

Min.	Grouping	Activity/Description	Materials	Page
Decoding Class Daily Warm-up				
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Skill Practice				
20	Student-led Small Groups or Partners	Game-based review of phonics patterns.	Game-based Review Activities	12-33
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Repeated Reading for Fluency and Comprehension				
15	Whole Class & Partners	Students read aloud repeatedly using Choral Reading Activities.	Choral Reading Activities	38
		Students whisper read or partner read with a purpose and apply comprehension strategies to text.	Fluency Texts & Foursquares	39-52
Comprehension Class Vocabulary Instruction				
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Classroom poster:



Decoding Strategy

1. Circle prefixes
2. Circle suffixes
3. Underline vowels
4. Divide the word parts
5. Say each word part
6. Blend the word
7. Try different vowel sounds

(Adapted from Archer, Gleason & Vachon, 2000)

Student Name: _____



Unit 1 Warm-up

Days 1 & 2: Implement Decoding Strategy

1. Use the decoding strategy on the following words. As you do, check off each step in the box below.
2. Optional: Use the lines to write word parts if it helps.
3. Read the word list to a teacher.

a. reliving	_____	_____	_____	_____
b. defunded	_____	_____	_____	_____
c. replanting	_____	_____	_____	_____
d. depended	_____	_____	_____	_____
e. thankless	_____	_____	_____	_____
f. promises	_____	_____	_____	_____

<i>Check ✓ off each step as you do it above:</i>	1. Circle prefixes	2. Circle suffixes	3. Underline vowels	4. Divide word into parts	5. Say each word part	6. Blend the word	7. Read out loud and try different vowel sounds if needed
reliving							
defunded							
replanting							
depended							
thankless							
promises							

Student Name: _____



Days 3 & 4: Word Part Scramble

Put a ✓ after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. _____
2. Make the word parts into real words. _____
3. Read the word list to a teacher and get her signature. _____

Days 5 & 6: Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Put a ✓ after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. _____
 2. Read each sentence and try to figure out the word that goes in the blank. _____
 3. Put the words into the sentences, read them to a teacher, and get his/her signature. _____
- a. I didn't think we were going to win the game; it **de**_____ on us playing our best. (3 parts)
 - b. He is **re** _____ that day over and over in his mind. (3 parts)
 - c. My friend makes a lot of _____ **es**, but she doesn't always keep them. (3 parts)
 - d. The school is in poor shape because it was **de**_____ by the city. (3 parts)
 - e. Are you _____ **ing** the flowers in a spot that gets more sun? (3 parts)
 - f. She got no thanks for the work she did; it was _____. (2 parts)

Days 7 & 8: Implement decoding strategy

1. Use the decoding strategy on the following words. As you do, check off each step in the box below.
2. Optional: Use the lines to write word parts if it helps.
3. Read the word list to a teacher.

a. unexpected _____



Student Name: _____

b. rethinking _____

c. process _____

d. income _____

e. challenges _____

f. resulted _____

Check ✓off each step as you do it above:	1. Circle prefixes	2. Circle suffixes	3. Underline vowels	4. Divide word into parts	5. Say each word part	6. Blend the word	7. Read out loud and try different vowel sounds if needed
unexpected							
rethinking							
process							
income							
challenges							
resulted							

Days 9 & 10: Word Part Scramble

Put a ✓after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. ____
2. Make the word parts into real words. ____
3. Read the word list to a teacher and get his/her signature. ____

Student Name: _____



Unit 1 Materials

Words for Days 1 & 2 Word Part Scramble and Days 3 & 4 Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Students cut out to manipulate.

re	de	ing	liv	re
thank	plant	ed	ed	pend
de	prom	ing	less	es
is	fund			

Words for Days 9 & 10 Word Part Scramble and Unit 2 Days 1 & 2 Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Students cut out to manipulate.

pect	un	in	re	pro
come	es	ed	ed	chall
eng	cess	think	re	ex
ing	sult			

You will also use the Days 9 & 10 syllables (above) for the Unit 2 Warm-up, Days 1 & 2 Word Part Scramble with Cloze

**Some of the "syllables" are actually word parts with more than one syllable, e.g. -ible. We do this to help our students recognize common affixes and roots in different words.*

Student Name: _____



Unit 2 Warm-up

Days 1 & 2: Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Put a ✓ after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. ____
 2. Read each sentence and try to figure out the word that goes in the blank. ____
 3. Put the words into the sentences, read them to a teacher, and get his/her signature. ____
- a. The storm **re**_____ in flooding.
(3 parts)
 - b. It was a long **pro**_____ to get new brakes in my car.
(2 parts)
 - c. The doctor had a nice **in**_____ because of the many people he saw.
(2 parts)
 - d. I am **re**_____ the outfit I picked out; it looks like rain.
(3 parts)
 - e. Winning that bet was **un**_____! I did not know my team would win.
(4 parts)
 - f. There are many _____ that can stop students from getting good grades.
(3 parts)

Days 3 & 4: Implement Decoding Strategy

1. Use the decoding strategy on the following words. As you do, check off each step in the box below.
2. Optional: Use the lines to write word parts if it helps.
3. Read the word list to a teacher.

a. manifested _____

b. description _____

Student Name: _____



c. compelling _____

d. officer _____

e. supervisor _____

f. dentist _____

Check ✓ off each step as you do it above:	1. Circle prefixes	2. Circle suffixes	3. Underline vowels	4. Divide word into parts	5. Say each word part	6. Blend the word	7. Read out loud and try different vowel sounds if needed
manifested							
description							
compelling							
officer							
supervisor							
dentist							

Days 5 & 6: Word Part Scramble

Put a ✓ after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. _____
2. Make the word parts into real words. _____
3. Read the word list to a teacher and get her signature. _____

Days 7 & 8: Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Put a ✓ after you complete each item:

1. Take out the word parts and separate the prefixes, suffixes, and middle parts into piles. _____
2. Read each sentence and try to figure out the word that goes in the blank. _____
3. Put the words into the sentences, read them to a teacher, and get his/her signature. _____



Student Name: _____

- a. My _____ put two fillings in my teeth this week.
(2 parts)
- b. She looked just like the **de** _____ you gave of her.
(3 parts)
- c. The _____ did not look happy when he pulled me over for speeding. (3 parts)
- d. My _____ **or** asked me to work an extra shift this week!
(4 parts)
- e. Her anger _____ **ed** by her being rude to kids in her class.
(4 parts)
- f. I almost believe your strong, **or com** _____, excuse for not doing your homework. (3 parts)

Days 9 & 10: Implement decoding strategy

1. Use the decoding strategy on the following words. As you do, check off each step in the box below.
2. Optional: Use the lines to write word parts if it helps.
3. Read the word list to a teacher.

- | | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| a. expert | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| b. condition | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| c. complex | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| d. investigator | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| e. operation | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| f. discovered | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |

Student Name: _____



<i>Check ✓ off each step as you do it above:</i>	1. Circle prefixes	2. Circle suffixes	3. Underline vowels	4. Divide word into parts	5. Say each word part	6. Blend the word	7. Read out loud and try different vowel sounds if needed
expert							
condition							
complex							
investigator							
operation							
discovered							

Student Name: _____



Unit 2 Materials

Words for Days 1 & 2 Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Students cut out to manipulate.

pect	un	in	re	pro
come	es	ed	ed	chall
eng	cess	think	re	ex
ing	sult			

Words for Days 5 & 6 Word Part Scramble and Days 7 & 8 Word Part Scramble with Cloze

Students cut out to manipulate.

tion	scrip	com	off	ing
pell	er	or	ed	ic
man	de	est	dent	sup
if	er	vis	ist	



Game Based Review Activities

Day	Alternating Game Based Activity Schedule
Day 1	<p>1. Time each student on target words, and ask them to graph the number they read correctly in 1 minute.</p> <p>2. Play Concentration/Memory</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lay out the cards face down in a 10 x 6 order. • Numbering the backs of the cards assists students in remembering where the cards are. • When a student flips over a card he/she must read it, flip over another card and read it. • If it is a match the student keeps the pair. If not, the next student goes. • The person with the most word pairs wins.
Day 2	<p>1. Play Go Fish</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • This can be played with the same concentration cards from Day 1 just have students keep the backs of their cards hidden (if you numbered them). • Deal out the cards (8 to each student), put the remaining cards in a pile in the middle of the table. • Have students ask each other for matches, and if they don't have one they have to go fish, or draw from the middle pile. • The person with the most pairs wins.
Day 3	<p>1. Play a Board Game</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Use the same cards from the previous days, any board game, game pieces, and dice. • Students roll the dice, and pick up the number (they roll) of cards to read. Students only get to move the number of cards they read correctly. This is to discourage guessing.

Day 4

1. Play Tic Tac Toe

- Put students into pairs
- Put tic-tac-toe boards into sheet protectors
- Hand one tic-tac-toe board to each student and ask them to create their own board. Give them a stack of cards and a whiteboard marker. They should randomly write the words on the board (see example below).
- Students can then play each other in tic-tac-toe reading each word part before they put their piece down.
- You can make a tournament out of it and have the winners play each other. Use different boards each time.

ing	ter	ed
therm	port	cor
ed	ter	parch

Day 5

1. Play Road Race

- Give each student a stack of 8-10 cards.
- Have them write their word parts into the road race board with a white board marker (see sample below).
- Students put their game piece at the start line on their board.
- Students read through the cards and only get to advance when they read the word that is in the next box.
- You may want to set a stopwatch and write down student's individual scores.

Road Race

coun	ous
quit	found
low	coun
show	touch
dis	ir
START	FINISH

Day 5

1. Students practice the word cards however they want before the final timing (including choosing to play a game from the previous days).
2. Time each student on target words and ask them to graph the number they read correctly in 1 minute.

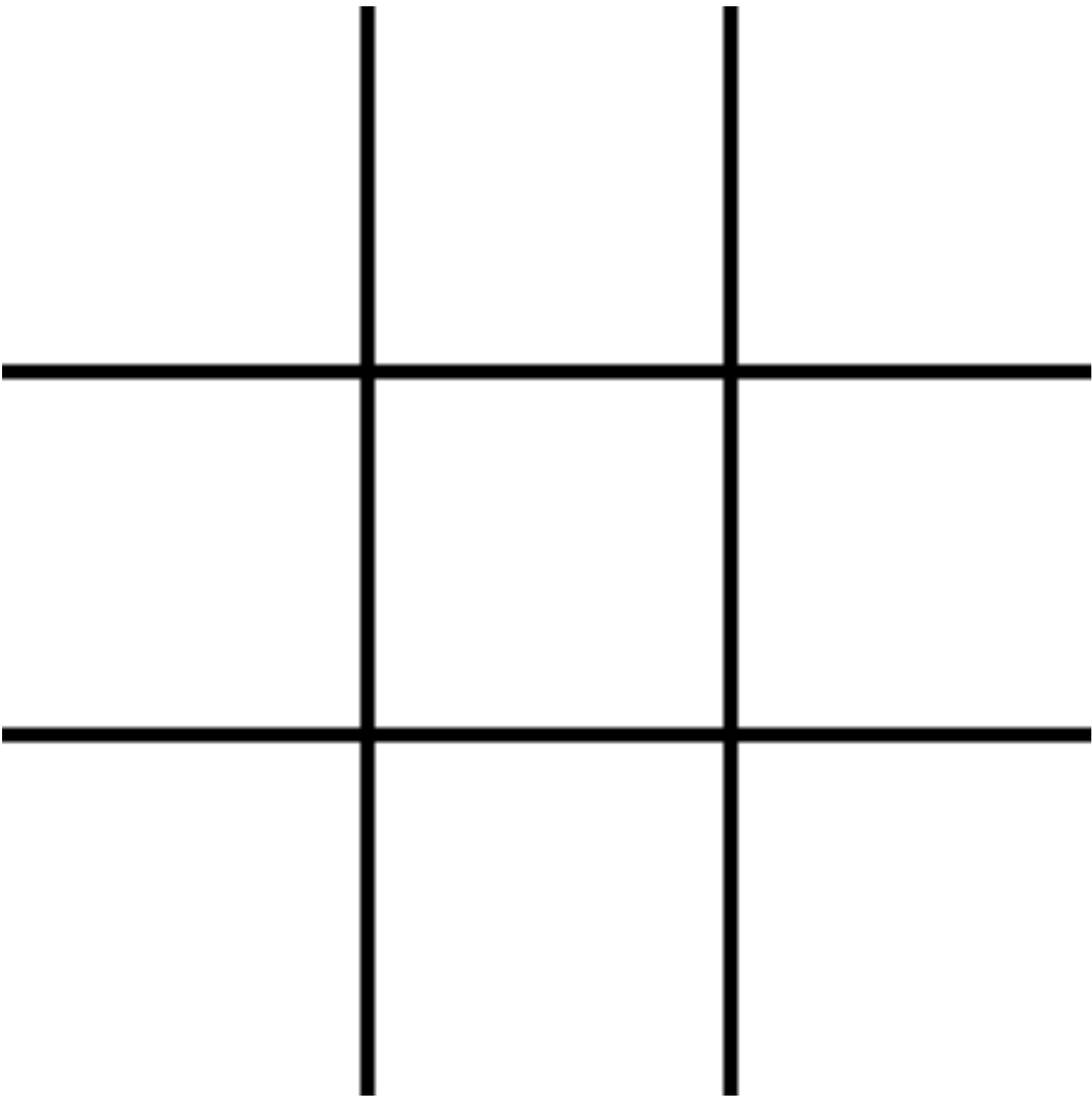
Correct Word Parts Per Minute Graph

Directions: Write the number of correct word parts per minute in the corresponding cell.

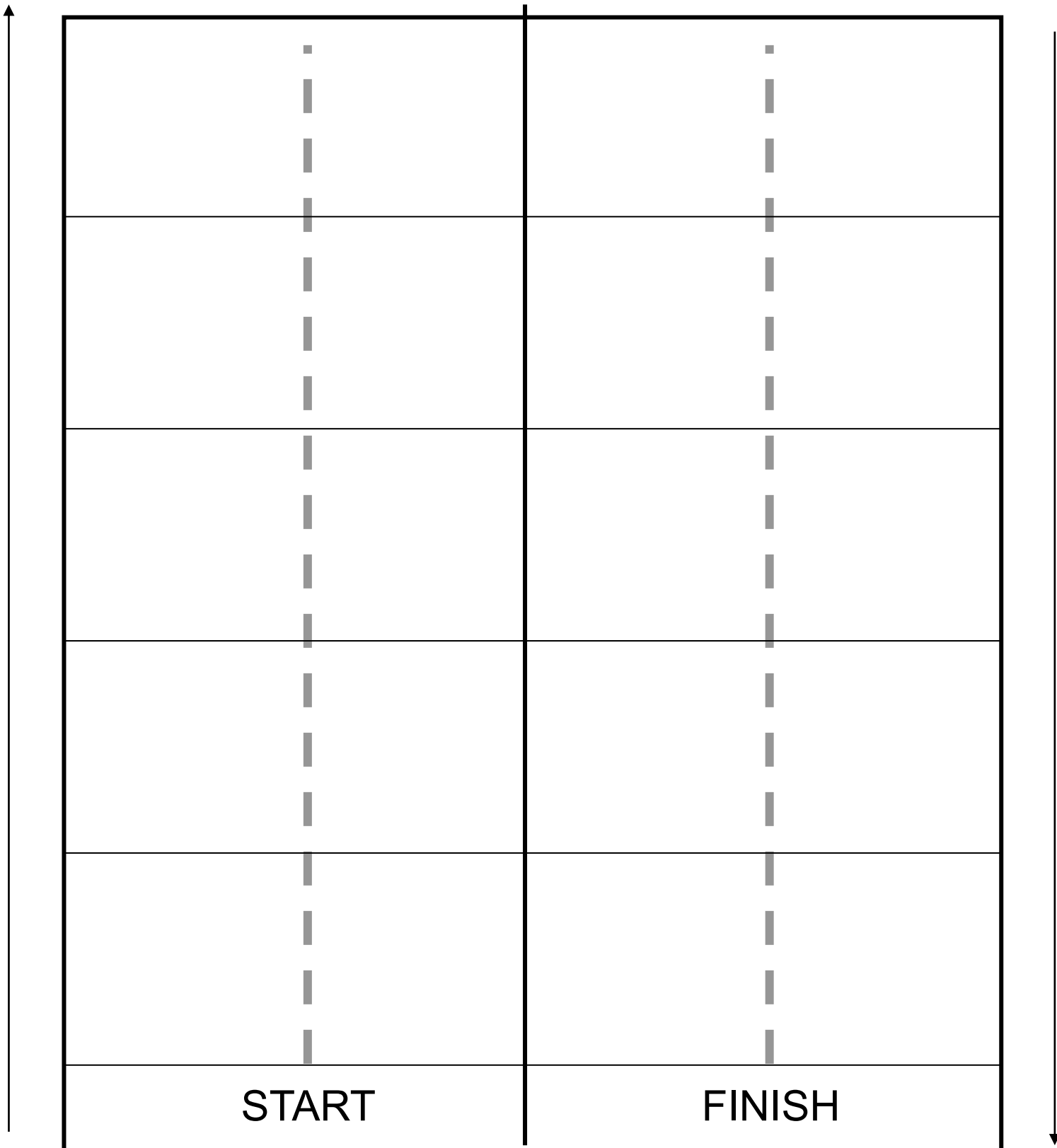
CWPM	Day 1	Day 5		Day 1	Day 5		Day 1	Day 5		Day 1	Day 5
60+											
55-60											
50-55											
45-50											
40-45											
35-40											
30-35											
25-30											
20-25											
15-20											
10-15											
5-10											
	Week 1			Week 2			Week 3			Week 4	

Reflecting on Your Growth

- Do you feel more automatic with the parts of words?
 - Are you attending to every letter/sound within the word parts?
- Can you see how this helps you when you read multisyllabic words?



Road Race



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Unit 4

Week 1
WordBuilder Unit 1
Whole Class Instruction

Target Prefixes: in, re, de,

Vowel Sounds: a, e, i, o, u (Try sound first, then name)

Target Suffixes: ed (/t/, /d/, /ɪd/), s/es, ing

1. Use the Decoding Strategy with your teacher and whole class
2. Build the word with your teacher
3. Cover the word
4. Spell the word below
5. Check the word
6. Tell your teacher to check for mastery
7. See how many new words you can make!
8. Remember: You can select words that are more challenging that have 3, 4, or 5 parts. No need to master every word in the unit before you move on.

Unit 1 Part 1	Unit 1 Part 2	Unit 1 Part 3
1.	1.	1.
2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.
4.	4.	4.
5.	5.	5.
6.	6.	6.
7.	7.	7.
8.	8.	8.
9.	9.	9.
10.	10.	10.

Week 2
WordBuilder Unit 2
Whole Class Instruction

Target Prefixes: in, re, de, ex, con, com

Vowel Sounds: a, e, i, o, u (Try sound first, then name), ar, er, ir, or, ur

Target Suffixes: ed (/t/, /d/, /id/), s/es, ing, tion (sion), er, or

1. Use the Decoding Strategy with your teacher and whole class
2. Build the word with your teacher
3. Cover the word
4. Spell the word below
5. Check the word
6. Tell your teacher to check for mastery
7. See how many new words you can make!
8. Remember: You can select words that are more challenging that have 3, 4, or 5 parts. No need to master every word in the unit before you move on.

Unit 2 Part 1	Unit 2 Part 2	Unit 2 Part 3
1.	1.	1.
2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.
4.	4.	4.
5.	5.	5.
6.	6.	6.
7.	7.	7.
8.	8.	8.
9.	9.	9.
10.	10.	10.

Week 3
WordBuilder Unit 3
Whole Class Instruction

Target Prefixes: in, re, de, ex, con, com, pre, dis, un

Vowel Sounds: a, e, i, o, u (Try sound first, then name), ar, er, ir, or, ur, a-e, e-e, i-e, o-e, u-e

Target Suffixes: ed (/t/, /d/, /ɪd/), s/es, ing, tion (sion), er, or, ly, y, ity, ary

1. Use the Decoding Strategy with your teacher and whole class
2. Build the word with your teacher
3. Cover the word
4. Spell the word below
5. Check the word
6. Tell your teacher to check for mastery
7. See how many new words you can make!
8. Remember: You can select words that are more challenging that have 3, 4, or 5 parts. No need to master every word in the unit before you move on.

Unit 3 Part 1	Unit 3 Part 2	Unit 3 Part 3
1.	1.	1.
2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.
4.	4.	4.
5.	5.	5.
6.	6.	6.
7.	7.	7.
8.	8.	8.
9.	9.	9.
10.	10.	10.

Week 4
WordBuilder Unit 4
Whole Class Instruction

Target Prefixes: in, re, de, ex, con, com, pre, dis, un, pro, per, be

Vowel Sounds: a, e, i, o, u (Try sound first, then name), ar, er, ir, or, ur, a-e, e-e, i-e, o-e, u-e, ai, ay

Target Suffixes: ed (/t/, /d/, /id/), s/es, ing, tion (sion), er, or, ly, y, ity, ary, sion, ion

1. Use the Decoding Strategy with your teacher and whole class
2. Build the word with your teacher
3. Cover the word
4. Spell the word below
5. Check the word
6. Tell your teacher to check for mastery
7. See how many new words you can make!
8. Remember: You can select words that are more challenging that have 3, 4, or 5 parts. No need to master every word in the unit before you move on.

Unit 4 Part 1	Unit 4 Part 2	Unit 4 Part 3
1.	1.	1.
2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.
4.	4.	4.
5.	5.	5.
6.	6.	6.
7.	7.	7.
8.	8.	8.
9.	9.	9.
10.	10.	10.



Multiple Ways to Choral Read

- **Echo Read**- teacher reads text aloud while tracking it for everyone to see. Students repeat the teacher. May be done phrase-by-phrase or line-by-line.
- **Choral Read**- reading aloud with a whole class or group of students. Divide the class into different groups and have them read different sections.
- **Choral Cloze**- The teacher reads aloud omitting strategic words that the student then fills in. May be done with a partner as well.
- **Cumulative Choral**- The number of students reading gradually builds as the text is read. An individual or small group reads the first line or section of a passage, and then another group joins them. By the end of the passage, the whole group is reading. This can also be done in reverse, starting with whole group and ending with just one person or group.
- **Antiphonal Choral** Divide the group into groups and assign parts of the text to each group. Give students an opportunity to practice how they will read before bringing them back together to chorally read together.

Important! Remember, you can extend this as needed. Don't move on to questioning until students have achieved basic mastery of summarization.

Foursquare for Week 1

<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>
<p>1. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should) 	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)

Teacher Assign Partners Here:

Week 1 Days 1 & 2

1. Read once, and underline words you have trouble reading.

Cameras Give Parents Peek Into Teen Driving Habits

When one company sells insurance for teen drivers, it's offering to install a camera inside the car so parents can watch their kids' driving. The point isn't to catch teens driving badly. It's to stop them from driving insanely in the first place. Fortunately, it seems to be working. This camera might be disappointing to teen drivers, but thankfully it's not recording everything they do in the car. If a brainless driver gets the bright idea of taking down the camera, or covering it up, the parents will find out immediately. That is not the smartest thing to do. Unsafe drivers with stern parents beware!

2. Read again—skip the words you underlined.

3. Use decoding strategy on those words.

4. Read it all again and look for the main idea.

What is the main idea of the paragraph?

Week 1 Days 3, 4, & 5

Driver's Ed?

It was a beautiful day, dry and sunny, not a cloud in the sky. My half-hour driving lesson with my mother matched the weather: It was near perfect. I drove at the speed limit, stopped at all the stop signs, and even landed in the proper lane after a turn. As I pulled onto my driveway, I was really proud of myself. But what started out as the perfect driving lesson ended in a terrible tragedy when I pressed down on the gas instead of the brake.

The long driveway lay ahead of me. Unfortunately, it was not as long as it seemed to be. It was a thunderous crash that brought everyone out as quick as lightning. My little brother, who had witnessed the entire disaster from two feet away, just stood in shock. My other brother came running out to see what had happened. My sister, as always, took pride in pointing out another one of my major mistakes by screaming about how stupid I was. And unfortunately, my good friend happened to be playing ball on his driveway at four that afternoon. He watched without commenting. My mother just sat in the car, speechless. As for me, I was out of the car in a dash, cradling my head in my hands, uttering the same phrase over and over-- "Why me? Why me?"

After what seemed like an eternity, during which time the shock had worn off, I swore I would never drive again and then began to get nervous all over, thinking about my father's arrival within the next half-hour. The only saving grace was that my family was to immediately leave for a holiday dinner at my grandmother's. My father wouldn't have the nerve to start a scene in front of all those people: He would just give me the eye all night. I made sure to sit at an angle, so I wouldn't have to look him in the eye. Actually, my father surprised me by saying the accident wasn't completely my fault. It was those silly sneakers that he's always despised.

I realized later that this unfortunate event was a blessing in disguise. The thought of my little brother standing between the car and the garage door rather than a few feet off to the side as he was, kept playing over and over in my mind. Until this day, the thought still terrifies me. Driving is not as easy and carefree as most sixteen-year-olds think. I am extra careful now because I know that there is no room for error. A car can truly be a lethal weapon. My road-training class recently scheduled a field trip past my now infamous garage doors with me as their tour guide: "To the right is the Garcia house, which is now under repair..."

I have since learned that mine was the most common accident of sixteen-year-olds learning to drive. Because of inexperience, they tend to panic in emergency situations and press the gas pedal. I have learned, however, that I must be responsible for my actions. Fortunately, my accident was a valuable lesson. Cars are not toys; driving is not a game, and accidents don't just happen to the other guy. They can hit home.

Foursquare for Week 2

<p>3. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should) 	<p>4. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>

Important! Remember, you can extend this as needed. Don't move on to clarifying until students have achieved basic mastery of summarization and questioning.

Week 2 Day 1

Warm and Fuzzy Dinosaurs

LOS ANGELES, California The **discovery** of a giant meat-eating dinosaur sporting a downy coat has some **scientists** **reimagining** the look of Tyrannosaurus Rex. Were we **mistaken**?

With a **killer** jaw and the **sharpest** claws, T. Rex has long been portrayed in movies and popular culture as having **incredibly** scaly skin. The new discovery of an **earlier** relative suggests that the king of dinosaurs may have had a **softer** side.

The evidence comes from the **unearthing** of a new tyrannosaur species in northeastern China that lived before T. Rex. The fossil record preserved remains of **fluffy** down, making it the **largest** feathered dinosaur ever found.

The new tyrannosaur species is called Yutyrannus Huali. Its name is a blend of Latin and Mandarin, and it translates to "beautiful feathered tyrant."

It would have felt like touching "long, thick fur," one **researcher** said. The dino-fuzz likely provided **important** **insulation**, though using it for camouflage or for show, like a peacock, was not **impossible**.

If a T. Rex relative had feathers, why not T. Rex? **Scientists** said the evidence is trending in that direction. Since T. Rex is related to this newfound **feathery** species, chances are good that T. Rex was feathered as well, **scientists** said. Just don't mistake **fuzzy** for **cuddly**. The **predatory** dinosaur would have been just as menacing. Having feathers doesn't make it **harmless** said Holtz, who was not **involved** in the research.

Week 2 Days 3, 4, & 5

A Novel *from* Jurassic Park
Michael Crichton

In Michael Crichton's novel Jurassic Park (1990), John Hammond, a rich corporate executive, hires a team of scientists to clone dinosaurs from DNA and finds bringing the giant reptiles back from extinction is not impossible. Hammond populates an island reserve, Jurassic Park, with his clones, letting them roam on lands surrounded by electric fences. He plans to have visitors pay to view the monstrous creatures, using Land Cruisers that run on electric tracks throughout the reserve. This turns out to be a mistake. Before the park's scheduled opening, something goes seriously wrong: A park worker trying to enter an off-limits laboratory shuts down portions of the park's electricity. As a result, the power feeding the fences and the tracks becomes nonresponsive. The dinosaurs are loose! As this excerpt opens, the Land Cruisers stop. In them are two visiting scientists, Dr. Malcolm and Dr. Grant, and Hammond's grandchildren, Tim and his sister, Lex. A tyrannosaur approaches.

The huge head raised back up, jaws open, and then stopped by the side windows. In the glare of lightning, they saw the beady, expressionless reptile eye moving in the socket.
It was looking in the car.

His sister's breath came in ragged, frightened gasps. He reached out and squeezed her arm, hoping she would stay quiet. The dinosaur continued to stare for a long time through the side window. Perhaps the dinosaur couldn't really see them, he thought. Finally the head lifted up, out of view again.

"Timmy...", Lex whispered.

"It's okay" Tim whispered. "I don't think it saw us."

He was looking back toward Dr. Grant when a jolting impact rocked the Land Cruiser and shattered the windshield in a spider web as the

tyrannosaur's head crashed against the hood of! The Land Cruiser Tim was knocked flat on the seat. The night-vision goggles slid off his forehead.

He got back up quickly blinking in the darkness, his mouth warm with blood.

"Lex?"

He couldn't see his sister anywhere.

The tyrannosaur stood near the front of the Land Cruiser, its chest moving as it breathed, the forelimbs making clawing movements in the air.

"Lex!" Tim whispered. Then he heard her groan. She was lying somewhere on the floor under the front seat.

Then the huge head came down, entirely blocking the shattered windshield. The tyrannosaur banged again on the front hood of the Land Cruiser. Tim grabbed the seat as the car rocked on its wheels. The tyrannosaurus banged down twice more, denting the metal.

Then it moved around the side of the car. The big raised tail blocked his view out of all the side windows. At the back, the animal snorted, a deep rumbling growl that blended with the thunder. It sank its jaws into the spare tire mounted on the back of the Land Cruiser and, in a single headshake, tore it away. The rear of the car lifted into the air for a moment; then it thumped down with a muddy splash.

"Tim!" Dr. Grant said. "Tim, are you there?"

Tim grabbed the radio. "We're okay," he said. There was a shrill metallic scrape as claws raked the roof of the car. Tim's heart was pounding in his chest. He couldn't see anything out of the windows on the right side except pebbled leathery flesh. The tyrannosaur was leaning against the car, which rocked back and forth with each breath, the springs and metal creaking loudly.

Lex groaned again. Tim put down the radio and started to crawl over into the front seat. The tyrannosaur roared and the metal roof dented downward. Tim felt a sharp pain in his head and tumbled to the floor, onto the transmission hump. He found himself lying alongside Lex, and he was shocked to see that the whole side of her head was covered in blood. She looked unconscious.

There was another jolting impact, and pieces of glass fell all around him. Tim felt rain. He looked up and saw that the front windshield had broken out. There was just a jagged rim of glass and, beyond, the big head of the dinosaur.

Looking down at him.

Tim felt a sudden chill and then the head rushed forward toward him, the jaws open. There was the squeal of metal against teeth, and he felt the hot stinking breath of the animal, and a thick tongue stuck into the car through the windshield opening. The tongue slapped wetly around inside the car--he felt the hot lather of dinosaur saliva-- and the tyrannosaur roared--a deafening sound inside the car--
The head pulled away abruptly.

Tim scrambled up, avoiding the dent in the roof. There was still room to sit on the front seat by the passenger door. The tyrannosaur stood in the rain near the front fender. It seemed confused by what had happened to it. Blood dripped freely from its jaws.

The tyrannosaur looked at Tim, cocking its head to stare with one big eye. The head moved close to the car, sideways, and peered in. Blood splattered on the dented hood of the Land Cruiser, mixing with the rain.

It can't get to me, Tim thought. It's too big.

Then the head pulled away, and in the flare of lightning he saw the hind leg lift up. And the world tilted crazily as the Land Cruiser slammed

over on its side, the windows splatting in the mud. He saw Lex fall helplessly against the side window, and he fell down beside her, banging his head. Tim felt dizzy. Then the tyrannosaur's jaws clamped onto the window frame, and the whole Land Cruiser was lifted up into the air and shaken.

"Timmy!" Lex shrieked so near to his ear that it hurt. She was suddenly awake, and he grabbed her as the tyrannosaur crashed the car down again. Tim felt a stabbing pain in his side, and his sister fell on top of him. The car went up again, tilting crazily. Lex shouted "*Timmy!*" and he saw the door give way beneath her, and she fell out of the car into the mud, but Tim couldn't answer because in the next instant everything swung crazily--he saw the trunks of the palm trees sliding downward past him--moving sideways through the air--he glimpsed the ground very far below--the hot roar of the tyrannosaur--the blazing eye--the tops of the palm trees--

And then, with a metallic scraping shriek, the car fell from the tyrannosaur's jaws, a sickening fall, and Tim's stomach heaved in the moment before the world became totally black, and silent.

Foursquare for Week Three

<p>1. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should) 	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Clarify</p> <p>Word: "I don't quite understand_____."</p> <p>Idea: "I don't quite understand_____."</p>

Week 3

SNOW

Julia Alvarez

Our first year in New York we rented a small apartment with a Catholic school nearby, taught by the Sisters of Charity, hefty women in long black gowns and bonnets that made them look peculiar, like dolls in mourning. I liked them a lot, especially my grandmotherly fourth-grade teacher, Sister Zoe. I had a lovely name, she said, and she had me teach the whole class how to pronounce it. *Yo-lan-da*. As the only immigrant in my class, I was put in a special seat in the first row by the window, apart from the other children, so that Sister Zoe could tutor me without disturbing them. Slowly, she enunciated the new words I was to repeat: *laundromat, cornflakes, subway, and snow*.

Soon I picked up enough English to understand holocaust was in the air. Sister Zoe explained to a wide-eyed classroom what was happening in Cuba. Russian missiles were being assembled, trained supposedly on New York City. President Kennedy, looking worried too, was on the television at home, explaining we might have to go to war against the Communists.

At school, we had air-raid drills: An ominous bell would go off and we'd file into the hall, fall to the floor, cover our heads with our coats, and imagine our hair falling out, the bones in our arms going soft. At home, Mami and my sisters and I said a rosary for world peace. I heard new vocabulary: *nuclear bomb, radioactive fallout, and bomb shelter*. Sister Zoe explained how it would happen. She drew a picture of a mushroom on the blackboard and dotted a flurry of chalk marks for the dusty fallout that would kill us all.

The months grew cold, November, December. It was dark when I got up in the morning, frosty when I followed my breath to school. One morning, as I sat at my desk daydreaming out the window, I saw dots in the air like the ones Sister Zoe had drawn--random at first, then lots and lots. I shrieked, "Bomb! Bomb!" Sister Zoe jerked around, her full black skirt ballooning as she hurried to my side. A few girls began to cry.

But then Sister Zoe's shocked look faded. "Why, Yolanda dear, that's snow!" She laughed.

"Snow."

"Snow," I repeated. I looked out the window warily. All my life I had heard about the white crystals that fell out of American skies in the winter. From my desk I watched the fine powder dust the sidewalk and parked cars below. Each flake was different, Sister Zoe had said, like a person, irreplaceable and beautiful, in the Roman Catholic religion, series of prayers counted off on a special set of beads.

Important! Remember, you can extend this as needed. Don't move on to predicting until students have achieved basic mastery of summarization, questioning and clarifying. Remember, at this point you should also do some RT practice with picture and/or videos.

Foursquare for Week Four

<p>1. Clarify</p> <p>Word: "I don't quite understand_____."</p> <p>Idea: "I don't quite understand_____."</p>	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Predict:</p> <p><u>I predict:</u></p> <p><u>My evidence is:</u></p>

Week 4

The Beautiful Helen

Long ago the god Zeus fell in love with Leda, a mortal woman, and visited her in the form of a swan. Their daughter Helen grew up to be the most beautiful woman on earth. Helen married Menelaus, king of Sparta, but Paris, a handsome young prince, fell in love with her and ran away with her to Troy, his kingdom in Asia Minor. Helen's husband, Menelaus, gathered together other Greek kings and warriors, including his brother, Agamemnon, and they sailed to Troy in a thousand ships to fetch Helen home.

For ten long years the Greeks camped outside the walls of Troy, but they were unable to break down the thick walls of the city. Finally the Greeks tricked the Trojans. They built a huge wooden horse with a hollow belly and hid some soldiers in it. They left the horse on the beach at Troy and pretended to sail away. The Trojans thought that the Greeks had at last retreated and had left the horse as a gift. They wheeled the huge horse into their city. That night the Greeks crept out of the horse, opened the city gate to their comrades, and slaughtered the Trojans. The old king, Priam, was killed. The Trojan women, including Queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra, were murdered or dragged into slavery. The queen of Troy had already seen her beloved son Hector killed by Achilles, his bleeding body dragged three times in the dust around the walls of the city.

Four Week ESY Comprehension and Vocabulary

Week	Theme Words	Text	Root Words
1	<p><i>conflict</i> <i>crisis</i> <i>reason</i></p>	<p><i>“The Most Dangerous Game” by Richard Connell</i></p>	<p>graph <i>biography</i> <i>autobiography</i> <i>geography</i> <i>autograph</i> <i>graphic</i> <i>graph</i></p>
2	<p><i>atmosphere</i> <i>literal</i> <i>inferential</i></p>	<p><i>“The Most Dangerous Game” by Richard Connell</i></p>	<p>ject <i>reject</i> <i>inject</i> <i>eject</i></p>
3	<p><i>prediction</i> <i>evidence</i> <i>clarification</i></p>	<p><i>“The Most Dangerous Game” by Richard Connell</i></p>	<p><i>interject</i> <i>object</i> <i>project</i> <i>dejected</i> <i>subject</i></p>
4	<p><i>secretive</i> <i>superior</i> <i>class</i></p>	<p><i>“The Stolen Party” by Lilitana Heker</i></p>	<p>duc/duct <i>abduct</i> <i>conduct</i> <i>introduce</i> <i>deduct</i> <i>reduce</i> <i>educate</i></p>



Personal Dictionary

Word	Prefix	Suffix	Definition	My Sample Sentence or Image
consume	con	n/a	To eat, drink, or use something up	The _____ consumed _____ and felt _____.

(1.) Term	(4.) Story	(5.) Picture	(3.) Definition
(2.) Reminding Word			

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Personal Dictionary

Word	Prefix	Suffix	Definition	My Sample Sentence or Image
consume	con	n/a	To eat, drink, or use something up	The _____ consumed _____ and felt _____.

What's My Word?

1. Ask a friend about your word.
2. Have the person write their name.
3. You can only go to a person once.
4. You must go in order 1-7!
5. Fill out everything before you guess.

1. A picture of my word:
Name: _____

2. Where can I  or  my word?

Choose only 1:

1. A TV show about _____.
2. When _____ is talking about _____.
3. A book about _____.
4. In a _____ store.

Name: _____

3. This means the same thing as my word:

Name: _____

4. My word in a sentence:
(Put a _____ where the word should go)

Name: _____

5. **Choose only 1:**

- a. Prefix _____
- b. Suffix _____
- c. Root _____

Name: _____



6. Tell me an example of my word.

Name: _____

7. I think my word is _____.

8. ✓ one: Correct _____ Incorrect _____

My Name: _____

RT Group Leader Checklist

- ✓ **Group leader assigns roles and has student write their name next to the role.**
- ✓ **Group leader clarifies directions**
 - **Text title, page number, and length**
- ✓ **Group leader plays audio or selects a reader and students follow along**
- ✓ **Group leader sets timer for 5 minutes for students to complete their roles**
- ✓ **Group leader calls on members to share what they have:**
 - **Will you please share your _____ with the group?**
 - **_____, do you have anything to add?**
 - **Could you please repeat what you said?**

Group leader is responsible for: facilitating the conversation, making sure everyone participates equally, guiding the group through the clarifying step, and monitoring time.

Sentence Frames by Role

Summarizer	Questioner	Clarifier	Predictor
<p>My summary is _____.</p> <p>Do you all agree, or do you have anything to add?</p>	<p>My literal question is _____.</p> <p>_____, what do you think?</p> <p>My inferential question is _____.</p> <p>_____, what do you think?</p>	<p>I didn't quite understand _____.</p> <p>Can you all help me with that?</p>	<p>I predict that _____ my evidence is _____.</p> <p>_____, do you agree or disagree with my prediction? Why or why not?</p>

Reciprocal Teaching Rubric

Name: _____

Reciprocal Teaching	4 (A)	3 (B)	2 (C)	1 (D)
<p>Predicting</p> <p>Date: _____</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I use the language of prediction (I predict...) <input type="radio"/> I use evidence from the text, my knowledge about the genre, or my own prior knowledge to support my prediction (My evidence is...) <input type="radio"/> My prediction is meaningful, and in line with the story. <input type="radio"/> I ask each group member if they agree/disagree and why/why not. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I use the language of prediction (I predict...) <input type="radio"/> I use evidence from the text, my knowledge about the genre, or my own prior knowledge to support my prediction (My evidence is...) <input type="radio"/> My prediction is about a detail or a minor character instead of the main plot or characters. <input type="radio"/> I ask each group member if they agree/disagree. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I use the language of prediction (I predict...) <input type="radio"/> My evidence is not strong enough to support my prediction, or I do not have evidence. <input type="radio"/> My prediction may have already happened, or it might be off topic. <input type="radio"/> I do not ask other group members if they agree/disagree. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I use the language of prediction (I think...) <input type="radio"/> I don't provide evidence. <input type="radio"/> My prediction may have already happened, or it might be off topic. <input type="radio"/> My group members have to ask me to repeat my prediction more than two times, and I do not ask other group members if they agree/disagree.
<p>Questioning</p> <p>Date: _____</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I correctly label my literal question. (My literal question is...) <input type="radio"/> I correctly label my inferential question. (My inferential question is...) <input type="radio"/> I call on at least three different group members to answer questions using their names (_____ what do you think?) <input type="radio"/> My questions are meaningful and in line with the main events of the story. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I correctly label my literal question. (My literal question is...) <input type="radio"/> I correctly label my inferential question. (My inferential question is...) <input type="radio"/> I call on someone (possibly same person) to answer each question (...what do you think?) <input type="radio"/> My questions may be about the supporting characters or events instead of the main ideas. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I incorrectly label/or do not label my literal question. <input type="radio"/> I incorrectly label/or do not label my inferential question. <input type="radio"/> I do not call on group members to answer my questions. <input type="radio"/> My questions may be about the supporting characters or events instead of the main ideas. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="radio"/> I have only one question, and it is not labeled literal or inferential. <input type="radio"/> My question is not meaningful. <input type="radio"/> My group members have to ask me more than two times to repeat it. <input type="radio"/> I do not call on group members to answer.

Reciprocal Teaching	4 (A)	3 (B)	2 (C)	1 (D)
<p>Clarifying</p> <p>Date: _____</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I use the language of clarifying (I didn't quite understand...) ○ I correctly label what I didn't understand (W-word, S-sentence, V-visualize, ?-everything) ○ I ask my group members for help (Can you all help me with that?) ○ I am able to explain how I understand it after listening to my group OR ask for further clarification. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I use the language of clarifying (I didn't quite understand...) ○ I do not label what I didn't understand. ○ I ask my group members for help (Can you all help me with that?) ○ I do not explain my new understanding OR ask for further clarification. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I use the language of clarifying (I didn't quite understand...) ○ My clarification is something that is not important to understanding the story as a whole, or it is something that I already understood. ○ I do not ask my group members for help. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I do not use the language of clarifying. ○ My group members have to ask me to repeat my clarification more than three times. ○ My clarification is something that is not important to understanding the story as a whole, or it is something that I already understood. ○ I do not ask my group members for help.
<p>Summarizing</p> <p>Date: _____</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I use the language of summarizing (My summary is: who...what...when...where...) ○ I speak clearly and pause after each marker (who, what when, where) so my group members can process what I'm saying. ○ I ask my group if they agree, or if they have anything to add. ○ I make corrections as necessary taking input from my group. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I use the language of summarizing (My summary is: who...what...when...where...) ○ My group members have to ask me to repeat one or two pieces of information. ○ I ask my group if they agree, or if they have anything to add. ○ One piece of information is incorrect. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I put my summary in a complete sentence instead of using the reporting markers (who...what...when...where...) ○ My group members have to ask me to repeat two or three pieces of information. ○ My group asks me to rewrite 3 pieces of my summary. ○ Two pieces of information are incorrect. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ I leave out one of the pieces of a summary (who...what...when...where...) ○ My group members have to ask me to repeat all of my information. ○ My group asks me to rewrite 3 pieces of my summary. ○ Three or more pieces of information are incorrect.

Foursquare for Week 1 The Most Dangerous Game (Various Sections)

<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>
<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>

Teacher Assign Partners Here:

Foursquare for Week 2 The Most Dangerous Game

<p>1. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should) 	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>

Foursquare for Week Three The Most Dangerous Game

<p>1. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should) 	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate 1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Clarify</p> <p>Word: “I don’t quite understand_____.”</p> <p>Idea: “I don’t quite understand_____.”</p>

“The Most Dangerous Game” by Richard Connell

Two men on a Yacht at night.

Whitney: Over there somewhere is a large island. It’s a mystery...

Rainsford: What Island?

Whitney: Old maps call it “Ship-Trap Island.” People are afraid of the place. I don’t know why—some superstition, or rumor.

Rainsford: I can’t see it.

Whitney: You have good eyes, but even you can’t see through a moonless Caribbean night.

Rainsford: True. Ugh, it’s like moist black velvet.

Whitney: It will be light in Rio. We should make it in a few days, and we’ll have great hunting in the Amazon.

Rainsford: Yeah, the best in the world!

Whitney: For the hunter, not for the jaguar.

Rainsford: Don’t talk rot, Whitney. You’re a big game hunter. Who cares how the jaguar feels?

Whitney: Well, maybe the Jaguar does. Never mind, but if it did understand one thing it would be the fear of death and the fear of pain.

Rainsford: Nonsense! This heat is making you go crazy. The world is made up of two kinds of people the hunter and the hunted. Luckily we’re the hunters. Do you think we’ve passed the island yet?

Whitney: I can’t tell in the dark, but I hope so.

Rainsford: Why?

Whitney: The place has a bad reputation.

Rainsford: Cannibals?

Whitney: No, even cannibals wouldn’t live in such an awful place. But everyone has heard how bad this island is. Did you notice how jumpy the crew was today?

Rainsford: Now that you mention it—they were a bit strange. Even Captain Nielsen.

Whitney: I must admit even I did feel something like a sudden chill.

Rainsford: Pure imagination. One scared, superstitious sailor can make everyone afraid.

Whitney: Even if it is imagination, I'm glad we're sailing away from this Island. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford.

Rainsford: I'm not sleepy. I'm going to smoke another pipe.

Whitney: Goodnight then, Rainsford. See you at Breakfast.

Rainsford: Right. Goodnight Whitney.

The Most Dangerous Game by Richard Connell

"OFF THERE to the right--somewhere--is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery--" "What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it `Ship-Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why. Some superstition--"

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You've good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford. "For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney. "Bah! They've no understanding." "Even so, I rather think they understand one thing--fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes--the hunters and the huntees. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so." "Why?" asked Rainsford. "The place has a reputation--a bad one." "Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a--a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing--with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck."

"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea dosed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he

swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then--

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears--the most welcome he had ever heard-- the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he landed, he stopped.

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find--the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. All the lights were in one enormous building--a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet above it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen--a gigantic creature, solidly made and black bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointing as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform--a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said, "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He

was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp cut nose, a spare, dark face--the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most-restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner when you came. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory tables where twenty men could sit down to eat. About the hall were mounted heads of many animals--lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"You'll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest--the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

"We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not in the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful

and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked *filet mignon*. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster." "Did he charge you?" "Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute." "I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly, "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, general?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said. "Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society." "But what game--" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation.

"It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As

soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America businessmen often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call 'a sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

"No animal had a chance with me anymore. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general went on.

"And that was?"

The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking." "Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island built this

house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes--there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps--"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face.

"I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said, 'What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course, 'It must have courage, cunning, and, above all, it must be able to reason.'"

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford. "My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can." "But you can't mean--" gasped Rainsford. "And why not?" "I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

"Hunting? Great Guns, General Zaroff, what you speak of is murder."

The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war--"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples are quite ill founded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if needs be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not?"

"But they are men," said Rainsford hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous."

"But where do you get them?"

The general's left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. "This island is called Ship Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me."

Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a channel," he said, "where there's none; giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yes," he said, casually, as if in answer to a question, "I have electricity. We try to be civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest caliber and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him "--the general smiled--" he loses."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said. Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a tartar. One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"This way, please. I'll show you."

The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a

flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.

"A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are let out at seven every night. If anyone should try to get into my house--or out of it--something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of song from the *Folies Bergere*.

"And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of heads. Will you come with me to the library?"

"I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me tonight, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling well."

"Ah, indeed?" the general inquired solicitously. "Well, I suppose that's only natural, after your long swim. You need a good, restful night's sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh?"

I've one rather promising prospect--" Rainsford was hurrying from the room.

"Sorry you can't go with me tonight," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport--a big, strong, black. He looks resourceful--Well, good night, Mr. Rainsford; I hope you have a good night's rest."

Rainsford went to the bed and lay down. By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just as morning began to come, he heard, far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said, "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of *crêpes Suzette*, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying."

"General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his thickets of eyebrows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," the general protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting--"

"I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

"Tonight," said the general, "we will hunt--you and I." Rainsford shook his head. "No, general," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

"You don't mean--" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel--at last." The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

"And if I win--" began Rainsford huskily.

"I'll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeat if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town." The general read what Rainsford was thinking.

"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford. "Oh," said the general, "in that case--But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot*, unless--"

The general sipped his wine.

Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest, too, that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always' take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? Au revoir, Mr. Rainsford, au revoir." General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room.

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said through tight teeth.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude path he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox.

Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative and he thought, "I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable." A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was nearby, and, taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch, and, stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But perhaps the general was a devil--

Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb and, through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. . . . That which was approaching was a man.

It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost

concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees and studied the ground. Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something metallic--a small automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled.

Rainsford held his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay mancatcher. Luckily for me I, too, have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder, had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely.

Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the muck sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his feet loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftiness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an

impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp.

The baying of the hounds drew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever nearer. On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow

valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack took up the cry again.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea. . . .

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders.

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course, the American hadn't played the game--so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur.

A man, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said. "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford." . . .

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

General Zaroff and Rainsford sit talking after dinner

General Zaroff: I had to ask myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. Can you predict my answer?

Rainsford: No, what was it?

General Zaroff: Hunting had become too easy for me. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection. No animal stood a chance with me. All an animal has is instinct, but I have reason. Instinct is no match for reason. So, I figured out what to do.

Rainsford: What?

General Zaroff: I had to invent a new animal to hunt.

Rainsford: A new animal? You're joking.

General Zaroff: Not at all. I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one, so I bought this island, built this house, and I do my hunting here. The island is perfect for my purposes—there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps—

Rainsford: What's the animal, General Zaroff?

General Zaroff: Oh, it is the most exciting thing to hunt in the world. Everyday I hunt and I never get bored. For I have a quarry that can match my wits. It has courage, cunning, and above all reason.

Rainsford: But no animal has reason.

General Zaroff: My dear fellow, there is one that can...

Rainsford: WHAT?! You can't mean...

General Zaroff: And why not?

Rainsford: I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grizzly joke. What you speak of is not hunting—it's murder!

General Zaroff: I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war—“

Rainsford: My experiences in the war do not make me condone murder!

General Zaroff: How droll you are. I wager you'll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford.

Rainsford: Thank you, but I'm a hunter, NOT a murderer.

General Rainsford: Life is for the strong to be lived by the strong, and if need be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not?

Rainsford: Who do you hunt?

General Zaroff: I hunt the scum of the earth—sailors, and people who are different races than I am.

Rainsford: But they are men!

General Zaroff: Precisely, that is why I use them. It gives me pleasure because they can reason, so they are dangerous.

Rainsford: But where do you get them?

General Zaroff: (laughing) Well, this is called Ship Trap Island.

Foursquare for Week Four The Stolen Party

<p>1. Clarify</p> <p>Word: “I don’t quite understand_____.”</p> <p>Idea: “I don’t quite understand_____.”</p>	<p>2. Question-</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Generate 1 literal question (who, what, when, where) • Generate1 inferential question (why, could, would, should)
<p>3. Summarize- Decide what information is important and state it clearly.</p> <p>What is happening? Who is it happening to? When is it happening? Where is it happening?</p> <p>Complete Sentence:</p>	<p>4. Predict:</p> <p><u>I predict:</u></p> <p><u>My evidence is:</u></p>

"The Stolen Party"

Liliana Heker

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As soon as she arrived she went straight to the kitchen to see if the monkey was there. It was, what a relief! She wouldn't have liked to admit that her Mother had been right. Monkeys at a birthday? Her mother had sneered.

"Get away with you, believing any nonsense you're told!" She was cross, but not because of the monkey, the girl thought; it's just because of the party.

"I don't like you going," she told her. "It's a rich people's party."

"Rich people go to Heaven too," said the girl, who studied religion at school.

"Get away with Heaven," said the mother.

"I'm going because I've been invited," she said. "And I've been invited because Luciana is my friend. So there."

"Ah yes, your friend," her mother grumbled. She paused. "Listen, Rosaura," she said at last. "That one's not your friend. You know what you are to them? The maid's daughter, that's what."

Rosaura blinked hard: she wasn't going to cry. Then she yelled, "Shut up! You know anything about being friends!"

Every afternoon she used to go to Luciana's house and they would both finish their homework while Rosaura's mother did the cleaning. They had their tea in the kitchen and they told each other secrets. Rosaura loved everything in the big house, and she also loved the people who lived there.

"I'm going because it will be the most lovely party in the whole world, Luciana told me it would. There will be a magician and he will bring a monkey and everything."

The mother swung around to take a good look at her child, and pompously put her hands on her hips.

"Monkeys at a birthday?" she said. "Get away with you, believing any nonsense you're told!"

Rosaura was deeply offended. She thought it unfair of her mother to accuse other people of being liars simply because they were rich. Rosaura too wanted to be rich, of course. If one day she managed to live in a beautiful palace, would her mother stop loving her? She felt very sad. She wanted to go to that party more than anything else in the world.

"I'll die if I don't go," she whispered, almost without moving her lips.

And she wasn't sure whether she had been heard, but on the morning of the party she discovered that her mother had starched her Christmas dress. And in the afternoon, after washing her hair, her mother rinsed it in apple vinegar so that it would be all nice and shiny. Before going out, Rosaura admired

herself in the mirror, with her white dress and glossy hair, and thought she looked terribly pretty.

Senora Ines also seemed to notice. As soon as she saw her, she said, "How lovely you look today, Rosaura."

Rosaura gave her starched skirt a slight toss with her hands and walked into the party with a firm step. She said hello to Luciana and asked about the monkey. Luciana put on a secretive look and whispered into Rosaura's ear, "He's in the kitchen. But don't tell anyone, because it's a surprise."

Rosaura wanted to make sure. Carefully she entered the kitchen and there she saw it: deep in thought, inside its cage. It looked so funny that the girl stood there for a while, watching it, and later, every so often, she would slip out of the party unseen and go and admire it. Rosaura was the only one allowed into the kitchen. Senora Ines had said: "You yes, but not the others, they're much too boisterous, they might break something." Rosaura had never broken anything. She even managed the jug of orange juice, carrying it from the kitchen into the dining-room. She held it carefully and didn't spill a single drop. And Senora Ines had said: "Are you sure you can manage a jug as big as that?" Of course she could manage. She wasn't a butterfingers, like the others. Like that blonde girl with the bow in her hair. As soon as she saw Rosaura, the girl with the bow had said:

"And you? Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of Luciana," said Rosaura.

"No," said the girl with the bow, "you are not a friend of Luciana because I'm her cousin and I know all her friends. And I don't know you."

"So what," said Rosaura. "I come here every afternoon with my mother and we do our homework together."

"You and your mother do your homework together?" asked the girl laughing.

"I and Luciana do our homework together," said Rosaura, very seriously.

The girl with the bow shrugged her shoulders.

"That's not being friends," she said. "Do you go to school together?"

"No."

"So where do you know her from?" said the girl, getting impatient.

Rosaura remembered her mother's words perfectly. She took a deep breath.

"I'm the daughter of the employee," she said.

Her mother had said very clearly: "If someone asks, you say you're the daughter of the employee; that's all." She also told her to add: "And proud of it." But Rosaura thought that never in her life would she dare say something of the sort.

"What employee?" said the girl with the bow. "Employee in a shop?"

"No," said Rosaura angrily. "My mother doesn't sell anything in any shop, so there."

"So how come she's an employee?" said the girl with the bow.

Just then, Senora Ines arrived saying shh shh, and asked Rosaura if she wouldn't mind helping serve out the hot-dogs, as she knew the house so much better than the others.

"See?" said Rosaura to the girl with the bow, and when no one was looking she kicked her in the shin.

Apart from the girl with the bow, all the others were delightful. The one she liked best was Luciana, with her golden birthday crown; and then the boys. . Rosaura won the sack race, and nobody managed to catch her when they played tag. When they split into two teams to play charades, all the boys wanted her for their side. Rosaura felt she had never been so happy in all her life.

But the best was still to come. The best came after Luciana blew out the candles. First the cake. Senora Ines had asked her to help pass the cake around, and Rosaura had enjoyed the task immensely, because everyone called out to her, shouting "Me, me!" Rosaura remembered a story in which there was a queen who had the power of life or death over her subjects. She had always loved that, having the power of life or death. To Luciana and the boys she gave the largest pieces, and to the girl with the bow she gave a slice so thin one could see through it.

After the cake came the magician, tall and bony, with a fine red cape. A true magician: he could untie handkerchiefs by blowing on them and make a chain with links that had no openings. He could guess what cards were pulled out from a pack, and the monkey was his assistant. He called the monkey "partner." "Let's see here, partner," he would say, "Turn over a card." And, "Don't run away, partner: time to work now."

The final trick was wonderful. One of the children had to hold the monkey in his arms and the magician said he would make him disappear.

"What, the boy?" they all shouted.

"No, the monkey!" shouted back the magician.

Rosaura thought that this was truly the most amusing party in the whole world.

The magician asked a small fat boy to come and help, but the small fat boy got frightened almost at once and dropped the monkey on the floor. The magician picked him up carefully, whispered something in his ear, and the monkey nodded almost as if he understood.

"You mustn't be so unmanly, my friend," the magician said to the fat boy.

"What's unmanly?" said the fat boy.

The magician turned around as if to look for spies.

"A sissy," said the magician. "Go sit down."

Then he stared at all the faces one by one. Rosaura felt her heart tremble.

"You, with the Spanish eyes," said the magician. And everyone saw that he was pointing at her.

She wasn't afraid. Neither holding the monkey, nor when the magician made him vanish; not even when, at the end, the magician flung his red cape over Rosaura's head and uttered a few magic words . . . and the monkey reappeared, chattering happily, in her arms. The children clapped furiously. And before Rosaura returned to her seat, the magician said, "Thank you very much, my little countess."

She was so pleased with the compliment that a while later, when her mother came to fetch her, that was the first thing she told her.

"I helped the magician and he said to me, 'Thank you very much, my little countess.'"

It was strange because up to then, Rosaura had thought that she was angry with her mother. All along Rosaura had imagined that she would say to her, "See that the monkey wasn't a lie?" But instead she was so thrilled that she told her mother all about the wonderful magician.

Her mother tapped her on the head and said, "So now we're a countess!"

But one could see that she was beaming.

And now they both stood in the entrance, because a moment ago Senora Ines, smiling, had said, "Please wait here a second."

Her mother suddenly seemed worried.

"What is it?" she asked Rosaura.

"What is what?" said Rosaura. "It's nothing; she just wants to get the presents for those who are leaving, see?"

She pointed at the fat boy and at a girl with pigtails who were also waiting there, next to their mothers. And she explained about the presents. She knew, because she had been watching those who left before her. When one of the girls was about to leave, Senora Ines would give her a bracelet. When a boy left, Senora Ines gave him a yo-yo. Rosaura preferred the yo-yo because it sparkled, but she didn't mention that to her mother. Her mother might have said: "So why don't you ask for one, you blockhead?" That's what her mother was like. Rosaura didn't feel like explaining that she'd be horribly ashamed to be the odd one out. Instead she said, "I was the best-behaved at the party."

And she said no more because Senora Ines came out into the hall with two bags, one pink and one blue.

First she went up to the fat boy, gave him a yo-yo out of the blue bag, and the fat boy left with his

mother. Then she went up to the girl and gave her a bracelet out of the pink bag, and the girl with the pigtails left as well.

Finally she came up to Rosaura and her mother. She had a big smile on her face and Rosaura liked that. Senora Ines looked down at her, then looked up at her mother, and then said something that made Rosaura proud, "What a marvelous daughter you have, Herminia."

For an instant, Rosaura thought that she'd give her two presents: the bracelet and the yo-yo. Senora Ines bent down as if about to look for something. Rosaura also leaned forward, stretching out her arm, but she never completed the movement.

Senora Ines didn't look in the pink bag. Nor did she look in the blue bag. Instead she rummaged in her purse. In her hand appeared two bills.

"You really and truly earned this," she said handing them over. "Thank you for all your help, my pet."

Rosaura felt her arms stiffen, stick close to her body, and then she noticed her mother's hand on her shoulder. Instinctively, she pressed herself against her mother's body. That was all. Except her eyes. Rosaura's eyes had a cold, clear look that fixed itself on Senora Ines's face.

Senora Ines, motionless, stood there with her hand outstretched. As if she didn't dare draw it back. As if the slightest change might shatter an infinitely delicate balance.

The Stolen Party Reader's Theater (AI Generated)

Characters

- **Narrator**
 - **Rosaura**
 - **Others** (*plays all other characters Mother, Luciana, Girl with Bow, Señora Inés, Magician, Children*)
-

Scene 1: At Home

Narrator:

Rosaura is excited about a birthday party at a big house. Her mother is not so sure.

Others (Mother):

I don't like you going. It's a rich people's party.

Rosaura:

I've been invited because Luciana is my friend.

Others (Mother):

That one's not your friend. You're the maid's daughter.

Narrator:

Rosaura feels upset, but she still wants to go more than anything.

Rosaura (quietly):

I'll go. You'll see.

Scene 2: The Party Begins

Narrator:

When Rosaura arrives, the atmosphere is full of excitement—games, laughter, and surprises.

Others (Señora Inés):

How lovely you look today, Rosaura.

Others (Luciana):

The monkey is in the kitchen—but don't tell!

Narrator:

Rosaura feels special. She helps carry food and is trusted more than the other children.

Others (Girl with Bow):

Who are you?

Rosaura:

I'm a friend of Luciana.

Others (Girl with Bow):

No, you're not.

Narrator:

Rosaura remembers her mother's words.

Rosaura (firmly):

I'm the daughter of the employee.

Scene 3: The Magic Show

Narrator:

The party becomes even more exciting when the magician begins.

Others (Magician):

Let's see, partner!

Others (Children):

Wow! Do another trick!

Narrator:

The magician chooses Rosaura.

Others (Magician):

You—with the Spanish eyes.

Narrator:

Rosaura is brave. The monkey disappears and reappears in her arms.

Others (Magician):

Thank you, my little countess.

Rosaura (smiling):

Did you hear that? A countess!

Narrator:

At this moment, Rosaura makes a prediction—she believes she truly belongs at this party.

Scene 4: The Crisis**Narrator:**

At the end of the party, children receive gifts.

Rosaura (to Others/Mother):

I was the best-behaved. I think I'll get something special.

Narrator:

Rosaura watches carefully.

Others (Señora Inés):

Here you go—a yo-yo.
And for you—a bracelet.

Narrator:

Now it is Rosaura's turn.

(Pause)

Others (Señora Inés):

What a marvelous daughter you have.

Narrator:

Rosaura steps forward, expecting a gift.

Narrator (slower):

But something changes. This is the crisis.

Others (Señora Inés):

You really earned this. Thank you for your help.

Narrator:

She hands Rosaura money.

(Silence)

Scene 5: Realization

Narrator:

Rosaura suddenly understands. She was not treated like a guest.

Rosaura (softly):

...earned?

Narrator:

The joyful atmosphere disappears. Rosaura stands still.

Others (Mother, quietly):

...

Narrator:

Rosaura moves closer to her mother. Her expression changes.

Narrator (final line):

In that moment, Rosaura sees the truth clearly.

(End)

<p>Ask a Question</p> <p>?</p>	<p>Answer a Question</p>	<p>Give an Opinion</p> <p><i>I think...</i> <i>My opinion is...</i></p>	<p>Add On</p> <p><i>I agree, and...</i></p>
<p>Ask a Question</p> <p>?</p>	<p>Answer a Question</p>	<p>Give an Opinion</p> <p><i>I think...</i> <i>My opinion is...</i></p>	<p>Add On</p> <p><i>I agree, and...</i></p>
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Reflective Learning Conference

Have the student look through the graded work and assessments from the most recent completed unit (including the final assessments.) Then go through the following five steps.

The Reflective Learning Conference should take approximately 5 minutes to complete. Students should answer orally, and the adult should jot down notes only as needed. This process is meant to be reflective, and focused on developing students' metacognition about their learning.

- 1. Pick out the work or assessment that you think was the best from this unit.**
 - a. Why do you think this is the best, OR why do you think you got a ____ (A, B, C, etc.)?

- 2. Pick out the work or assessment that you think you could improve on.**
 - a. What could you do differently next time? Why do you think you got a _____ (C, D, F)?

- 3. Do you have any missing work?**
 - a. Why did you have missing work?
 - b. How could you keep from having missing work in the future?

- 4. Revisit your goal from the last conference.**
 - a. Did you meet that goal? Why or why not?

- 5. Set a goal for next time.**
 - a. What are you going to do differently next unit?

GOAL: _____

Date: _____

Student Signature: _____

Teacher Signature: _____

- DECODING artifacts:
 - Warm-ups
 - WordBuilder notebook
 - Fluency passage from choral reading
 - Pages from listening
 - Unit assessments
- COMPREHENSION artifacts:
 - Tech projects
 - Personal dictionaries
 - RT foursquares
 - RT rubric
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List of goals for student conferences

Academics

- Improve my spelling of difficult words
- Sound out difficult words more accurately
- Stop guessing at words I don't know
- Lead the Reciprocal Teaching group
- Get better at (summarizing, clarifying, predicting, etc.)
- Memorize vocabulary definitions
- Ask for clarification in an academic way
- Coming to class prepared to learn
- Completing academic tasks or finishing them at home
- Always read the directions and try to start working on my own

Classroom skills

- Follow along when reading is happening
- Make notes to summarize what is happening
- If I'm not sure what to do:
 - 1) Reread the directions
 - 2) Ask the person next to me
 - 3) Raise my hand and wait for help
- Always bring my computer
- When I have technology problems:
 - 1) Be patient and wait quietly!
 - 2) Try to figure it out myself
 - 3) Google it!
 - 4) Ask the person next to me
- Read the directions and always try on my own before asking for help
- If I'm finished early, help other students if they need it
- Take a break if I need it