

Unit 13, Lesson 4

By Unit 13, **Units 1–12** activities have already been taught and include the following skills and strategies:



- PQCS strategy (prediction, question generation, clarification, summarization)
- Other story components (conflict, climax, resolution)
- Strategy Bookmark
- Reciprocal teaching
- Oral and silent reading: fluency practice
- Think-pair-share strategy



- Other story components (author, illustrator, genre, theme, perspective, mood, author's purpose)

Unit 13, Lesson 4, includes the following skills and strategies:



- PQCS strategy (prediction, question generation, clarification, summarization)
- Other story components (author, illustrator, genre, theme, perspective, mood, author's purpose), plus conflict, climax, resolution
- Strategy Bookmark
- Reciprocal teaching
- Oral and silent reading: fluency practice (information learned)

Lesson 4 specifics across the **two instructional tracks** include the following:

Part A: Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies: Strategy Bookmark, Reciprocal Teaching

- Working with small groups in assigned roles to complete Reciprocal-Teaching and End-of-Book Reciprocal-Teaching Charts.

Part B: Fluency Strategies: Oral Reading and Information Learned

- Working with partners to reread a fluency passage and write three things they learned using the Unit 18 fluency passage.

Unit 13 • Lesson 4

Reading Skills and Strategies

- Review story structure, PQCS strategy, reciprocal teaching, and Strategy Bookmark.

PART A



35 minutes

STRONG

TEACHER SUPPORT

MODERATE

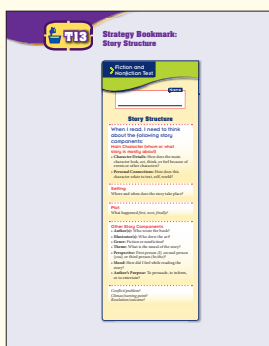
STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies

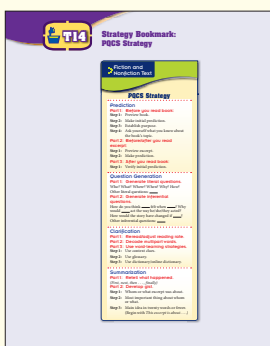
Activity Strategy Bookmark, Reciprocal Teaching

NOTE: If you are unable to provide each student a computer, provide computer access to small groups of students, or use electronic spell-checkers.

1. **Show** Transparency 13: Strategy Bookmark: Story Structure (T13) and Transparency 14: Strategy Bookmark: PQCS Strategy (T14) as needed.

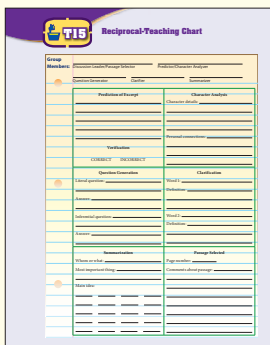


Transparency 13



Transparency 14

2. **Have** students continue to work in the same groups from the previous lessons. **Distribute** Role Cards. **Have** students move their marker to the right on their card.



Transparency 15/Workbook page 110

ROUTINE • Using Strategy Bookmark, Reciprocal Teaching

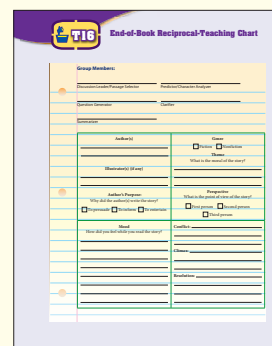
- a. **Show** Transparency 15: Reciprocal-Teaching Chart (T15) as needed. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 110.
- b. **Provide** sticky notes to each group's Discussion Leader/Passage Selector. **Direct** students to **Hatchet** pages 171–181 (twentieth excerpt), retrieving their Strategy Bookmark.
- c. **Direct** group members to complete all required responsibilities. **Remind** each group's Predictor/Character Analyzer to complete Strategy Bookmark "Prediction" Part 3, writing nothing down, but telling their group if **Hatchet** turned out to be about what they predicted it would be about at the beginning of the book. **Allow** up to twenty minutes for students to read the excerpt. **Monitor** students. **Guide** as needed. **Have** each group's Discussion Leader/Passage Selector retain their completed chart for the next activity.

Activity

TEACHER SUPPORT
STRONG MODERATE STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Other Story Components

1. You've finished reading **Hatchet**. When you finished reading the other selections in this program, you completed a chart that listed other story components. You also wrote about the conflict, climax, and resolution. Today you'll complete a new chart that includes these important story components.
2. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 111. **Show** Transparency 16: End-of-Book Reciprocal-Teaching Chart (T16).



Transparency 16/Workbook page 111

Continued: Unit 13 • Lesson 4

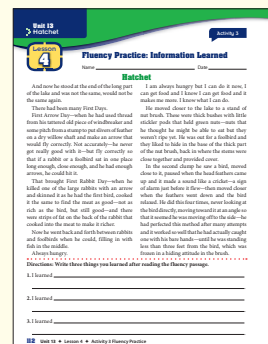
ROUTINE • Analyzing Other Story Components

- Have** students continue to work in the same groups from the previous activity.
- Direct** only each group's Discussion Leader/Passage Selector to write their name, date, book title, and group members' names on **Workbook** page 111.
- Direct** each group's Discussion Leader/Passage Selector to discuss with their group the other story components. **Have** only each group's Discussion Leader/Passage Selector write in the boxes and then verify with the group. **Monitor** students. **Guide** as needed.
- Ask** each Discussion Leader/Passage Selector what they wrote. **Write** on T16.
*Ideas: Author: Gary Paulsen.
 Illustrator: None.
 Author's Purpose: To entertain.
 Genre: Fiction.
 Theme: Even when faced with difficulties, you should never give up.
 Perspective: Third person.
 Mood: Scared when Brian was faced with landing the plane on his own; scared when he crash-landed; happy he survived; scared when he was hungry and got sick; sad he was stuck in the wilderness; scared about the animals he encountered; happy when he caught his first fish and ate food; excited when he heard a plane; scared when he went back to the sunken plane; happy when he was rescued.
 Conflict: Brian was alone in the wilderness and needed to survive.
 Climax: Brian broke into the tail of the plane with his hatchet and found treasures he could use to survive.
 Resolution: A pilot rescued Brian when Brian turned on the emergency transmitter and left it going.*
- Discuss** why the theme of **Hatchet** is so important.
- DISCUSSION: Discuss** how the qualities Brian obtained through his ordeal will affect him for the rest of his life.
- Collect** Role Cards and markers. **Tell** students to save their Strategy Bookmark for the next lesson.

PART B 10 minutes **Fluency Strategies**

Activity Oral Reading and Information Learned

- Assign** student partners. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 112.



Workbook page 112

ROUTINE • Taking Turns and Information Learned

- Ask** students to read orally and take turns. **Monitor** students. **Guide** as needed.
- Have** students write three things they've learned and then discuss them with their partners. **Monitor** students. **Guide** as needed.
- Ask** students to read their answers.

Lesson Wrap-Up

Conclude lesson with a brief review of reading skills and strategies taught (review story structure, PQCS strategy, reciprocal teaching, and Strategy Bookmark).



Strategy Bookmark: Story Structure

Fiction and
Nonfiction Text

Name

Story Structure

When I read, I need to think about the following story components:

Main Character (whom or what story is mostly about)

- **Character Details:** How does the main character look, act, think, or feel because of events or other characters?
- **Personal Connections:** How does this character relate to text, self, world?

Setting

Where and when does the story take place?

Plot

What happened *first, next, finally*?

Other Story Components

- **Author(s):** Who wrote the book?
- **Illustrator(s):** Who drew the art?
- **Genre:** Fiction or nonfiction?
- **Theme:** What is the moral of the story?
- **Perspective:** First person (*I*), second person (*you*), or third person (*he/she*)?
- **Mood:** How did I feel while reading the story?
- **Author's Purpose:** To persuade, to inform, or to entertain?

Conflict/problem?

Climax/turning point?

Resolution/outcome?



Strategy Bookmark: PQCS Strategy

Fiction and
Nonfiction Text

PQCS Strategy

Prediction

Part 1: Before you read book:

Step 1: Preview book.

Step 2: Make initial prediction.

Step 3: Establish purpose.

Step 4: Ask yourself what you know about the book's topic.

Part 2: Before/after you read excerpt:

Step 1: Preview excerpt.

Step 2: Make prediction.

Part 3: After you read book:

Step 1: Verify initial prediction.

Question Generation

Part 1: Generate literal questions.

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Other literal questions: _____

Part 2: Generate inferential questions.

How do you think _____ felt when _____? Why

would _____ act the way he/she/they acted?

How would the story have changed if _____?

Other inferential questions: _____

Clarification

Part 1: Reread/adjust reading rate.

Part 2: Decode multipart words.

Part 3: Use word-learning strategies.

Step 1: Use context clues.

Step 2: Use glossary.

Step 3: Use dictionary/online dictionary.

Summarization

Part 1: Retell what happened.

(First, next, then . . . , finally)

Part 2: Develop gist.

Step 1: Whom or what excerpt was about.

Step 2: Most important thing about whom or what.

Step 3: Main idea in twenty words or fewer.
(Begin with *This excerpt is about . . .*)

APPENDIX A



Reciprocal-Teaching Chart

Group		
Members:	Discussion Leader/Passage Selector	Predictor/Character Analyzer
	Question Generator	Clarifier
		Summarizer
	Prediction of Excerpt _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	Character Analysis Character details: _____ _____ _____ _____ Personal connections: _____ _____ _____
	Verification CORRECT INCORRECT	
	Question Generation Literal question: _____ _____ Answer: _____ _____ Inferential question: _____ _____ Answer: _____ _____	Clarification Word 1: _____ Definition: _____ _____ Word 2: _____ Definition: _____ _____ _____
	Summarization Whom or what: _____ Most important thing: _____ _____ Main idea: _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	Passage Selected Page number: _____ Comments about passage: _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

Transparency 15



End-of-Book Reciprocal-Teaching Chart

Group Members:

Discussion Leader/Passage Selector

Predictor/Character Analyzer

Question Generator

Clarifier

Summarizer

Author(s)

Genre

☐ Fiction ☐ Nonfiction

Theme

What is the moral of the story?

Illustrator(s) (if any)

Author's Purpose:

Why did the author(s) write the story?

☐ To persuade ☐ To inform ☐ To entertain

Perspective

What is the point of view of the story?

☐ First person ☐ Second person

☐ Third person

Mood

How did you feel while you read the story?

Conflict: _____

Climax: _____

Resolution: _____

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Treasure.

Unbelievable riches. He could not believe the contents of the survival pack.

The night before he was so numb with exhaustion he couldn't do anything but sleep. All day in the water had tired him so much that, in the end, he had fallen asleep sitting against the shelter wall, oblivious even to the mosquitos, to the night, to anything. But with false gray dawn he had awakened, instantly, and began to dig in the pack—to find amazing, wonderful things.

There was a sleeping bag—which he hung to dry over his shelter roof on the outside—and foam sleeping pad. An aluminum cookset with four little pots and two frying

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pans; it actually even had a fork and knife and spoon. A waterproof container with matches and two small butane lighters. A sheath knife with a compass in the handle. As if a compass would help him, he thought, smiling. A first-aid kit with bandages and tubes of antiseptic paste and small scissors. A cap that said CESSNA across the front in large letters. Why a cap? he wondered. It was adjustable and he put it on immediately. A fishing kit with four coils of line, a dozen small lures, and hooks and sinkers.

Incredible wealth. It was like all the holidays in the world, all the birthdays there were. He sat in the sun by the doorway where he had dropped the night before and pulled the presents—as he thought of them—out one at a time to examine them, turn them in the light, touch them and feel them with his hands and eyes.

Something that at first puzzled him. He pulled out what seemed to be the broken-off, bulky stock of a rifle and he was going to put it aside, thinking it might be for something else in the pack, when he shook it and it rattled. After working at it a moment he found the butt of the stock came off and inside there was a barrel and magazine and action assembly, with a clip and a full box of fifty shells. It was a .22 survival rifle—he had seen one once in the sporting goods store where he went for bike parts—and the barrel screwed onto the stock. He had never owned a rifle, never fired one, but had seen them on television, of course, and

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after a few moments figured out how to put it together by screwing the action onto the stock, how to load it and put the clip full of bullets into the action.

It was a strange feeling, holding the rifle. It somehow removed him from everything around him. Without the rifle he had to fit in, to be part of it all, to understand it and use it—the woods, all of it. With the rifle, suddenly, he didn't have to know; did not have to be afraid or understand. He didn't have to get close to a foolbird to kill it—didn't have to know how it would stand if he didn't look at it and moved off to the side.

The rifle changed him, the minute he picked it up, and he wasn't sure he liked the change very much. He set it aside, leaning it carefully against the wall. He could deal with that feeling later. The fire was out and he used a butane lighter and a piece of birchbark with small twigs to get another one started—marveling at how easy it was but feeling again that the lighter somehow removed him from where he was, what he had to know. With a ready flame he didn't have to know how to make a spark nest, or how to feed the new flames to make them grow. As with the rifle, he wasn't sure he liked the change.

Up and down, he thought. The pack was wonderful but it gave him up and down feelings.

With the fire going and sending up black smoke and a steady roar from a pitch-smelling chunk he put on, he

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turned once more to the pack. Rummaging through the food packets—he hadn't brought them out yet because he wanted to save them until last, glory in them—he came up with a small electronic device completely encased in a plastic bag. At first he thought it was a radio or cassette player and he had a surge of hope because he missed music, missed sounds, missed hearing another voice. But when he opened the plastic and took the thing out and turned it over he could see that it wasn't a receiver at all. There was a coil of wire held together on the side by tape and it sprung into a three-foot-long antenna when he took the tape off. No speaker, no lights, just a small switch at the top and on the bottom he finally found, in small print:

Emergency Transmitter.

That was it. He turned the switch back and forth a few times but nothing happened—he couldn't even hear static—so, as with the rifle, he set it against the wall and went back to the bag. It was probably ruined in the crash, he thought.

Two bars of soap.

He had bathed regularly in the lake, but not with soap and he thought how wonderful it would be to wash his hair. Thick with grime and smoke dirt, frizzed by wind and sun, matted with fish and foolbird grease, his hair had grown and stuck and tangled and grown until it was a clumped mess on his head. He could use the scissors from the first-aid kit to cut it off, then wash it with soap.

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And then, finally—the food.

It was all freeze-dried and in such quantity that he thought, with this I could live forever. Package after package he took out, beef dinner with potatoes, cheese and noodle dinners, chicken dinners, egg and potato breakfasts, fruit mixes, drink mixes, dessert mixes, more dinners and breakfasts than he could count easily, dozens and dozens of them all packed in waterproof bags, all in perfect shape and when he had them all out and laid against the wall in stacks he couldn't stand it and he went through them again.

If I'm careful, he thought, they'll last as long as . . . as long as I need them to last. If I'm careful . . . No. Not yet. I won't be careful just yet. First I am going to have a feast. Right here and now I am going to cook up a feast and eat until I drop and then I'll be careful.

He went into the food packs once more and selected what he wanted for his feast: a four-person beef and potato dinner, with orange drink for an appetizer and something called a peach whip for dessert. Just add water, it said on the packages, and cook for half an hour or so until everything was normal-size and done.

Brian went to the lake and got water in one of the aluminum pots and came back to the fire. Just that amazed him—to be able to carry water to the fire in a pot. Such a simple act and he hadn't been able to do it for almost two

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months. He guessed at the amounts and put the beef dinner and peach dessert on to boil, then went back to the lake and brought water to mix with the orange drink.

It was sweet and tangy—almost too sweet—but so good that he didn't drink it fast, held it in his mouth and let the taste go over his tongue. Tickling on the sides, sloshing it back and forth and then down, swallow, then another.

That, he thought, that is just fine. Just fine. He got more lake water and mixed another one and drank it fast, then a third one, and he sat with that near the fire but looking out across the lake, thinking how rich the smell was from the cooking beef dinner. There was garlic in it and some other spices and the smells came up to him and made him think of home, his mother cooking, the rich smells of the kitchen, and at that precise instant, with his mind full of home and the smell from the food filling him, the plane appeared.

He had only a moment of warning. There was a tiny drone but as before it didn't register, then suddenly, roaring over his head low and in back of the ridge a bushplane with floats fairly exploded into his life.

It passed directly over him, very low, tipped a wing sharply over the tail of the crashed plane in the lake, cut power, glided down the long part of the L of the lake, then turned and glided back, touching the water gently once, twice, and settling with a spray to taxi and stop with its

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floats gently bumping the beach in front of Brian's shelter.

He had not moved. It had all happened so fast that he hadn't moved. He sat with the pot of orange drink still in his hand, staring at the plane, not quite understanding it yet; not quite knowing yet that it was over.

The pilot cut the engine, opened the door, and got out, balanced, and stepped forward on the float to hop onto the sand without getting his feet wet. He was wearing sunglasses and he took them off to stare at Brian.

"I heard your emergency transmitter—then I saw the plane when I came over . . ." He trailed off, cocked his head, studying Brian. "You're him, aren't you? You're that kid? They quit looking, a month, no, almost two months ago. You're him, aren't you? You're that kid . . ."

Brian was standing now, but still silent, still holding the drink. His tongue seemed to be stuck to the roof of his mouth and his throat didn't work right. He looked at the pilot, and the plane, and down at himself—dirty and ragged, burned and lean and tough—and he coughed to clear his throat.

"My name is Brian Robeson," he said. Then he saw that his stew was done, the peach whip almost done, and he waved to it with his hand. "Would you like something to eat?"

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EPILOGUE

The pilot who landed so suddenly in the lake was a fur buyer mapping Cree trapping camps for future buying runs—drawn by Brian when he unwittingly turned on the emergency transmitter and left it going. The Cree move into the camps for fall and winter to trap and the buyers fly from camp to camp on a regular route.

When the pilot rescued Brian he had been alone on the L-shaped lake for fifty-four days. During that time he had lost seventeen percent of his body weight. He later gained back six percent, but had virtually no body fat—his body had consumed all extra weight and he would remain lean and wiry for several years.

Many of the changes would prove to be permanent.

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APPENDIX A

Brian had gained immensely in his ability to observe what was happening and react to it; that would last him all his life. He had become more thoughtful as well, and from that time on he would think slowly about something before speaking.

Food, all food, even food he did not like, never lost its wonder for him. For years after his rescue he would find himself stopping in grocery stores to just stare at the aisles of food, marveling at the quantity and the variety.

There were many questions in his mind about what he had seen and known, and he worked at research when he got back, identifying the game and berries. Gut cherries were termed choke cherries, and made good jelly. The nut bushes where the foolbirds hid were hazelnut bushes. The two kinds of rabbits were snowshoes and cottontails; the foolbirds were ruffed grouse (also called fool hens by trappers, for their stupidity); the small food fish were bluegills, sunfish, and perch; the turtle eggs were laid by a snapping turtle, as he had thought; the wolves were timber wolves, which are not known to attack or bother people; the moose was a moose.

There were also the dreams—he had many dreams about the lake after he was rescued. The Canadian government sent a team to recover the body of the pilot and they took reporters, who naturally took pictures and film of the whole campsite, the shelter—all of it. For a brief time the

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press made much of Brian and he was interviewed for several networks but the furor died within a few months. A writer showed up who wanted to do a book on the “complete adventure” (as he called it) but he turned out to be a dreamer and it all came to nothing but talk. Still Brian was given copies of the pictures and tape, and looking at them seemed to trigger the dreams. They were not nightmares, none of them was frightening, but he would awaken at times with them; just awaken and sit up and think of the lake, the forest, the fire at night, the night birds singing, the fish jumping—sit in the dark alone and think of them and it was not bad and would never be bad for him.

Predictions are, for the most part, ineffective; but it might be interesting to note that had Brian not been rescued when he was, had he been forced to go into hard fall, perhaps winter, it would have been very rough on him. When the lake froze he would have lost the fish, and when the snow got deep he would have had trouble moving at all. Game becomes seemingly plentiful in the fall (it's easier to see with the leaves off the brush) but in winter it gets scarce and sometimes simply nonexistent as predators (fox, lynx, wolf, owls, weasels, fisher, martin, northern coyote) sweep through areas and wipe things out. It is amazing what a single owl can do to a local population of ruffed grouse and rabbits in just a few months.

After the initial surprise and happiness from his parents

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at his being alive—for a week it looked as if they might actually get back together—things rapidly went back to normal. His father returned to the northern oil fields, where Brian eventually visited him, and his mother stayed in the city, worked at her career in real estate, and continued to see the man in the station wagon.

Brian tried several times to tell his father, came really close once to doing it, but in the end never said a word about the man or what he knew, the Secret.

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Hat chet (pages 171–181)

Unit 13 Hatchet

Lesson

4

Activity 1

Book Title _____

Reciprocal-Teaching Chart

Name _____ Date _____

Group Members:	Discussion Leader/Passage Selector _____		Predictor/Character Analyzer _____	
	Question Generator _____		Clarifier _____ Summarizer _____	
	Prediction of Excerpt		Character Analysis	
	_____		Character details: _____	
	_____		_____	
	_____		Personal connections: _____	
	_____		_____	
	Verification		_____	
	CORRECT INCORRECT		_____	
	_____		_____	
	Question Generation		Clarification	
	Literal question: _____		Word 1: _____	
_____		Definition: _____		
Answer: _____		_____		
_____		_____		
Inferential question: _____		Word 2: _____		
_____		Definition: _____		
Answer: _____		_____		
Summarization		Passage Selected		
Whom or what: _____		Page number: _____		
Most important thing: _____		Comments about passage: _____		
_____		_____		
Main idea: _____		_____		
_____		_____		
_____		_____		
_____		_____		
_____		_____		

End-of-Book Reciprocal-Teaching Chart

Name _____ Date _____

Group Members:

Discussion Leader/Passage Selector

Predictor/Character Analyzer

Question Generator

Clarifier

Summarizer

Author(s)

Illustrator(s) (if any)

Author's Purpose:

Why did the author(s) write the story?

☐ To persuade ☐ To inform ☐ To entertain

Genre

☐ Fiction ☐ Nonfiction

Theme

What is the moral of the story?

Perspective

What is the point of view of the story?

☐ First person ☐ Second person
☐ Third person

Mood

How did you feel while you read the story?

Conflict: _____

Climax: _____

Resolution: _____

Unit 13 Hatchet

Activity 3

Lesson

4

Fluency Practice: Information Learned

Name _____ Date _____

Hatchet

And now he stood at the end of the long part of the lake and was not the same, would not be the same again.

There had been many First Days.

First Arrow Day—when he had used thread from his tattered old piece of windbreaker and some pitch from a stump to put slivers of feather on a dry willow shaft and make an arrow that would fly correctly. Not accurately—he never got really good with it—but fly correctly so that if a rabbit or a foolbird sat in one place long enough, close enough, and he had enough arrows, he could hit it.

That brought First Rabbit Day—when he killed one of the large rabbits with an arrow and skinned it as he had the first bird, cooked it the same to find the meat as good—not as rich as the bird, but still good—and there were strips of fat on the back of the rabbit that cooked into the meat to make it richer.

Now he went back and forth between rabbits and foolbirds when he could, filling in with fish in the middle.

Always hungry.

I am always hungry but I can do it now, I can get food and I know I can get food and it makes me more. I know what I can do.

He moved closer to the lake to a stand of nut brush. These were thick bushes with little stickler pods that held green nuts—nuts that he thought he might be able to eat but they weren't ripe yet. He was out for a foolbird and they liked to hide in the base of the thick part of the nut brush, back in where the stems were close together and provided cover.

In the second clump he saw a bird, moved close to it, paused when the head feathers came up and it made a sound like a cricket—a sign of alarm just before it flew—then moved closer when the feathers went down and the bird relaxed. He did this four times, never looking at the bird directly, moving toward it at an angle so that it seemed he was moving off to the side—he had perfected this method after many attempts and it worked so well that he had actually caught one with his bare hands—until he was standing less than three feet from the bird, which was frozen in a hiding attitude in the brush.

Directions: Write three things you learned after reading the fluency passage.

1. I learned _____

2. I learned _____

3. I learned _____
