments of glory, no less shining than mine the day I conquered “butterfly,” which I had been persistently pronouncing in standard Spanish as boother-flee. “Children,” Miss Ryan called for attention. “Ernesto has learned how to pronounce butterfly!” And I proved it with a perfect imitation of Miss Ryan. From that celebrated success, I was soon able to match Ito’s progress as a sentence reader with “Come, butterfly, come fly with me.”

Like Ito and several other first graders who did not know English, I received private lessons from Miss Ryan in the closet, a narrow hall off the classroom with a door at each end. Next to one of these doors Miss
Ryan placed a large chair for herself and a small one for me. Keeping an eye on the class through the open door she read with me about sheep in the meadow and a frightened chicken going to see the king, coaching me out of my phonetic ruts in words like pasture, bow-wow-wow, hay, and pretty, which to my Mexican ear and eye had so many unnecessary sounds and letters. She made me watch her lips and then close my eyes as she repeated words I found hard to read. When we came to know each other better, I tried interrupting to tell Miss Ryan how we said it in Spanish. It didn’t work. She only said “oh” and went on with pasture, bow-wow-wow, and pretty. It was as if in that closet we were both discovering together the secrets of the English language and grieving together over the tragedies of Bo-Peep. The main reason I was graduated with honors from the first grade was that I had fallen in love with Miss Ryan. Her radiant, no-nonsense character made us either afraid not to love her or love her so we would not be afraid, I am not sure which. It was not only that we sensed she was with it, but also that she was with us. Like the first grade, the rest of the Lincoln School was a sampling of the lower part of town where many races made their home. My pals in the second grade were Kazushi, whose parents spoke only Japanese; Matti, a skinny Italian boy; and Manuel, a fat Portuguese who would never get into a fight but wrestled you to the ground and just sat on you. Our assortment of nationalities included Koreans, Yugoslavs, Poles, Irish, and home-grown Americans.

At Lincoln, making us into Americans did not mean scrubbing away what made us originally foreign. The teachers called us as our parents did, or as close as they could pronounce our names in Spanish or Japanese. No one was ever scolded or punished for speaking in his native tongue on the playground. Matti told the class about his mother’s down quilt, which she had made in Italy with the fine feathers of a thousand geese. Encarnación acted out how boys learned to fish in the Philippines. I astounded the third grade with the story of my travels on a stagecoach, which nobody else in the class had seen except in the museum at Sutter’s Fort. After a visit to the Crocker Art Gallery and its collection of heroic paintings of the golden age of California, someone showed a silk scroll with a Chinese painting. Miss Hopley herself had a way of expressing wonder over these matters before a class, her eyes wide open until they popped slightly. It was easy for me to feel that becoming a proud American, as she said we should, did not mean feeling ashamed of being a Mexican.

barrio¹ n. part of a town or city where most of the people are Hispanic.
menace² n. danger; threat
buxom superstructure³ n. full figure.
mobilized⁴ v. put into motion.
Mazatlán⁵ n. Municipal School Number 3 for Boys of Mazatlán.
Doña⁶ Spanish title of respect meaning “lady” or “madam.”
Though his father was fat and merely owned a candy and nut shop, Harry Tillian liked his papa. Harry stopped liking candy and nuts when he was around seven, but, in spite of this, he and Mr. Tillian had remained friends and were still friends the year Harry turned twelve.

For years, after school, Harry had always stopped in to see his father at work. Many of Harry’s friends stopped there, too, to spend a few cents choosing penny candy from the giant bins or to sample Mr. Tillian’s latest batch of roasted peanuts. Mr. Tillian looked forward to seeing his son and his son’s friends every day. He liked the company.

When Harry entered junior high school, though, he didn’t come by the candy and nut shop as often. Nor did his friends. They were older and they had more spending money. They went to a burger place. They played video games. They shopped for records. None of them were much interested in candy and nuts anymore.

A new group of children came to Mr. Tillian’s shop now. But not Harry Tillian and his friends.

The year Harry turned twelve was also the year Mr. Tillian got a parrot. He went to a pet store one day and bought one for more money than he could really afford. He brought the parrot to his shop, set its cage near the sign for maple clusters, and named it Rocky.

Harry thought this was the strangest thing his father had ever done, and he told him so, but Mr. Tillian just ignored him.

Rocky was good company for Mr. Tillian. When business was slow, Mr. Tillian would turn on a small color television he had sitting in a corner, and he and Rocky would watch the soap operas. Rocky liked to scream when the romantic music came on, and Mr. Tillian would yell at him to shut up, but they seemed to enjoy themselves.

The more Mr. Tillian grew to like his parrot, and the more he talked to it instead of to people, the more embarrassed Harry became. Harry would stroll past the shop, on his way somewhere else, and he’d take a quick look inside to see what his dad was doing. Mr. Tillian was always talking to the bird. So Harry kept walking.
At home things were different. Harry and his father joked with each other at the dinner table as they always had—Mr. Tillian teasing Harry about his smelly socks; Harry teasing Mr. Tillian about his blubbery stomach. At home things seemed all right.

But one day, Mr. Tillian became ill. He had been at work, unpacking boxes of caramels, when he had grabbed his chest and fallen over on top of the candy. A customer had found him, and he was taken to the hospital in an ambulance.

Mr. Tillian couldn’t leave the hospital. He lay in bed, tubes in his arms, and he worried about his shop. New shipments of candy and nuts would be arriving. Rocky would be hungry. Who would take care of things?

Harry said he would. Harry told his father that he would go to the store every day after school and unpack boxes. He would even feed Rocky.

So, the next morning, while Mr. Tillian lay in his hospital bed, Harry took the shop key to school with him. After school he left his friends and walked to the empty shop alone. In all the days of his life, Harry had never seen the shop closed after school. Harry didn’t even remember what the CLOSED sign looked like. The key stuck in the lock three times, and inside he had to search all the walls for the light switch.

The shop was as his father had left it. Even the caramels were still spilled on the floor. Harry bent down and picked them up one by one, dropping them back in the boxes. The bird in its cage watched him silently.

Harry opened the new boxes his father hadn’t gotten to. Peppermints. Jawbreakers. Toffee creams. Strawberry kisses. Harry traveled from bin to bin, putting the candies where they belonged.

“Hello!”

Harry jumped, spilling a box of jawbreakers.

“Hello, Rocky!”

Harry stared at the parrot. He had forgotten it was there. The bird had been so quiet, and Harry had been thinking only of the candy.

“Hello,” Harry said.

“Hello, Rocky!” answered the parrot.

Harry walked slowly over to the cage. The parrot’s food cup was empty. Its water was dirty. The bottom of the cage was a mess.

Harry carried the cage into the back room.

“Hello, Rocky!”

“Is that all you can say, you dumb bird?” Harry mumbled. The bird said nothing else.
Harry cleaned the bottom of the cage, refilled the food and water cups, and then put the cage back in its place and resumed sorting the candy.

“Where’s Harry?”

Harry looked up.

“Where’s Harry?”

Harry stared at the parrot.

“Where’s Harry?”

Chills ran down Harry’s back. What could the bird mean? It was something from “The Twilight Zone.”

“Where’s Harry?”

Harry swallowed and said, “I’m here. I’m here, you stupid bird.”

“You stupid bird!” said the parrot.

Well, at least he’s got one thing straight, thought Harry.

“Miss him! Miss him! Where’s Harry? You stupid bird!”

Harry stood with a handful of peppermints.

“What?” he asked.

“Where’s Harry?” said the parrot.

“I’m here, you stupid bird! I’m here!” Harry yelled. He threw the peppermints at the cage, and the bird screamed and clung to its perch.

Harry sobbed, “I’m here.” The tears were coming.

Harry leaned over the glass counter.

“Papa.” Harry buried his face in his arms.

“Where’s Harry?” repeated the bird.

Harry sighed and wiped his face on his sleeve. He watched the parrot. He understood now: someone had been saying, for a long time, “Where’s Harry? Miss him.”

Harry finished his unpacking and then swept the floor of the shop. He checked the furnace so the bird wouldn’t get cold. Then he left to go visit his papa.

merely adv. no more than, merely.
records n. thin grooved discs on which music is recorded and played on a phonograph, or record player.
clusters n. number of things of the same sort that are grouped together; bunches.
ignored v. paid no attention to.
shipments n. deliveries or acts of sending goods.
resumed v. began again; continued.
The Twilight Zone science-fiction television series from the 1960’s.
perch n. roost (a place where birds regularly settle or congregate to rest) for a bird; seat.
ICARUS AND DAEDALUS |

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Among all those mortals who grew so wise that they learned the secrets of the gods, none was more cunning than Daedalus.

He once built, for King Minos of Crete, a wonderful Labyrinth of winding ways so cunningly tangled up and twisted around that, once inside, you could never find your way out again without a magic clue. But the king's favor veered with the wind, and one day he had his master architect imprisoned in a tower. Daedalus managed to escape from his cell; but it seemed impossible to leave the island, since every ship that came or went was well guarded by order of the king.

At length, watching the sea-gulls in the air,--the only creatures that were sure of liberty,--he thought of a plan for himself and his young son Icarus, who was captive with him.

Little by little, he gathered a store of feathers great and small. He fastened these together with thread, moulded them in with wax, and so fashioned two great wings like those of a bird. When they were done, Daedalus fitted them to his own shoulders, and after one or two efforts, he found that by waving his arms he could winnow the air and cleave it, as a swimmer does the sea. He held himself aloft, waivered this way and that with the wind, and at last, like a great fledgling, he learned to fly.

Without delay, he fell to work on a pair of wings for the boy Icarus, and taught him carefully how to use them, bidding him beware of rash adventures among the stars. "Remember," said the father, "never to fly very low or very high, for the fogs about the earth would weigh you down, but the blaze of the sun will surely melt your feathers apart if you go too near."

For Icarus, these cautions went in at one ear and out by the other. Who could remember to be careful when he was to fly for the first time? Are birds careful? Not they! And not an idea remained in the boy's head but the one joy of escape.

The day came, and the fair wind that was to set them free. The father bird put on his wings, and, while the light urged them to be gone, he waited to see that all was well with Icarus, for the two could not fly hand in hand. Up they rose, the boy after his father. The hateful ground of Crete sank beneath them; and the
country folk, who caught a glimpse of them when they were high above the tree-tops, took it for a vision of the gods,—Apollo, perhaps, with Cupid after him.

At first there was a terror in the joy. The wide vacancy of the air dazed them,—a glance downward made their brains reel.

But when a great wind filled their wings, and Icarus felt himself sustained, like a halcyon-bird in the hollow of a wave, like a child uplifted by his mother, he forgot everything in the world but joy. He forgot Crete and the other islands that he had passed over: he saw but vaguely that winged thing in the distance before him that was his father Daedalus. He longed for one draught of flight to quench the thirst of his captivity: he stretched out his arms to the sky and made towards the highest heavens.

Alas for him! Warmer and warmer grew the air. Those arms, that had seemed to uphold him, relaxed. His wings wavered, drooped. He fluttered his young hands vainly,—he was falling,—and in that terror he remembered. The heat of the sun had melted the wax from his wings; the feathers were falling, one by one, like snowflakes; and there was none to help.

He fell like a leaf tossed down the wind, down, down, with one cry that overtook Daedalus far away. When he returned, and sought high and low for the poor boy, he saw nothing but the bird-like feathers afloat on the water, and he knew that Icarus was drowned.

The nearest island he named Icaria, in memory of the child; but he, in heavy grief, went to the temple of Apollo in Sicily, and there hung up his wings as an offering. Never again did he attempt to fly.

cunning adv. skillful; cleaver
King Minos of Crete King Minos was a son of the god Zeus. Crete is a Greek island in the eastern Mediterranean Sea, southeast of Greece.
Labyrinth n. maze.
veered v. changed directions.
liberty n. freedom from slavery or captivity.
winnow n. beat, as with wings.
aloft v. high up; flying; in the air.
fledgling n. young bird.
Apollo n. the Greek god of music, poetry, and medicine; identified with the sun.
Cupid n. in Roman mythology, the god of love, son of Venus.
vacancy n. emptiness; unoccupied position.
reel v. spin; whirl.
sustained adj. supported.
halcyon-bird n. legendary sea bird, which the ancient Greeks believed could calm the sea by resting on it.
captivity n. imprisonment.
TYPES OF GENRES:
The following list defines each of the genres included in Recommended Literature: Kindergarten Through Grade Twelve by the California Department of Education.

**All FICTION:** Narrative literary works whose content is produced by the imagination and is not necessarily based on fact.

**Drama**
Stories composed in verse or prose, usually for theatrical performance, where conflicts and emotion are expressed through dialogue and action.

**Fable**
Narration demonstrating a useful truth, especially in which animals speak as humans; legendary, supernatural tale.

**Fairy Tale**
Story about fairies or other magical creatures, usually for children.

**Fantasy**
Fiction with strange or other worldly settings or characters; fiction which invites suspension of reality.

**Fiction in Verse**
Full-length novels with plot, subplot(s), theme(s), major and minor characters, in which the narrative is presented in (usually blank) verse form.

**Folklore**
The songs, stories, myths, and proverbs of a people or “folk” as handed down by word of mouth.

**Historical Fiction**
Story with fictional characters and events in a historical setting.

**Horror**
Fiction in which events evoke a feeling of dread in both the characters and the reader.

**Humor**
Fiction full of fun, fancy, and excitement, meant to entertain; but can be contained in all genres

**Legend**
Story, sometimes of a national or folk hero, which has a basis in fact but also includes imaginative material.

**Mystery**
Fiction dealing with the solution of a crime or the unraveling of secrets.

**Mythology**
Legend or traditional narrative, often based in part on historical events, that reveals human behavior and natural phenomena by its symbolism; often pertaining to the actions of the gods.

**Poetry**
Verse and rhythmic writing with imagery that creates emotional responses.

**Realistic Fiction**
Story that can actually happen and is true to life.

**Science Fiction**
Story based on impact of actual, imagined, or potential science, usually set in the future or on other planets.

**Short Story**
Fiction of such brevity that it supports no subplots.

**Tall Tale**
Humorous story with blatant exaggerations, swaggering heroes who do the impossible with nonchalance.

**All NONFICTION:** Informational text dealing with an actual, real-life subject.

**Biography/Autobiography**
Narrative of a person’s life, a true story about a real person.

**Essay**
A short literary composition that reflects the author's outlook or point.

**Narrative Nonfiction**
Factual information presented in a format which tells a story.

**Speech**
Public address or discourse.
READING COMPREHENSION CHECKLIST:

Simple Recall

☐ Who are the main characters?
☐ Where does the action take place?
☐ What did we find out from this passage (chapter)?
☐ Re-tell the incidents in the order that they occurred?
☐ Compare (this character) with (that character).
☐ Classify characters: good/bad, important/unimportant, flexible/inflexible.
☐ Why did a character act as s/he did?
☐ How did the authors describe the characters? Draw a semantic map of a character.

Reorganization of Ideas

☐ Classify characters, events, things, on a chart
☐ Classify important words in categories on a chart.
☐ Write details of the story on cards. Then organize them in outline form.
☐ Pick out what you think are the important points. Illustrate these points. Arrange them on a story board.
☐ Make a map of each character. Keep on adding descriptions throughout the story as the author reveals more details about the character.
☐ Write a summary of each character on an index card. Before you read a new chapter, read your summaries.

Inferences

☐ What is author not saying directly about a character, but leaving it up to you to draw your own conclusions about the character?
☐ Why did the author write this passage? What is s/he trying to make you think about?
☐ What can you say about the author’s background?
☐ There’s a time lapse between this event and the next event. What do you suppose happened during that time lapse?

Evaluation

☐ What would have happened had the incident not happened the way it did?
☐ How did the character’s actions influence the sequence of events?
☐ Find some examples of figurative speech. Explain what each means.
☐ What might happen in the next passage/chapter?

☐ Could this story happen in real life?
☐ Do you know people in real life who are like this character? What makes you think they are alike?
☐ What other books have you read that have a similar plot or theme?
☐ Why do you suppose the author wrote this story?
☐ Is the author trying to sway your thinking? Do you agree or disagree with what s/he is saying?
☐ What do you think of the author’s writing? Does it “speak” to you?
☐ Was the character right or wrong in what he did?
☐ What is the moral of the story? Does this moral apply to anyone in any situation?

Appreciation

☐ How did the author make you feel while you were reading the story?
☐ Which part had the most appeal to you?
☐ Were there incidents in the story that you can relate to your personal experiences?
☐ Which descriptions could you almost see, feel, touch, or smell?
☐ What words had a strong impact on you?
☐ If you were to write to the author, what would you say in your letter?
☐ If this book was recommended to you by someone, what feedback would you give that person?
☐ Write a forward for the book.
LISTA DE COMPRENSIÓN DE LECTURA:

Simple recordatorio

- ¿Quiénes son los personajes principales?
- ¿Dónde tiene lugar el evento?
- ¿Qué contrastes en este pasaje (capítulo)?
- Haz un recuento de los eventos en orden cronológico
- Compara este personaje con un(a) personaje
- Clasifica los personajes: bueno/malo, importante/irrelevante, flexible/inflexible.
- ¿Por qué el personaje actuó como actuó?
- ¿Cómo describe el autor los personajes? Dibuja un mapa semántico del personaje

Reorganización de las Ideas

- Clasifica personajes, eventos, cosas en una lista
- Clasifica palabras importantes en una lista de categorías
- Escribe en tarjetas detalles del cuento. Después organízalas en un índice
- Escoge los puntos que creas importantes. Ilustra esos puntos. Acomodales en un borrador
- Haz un mapa de cada personaje. Añade descripciones a lo largo del cuento en tanto que el autor revela más y más detalles del personaje
- En una tarjeta escribe un resumen de cada personaje. Lee tus resúmenes antes de leer un Nuevo capítulo

Inferencias

- ¿Qué es lo que el autor no dice directamente acerca del personaje, pero que te lo deja a ti para que saques tus propias conclusiones?
- ¿Por qué el autor escribió este pasaje? ¿Qué es lo que quiere que pienses?
- ¿Qué puedes decir sobre el trasfondo del autor?
- Hay un lapso de tiempo entre este evento y el siguiente evento. ¿Qué supones que pasó durante ese lapso de tiempo?

Evaluación

- ¿Podría este cuento ocurrir en la vida real?
- ¿Conoces alguna persona en la vida real que sea como el personaje? Por qué piensas que se parecen?
- ¿Qué otros libros has leído que tengan una trama o tema similar?
- ¿Por qué crees que el autor escribió este cuento?
- ¿Estás el autor tratando de hacer que pienses de manera distinta? ¿Estás de acuerdo o en desacuerdo con lo que dice?
- ¿Qué piensas sobre la escritura del autor? ¿Qué te dice algo?
- ¿Estaba el personaje equivocado o no en lo que hizo?
- ¿Cuál es la moraleja del cuento? ¿Se aplica esta moraleja a quien sea en cualquier situación?

Apreciación

- ¿Cómo te hizo sentir el autor mientras leías el cuento?
- ¿Qué parte te llamó más?
- ¿Hay algunos incidentes en el cuento a los cuales puedes relacionarte?
- ¿Qué descripciones pudiste casi ver, sentir, tocar y oler?
- ¿Qué palabras tuvieron un fuerte impacto en ti?
- Si fueras a escribirle una carta al autor, ¿qué le dirías en la carta?
- Si te han recomendado este libro, ¿qué le dirías a la persona que te lo recomendó?
- Escribe un prólogo para el libro
COMMON PERSONALITY/CHARACTER TRAITS

Most people would consider the character traits described by the personality adjectives below to be “good” or positive. This is generally true, but remember that words are often used subjectively. For example, “determined” is shown here as a positive personality adjective, while “stubborn” is listed on the negative personality/character adjectives section below, yet the meaning of both can be very similar. The choice of word sometimes says as much about the author as about the person being described.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Positive (+) Personality/Character Adjectives</th>
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<td>A-D</td>
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COMMON PERSONALITY/CHARACTER TRAITS

Most people would consider the character traits described by the personality/character adjectives below to be "bad" or negative. This is generally true, but remember that there can be exceptions. For example, for a policeman "aggressive" might be a negative trait while for a boxer it could be positive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Negative (-) Personality/Character Adjectives</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>A-E</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>❏ aggressive</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ aloof</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ angry</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ annoying</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ argumentative</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ arrogant</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ belligerent</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ big-headed</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ boastful</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ bone-idle</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ boring</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ bossy</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ callous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>❏ cantankerous</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ careless</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ changeable</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ clinging</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ combative</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ compulsive</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ conceited</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ conservative</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ cowardly</td>
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<td>❏ cranky</td>
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<td>❏ cruel</td>
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<td>❏ cunning</td>
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<td>❏ cynical</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ deceitful</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ detached</td>
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<tr>
<td>❏ dishonest</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
COMMONLY USED THEMES IN PLOT

WHAT IS A THEME?
A story’s theme is its central idea, message, or insight into life. Occasionally, the author states the theme directly. More often, however, the theme is implied.

As you read, look at what the characters say and do, where the story takes place, and objects in the story that seem important. These details will help you determine the theme—what the author wants to teach you about life.

GRAPHIC ORGANIZER (Identifying Plot):

THEMES:
- Importance of family
- Facing fears
- Independence
- Justice
- Having Faith
- Hope
- Responsibility
- Maturing and growing up
- Good vs. Evil
- Prejudices

- Having Faith
- Honor
- Respect
- Honesty
- Loyalty/Commitment
- Compassion
- Importance of friendship
- Courage
- Love
- Dealing with pain or hardship

- Never give up (Perseverance, Always try your best)
- Understanding the meaning of life
- Acceptance
- Hardship
- Treat others, as you would like to be treated
- Humility and respect