

QUESTIONS FOR TEXT EXEMPLARS

- 1. The Black Stallion:** Students describe how the narrator's point of view influences how events are described and how the reader perceives the character of Alexander Ramsay, Jr. **(RL.5.6) [ESL HI, ABE LI]**
- 2. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer:** Students summarize the development of the morality of Tom Sawyer and analyze its connection to themes of accountability and authenticity by noting how it is conveyed through characters, setting and plot. **[RL8.2] [ESL Adv, ABE HI]**
- 3. Fire! Fire:** Students ask questions about how fire fighters respond to a fire and answer using key details from the text. **[RI 1.1] [ESL Beg. Lit., ABE Beg. Lit]**
- 4. Lincoln: A Photobiography:** Students explain how the main idea that Lincoln had "many faces" is supported by key details in the text. **[RI 3.2] [ESL LI, ABE Beg. Basic]**

**Gibbons, Gail. *Fire! Fire!* New York: HarperCollins, 1987. (1984)
From “Fire! Fire! In the city...”**

In an apartment house, a breeze has blown a towel up into the flame of a hot stove. A fire begins. The smoke alarm screams. A phone call alerts the fire-dispatch center. Instantly, a dispatcher calls the firehouse nearest the fire. A loudspeaker blares out the address of the fire, and the firefighters go into action. They slide down brass poles to the ground floor, where the fire engines are, and hurry into their fire-fighting gear. Then they take their positions on their engines. The big trucks roar out of the firehouse. Sirens scream and lights flash. The fire engines arrive at the scene. The fire is bigger now. The fire chief is in charge. He decides the best way to fight this fire.

Hoses are pulled from the trucks. Each separate fire truck is called a “company.” Each separate company has an officer in charge. The fire chief tells each officer in charge what he wants the firefighters to do. Firefighters are ordered to search the building to make sure no one is still inside. A man is trapped. A ladder tower is swung into action. The man is rescued quickly. At the same time, an aerial ladder is taking other firefighters to the floor above the fire. Inside, the firefighters attach a hose to the building’s standpipe. Water is sprayed onto the fire to keep it from moving up through the apartment house. Now the aerial ladder is swung over to the roof of the burning building. Firefighters break holes in the roof and windows to let out poisonous gases, heat, and smoke before they can cause a bad explosion. There’s less danger now for the firefighters working inside the building. Firefighters are battling the blaze from the outside of the building, too. Fire hoses carry water from the fire hydrants to the trucks.

Pumps in the fire trucks control the water pressure and push the water up through the discharge hoses. Streams of water hit the burning building and buildings next door to keep the fire from spreading. The fire is under control. The fire is out. The firefighters clean up the rubble. Back at the firehouse, they clean their equipment and make an official report on the fire. **[RI 1.1]**

Read-Aloud Informational Texts

Freedman, Russell. *Lincoln: A Photobiography*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1989. (1987)

From Chapter One: “The Mysterious Mr. Lincoln”

Abraham Lincoln wasn't the sort of man who could lose himself in a crowd. After all, he stood six feet four inches tall. And to top it off, he wore a high silk hat. His height was mostly in his long bony legs. When he sat in a chair, he seemed no taller than anyone else. It was only when he stood up that he towered over other men. At first glance, most people thought he was homely. Lincoln thought so too, once referring to his “poor, lean, lank face.” As a young man he was sensitive about his gawky looks, but in time, he learned to laugh at himself. When a rival called him “two-faced” during a political debate, Lincoln replied: “I leave it to my audience. If I had another face, do you think I'd wear this one?” According to those who knew him, Lincoln was a man of many faces. In repose, he often seemed sad and gloomy. But when he began to speak, his expression changed. “The dull, listless features dropped like a mask,” said a Chicago newspaperman. “The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, the whole countenance was wreathed in animation, so that a stranger would have said, ‘Why, this man, so angular and solemn a moment ago, is really handsome.’”

Lincoln was the most photographed man of his time, but his friends insisted that no photo ever did him justice. It's no wonder. Back then cameras required long exposures. The person being photographed had to “freeze” as the seconds ticked by. If he blinked an eye, the picture would be blurred. That's why Lincoln looks so stiff and formal in his photos. We never see him laughing or joking. **[RI 3.2]**

Farley, Walter.

The Black Stallion

New York: Random House Books for Young Readers, 2008. (1941)

From Chapter 1: "Homeward Bound"

The tramp steamer Drake plowed away from the coast of India and pushed its blunt prow into the Arabian Sea, homeward bound. Slowly it made its way west toward the Gulf of Aden. Its hold was loaded with coffee, rice, tea, oil seeds and jute. Black smoke poured from its one stack, darkening the hot cloudless sky. Alexander Ramsay, Jr., known to his friends back home in New York City as Alec, leaned over the rail and watched the water slide away from the sides of the boat. His red hair blazed redder than ever in the hot sun, his tanned elbows rested heavily on the rail as he turned his freckled face back toward the fast-disappearing shore.

Twain, Mark. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. New York: Modern Library, 2001. (1876)

From Chapter 2: “The Glorious Whitewasher”

But Tom’s energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of WORK, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben’s gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the Big Missouri, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them: “Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!” The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk. “Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!” His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides. “Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!” His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel. “Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-lingling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!” The left hand began to describe circles. “Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! LIVELY now! Come—out with your spring-line— what’re you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! SH’T! S’H’T! SH’T!” (trying the gauge-cocks.) Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: “Hi-YI! YOU’RE up a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: “Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?” Tom wheeled suddenly and said: “Why, it’s you, Ben! I warn’t noticing.” “Say—I’m going in a-swimming, I am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther WORK—wouldn’t you? Course you would!” Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said: “What do you call work?” “Why, ain’t THAT work?” Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly: “Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain’t. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer.” “Oh come, now, you don’t mean to let on that you LIKE it?”

The brush continued to move. "Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?" That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said: "Say, Tom, let ME whitewash a little." Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind: "No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and SHE wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done." "No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let YOU, if you was me, Tom." "Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—" "Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple." "Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—" "I'll give you ALL of it!" Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer Big Missouri worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village. Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is OBLIGED to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign. The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.