

## Exploring Theme in “All Summer In a Day”

Grade: 6

Length of Unit: 4 weeks (2 weeks if only doing the portion directly related to “All Summer in a Day”)

Teacher: Andrea Maoki

**Overview of Unit:** This expository writing unit introduces the notion of theme as an analytic element in reading literature. In it, students move from identifying and writing about the themes of familiar fairy tales, to interpreting “All Summer in a Day,” a science fiction short story written by Ray Bradbury. Literary analysis strategies for identifying theme are practiced, supported by reading reflection exercises. In addition, students learn an organizational structure for writing literary analysis essays, as well as mechanics of functional (if simple) thesis sentences, and quotation introduction, punctuation, and citation.

Week 1	Guided theme interpretation and essay writing, based on “Little Red Riding Hood”
Week 2	Independent theme interpretation and essay writing, based on one of several other fairy tales
Week 3	Reading and reflection on “All Summer in A Day”
Week 4	Theme Essay development on “All Summer in a Day”: planning, drafting, revising, and editing

**Essential question:** How does literature help us understand what it means to be human?

### **Standards addressed:**

Word Analysis, Fluency, and Systematic Vocabulary Development 1.1 *Read aloud narrative and expository text fluently and accurately and with appropriate pacing, intonation, and expression.*

Literary Response and Analysis 3.6 *Identify and analyze features of themes conveyed through characters, actions, and images.*

Writing Strategies 1.6 *Revise writing to improve the organization and consistency of ideas within and between paragraphs.*

Writing Applications 2.4 *Write responses to literature: a. Develop an interpretation exhibiting careful reading, understanding, and insight. b. Organize the interpretation around several clear ideas, premises, or images. c. Develop and justify the interpretation through sustained use of examples and textual evidence.*

### **Learning Outcomes:**

SWBAT identify and analyze features of themes conveyed through characters, actions, and images.

SWBAT revise writing using evaluation rubric to improve essay organization and idea development within and between paragraphs

SWBAT write a response to literature, which develops a well-supported interpretation of the story “All Summer in a Day.”

SWBAT write a response to literature, which is clearly organized around several clear ideas.

SWBAT write a response to literature, which develops and justifies an interpretation using well-developed examples and textual evidence.

**Assessments:**

- The final assessment of this unit is a five-paragraph literary analysis essay that discusses the theme of “All Summer in a Day.”
- There are multiple intermediate assignments that function as formative writing and literary analysis assessments, including two brief theme essays related to fairy tales, and interpretive assignments related to “All Summer in a Day,” such as daily Inference Paragraphs, a Theme Guide, and an Anticipatory Guide.

**Assessment Tools:**

- A literary analysis essay rubric is appended to this unit plan.

**Teacher Commentary and Reflection:**

In this unit, contextualization and interpretation of a text quote is called “commentary.” This is language that I borrowed from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade teacher at our school. I also tried to continue using the language that we began using in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade with regard to citing, contextualizing, and interpreting historical texts, which was the “Says-Means-Matters.” I think that this latter breakdown is helpful in guiding 6<sup>th</sup> grade students through a more complete discussion of evidence and its implications. In a situation where “Says-Means-Matters” and “commentary” aren’t already familiar, I would probably try to streamline the process, and not have two phrases that refer to overlapping, but not exactly the same aspects of the writing features. However, I would preference the “Says-Means-Matters” process for the reasons that I mentioned above.

If students are already familiar with the idea of theme, and only the “All Summer in a Day” portion of this unit are taught, then it lasts about two weeks. Nonetheless, I think there are several advantages for teaching it as a basically intact unit. (Each teacher should modify it as desired, of course, but here I’m speaking in terms of the scope of the unit.) Although fairy tales are not on the recommended list of 6<sup>th</sup> grade literature, they did capture my students’ attention, and the moralism implicit in the stories made the students feel confident about asserting their ideas about the theme. This allowed us to focus more on how to prove that their claim was in fact the theme of the story; we spent a lot of time on choosing, contextualizing, and interpreting evidence, and on mechanics of writing. Many of my students also benefited from the familiarity of process and even graphic organizers and other documents, as they moved to interpreting a very different and more difficult text.

In the future, I would definitely include a Socratic Seminar. I would organize seminar groups around the different questions from the Anticipatory Guide, and have students select which topic they would like to discuss. This would provide further opportunity for formal discussion of both their opinions and their interpretation of the text. Since developing interpretation, or as we put it in this unit, “commentary” is one of

the most challenging aspects of this writing task, I think more oral experience on topics related to the story would be helpful. I would hold the seminars before beginning the final essays, but after the story was completely read, and the Anticipatory Guides completed.

### **Curriculum Materials and Resources:**

#### Texts

Bradbury, Ray. "All Summer in a Day." *A Medicine for Melancholy and Other Stories*. New York: Harper Perennial, 1998. (Also available in Holt Literature and Language Arts, Introductory Course textbook)

"Little Red Riding Hood," accessed at <http://ivyjoy.com/fables/redridinghood.html>, 3/1/08. Simpler version modified by A. Maoki

"The Three Little Pigs," accessed at <http://ivyjoy.com/fables/threepigs.html>, 3/1/08. Simpler version modified by A. Maoki

"Hansel and Gretel," accessed at <http://www.ivyjoy.com/fables/hansel.html>, 3/1/08.

"Cinderella," accessed at <http://ivyjoy.com/fables/cinderella.html>, 3/1/08.

"Cenicientas," accessed at [http://www.tebytib.com/gest\\_web/proto\\_Seccion.pl?rfid=121&arefid=1784](http://www.tebytib.com/gest_web/proto_Seccion.pl?rfid=121&arefid=1784), 3/1/08.

#### Curriculum Materials

1. Unit Prewrite: How does literature help us understand what it is to be human?
2. "All Summer in a Day" Prewrite
3. "All Summer in a Day" Anticipatory Guide"
4. "All Summer in a Day" Inference Paragraphs
  - A. How do the children feel about the weather and the sun?
  - B. How is Margot different?
  - C. Why is Margot mistreated?
5. Literary Analysis Essay Outline
6. Literary Analysis: Theme Guide
7. Says-Means-Matters Graphic Organizer (for working with text evidence)
8. Model Essay: "The Three Little Pigs: Hard Work Pays Off"
9. Literary Analysis Essay Rubric

## Unit Plan

Timeline & Objectives	Activities	Mini-Lessons	Instructional Supports/ Differentiation	Materials Needed
<p><b>Day 1</b></p> <p>Students begin to think about literature as something more than entertainment or drudgery</p> <p>Students know what “theme” means in literary context</p> <p>Students associate “universal” themes with familiar stories from texts and other media</p>	<p>Unit Prewrite: How does literature help us understand what it means to be human?</p> <p>Students discuss their ideas about the prompt within their table groups (average 4 people)</p> <p>Students volunteer and/or are called on to share an idea (their own or one they heard) using “academic English” phrase frames from the bottom of the Prewrite page; teacher takes notes in collective idea web on chart paper</p>	<p>Teacher introduces guiding question for the unit</p> <p>Teacher introduces definition and notion of theme, as well as a few examples of common “universal” themes in western literature and media</p> <p>Students brainstorm stories (text or other media) that develop these themes, and teacher adds any other student-identified themes to poster of common themes and examples</p>	<p>CELD 1 &amp; 2s do Prewrite in Spanish</p> <p>Newcomers choose peer translators to facilitate their participation in mixed-language small groups</p>	<p>Unit Prewrite</p> <p>Chart paper</p>
<p><b>Day 2</b></p> <p>Students identify theme of familiar fairy tale</p> <p>Students begin working with a simple, but functional</p>	<p>Read “Little Red Riding Hood” in pairs</p> <p>Each pair produces thesis sentence on sentence strip; post on board</p> <p>Quick write: Why do you think stories like “Little</p>	<p>Teacher introduces sentence frame for thesis sentence: “<i>The theme of _____ is _____ (theme) _____.</i>”</p>	<p>Teacher assigned high-low (reading skill level) reading buddy match-up, with additional ELD (CELD 1 &amp; 2) small group reading simplified text, and discussing story in Spanish</p>	<p>“Little Red Riding Hood” texts (2 levels)</p> <p>Sentence strips</p> <p>Markers</p>

<p>elements of a literary text can reveal its theme</p>	<p>“Theme Guide”</p>	<p>Teacher models how graphic organizer works by filling in information given by students in response to guiding questions</p>	<p>Struggling readers can complete a sequence chart for the reading homework</p>	<p>English and Spanish) “Hansel and Gretel” “The Three Little Pigs” (2 levels in English)</p>
<p><b>Day 5</b> Students practice articulating the theme of a story using the thesis sentence frame  Students organize thesis, ideas, evidence and interpretation within structure of expository essay</p>	<p>Students meet in like-story groups to discuss their ideas about questions in the “Theme Guide”  Students again create and post thesis sentence strips for the fairy tale that they read last night  Students draft essay about the theme of “Little Red Riding Hood,” using Essay Outline</p>	<p>Teacher introduces lead-in phrases for citing texts, and quotation and citation punctuation</p>	<p>Teacher meets with students who did sequence charts, to review them, and to work together to complete the “Theme Guide”  CELDT 1 &amp; 2s write outline in Spanish</p>	<p>“Little Red Riding Hood” texts (2 levels)  Sentence strips  Literary Analysis Essay Outline</p>
<p><b>Day 6</b> Students draft essay, using outline as guide  Students begin working independently to plan body of 2<sup>nd</sup> essay, using evidence sandwich format of “Says-Means-Matters”</p>	<p>Students write final draft of “Little Red Riding Hood” essay  Students choose a theme from the posted theses for their next essay  <b>Homework:</b> Students independently complete “Says-Means-Matters” chart for 2<sup>nd</sup> fairy tale</p>	<p>Teachers meets with small reteach and revising groups, based on essay outlines for “Little Red Riding Hood”  Groups might include: reteach of “Means” versus “Matters,” quotation and citation logistics, and possibly a self-assessment group that uses the evaluation rubric to plan revisions and edits</p>		<p>“Little Red Riding Hood” texts (2 levels)  Says-Means-Matters Graphic Organizer  Fairy tale texts: “Cinderella” (in English and Spanish) “Hansel and Gretel” “The Three Little Pigs” (2 levels in English)</p>

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				Literary Analysis Essay Rubric
<b>Day 7</b> Students gain familiarity with evaluation rubric	Students work in partners to assess a model essay using the evaluation rubric	Teacher guides student pairs through evaluation of model essay		Model Essay Literary Analysis Essay Rubric
Students draft essay, using outline as guide	Students draft essay about the theme of the 2 <sup>nd</sup> fairy tale, using Essay Outline			Literary Analysis Essay Outline
<b>Day 8</b> Students practice revising writing, based on rubric scores and feedback	Students review their scores on the “Little Red Riding Hood Essay,” and revise their 2 <sup>nd</sup> essay outlines based on this feedback	Teacher meets with targeted groups, based on areas of weakness on rubric (or other writing needs, e.g. sentencng, etc.)	Targeted groups tend to be “higher,” focusing on effective transitions, deepening commentary, conclusion sentences, etc., and “lower,” focusing on sentencng, developing each part of the commentary, writing mechanics, etc.	“Little Red Riding Hood” texts (2 levels) Fairy tale texts: “Cinderella” (in English and Spanish) “Hansel and Gretel” “The Three Little Pigs” (2 levels in English)
Students draft essay, using outline as guide	Students write final draft of 2 <sup>nd</sup> essay	Groups might include quotation and citation mechanics, “means” versus “matters” finessng conclusions, etc.		
<b>Day 9</b> Students identify key and/or specialized vocabulary in this piece (and genre?!) Students edit for spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and grammar	Class generates “no mercy” spelling list (words that are used frequently in this essay, and that must be spelled correctly) Students edit their own final drafts, with special attention to “no mercy” list Students complete the		(Because I couldn’t find “All Summer in a Day” in Spanish, and some of my students could not understand it in English, I chose a companion text, “Vendrán las Lluvias Suaves,” also by Ray Bradbury. For the remainder of the unit,	Chart paper “All Summer in a Day” Anticipatory Guide

<p>Students begin to think about key themes in “All Summer in a Day”</p>	<p>“Before Reading” and My evidence parts of Anticipatory Guide for “All Summer in a Day”</p>		<p>CELD1T 1 &amp; 2 students completed parallel work based on this story.)</p>	
<p><b>Day 10</b></p> <p>Students begin to think about how settings can affect exacerbate certain feelings and relationships among people</p> <p>Students write semi-structured (far less so than previous essays in this unit) short responses that focus in contextualizing and making inferences to interpret one piece of text evidence</p>	<p>Students begin with independent “All Summer in a Day” Prewrite</p> <p>Class reads aloud first segment of “All Summer in a Day,” to the line “<i>But then they always awoke to the tattering drum... upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.</i>” (P. 1)</p> <p>Students independently write Inference Paragraph A. in response to the question “How do the children feel about the weather and the sun?”</p> <p>Before writing, students use post-its (or a highlighter) to mark three pieces of text evidence that could support their idea</p>		<p>Teacher can facilitate reading as desired. I tend to choose volunteers interspersed with people that I call on, and have students read for a couple of paragraphs. Sometimes I read. I feel that read aloud is really a way for everyone to focus on the content of the text, rather than the mechanics of reading, so I usually choose people who are fairly fluent oral readers.</p>	<p>“All Summer in a Day” Prewrite</p> <p>“All Summer in a Day” text</p> <p>Inference Paragraph A.</p>
<p><b>Day 11</b></p> <p>Students write semi-</p>	<p>Class reads aloud second segment of “All Summer in a Day,” to the line “So</p>	<p>Teacher guides setting summarization before continuing reading</p>	<p>The layering of different colored post-its or highlighting is to</p>	<p>“All Summer in a Day” text</p>

<p>structured (far less so than previous essays in this unit) short responses that focus in contextualizing and making inferences to interpret one piece of text evidence</p> <p>Students build facility with identifying text quotes that could support a thesis or main idea</p>	<p><i>after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.</i>" (P. 3)</p> <p>Students independently write Inference Paragraph B. in response to the question "How is Margot different?"</p> <p>Before writing, students use different color of post-its (or highlighter) to mark three pieces of text evidence that could support their idea</p>		<p>reinforce the idea that some quotes could be useful in support of different ideas, whereas some might be ideal for one idea, but inappropriate for another</p>	<p>Inference Paragraph B.</p>
<p><b>Day 12</b></p> <p>Students write semi-structured (far less so than previous essays in this unit) short responses that focus in contextualizing and making inferences to interpret one piece of text evidence</p> <p>Students build facility with identifying text quotes that could</p>	<p>Class reads aloud third segment of "All Summer in a Day," to the line, "<i>They turned and started to walk back...their smiles vanishing away.</i>" (P. 5)</p> <p>Students independently write Inference Paragraph C. in response to the question "Why is Margot mistreated?"</p> <p>Before writing, students use different color of post-its</p>	<p>Teacher guides summarization of the character Margot and how she is different from the other children before continuing reading</p>		<p>"All Summer in a Day" text</p> <p>Inference Paragraph C.</p>

support a thesis or main idea	(or highlighter) to mark three pieces of text evidence that could support their idea			
<p><b>Day 13</b></p> <p>Students reflect on characters' motivation as they go to release Margot</p> <p>Students identify text evidence that can be interpreted as revealing the author's opinions about several potential themes</p>	<p>Class reads aloud final segment of "All Summer in a Day," to the end</p> <p>Quick write: What feelings did the children have at the end of the story? Why?</p> <p>Table share of Quick write, when everyone has finished</p> <p>Students individually finish "After Reading" and "Bradbury's evidence" portions of Anticipatory Guide</p>	<p>Teacher facilitates summarization and idea sharing of what the children did to Margot, and why, before continuing reading</p>	<p>Teacher works with struggling reader small group to complete Anticipatory Guide</p>	<p>"All Summer in a Day" text</p>
<p><b>Day 14</b></p> <p>Students consider what elements of this literary text can reveal its theme</p> <p>Students articulate the theme of a story using the thesis sentence frame</p>	<p>Students work with partners to reread "All Summer in a Day" and to begin to identify the theme, using the "Theme Guide"</p> <p>Students write and post thesis sentence strips, using sentence frame to express theme</p>		<p>Teacher meets with small group of struggling readers to reread the text and complete the "Theme Guide"</p>	<p>"All Summer in a Day" text</p> <p>"Theme Guide"</p> <p>Sentence strips</p>

<b>Day 15</b> Students begin working independently to plan body of "All Summer in a Day" essay, using evidence sandwich format of "Says-Means-Matters"	Students choose a theme from the posted theses for their next essay  Students independently complete "Says-Means-Matters" chart for "All Summer in a Day"				"All Summer in a Day" text  Says-Means-Matters Graphic Organizer
<b>Day 16</b> Students organize thesis, ideas, evidence and interpretation within structure of expository essay	Students draft essay about the theme of "All Summer in a Day," using Essay Outline				"All Summer in a Day" text  Literary Analysis Essay Outline
<b>Day 17</b> Students draft essay, using outline as guide	Students write first draft of essay				"All Summer in a Day" text
<b>Day 18</b> Students revise writing, based on rubric scores and feedback	Students revise first drafts based on scores and notes from revision session with teacher and small group	Students meet in small groups with teacher to use rubric to evaluate and plan revisions for final draft	Since there is a lot of room for dialogue and individualized attention in a small group, teachers can help make revision priorities very tailored. For example, I will encourage and help a student who is still getting down the		"All Summer in a Day" text  Literary Analysis Essay Rubric

			<p>organizational structure of expository writing to focus on those aspects of the rubric, rather than transitions, if they are equally low.</p>	
<p><b>Day 19</b> Students revise writing, based on rubric scores and feedback</p>	<p>Students revise first drafts based on scores and notes from revision session with teacher and small group</p> <p><b>Homework:</b> Students write final draft of essay</p>			
<p><b>Day 20</b> Students identify key and/or specialized vocabulary in this piece (and genre?!)  Students edit for spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and grammar</p>	<p>Class modifies/regenerates “no mercy” spelling list (words that are used frequently in this essay, and that must be spelled correctly)</p> <p>Students edit their own final drafts, with special attention to “no mercy” list</p>			<p>Chart paper</p>









\_\_\_\_\_ mencionó que...

\_\_\_\_\_ observó que...

\_\_\_\_\_ tenía una idea parecida a la de  
\_\_\_\_\_. Los dos piensan que...

\_\_\_\_\_ argumentó que la literature es...

## Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time in the middle of a thick forest stood a small cottage, the home of a pretty little girl known to everyone as Little Red Riding Hood. One day, her Mummy waved her goodbye at the garden gate, saying: "Grandma is ill. Take her this basket of cakes, but be very careful. Keep to the path through the wood and don't ever stop. That way, you will come to no harm."

Little Red Riding Hood kissed her mother and ran off. "Don't worry," she said, "I'll run all the way to Grandma's without stopping."

Full of good intentions, the little girl made her way through the wood, but she was soon to forget her mother's wise words. "What lovely strawberries! And so red."

Laying her basket on the ground, Little Red Riding Hood bent over the strawberry plants. "They're nice and ripe, and so big! Yummy! Delicious! Just another one. And one more. This is the last. Well, this one Mmmm."

The red fruit peeped invitingly through the leaves in the grassy glade, and Little Red Riding Hood ran back and forth popping strawberries into her mouth. Suddenly she remembered her mother, her promise, Grandma and the basket and hurried back towards the path. The basket was still in the grass and, humming to herself, Little Red Riding Hood walked on.

The wood became thicker and thicker. Suddenly a yellow butterfly fluttered down through the trees. Little Red Riding Hood started to chase the butterfly.

"I'll catch you! I'll catch you!" she called. Suddenly she saw some large daisies in the grass.

"Oh, how sweet!" she exclaimed and, thinking of Grandma, she picked a large bunch of flowers.

In the meantime, two wicked eyes were spying on her from behind a tree a strange rustling in the woods made Little Red Riding Hood's heart thump.

Now quite afraid she said to herself. "I must find the path and run away from here!"

At last she reached the path again but her heart leapt into her mouth at the sound of a gruff voice which said: "Where are you going, my pretty girl, all alone in the

woods?"

"I'm taking Grandma some cakes. She lives at the end of the path," said Little Riding Hood in a faint voice.

When he heard this, the wolf (for it was the big bad wolf himself) politely asked: "Does Grandma live by herself?"

"Oh, yes," replied Little Red Riding Hood, "and she never opens the door to strangers!"

"Goodbye. Perhaps we'll meet again," replied the wolf. Then he loped away thinking to himself "I'll gobble the grandmother first, then lie in wait for the grandchild!" At last, the cottage came in sight. Knock! Knock! The wolf rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" cried Grandma from her bed.

"It's me, Little Red Riding Hood. I've brought you some cakes because you're ill," replied the wolf, trying hard to hide his gruff voice.

"Lift the latch and come in," said Grandma, unaware of anything amiss, till a horrible shadow appeared on the wall. Poor Grandma! For in one bound, the wolf leapt across the room and, in a single mouthful, swallowed the old lady. Soon after, Little Red Riding Hood tapped on the door.

"Grandma, can I come in?" she called.

Now, the wolf had put on the old lady's shawl and cap and slipped into the bed. Trying to imitate Grandma's quavering little voice, he replied: "Open the latch and come in!

"What a deep voice you have," said the little girl in surprise.

"The better to greet you with," said the wolf.

"Goodness, what big eyes you have."

"The better to see you with."

"And what big hands you have!" exclaimed Little Red Riding Hood, stepping over to the bed.

"The better to hug you with," said the wolf.

"What a big mouth you have," the little girl murmured in a weak voice.

"The better to eat you with!" growled the wolf, and jumping out of bed, he swallowed her up too. Then, with a fat full tummy, he fell fast asleep.

In the meantime, a hunter had emerged from the wood, and on noticing the cottage, he decided to stop and ask for a drink. He had spent a lot of time trying to catch a large wolf that had been terrorizing the neighborhood, but had lost its tracks. The hunter could hear a strange whistling sound; it seemed to be coming from inside the cottage. He peered through the window and saw the large wolf himself, with a fat full tummy, snoring away in Grandma's bed.

"The wolf! He won't get away this time!"

Without making a sound, the hunter carefully loaded his gun and gently opened the window. He pointed the barrel straight at the wolf's head and BANG! The wolf was dead.

"Got you at last!" shouted the hunter in glee. "You'll never frighten anyone again.

He cut open the wolf's stomach and to his amazement, out popped Grandma and Little Red Riding Hood, safe and unharmed.

"You arrived just in time," murmured the old lady, quite overcome by all the excitement.

"It's safe to go home now," the hunter told Little Red Riding Hood. "The big bad wolf is dead and gone, and there is no danger on the path.

Still scared, the little girl hugged her grandmother. Oh, what a dreadful fright!"

Much later, as dusk was falling, Little Red Riding Hood's mother arrived, all out of breath, worried because her little girl had not come home. And when she saw Little Red Riding Hood, safe and sound, she burst into tears of joy.

After thanking the hunter again, Little Red Riding Hood and her mother set off towards the wood. As they walked quickly through the trees, the little girl told her mother: "We must always keep to the path and never stop. That way, we come to no harm!"

**The End**

## Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a house in the forest. A pretty girl lived in the house. Her name was Little Red Riding Hood. She lived with her mom. One day, her mom said, "Please take this food to your grandmother. She is sick. Go to her house now. Do not stop. Stay on the path. Do not stop! Then you will be safe."

Little Red Riding Hood said good-bye to her mom. She said, "I will go to my grandmother's house. I will not stop! I will be safe."

Little Red Riding wanted to be good, but she forgot! She did not remember the smart words of her mom. She saw strawberries. She said, "I like strawberries! They are so red!"

Little Red Riding Hood stopped. She picked strawberries. She said, "I love strawberries! They are big! They are juicy! Yummy!"

Little Red Riding Hood picked lots of strawberries. She ate lots of strawberries. Then she remembered her words. She remembered her mom and her grandmother. She walked to her grandmother's house.

Little Red Riding Hood saw a butterfly. It was yellow. Little Red Riding Hood chased the butterfly.

She yelled, "I'll catch you! I'll catch you!" Then, she saw some flowers.

Little Red Riding Hood said, "I will pick some flowers. My grandmother likes flowers." She picked a lot of flowers.

The wolf watched her. The girl was scared.

The girl said, "I need the path! I need to go to my grandmother's house. I need to run away!"

She came to the path. She heard a voice. The wolf said, "Where are

you going? You are pretty! You are in the forest alone!"

Little Red Riding Hood said, "I am taking Grandmother some cakes. She lives at the end of the path."

The wolf asked, "Does Grandma live alone?"

Little Red Riding Hood said, "Oh, yes. She does not opens the door to strangers!"

The wolf said, "Goodbye. Perhaps we will meet again." Then he walked away. He thought, "I will eat the grandmother first. Then, I will eat the little girl!" He walked to grandmother's house. Knock! Knock! The wolf knocked on the door.

Grandmother answered, "Who is there?"

The wolf said, "It's me, Little Red Riding Hood. I have some cakes because you are sick."

Grandmother said, "Open the door, and come in." Poor Grandma! The wolf came in. The wolf ate grandmother!

Then, Little Red Riding Hood knocked on the door.

She asked, "Grandmother, can I come in?"

The wolf put on the clothes of the grandmother. The wolf lay down on the bed of the grandmother. The wolf said, "Open the door, and come in."

"You have a deep voice," said the little girl.

"I can say hello," said the wolf.

"You have big eyes," said the little girl.

"I can see you," said the wolf.

"You have big hands!" yelled Little Red Riding Hood. She was next to the bed.

"I can hug you," said the wolf.

"You have a big mouth," said the little girl. She was scared.

"I can eat you!" yelled the wolf. He jumped out of bed. He ate the little girl. He had a fat tummy. Then, he slept.

A hunter came to the house. He wanted water. He was chasing a wolf. The wolf was bad. Now, he could not find the wolf. The hunter heard a sound from the house. The hunter looked in the window. The hunter saw the large wolf. The wolf slept. The wolf was in grandmother's bed. The wolf had a fat tummy.

The hunter said, "The wolf! He won't get away this time!"

The hunter opened the window. The hunter was quiet. The hunter shot the wolf. BANG! The wolf was dead.

The hunter was happy. He yelled, "I got you!"

He cut open the wolf's stomach. Grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood were inside. They were safe. They were not hurt.

Grandmother said, "We are safe! You saved us!"

The hunter said, "You can go home. The bog bad wolf is dead. There is no danger on the path."

The little girl hugged her grandmother. She said, "I was scared!"

At night, Little Red Riding Hood's mom came. She was scared. She was worried. She saw Little Red Riding Hood. Little Red Riding Hood was safe. Then mom was happy.

Little Red Riding Hood said thank you to the hunter. She walked home with her mother. Little Red Riding Hood said, "We need to stay on the path. We do not stop. Then we will be safe!"

The End

Literary Analysis Theme

Says-Means-Matters

Name:  
Date:  
Core:

<b>Says</b> (Quote or Paraphrase)	<b>Means</b> (What does this show us about the theme?)	<b>Matters</b> (Why is this evidence for your thesis?)

Title of Text: \_\_\_\_\_

Author: \_\_\_\_\_

***The theme of a story is its lesson or truth about life.***

Analysis Question	Your Response
<p>1. What is the significance of the title, if any?</p>	
<p>2. How does the main character change throughout the story?                      What important lesson does s/he learn during the story?                      How does s/he learn it?</p>	<p>At first, _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>but then _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>S/he learns _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>when _____</p> <p>_____</p>
<p>3. What do the characters or narrator say about people or life in general?</p>	
<p>4. What are the most significant actions in the story?</p> <p>What do these actions show us about people or life in general?</p>	
<p>5. What is the main theme of the story?</p>	

Title of Text: \_\_\_\_\_

Author: \_\_\_\_\_

***The theme of a story is its lesson or truth about life.***

Analysis Question	Your Response
1. ¿Qué importancia tiene el título, si tiene?	
2. ¿Cómo cambia el personaje principal durante la historia? ¿Cuál lección importante aprende él/ella en la historia? ¿Cómo aprende esa lección?	Al principio, _____ _____, pero luego _____ _____. Aprende _____ _____ cuando _____ _____.
3. ¿Qué dicen los personajes o el narrador de los humanos o de la vida en general?	
4. ¿Cuáles son las acciones mas importantes de la historia? ¿Qué nos enseña de la gente o de la vida en general?	
5. ¿Qué es el tema principal de este cuento?	

## **Cinderella**

Once upon a time... there lived an unhappy young girl. Unhappy she was, for her mother was dead, her father had married another woman, a widow with two daughters, and her stepmother didn't like her one little bit. All the nice things, kind thoughts and loving touches were for her own daughters. And not just the kind thoughts and love, but also dresses, shoes, shawls, delicious food, comfy beds, as well as every home comfort. All this was laid on for her daughters. But, for the poor unhappy girl, there was nothing at all. No dresses, only her stepsisters' hand-me-downs. No lovely dishes, nothing but scraps. No nice rests and comfort. For she had to work hard all day, and only when evening came was she allowed to sit for a while by the fire, near the cinders. That is how she got her nickname, for everybody called her Cinderella. Cinderella used to spend long hours all alone talking to the cat. The cat said,

"Miaow", which really meant, "Cheer up! You have something neither of your stepsisters have and that is beauty."

It was quite true. Cinderella, even dressed in rags with a dusty gray face from the cinders, was a lovely girl. While her stepsisters, no matter how splendid and elegant their clothes, were still clumsy, lumpy and ugly and always would be.

One day, beautiful new dresses arrived at the house. A ball was to be held at Court and the stepsisters were getting ready to go to it. Cinderella, didn't even dare ask, "What about me?" for she knew very well what the answer to that would be:

"You? My dear girl, you're staying at home to wash the dishes, scrub the floors and turn down the beds for your stepsisters. They will come home tired and very sleepy." Cinderella sighed at the cat.

"Oh dear, I'm so unhappy!" and the cat murmured "Miaow".

Suddenly something amazing happened. In the kitchen, where Cinderella was sitting all by herself, there was a burst of light and a fairy appeared.

"Don't be alarmed, Cinderella," said the fairy. "The wind blew me your sighs. I know you would love to go to the ball. And so you shall!"

"How can I, dressed in rags?" Cinderella replied. "The servants will turn me away!" The fairy smiled. With a flick of her magic wand... Cinderella found herself wearing the most beautiful dress, the loveliest ever seen in the realm.

"Now that we have settled the matter of the dress," said the fairy, "we'll need to get you a coach. A real lady would never go to a ball on foot!"

"Quick! Get me a pumpkin!" she ordered.

"Oh of course," said Cinderella, rushing away. Then the fairy turned to the cat.

"You, bring me seven mice!"

"Seven mice!" said the cat. "I didn't know fairies ate mice too!"

"They're not for eating, silly! Do as you are told!... and, remember they must be alive!"

Cinderella soon returned with a fine pumpkin and the cat with seven mice he had caught in the cellar.

"Good!" exclaimed the fairy. With a flick of her magic wand... wonder of wonders! The pumpkin turned into a sparkling coach and the mice became six white horses, while the seventh mouse turned into a coachman, in a smart uniform and carrying a whip. Cinderella could hardly believe her eyes.

"I shall present you at Court. You will soon see that the Prince, in whose honor the ball is being held, will be enchanted by your loveliness. But remember! You must leave the ball at midnight and come home. For that is when the spell ends. Your coach will turn back into a pumpkin, the horses will become mice again and the coachman will turn back into a mouse... and you will be dressed again in rags and wearing clogs instead of these dainty little slippers! Do you understand?" Cinderella smiled and said,

"Yes, I understand!"

When Cinderella entered the ballroom at the palace, a hush fell. Everyone stopped in mid-sentence to admire her elegance, her beauty and grace.

"Who can that be?" people asked each other. The two stepsisters also wondered who the newcomer was, for never in a month of Sundays, would they ever have guessed that the beautiful girl was really poor Cinderella who talked to the cat!

When the prince set eyes on Cinderella, he was struck by her beauty. Walking over to her, he bowed deeply and asked her to dance. And to the great disappointment of all the young ladies, he danced with Cinderella all evening.

"Who are you, fair maiden?" the Prince kept asking her. But Cinderella only replied:

"What does it matter who I am! You will never see me again anyway."

"Oh, but I shall, I'm quite certain!" he replied.

Cinderella had a wonderful time at the ball... But, all of a sudden, she heard the sound of a clock: the first stroke of midnight! She remembered what the fairy had said, and without a word of goodbye she slipped from the Prince's arms and ran down the

steps. As she ran she lost one of her slippers, but not for a moment did she dream of stopping to pick it up! If the last stroke of midnight were to sound... oh... what a disaster that would be! Out she fled and vanished into the night.

The Prince, who was now madly in love with her, picked up her slipper and said to his ministers,

"Go and search everywhere for the girl whose foot this slipper fits. I will never be content until I find her!" So the ministers tried the slipper on the foot of all the girls... and on Cinderella's foot as well... Surprise! The slipper fitted perfectly.

"That awful untidy girl simply cannot have been at the ball," snapped the stepmother. "Tell the Prince he ought to marry one of my two daughters! Can't you see how ugly Cinderella is! Can't you see?"

Suddenly she broke off, for the fairy had appeared.

"That's enough!" she exclaimed, raising her magic wand. In a flash, Cinderella appeared in a splendid dress, shining with youth and beauty. Her stepmother and stepsisters gaped at her in amazement, and the ministers said,

"Come with us, fair maiden! The Prince awaits to present you with his engagement ring!" So Cinderella joyfully went with them, and lived happily ever after with her Prince. And as for the cat, he just said "Miaow"!

**The End**

## Cenicienta

Había una vez un hombre muy rico que perdió a su esposa y quedó solo en el mundo con su pequeña hija. Por más que se sintieran muy tristes y solitarios, los dos vivieron reponiéndose de la dolorosa pérdida un tiempo. Pero, al realizar un viaje a otra comarca, el hombre conoció a una mujer y se casó de nuevo, y desde entonces las cosas cambiaron para la niña.

La nueva esposa trajo consigo a sus dos hijas que eran tan orgullosas como poco agradecidas. En cuanto vieron que la belleza de la pequeña las opacaba, se disgustaron mucho, y decidieron deshacerse de ella.

«¿Por qué vamos a permitir que la muy tonta se sienta en la sala con nosotras?», se dijeron. «¡Que se gane la vida trabajando! No sirve más que para la cocina. Pues ¡que cocine!»

Le quitaron sus bonitas ropas y la vistieron con unos pobres harapos y unos zapatos rotos. La obligaron a vivir en la cocina, y la hicieron trabajar duramente. Tenía que levantarse con el alba, encender el fuego, traer agua, cocinar la comida y lavar la ropa. ¡Y eso no era todo! Por la noche, después de un largo día de trabajo, la pobre criatura ni siquiera tenía una cama donde dormir. Para abrigarse del frío se acostaba en el hogar entre las cenizas y los rescoldos, y, por esta razón, comenzaron a llamarle Cenicienta.

Cierta día en que el padre se preparaba para ir a la feria, preguntó a las dos mayores qué deseaban que les trajese.

-Lindos vestidos- respondió una de ellas.

-Joyas- dijo la otra.

-¿Y a ti, Cenicienta?- preguntó luego -. ¿Qué te gustaría?

-Tráeme, papá -contestó ella-, un fresco y verde brote de avellano; el primer brote que te roce el sombrero en el camino de regreso.

Compró el hombre en la feria ricos vestidos y resplandecientes joyas para los dos mayores; y, de vuelta, mientras cabalgaba por un estrecho camino del bosque, un fresco brote de avellano se quebró al rozar con su sombrero, al que hizo caer.

-¡Vaya, vaya, por poco me olvido! -dijo el padre mientras arrancaba la

ramita-. ¡Si es lo que me pidió la pequeña Cenicienta!

Las dos mayores quedaron encantadas con sus lujosos regalos y muy pronto empezaron a pavonearse delante del espejo, acicalándose y adornándose como era propio de tan vanidosas criaturas. También a Cenicienta le gustó su modesto regalo, y fue a plantarlo en el jardín que había detrás de la casa. Todos los días se ocupaba del brote, así que creció y creció hasta convertirse en un pequeño árbol.

Cierto día llegó una paloma e hizo en el árbol su nido. Revoloteó entre las ramas, se posó en los pequeños tallos y arrulló suavemente. Cenicienta se encariñó con ella, pues era la única amiga que tenía. Le daba migajitas y semillas, y la paloma cantaba agradecida: «¡cucuru-cú, cu-curu-cú!»

Y sucedió que, por orden del rey, una gran fiesta iba a celebrarse en el palacio real. Debía durar tres días y tres noches, y todas las muchachas del reino fueron invitadas para que el príncipe escogiese su novia entre ellas.

¡Qué conmoción había en todas las casas! Todas las jóvenes del país estaban impacientes y llenas de esperanza, pero las más inquietas eran las dos hermanastras de Cenicienta. Se habían propuesto deslumbrar al príncipe costase lo que costase, y desde varias semanas antes de la fiesta ya se ajetreaban corriendo de aquí para allá con sus preparativos.

Por fin llegó el primer día de fiesta y las dos hermanas empezaron a vestirse para el baile. Les tomó toda la tarde. Cuando terminaron, valía la pena verlas.

De seda y satén eran sus vestidos. Los polisones les quedaron bien abombados, sus corpiños estaban cargados de filigranas; y mientras por sus sayas pululaban y revoloteaban los lazos y los volantes, era de ver cómo los faralaes les adornaban las mangas. Llevaban campanitas que tintineaban y anillos que resplandecían, ¡y rubíes, y perlas, y alita de pájaro! Se embadurnaron las pecas y se taparon las cicatrices con diminutas lunas y estrellas y corazones. Se empolvieron el pelo y se lo empingorotaron tan alto como pudieron con plumas y flechas enjoyadas.

A última hora llamaron a Cenicienta para que les hiciera los bucles, les

atara los lazos del corpiño y les limpiara los zapatos. Cuando la pobre muchachita se enteró de que iban a una fiesta en el palacio del rey, le resplandecieron los ojos y preguntó a su madrastra si no podría ir ella también.

-¿,Tú? -chilló la mujer-

¿Toda llena de polvo y ceniza, y todavía quieres ir al baile? ¡Pero si no sabes bailar, y además no tienes vestidos!

Pero Cenicienta rogó y rogó, y por fin la madrastra, para salir de ella, le dijo:

Bueno, mira lo que voy a hacer. Echaré una cazuela de lentejas en la ceniza, y si en dos horas puedes recoger las que estén buenas y ponerlas otra vez en la cazuela, te dejaré ir.

Cenicienta sabía muy bien que no podría hacerlo nunca por sí sola, pero también sabía una cosa que nadie más sabía; y es que su arbolito era un avellano mágico, y la palomita un hada. Así que fue a colocarse debajo de las ramas y dijo suavemente:

-¡Palomita y consuelo, mi hada querida, con las aves del cielo ven enseguida!

A lo que contestó la paloma: ¡Cu-currucú! ¿Qué quieres tú?

Y Cenicienta le dijo: -¡Lléname la cazuela, vuela que vuela!

Y allá se fue volando la paloma y con ella todos los pájaros del cielo.

Arriba y abajo, se movían las cabecitas mientras recogían las lentejas.

«Pic-pec, pic-pec, pic-pec!» hacían los pájaros, y en un instante estuvieron todos los granos buenos en la cazuela. Pronto echaron a volar y desaparecieron, mientras Cenicienta se apresuraba a llevar a su madrastra la cazuela llena de lentejas.

Aquello la irritó tanto, que dijo de muy mal humor: -No puedes ir de ninguna manera. Ni tienes vestido, y, además, es imposible que bailes con esos pies tan toscos.

Las lágrimas rodaron por las mejillas de Cenicienta, y tanto le rogó, que por fin la madrastra le dijo: -Muy bien. Te daré otra oportunidad. Esta vez

tendrás que limpiar dos cazuelas de lentejas en una sola hora - y se marchó diciendo que aquello la mantendría entretenida hasta que ya ella y sus hijas estuviesen camino de la fiesta.

De nuevo fue Cenicienta a pararse debajo del avellano, y dijo suavemente:

-¡Palomita y consuelo, mí hada querida, con las aves del cielo ven enseguida!

Y todo volvió a pasar lo mismo que antes. La palomita mágica y todos los pájaros del cielo vinieron volando y, en un santiamén, limpiaron las lentejas de cenizas y llenaron las dos cazuelas hasta los bordes.

Cenicienta las llevó a su madrastra y preguntó: -¿Puedo ir ahora?

Pero la madrastra se puso furiosa: -¡No seas tonta! -gritó-. No tienes vestido para ponerte. Además, no podrías bailar con esos zuecos que llevas. Nos avergonzarías a todas.

Y con esto le viró la espalda y se marchó corriendo al baile con sus dos orgullosas hijas.

Pero Cenicienta no se puso entonces a llorar y a lamentarse, como podría suponerse, sino que se convirtió en la muchacha más atareada que se haya visto nunca. Se lavó la cabeza hasta dejársela sin una sola ceniza, y luego se peinó el pelo de modo que le rodeaba la cara como una nube de oro. Luego se bañó, y se frotó y restregó hasta quedar radiantemente limpia. ¡Quién iba a imaginar nunca que no era más que una pobre cocinerita que dormía entre las cenizas y los rescoldos de la chimenea! En cuanto estuvo lista, fue a colocarse debajo de su avellano y, mirando hacia las frondosas ramas, dijo: - ¡Arbolito querido, de tu ramaje llueva pronto un vestido todo de encaje!

Entre las ramas hubo como un rumor y un fulgor y al punto desaparecieron los harapos de Cenicienta y un rutilante vestido de encaje cayó sobre ella. En vez de sus zapatones de madera, dos diminutas zapatillas de oro cubrían sus pies. Una estrella de diamantes anidaba en su sedoso cabello y resplandecía con todos los colores del arco iris. Cenicienta se sentía alegre y feliz, y corrió entusiasmada a la fiesta. Cuando hizo su aparición en el palacio, estaba tan radiante y magnífica, que nadie la reconoció, ni siquiera la madrastra y sus

dos orgullosas hijas.

En cuanto al príncipe, no tuvo ojos para nadie más desde que la vio. La tomó de la mano y no se separó de su lado en toda la noche. A los que quisieron bailar con ella los apartó diciendo: -Lo siento mucho, pero esta pequeña bailarina es mía.

Cenicienta era muy feliz; pero sabía que su dicha no iba a durar mucho tiempo. La paloma le había advertido que sus encantadores vestidos desaparecían al toque de medianoche; de modo que, a partir de las doce menos cuarto, Cenicienta no se vio por ninguna parte. Cuando el príncipe se dio cuenta, la buscó desesperadamente por todo el palacio, pero no pudo encontrarla.

Entretanto, la pequeña bailarina había llegado ya al patio de su casa. Al pasar junto al avellano, el reloj dio las doce. Sus rutilantes vestidos desaparecieron, cayeron sobre ella los mugrientos harapos y entró en la casa sonando sus viejos zapatones de madera. ¡Ya no era sino Cenicienta, la pobre cocinerita de siempre!

Tiritando de frío, con sus pobres harapos, se acostó junto a las cenizas y a los rescoldos, como de costumbre; pero estaba demasiado inquieta para dormirse. Cuando llegaron la madrastra y sus orgullosas hijas, todavía estaba despierta, y pudo escucharlas conversando en el cuarto inmediato: -¿Quién sería esa pequeña belleza misteriosa -dijo la madrastra-, y por qué desaparecería tan de repente?

-Nadie lo sabe -dijo la mayor de sus hijas-. Yo, por mi parte, me alegro de que se fuera. ¿Quién iba a tener la menor oportunidad si llega a quedarse?

-Estoy de acuerdo contigo -dijo la otra-. Pero, de todos modos, me gustaría saber de dónde vino.

¡Quién iba a decirles que la misteriosa doncella había salido de su propia casa y que, en aquel momento, vestida de harapos, dormía entre las cenizas y los rescoldos del hogar!

Al día siguiente todo sucedió otra vez de la misma manera. La madrastra y sus orgullosas hijas se emperifollaron con vuelitos y faralaes y se marcharon

al baile con mucho tintineo y mucho roce de colas.

De nuevo el arbolito hizo que lloviese un vestido sobre Cenicienta, sólo que esta vez era aún más hermoso que el de la víspera. En cuanto llegó al palacio, todas las miradas se volvieron hacia ella, y mientras la hermanastras ponían caras de vinagre, el príncipe corrió a su encuentro y no se apartó de su lado en toda la noche. A los que quisieron bailar con ella los apartó diciendo: -Lo siento mucho, pero esta pequeña bailarina es mía.

El príncipe se sentía en extremo feliz, pero con gran disgusto suyo la bailarina volvió a escapársele un poco antes de la medianoche. Esta vez alcanzó a verla cuando se le escurría por la puerta. Corrió tras ella, pero la fugitiva conocía el camino y él lo ignoraba. A menudo la perdía de vista mientras volaba aquí y allá entre las calles oscuras, pero no se desanimaba por eso. Todavía alcanzó a vislumbrarla en el momento en que se deslizaba por el patio de la casa, pero estaba todo tan oscuro, que no pudo precisar dónde se había metido.

Cenicienta, escondiéndose entre los arbustos, llegó bajo el avellano en el preciso instante en que daban las doce. Se desvanecieron sus hermosos vestidos, y cuando el príncipe llegó a su vez al árbol, sólo pudo ver a una harapienta figurita que entraba en la casa chancleteando con sus grandes zuecos. ¿Cómo iba a imaginarse que se trataba de su pequeña bailarina?

«¡Pero si entró en este patio, si yo mismo la he visto!» se decía. «Tenía que estar aquí escondida, en este jardín.»

El príncipe buscó por todos y cada uno de los rincones del patio, registró cada arbusto, miró en cada uno de los canteros; pero, por supuesto, su pequeña bailarina no aparecía por ninguna parte. Por fin, regresó a palacio, meneando la cabeza tristemente.

«¡Ah, pero mañana será distinto!», se dijo. «¡Ya me encargaré yo de que no se escape!»

La tercera noche, después que la malvada madrastra y sus dos orgullosas hijas se hubieron marchado, con su tintineo y su rumor de colas, Cenicienta se paró, como siempre que necesitaba, debajo de su querido arbolito y dijo: -

¡Arbolito querido de tu ramaje llueva pronto un vestido todo de encaje!

Apenas había acabado de decir estas palabras cuando un vestido revoloteaba hacia ella desde las ramas, un vestido hermosísimo, como si estuviera hecho con rayos de sol. De lo alto bajó también flotando una minúscula corona, resplandeciente como si la formaran miles de gotas de rocío, y se posó ligera en su pelo: y dos diminutos zapaticos de oro, adornados con risueños diamantes, vinieron a calzársele con toda naturalidad. Pero todas estas maravillas no eran nada junto a la conmovedora belleza de su rostro, su aire de sencilla modestia y la fina gracia de sus movimientos.

Cuando entró, se acallaron todos los rumores, y el príncipe, rindiéndose a su hechizo, dobló la rodilla y le besó la mano.

No quiso apartarse de su lado en toda la noche; su sonrisa era tan alegre, y bailaba con tanto gusto, que Cenicienta, sintiéndose más feliz de lo que cabe decir en palabras, se olvidó por completo del tiempo. Faltaba sólo un minuto para las doce cuando zafó ágilmente sus manos de los dedos del príncipe y, escabulléndose entre los invitados, se precipitó por las anchas escaleras que conducían a la calle.

Pero el príncipe, decidido a no perderla de nuevo, había ordenado que pintasen de brea la escalera, y, al bajar veloz Cenicienta, uno de su zapaticos se hundió en la brea y quedó sujeto a ella. Como no había tiempo que perder, tuvo que seguir sin el zapato.

En ese preciso instante dio el reloj las doce: desaparecieron sus hermosas ropas y allí estaba Cenicienta vestida de harapos y saltando escaleras abajo. Apenas había cruzado la gran puerta de entrada cuando apareció el príncipe corriendo, desalado y sin aliento. El guardia, que estaba dormido, se restregó los ojos.

-¿No has visto a mi princesita?- le gritó el príncipe.

-¿Princesita? -dijo el guardia-. ¡Oh, no, Alteza!

-¿Nadie ha pasado por aquí? ¿Estás seguro? -insistió el príncipe.

-Sólo una pequeña pordiosera, Alteza -respondió el guardia-. Iba corriendo

como si la persiguiera el diablo, aunque no puedo imaginarme por qué.

El príncipe pareció muy desanimado, y ya se marchaba, cuando vio el zapaticito de oro pegado a la brea de los escalones. Lo recogió, admirándose de lo pequeño y gracioso que era. Sus ojos se iluminaron.

«Se me escapó, es cierto», se dijo, «pero he de buscarla hasta que la encuentre, y este adorable zapaticito me enseñará el camino».

Muy temprano, a la mañana siguiente, el príncipe se presentó en casa de Cenicienta y dijo a la madrastra: -La otra noche vi que mi pequeña bailarina desaparecía en tu jardín. ¿Es aquí donde vive?

La madrastra sonrió de gusto y sus dos orgullosas hijas se ruborizaron y empezaron a hacer las más extrañas muecas, de tantas esperanzas como tenían.

-He aquí algo que se le perdió anoche -dijo el príncipe, sacando el zapaticito de su bolsillo-; sólo será mi novia aquella muchacha que pueda calzárselo.

Las mayor de las hermanas se probó primero. Su pie era esbelto, pero demasiado largo. Tanta fuerza hizo para calzárselo, que se lastimó el dedo gordo; pero pensó que bien valía la pena, pues iba a ser princesa por todo el resto de su vida.

Cuando el príncipe la vio con el zapaticito puesto, pensó que debía ser la muchacha que buscaba. La subió, pues, a la grupa de su caballo y emprendió el camino de palacio. Pero al pasar debajo del avellano, oyeron cantar a la palomita mágica de Cenicienta:

-¡Cu-curru-cú! ¡Y él no ve cómo se le puso el pie!

Bajó el príncipe los ojos y vio que salía un poco de sangre del zapaticito de oro. Cuando le pidió que caminara, la hermana mayor empezó a cojear que daba pena verla.

El príncipe comprendió que se había equivocado; volvió atrás y dio una oportunidad a la otra hermana. Pero ésta se hirió el pie al ponerse el zapaticito, pues lo tenía muy gordo. ¿Pero qué le importaba un poco de dolor si en lo sucesivo sería una princesa? Apretujó y apretujó el pie hasta que, por fin, se

calzó el zapaticito, y el príncipe la montó a lomos de su caballo y partió rumbo a palacio. Pero al pasar bajo el avellano, oyeron cantar a la palomita mágica de Cenicienta:

-¡Cu-curru-cú! ¡Y él no ve cómo se le puso el pie!

Cuando el príncipe bajó los ojos, vio que el pie de la segunda hermana rebosaba y que por el talón le corrían unas gotitas de sangre. Al pedirle que caminara, la segunda hermana empezó a cojear que daba pena verla.

De modo que el príncipe regresó con ella a casa y dijo a la madrastra:

-¿Hay aquí alguna otra muchacha?

-No, Alteza -dijo ella.

-¿,Está segura? -dijo el príncipe-. ¡Tiene que haberla! Hace dos noches yo vi a una muchacha entrar en esta casa.

-¡Oh, no! -respondió la madrastra-. No hay aquí nadie más que una torpe cocinera. No puede ser ella de ninguna manera.

-Déjeme verla -dijo el príncipe.

-¡Pero es demasiado sucia y harapienta para que un príncipe la vea!

-¡Tráigala enseguida! ¡Es una orden! -dijo el príncipe. Y la miró tan severamente que no tuvo más remedio que obedecer.

Cenicienta había escuchado esta conversación desde la cocina y, entretanto, no había perdido el tiempo. Se había lavado, restregado y sacudido las cenizas del pelo. Al entrar, bajó modestamente la cabeza, hizo una pequeña reverencia y fue a sentarse en la silla que le ofrecía el príncipe. Se quitó el grueso zapatón de madera, extendió su gracioso piecico y se calzó con toda naturalidad el minúsculo zapato de oro. Luego alzó tímidamente la cabeza, y cuando el príncipe vio su bello rostro y se miró en sus bondadosos ojos resplandecientes, exclamó:

-¡Cómo pude equivocarme! ¡Ésta sí que es mi propia, mi verdadera y única princesita!

En ese momento se escuchó un zumbido y un rumor que parecía de alas, y nadie supo cómo, pero los harapos de Cenicienta desaparecieron y apareció vestida con sus magníficas ropas de fiesta.

La madrastra y sus dos orgullosas hijas se quedaron mudas de asombro y furia. El príncipe las dejó rezongando y rechinando los dientes, y salió con Cenicienta de la mano. La alzó junto a sí sobre el caballo y ya se alejaban alegremente cuando, al pasar bajo el árbol, oyeron el arrullo de la paloma:

¡Esta sí que es la novia para ti!

Enseguida bajó revoloteando a posarse en el hombro de Cenicienta, y los tres juntos: el príncipe, la princesa y su paloma mágica, cabalgaron lejos, muy lejos, hacia un delicioso castillo donde vivieron muy felices el resto de sus días.

## **The Three Little Pigs**

Once upon a time there were three little pigs, who left their mummy and daddy to see the world.

All summer long, they roamed through the woods and over the plains, playing games and having fun. None were happier than the three little pigs, and they easily made friends with everyone. Wherever they went, they were given a warm welcome, but as summer drew to a close, they realized that folk were drifting back to their usual jobs, and preparing for winter. Autumn came and it began to rain. The three little pigs started to feel they needed a real home. Sadly they knew that the fun was over now and they must set to work like the others, or they'd be left in the cold and rain, with no roof over their heads. They talked about what to do, but each decided for himself. The laziest little pig said he'd build a straw hut.

"It will only take a day," he said. The others disagreed.

"It's too fragile," they said disapprovingly, but he refused to listen. Not quite so lazy, the second little pig went in search of planks of seasoned wood.

"Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!" It took him two days to nail them together. But the third little pig did not like the wooden house.

"That's not the way to build a house!" he said. "It takes time, patience and hard work to build a house that is strong enough to stand up to wind, rain, and snow, and most of all, protect us from the wolf!"

The days went by, and the wisest little pig's house took shape, brick by brick. From time to time, his brothers visited him, saying with a chuckle.

"Why are you working so hard? Why don't you come and play?" But the stubborn bricklayer pig just said "no".

"I shall finish my house first. It must be solid and sturdy. And then I'll come and play!" he said. "I shall not be foolish like you! For he who laughs last, laughs longest!"

It was the wisest little pig that found the tracks of a big wolf in the neighborhood.

The little pigs rushed home in alarm. Along came the wolf, scowling fiercely at the laziest pig's straw hut.

"Come out!" ordered the wolf, his mouth watering. I want to speak to you!"

"I'd rather stay where I am!" replied the little pig in a tiny voice.

"I'll make you come out!" growled the wolf angrily, and puffing out his chest, he took a very deep breath. Then he blew with all his might, right onto the house. And all the straw the silly pig had heaped against some thin poles, fell down in the great blast. Excited by his own cleverness, the wolf did not notice that the little pig had slithered out

from underneath the heap of straw, and was dashing towards his brother's wooden house. When he realized that the little pig was escaping, the wolf grew wild with rage.

"Come back!" he roared, trying to catch the pig as he ran into the wooden house. The other little pig greeted his brother, shaking like a leaf.

"I hope this house won't fall down! Let's lean against the door so he can't break in!"

Outside, the wolf could hear the little pigs' words. Starving as he was, at the idea of a two course meal, he rained blows on the door.

"Open up! Open up! I only want to speak to you!"

Inside, the two brothers wept in fear and did their best to hold the door fast against the blows. Then the furious wolf braced himself a new effort: he drew in a really enormous breath, and went ... WHOOOOO! The wooden house collapsed like a pack of cards.

Luckily, the wisest little pig had been watching the scene from the window of his own brick house, and he rapidly opened the door to his fleeing brothers. And not a moment too soon, for the wolf was already hammering furiously on the door. This time, the wolf had grave doubts. This house had a much more solid air than the others. He blew once, he blew again and then for a third time. But all was in vain. For the house did not budge an inch. The three little pigs watched him and their fear began to fade. Quite exhausted by his efforts, the wolf decided to try one of his tricks. He scrambled up a nearby ladder, on to the roof to have a look at the chimney. However, the wisest little pig had seen this ploy, and he quickly said.

"Quick! Light the fire!" With his long legs thrust down the chimney, the wolf was not sure if he should slide down the black hole. It wouldn't be easy to get in, but the sound of the little pigs' voices below only made him feel hungrier.

"I'm dying of hunger! I'm going to try and get down." And he let himself drop. But landing was rather hot, too hot! The wolf landed in the fire, stunned by his fall.

The flames licked his hairy coat and his tail became a flaring torch.

"Never again! Never again will I go down a chimney" he squealed, as he tried to put out the flames in his tail. Then he ran away as fast as he could.

The three happy little pigs, dancing round and round the yard, began to sing. "Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! The wicked black wolf will never come back...!"

From that terrible day on, the wisest little pig's brothers set to work with a will. In less than no time, up went the two new brick houses. The wolf did return once to roam in the neighborhood, but when he caught sight of three chimneys, he remembered the terrible pain of a burnt tail, and he left for good.

Now safe and happy, the wisest little pig called to his brothers. "No more work! Come on, let's go and play!"

**The End**

## The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. They left their mom and dad to see the world.

All summer long, they played games and had fun. They were so happy, and made many friends. At the end of the summer, people stopped having fun. They did not have vacation. They had to work. They had to prepare for winter. When it was autumn, the rain started. The three little pigs knew they needed a real home. They knew they had to work, or they would have to live in the cold rain. They talked about their problem. The laziest (*el más perezoso*) little pig said he'd build a straw house (*una casa de paja*).

"It will only take a day," he said. His brothers did not agree.

"It's too fragile," they said, but he refused to listen. Not as lazy, the second little pig went to find wood.

"Clunk! Clunk! Clunk!" He nailed the wood. He built a house. But the third little pig did not like the wooden house.

He said, "That is not a good house! It takes time, patience and hard work to build a house. My house will be strong enough to stand up to wind, rain, and snow! Most of all, it will protect us from the wolf!"

The days passed, and the wisest (*el más sabio*) little pig made his house with bricks (*ladrillos*). His brothers came to visit. They laughed at him.

"Why do you work so hard? Why don't you come and play?" But the patient pig said, "No".

"I will finish my house first. It must be strong and solid. Then I will come and play!" he said. "I will not be stupid like you!"

The wisest little pig found the footprints (*huellas*) of a big wolf in the neighborhood.

The little pigs ran home. The wolf came to the straw house.

"Come out!" yelled the wolf. He was hungry. He said, "I want to talk to you!"

"No thank you! I am happy inside!" said the little pig. He was scared.

"I will make you come out!" yelled the angry wolf. Then he blew (*sopló*) onto the house. The straw fell down. The house fell down. The wolf was happy. The pig ran away. Then, the wolf was very angry.

The wolf yelled, "Come back!" The little pig ran to his brother's house. The little pig ran to the wood house.

The little pig said, "I hope this house won't fall down!"

Outside, the wolf could hear the little pigs' words. The wolf hit the door. The wolf was very hungry!

The wolf said, "Open the door! Open the door! I want to talk to you!"

Inside, the two brothers cried. They were very scared. The angry wolf blew on the house. WHOOOOO! The wooden house fell down.

The wisest little pig watched the problem. The wisest little pig opened the door. His brothers came in. The wolf hit the door. The wolf was worried. This house was strong. He blew once, he blew again and then a third time. But nothing happened. The house did not fall. The house was not broken. The three little pigs watched him. They were not afraid. The wolf did a trick. He wanted to go into the chimney. He climbed a ladder. The wisest pig saw the wolf. The wisest pig also had a plan.

The wisest pig said, "Quick! Make a fire!"

The wolf was in the chimney. He was so hungry! He fell into the fire.

The wolf was burning! He tried to stop the burning. He yelled. Then, he ran away.

The three happy little pigs began to sing. "Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! The bad black wolf will never come back...!"

The wisest little pig's brothers started to work. They worked hard. They built their brick houses. When the wolf came back, he saw three chimneys! The wolf said, "No more!" Then, he went home.

Now the wisest little pig, said, "We are safe and happy! No more work! Let us go and play!"

**The End**

Shannon Carey  
February 29, 2008

### The Three Little Pigs: Hard Work Pays Off

The theme of the children's story, "The Three Little Pigs," is that hard work, while not necessarily fun, is worth the effort. The (unknown) author of this story makes this point in several ways.

First, she points out that two of the pigs, while knowing that the cold and rain are on the way, take absolutely no time to build their houses. "The laziest little pig decided to build a straw hut," she writes, because, the pig says "it will only take a day" (p. 1). This pig decides to work less in order to play more. As a result, his house is very weak. When the pigs need strong houses, his house does not protect him.

The lazy attitude of the pig with the straw hut brings nothing but trouble to the him in the long run. The wolf, who is hungry and looking for some delicious pig meat, comes across the fragile straw house, and "blew with all his might, right onto the house. And all the straw the silly pig had heaped against some thin poles fell down in the great blast" (p. 1). Although this pig works very little and plays quite a lot, he pays the consequences when his house is destroyed and he is very nearly devoured in one gulp by the hungry wolf.

Finally, at the end of the story, we see the most powerful statement of the theme that hard work pays off. The two lazy pigs, who have made fun of their brother for taking days and days to build a house made of brick, shake and cry inside the safe, secure, brick house, which the wolf is unable to blow over.

When the wolf tries to blow the house down, the author states, "the wolf had grave doubts. This house had a much more solid air than the others. He blew once, he blew again and then for a third time. But all was in vain. For the house did not budge an

inch" (p.2). All of the wise pig's hard work has, indeed, paid off, and had actually saved the lives of three pigs.

As you can see, the story of "The Three Little Pigs," while seemingly a silly tale of talking pigs and evil wolves, carries the important message that working hard is worth missing a little fun now and then.

## Hansel and Gretel

Once upon a time a very poor woodcutter lived in a tiny cottage in the forest with his two children, Hansel and Gretel. His second wife often ill-treated the children and was forever nagging the woodcutter.

"There is not enough food in the house for us all. There are too many mouths to feed! We must get rid of the two brats," she declared. And she kept on trying to persuade her husband to abandon his children in the forest.

"Take them miles from home, so far that they can never find their way back! Maybe someone will find them and give them a home." The downcast woodcutter didn't know what to do. Hansel who, one evening, had overheard his parents' conversation, comforted Gretel.

"Don't worry! If they do leave us in the forest, we'll find the way home," he said. And slipping out of the house he filled his pockets with little white pebbles, then went back to bed.

All night long, the woodcutter's wife harped on and on at her husband till, at dawn, he led Hansel and Gretel away into the forest. But as they went into the depths of the trees, Hansel dropped a little white pebble here and there on the mossy green ground. At a certain point, the two children found they really were alone: the woodcutter had plucked up enough courage to desert them, had mumbled an excuse and was gone.

Night fell but the woodcutter did not return. Gretel began to sob bitterly. Hansel too felt scared but he tried to hide his feelings and comfort his sister.

"Don't cry, trust me! I swear I'll take you home even if Father doesn't come back for us!" Luckily the moon was full that night and Hansel waited till its cold light filtered through the trees.

"Now give me your hand!" he said. "We'll get home safely, you'll see!" The tiny white pebbles gleamed in the moonlight, and the children found their way home. They crept through a half open window, without waking their parents. Cold, tired but thankful to be home again, they slipped into bed.

Next day, when their stepmother discovered that Hansel and Gretel had returned, she went into a rage. Stifling her anger in front of the children, she locked her bedroom door, reproaching her husband for failing to carry out her orders. The weak woodcutter protested, torn as he was between shame and fear of disobeying his cruel wife. The wicked stepmother kept Hansel and Gretel under lock and key all day with nothing for supper but a sip of water and some hard bread. All night, husband and wife quarreled, and when dawn came, the woodcutter led the children out into the forest.

Hansel, however, had not eaten his bread, and as he walked through the trees, he left

a trail of crumbs behind him to mark the way. But the little boy had forgotten about the hungry birds that lived in the forest. When they saw him, they flew along behind and in no time at all, had eaten all the crumbs. Again, with a lame excuse, the woodcutter left his two children by themselves.

"I've left a trail, like last time!" Hansel whispered to Gretel, consolingly. But when night fell, they saw to their horror, that all the crumbs had gone.

"I'm frightened!" wept Gretel bitterly. "I'm cold and hungry and I want to go home!"

"Don't be afraid. I'm here to look after you!" Hansel tried to encourage his sister, but he too shivered when he glimpsed frightening shadows and evil eyes around them in the darkness. All night the two children huddled together for warmth at the foot of a large tree.

When dawn broke, they started to wander about the forest, seeking a path, but all hope soon faded. They were well and truly lost. On they walked and walked, till suddenly they came upon a strange cottage in the middle of a glade.

"This is chocolate!" gasped Hansel as he broke a lump of plaster from the wall.

"And this is icing!" exclaimed Gretel, putting another piece of wall in her mouth. Starving but delighted, the children began to eat pieces of candy broken off the cottage.

"Isn't this delicious?" said Gretel, with her mouth full. She had never tasted anything so nice.

"We'll stay here," Hansel declared, munching a bit of nougat. They were just about to try a piece of the biscuit door when it quietly swung open.

"Well, well!" said an old woman, peering out with a crafty look. "And haven't you children a sweet tooth?"

"Come in! Come in, you've nothing to fear!" went on the old woman. Unluckily for Hansel and Gretel, however, the sugar candy cottage belonged to an old witch, her trap for catching unwary victims. The two children had come to a really nasty place.

"You're nothing but skin and bones!" said the witch, locking Hansel into a cage. I shall fatten you up and eat you!"

"You can do the housework," she told Gretel grimly, "then I'll make a meal of you too!" As luck would have it, the witch had very bad eyesight, and when Gretel smeared butter on her glasses, she could see even less.

"Let me feel your finger!" said the witch to Hansel every day to check if he was getting

any fatter. Now, Gretel had brought her brother a chicken bone, and when the witch went to touch his finger, Hansel held out the bone.

"You're still much too thin!" she complained. When will you become plump?" One day the witch grew tired of waiting.

"Light the oven," she told Gretel. "We're going to have a tasty roasted boy today!" A little later, hungry and impatient, she went on: "Run and see if the oven is hot enough." Gretel returned, whimpering: "I can't tell if it is hot enough or not." Angrily, the witch screamed at the little girl: "Useless child! All right, I'll see for myself." But when the witch bent down to peer inside the oven and check the heat, Gretel gave her a tremendous push and slammed the oven door shut. The witch had come to a fit and proper end. Gretel ran to set her brother free and they made quite sure that the oven door was tightly shut behind the witch. Indeed, just to be on the safe side, they fastened it firmly with a large padlock. Then they stayed for several days to eat some more of the house, till they discovered amongst the witch's belongings, a huge chocolate egg. Inside lay a casket of gold coins.

"The witch is now burnt to a cinder," said Hansel, "so we'll take this treasure with us." They filled a large basket with food and set off into the forest to search for the way home. This time, luck was with them, and on the second day, they saw their father come out of the house towards them, weeping.

"Your stepmother is dead. Come home with me now, my dear children!" The two children hugged the woodcutter.

"Promise you'll never ever desert us again," said Gretel, throwing her arms round her father's neck. Hansel opened the casket.

"Look, Father! We're rich now . . . You'll never have to chop wood again."

And they all lived happily together ever after.

**the End**

Name:

Date:

Core:

# "All Summer in a Day"

by Ray Bradbury

This anticipatory guide is a little unusual.

Please start on the left side, by giving your responses before you read. This time, you have three choices of responses. You will find them in the box below. Then, give a reason (evidence) why you hold the opinion that you do. There are no right or wrong answers, only well-supported and poorly-supported ones. We will continue to work on this throughout the week.

+ Strongly Agree

√ Somewhat Agree

-- Disagree

Before Reading

After Reading

Me

Author Me

\_\_\_ 1. Kids are naturally kind.

My evidence:

Bradbury's:

\_\_\_ 2. When people want to bother each other, they choose victims to pick on because they are "different."

My evidence:

Bradbury's:

\_\_\_ 3. Adults have power over kids' behavior and how they treat one another. \_\_\_

My evidence:
Bradbury's:

\_\_\_ 4. Life is actually pretty easy. \_\_\_

My evidence:
Bradbury's:



# All Summer in a Day

by  
Ray Bradbury

---

*No one in the class could remember  
a time when there wasn't rain.*

---

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"Now?"

"Soon."

"Do the scientists really know? Will it happen today, will it?"

"Look, look; see for yourself!"

The children pressed to each other like so many roses, so many weeds, intermixed, peering out for a look at the hidden sun.

It rained.

It had been raining for seven years; thousand upon thousands of days compounded and filled from one end to the other with rain, with the drum and gush of water, with the sweet crystal fall of showers and the concussion of storms so heavy they were tidal waves come over the islands. A thousand forests had been crushed under the rain and grown up a thousand times to be crushed again. And this was the way life was forever on the planet Venus, and this was the schoolroom of the children of the rocket men and women who had come to a raining world to set up civilization and live out their lives.

"It's stopping, it's stopping!"

"Yes, yes!"

Margot stood apart from these children who could never remember a time when there wasn't rain and rain and rain. They were all nine years old, and if there had been a day, seven years ago, when the sun came out for an hour and showed its face to the stunned world, they could not recall. Sometimes, at night, she heard them stir, in remembrance, and she knew they were dreaming and remembering and old or a yellow crayon or a coin large enough to buy the world with. She knew they thought they remembered a warmth, like a blushing in the face, in the body, in the arms and legs and trembling hands. But then they always awoke to the tating drum, the endless shaking down of clear bead necklaces upon the roof, the walk, the gardens, the forests, and their dreams were gone.

All day yesterday they had read in class about the sun. About how like a lemon it was, and how hot. And they had written small stories or essays or poems about it:

*I think the sun is a flower,  
That blooms for just one hour.*

That was Margot's poem, read in a quiet voice in the still classroom while the rain was falling outside.

"Aw, you didn't write that!" protested one of the boys.

"I did," said Margot. "I *did*."

"William!" said the teacher.

But that was yesterday. Now the rain was slackening, and the children were crushed in the great thick windows.

"Where's teacher?"

"She'll be back."

"She'd better hurry, we'll miss it!"

They turned on themselves, like a feverish wheel, all tumbling spokes.

Margot stood alone. She was a very frail girl who looked as if she had been lost in the rain for years and the rain had washed out the blue from her eyes and the red from her mouth and the yellow from her hair. She was an old photograph dusted from an album, whitened away, and if she spoke at all her voice would be a ghost. Now she stood, separate, staring at the rain and the loud wet world beyond the huge glass.

"What're *you* looking at?" said William.

Margot said nothing.

":Speak when you're spoken to." He gave her a shove. But she did not move; rather she let herself by moved only by him and nothing else.

They edged away from her, they would not look at her. She felt them go away. And this was because she would play no games with them in the echoing tunnels of the underground city. If they tagged her and ran, she stood blinking after them and did not follow. When the class sang songs about happiness and life and games her lips barely moved. Only when they sang about the sun and the summer did her lips move as she watched the drenched windows.

And then, of course, the biggest crime of all was that she had come here only five years ago from Earth, and she remembered the sun and the way the sun was and the sky was when she was four in Ohio. And they, they had been on Venus all their lives, and they had been only two years old when last the sun came out and had long since forgotten the color and heat of it and the way it really was. But Margot remembered.

"It's like a penny," she said once, eyes closed.

"No it's not!" the children cried.

"It's like a fire," she said, "in the stove."

"You're lying, you don't remember!" cried the children.

But she remembered and stood quietly apart from all of them and watched the patterning windows. And once, a month ago, she had refused to shower in the school shower rooms, had clutched her hands to her ears and over her head, screaming the water mustn't touch her head.

So after that, dimly, dimly, she sensed it, she was different and they knew her difference and kept away.

There was talk that her father and mother were taking her back to earth next year; it seemed vital to her that they do so, though it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to her family. And so, the children hated her for all these reasons of big and little consequence. They hated her pale snow face, her waiting silence, her thinness, and her possible future.

"Get away!" The boy gave her another push. "What're you waiting for?"

Then, for the first time, she turned and looked at him. And what she was waiting for was in her eyes.

"Well, don't wait around here!" cried the boy savagely. "You won't see nothing!"

Her lips moved.

"Nothing!" he cried. "It was all a joke, wasn't it?" He turned to the other children. "Nothing's happening today. *Is it?*"

They all blinked at him and then, understanding, laughed and shook their heads. "Nothing, nothing!"

"Oh, but," Margot whispered, her eyes helpless. "But this is the day, the scientists predict, they say, they *know*, the sun. . . ."

"All a joke!" said the boy, and seized her roughly. "Hey, everyone, let's put her in a closet before teacher comes!"

"No," said Margot, falling back.

They surged about her, caught her up and bore her, protesting, and then pleading, and then crying, back into a tunnel, a room, a closet, where they slammed and locked the door. They stood looking at the door and saw it tremble from her beating and throwing herself against it. They heard her muffled cries. Then, smiling, they turned and went out and back down the tunnel, just as the teacher arrived.

"Ready, children?" she glanced at her watch.

"Yes!" said everyone.

"Are we all here?"

"Yes!"

The rain slackened still more.

They crowded to the huge door.

The rain stopped.

It was as if, in the midst of a film, concerning an avalanche, a tornado, a hurricane, a volcanic eruption, something had, first, gone wrong with the sound apparatus, thus muffling and finally cutting off all noise, all of the blasts and repercussions and thunders, and then, second, ripped the film from the projector and inserted in its place a peaceful tropical slide which did not move or tremor. The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether. The children put their hands to their ears. They stood apart. The door slid back and the smell of the silent, waiting world came in to them.

The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling, into the springtime.

"Now don't go too far," called the teacher after them. "You've only two hours, you know. You wouldn't want to get caught out!"

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

"Oh, it's better than the sun lamps, isn't it?"

"Much, much better!"

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it. It was a nest of octopi, clustering up great arms of flesh-like weed, wavering, flowering this brief spring. It was the color of rubber and ash, this jungle, from the many years without sun. It was the color of stones and white cheeses and ink, and it was the color of the moon.

The children lay out, laughing, on the jungle mattress, and heard it sigh and squeak under them, resilient and alive. They ran among the trees, they slipped and fell, they pushed each

other, they played hide-and-seek and tag, but most of all they squinted at the sun until the tears ran down their faces, they put their hands up to that yellowness and that amazing blueness and they breathed of the fresh, fresh air and listened and listened to the silence which suspended them in a blessed sea of no sound and no motion. They looked at everything and savored everything. Then, wildly, like animals escaped from their caves, they ran and ran in shouting circles. They ran for an hour and did not stop running.

And then—

In the midst of their running one of the girls wailed.

Everyone stopped.

The girl, standing in the open, held out her hand.

"Oh, look, look," she said, trembling.

They came slowly to look at her opened palm.

In the center of it, cupped and huge, was a single raindrop.

She began to cry, looking at it.

They glanced quietly at the sky.

"Oh. Oh."

A few cold drops fell on their noses and their cheeks and their mouths. The sun faded behind a stir of mist. A wind blew cool around them. They turned and started to walk back toward the underground house, their hands at their sides, their smiles vanishing away.

A boom of thunder startled them and like leaves before a new hurricane, they tumbled upon each other and ran. Lightening struck ten miles away, five miles away, a mile, a half mile. The sky darkened into midnight in a flash.

They stood in the doorway of the underground for a moment until it was raining hard. Then they closed the door and heard the gigantic sound of the rain falling in tons and avalanches, everywhere and forever.

"Will it be seven more years?"

"Yes. Seven."

Then one of them gave a little cry.

"Margot!"

"What?"

"She's still in the closet where we locked her."

"Margot."

They stood as if someone had driven them, like so many stakes, into the floor. They looked at each other and then looked away. They glanced out at the world that was raining now and raining and raining steadily. They could not meet each other's glances. Their faces were solemn and pale. They looked at their hands and feet, their faces down.

"Margot.

One of the girls said, "Well . . .?"

No one moved.

"Go on," whispered the girl.

They walked slowly down the hall in the sound of the cold rain. They turned through the doorway to the room in the sound of the storm and thunder, lightening on their faces, blue and terrible. They walked over to the closest door slowly and stood by it.

Behind the closed door was only silence.

They unlocked the door, even more slowly, and let Margot out.





How do the children feel about the weather and the sun?

Your idea  
(1 sentence):

Your text  
quote and  
citation:

Your  
commentary  
(Explain who  
is involved  
in the  
quote, and  
give the  
setting.  
Then,  
interpret  
how the  
quote proves  
your idea):

Literary Analysis Essay:  
"All Summer in a Day" Themes

Name:  
Date:  
Core:

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Topic: \_\_\_\_\_

Thesis Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Transition Word: \_\_\_\_\_ Idea #1: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Lead-in to Quote: \_\_\_\_\_

Quotation & Citation: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Commentary about quote: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_





## Literary Analysis Rubric: "All Summer in a Day"

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| 5 4 3 2 1    | 1. Does the title prepare the reader for the specific topic?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1 x2 | 2. Does the first sentence state the specific topic and thesis, and does it state the theme clearly?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1 x2 | 3. Are there at least three solid explanations that justify why you think the story has this particular theme?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1 x2 | 4. Are there quotations that support each of the explanations?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1 x2 | 5. Is there commentary after each quote that explains what the quote means?   |
| 5 4 3 2 1    | 6. In referring to the story, does the writer use introductory phrases, like "the author points out," "the story suggests," "the author makes clear," or "the author states"? |
| 5 4 3 2 1    | 7. Are linking/transition words used to introduce new ideas and connect related ideas?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1    | 8. Does the paragraph end in an appropriate concluding sentence?  |
| 5 4 3 2 1    | 9. Are quotation marks and citations used correctly?  |

Final Score: \_\_\_\_\_/65 = \_\_\_\_\_

My top two suggestions for your next essay/draft:

1.

2.

## **Student Work**

As perhaps other teachers have experienced, I usually have a diverse range of essays that would be scored as a 1 or 2 on the ELA Process Writing Holistic Rubric that is used in OUSD. This is true on the assessments, as well as when I look at class work with this rubric. Although there are clearly purposes for the holistic rubric, I find that a rubric that assesses distinct aspects of writing is more helpful tool in assessing student work. Sometimes, this is simply breaking scoring into general categories, such as organization, ideas, conventions, etc., a la 6+1 Writing Traits. More recently, I have started making rubrics that closely align with instructional goals for a particular writing unit. This makes strengths and weaknesses in a paper much clearer to me and to many students, and gives us a more feasible basis from which we can work together to reteach lessons, or revise writing.

Given this reflection, I have included a few of samples of 1s and 2s from my class that range in their strengths and weaknesses. These were all to have been final, edited papers, although you can clearly tell that some students were dashing off their first and final draft. Some students may have turned in a revised draft, but did use the outline or still didn't connect how the evidence sandwich works within a paragraph. Some students did every single step of the unit, and others may have done a handful. These are also the realities of my class that affect the quality of my students writing. In spite of all these factors, I encourage readers to use the sample work to practice with the assessment rubric included in the unit, and to adjust instruction according to the instructional needs that might resonate with your students.

ELA Rubric

3

The theme of "All Summer In A Day!"

The theme of "All Summer In A Day" is that people are sometimes mean, and treat people badly when they're different.

First, when Margot tries to express what she knows about the sun, the children are jealous of how much she knows. According to the text, "I think the sun is a flower that blooms for just one hour." "Aw, you didn't write that!" (page 19) During class Margot decides to share her poem, her classmates don't believe that she knows so much about the sun. Margot got to see the sun for more than one time and for more than an hour. Her classmates are being really jealous of how much she knows about the sun. Margot knows so much about the sun, and had lived in Earth 5 years, the kids in her class think she is weird and treat her bad.

In addition, Margot says what she remembers about the sun, but the children make her feel bad by telling her she's lying. The author points out, "It's like a fire", she said, "in the stove." (page 21) Margot knows a lot about the →

04/18/08

sun that when she sees the fire it reminds her of the sun. Her classmates are always disagreeing about things she says about the sun because they've actually never seen the sun. Margot knows a lot about the sun that she is able to compare it with many things, her classmates are really jealous because she is able to say a lot about the sun during class discussions.

Finally, when the children are alone in class they decide to lock Margot in the closet. According to the text, "Hey everyone, let's put her in a closet before the teacher comes!" "No," said Margot, falling back. (page?) During class the students decide to treat Margot bad by locking her in a closet, they take this one chance of the teacher not being in class. Margot never speaks when she is spoken to, she knows a lot about the sun and once lived in Earth for 5 years. These differences that Margot has, make her classmates pick-on her as a victim. The children are jealous of her seeing the sun for more than once, =

04/18/08

They know how much she has been waiting to see it and decide to treat her bad because she is different.

In conclusion, the theme of "All Summer In A Day" is that people are sometimes mean, and treat people badly when they're different. At the end it is better for all people to be the same and have the same rights, unable for mean people to stop picking on them because of differences.

4-23-08  
CORE 2, HUM.

## All Summer in A Day

ELA Rubric

2

The theme of all summer in a day is that there are good people and bad people in life, and that, life isn't always easy. First of all, when margot was by the window, waiting for the sun to finally come out. All of a sudden, the kids bully her. The author wrote "he gave her another punch" "get away!" the boy gave her a push. (page 21) A boy named William bullies and teases margot all the time because she's different. And for the same reason all the other kids bully and tease her to.

Then again, not all of the kids hated her, some actually felt sympathy for her. So, here the author quotes, "will it be 7 more years?" then one of them said "margot!" because they had forgotten about margot in the closet. I'm guessing that a bit of

ELA Rubric  
1

## All Summer In A Day

All Summer In A Day is are mean to other people because they are different from them.

First the children treat Margot bad because she remembers the sun more than the other kids. Because she knew the sun more than the other kids. "And of course, the biggest crime, of all was that she had come here only five years ago from earth, and she remembered the sun was and the sky was when was four inches" (pg 21). I think that is messed up because they treat her bad just for the fact that sun is not going to see it until she goes back to earth.

Because she already saw the sun when Earth. She was in the world they avoid to goes back make her feel bad so she would not see the sun until she goes. Because the kids are going to her so they could make her feel bad. "Nothing!" he cried. "It was all a joke, wasn't it?" He turned to the children at him and then understanding loosened and shook - well, he said. "Nothing. Nothing!" (pg 21). That is bad because the kids are going to her so she feel bad that the sun is not going to come out.

Last that she knew more the son than the other  
people or kids, she knew were the son the other kids  
were saying that every thing they said about the son  
is a lie, "Hey everyone let's put her in a closet before  
the teacher comes," That but because people are going to do  
bad stuff to other people because they are different to  
them.

This is all of the story of all summer in a  
day the first, middle, and end

# "All Summer in a Day"

ELA  
Rubric

11

The theme of "All Summer in a Day" is to not trust some people.

First, Margot should not believe William that he is her friend because he pushed her in to the closet. William lies that they are Margot's friend and pushed her into the closet.

Second, Margot should not believe the others because it is all a joke that they believe her that the sun wasn't going to come out and it was all a joke. Margot believed that they said that the sun was not going to come out so she believed them that the sun was not going to come out.

Third, the sun came out and Margot was locked inside the closet where they left her, and Margot had to wait another seven years.