APPENDIX A

Sample Lessons

Unit 2, Lesson 2

By Unit 2, **Unit 1** activities have already been taught and include the following skills and strategies:

- Story structure (setting, plot)
- Oral and silent reading: fluency practice
- Think-pair-share strategy

- Story structure (main character)

Unit 2, Lesson 2, includes the following skills and strategies:

- Story structure (main character, setting)
- Oral reading: fluency practice (mental imagery)

- Story structure (plot)

Lesson 2 specifics across the **two instructional tracks** include the following:

Part A: Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies: Story Structure: Main Character

- Working with partners to complete the Character-Analysis Chart in the Workbook.

Part A: Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies: Story Structure: Setting

- Working with partners to complete the Setting-Analysis Chart in the Workbook.

Part A: Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies: Story Structure: Plot

- As a class, completing the Plot-Analysis Chart in the Workbook.

Part B: Fluency Strategies: Mental Imagery

- Using mental imagery to make an illustration in the Workbook.

Unit 2 • Lesson 2

Reading Skills and Strategies

- Identify story structure.

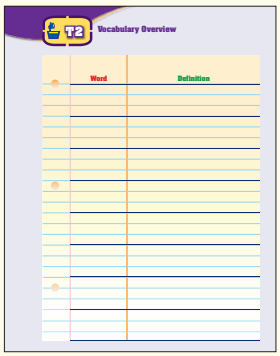
PART A 35 minutes TEACHER SUPPORT STRONG MODERATE STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Vocabulary and Comprehension Strategies

Activity **Story Structure: Main Character**

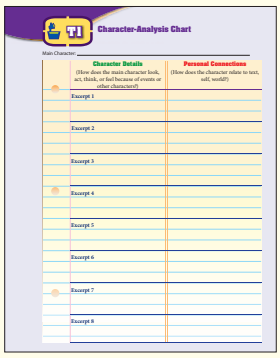
NOTE: This lesson requires a review of up to ten vocabulary words. Suggestions of these words and their definitions are provided. Student-friendly definitions should always be used. You may want to survey the excerpt and select and define your own words before beginning the lesson. Write these words on Transparency 2: Vocabulary Overview (T2) before the lesson.

1. Direct students to **Anthology** pages 26–31 (paragraph 6) (sixth excerpt). **Show** T2. **Read** any difficult words and definitions to students, and discuss their meanings. Ideas: *Anti-inflammatory:* Something that reduces swelling. *Bootie:* A sock for a dog to protect from ice forming between its toes; a shoe cover used by doctors and nurses to keep germs from spreading. *Brushbow:* A curved piece in front of the main body of a sled designed to protect the sled from brush. *Bulletproof:* Not easily damaged. *Checkpoint:* An official stopping place. *Chute:* A passage through which things go. *Conservative:* Very cautious. *Ecstatic:* Very happy. *Gangline:* The main line that connects the dogs to the sled. *Tugline:* A line that connects a dog's harness to the gangline.



Transparency 2

2. Have students read the sixth excerpt silently. **Allow** up to twenty minutes. After reading, **discuss** the vocabulary words as needed and what students visualized as they read.



Transparency 1/Workbook page 1

ROUTINE • Analyzing the Main Character

a. **Assign** student partners.

b. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 1. **Show** Transparency 1: Character-Analysis Chart (T1) from the previous lessons.

c. **Ask** students to discuss character details and then to write the answer in the sixth-excerpt box in the "Character Details" column.

d. **Ask** students what they wrote. **Write** on T1. Ideas: *Nervous; full of energy; took care of dogs while waited to race; calm at start of race; happy once race began; very busy during race.*

e. **Ask** students to discuss personal connections and then to write the answer in the sixth-excerpt box in the "Personal Connections" column.

f. **Ask** students what they wrote. **Write** on T1. **Accept** reasonable responses. **Retain** T1 with its written notes for Unit 2, Lesson 3.

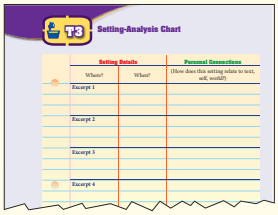
g. **DISCUSSION: Discuss** why, at the beginning of the excerpt, Rachael was full of nervous energy and had a hard time falling asleep.

Activity

TEACHER SUPPORT: STRONG | MODERATE | STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Story Structure: Setting

1. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 3.



Transparency 3/Workbook page 3

ROUTINE • Analyzing the Setting

a. **Assign** student partners.

b. **Show** Transparency 3: Setting-Analysis Chart (T3) from the previous lessons.

c. **Ask** students to discuss setting details and then to write the answer in the sixth-excerpt box in the "Where" column.

d. **Ask** students what they wrote. **Write** on T3. Idea: *Friends' house; Iditarod race began in Willow, then to Yentna, then to Skwentna.*

e. **Ask** students to discuss setting details and then to write the answer in the sixth-excerpt box in the "When" column.

f. **Ask** students what they wrote. **Write** on T3. Idea: *Before and during the race.*

g. **Ask** students to discuss personal connections and then to write the answer in the sixth-excerpt box in the "Personal Connections" column.

h. **Ask** students what they wrote. **Write** on T3. **Accept** reasonable responses. **Retain** T3 with its written notes for Unit 2, Lesson 3.

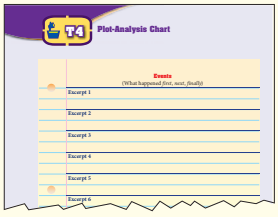
i. **DISCUSSION: Discuss** what it was like to run a sled-dog team at night.

Activity

TEACHER SUPPORT: STRONG | MODERATE | STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Story Structure: Plot

1. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 5. Today you'll add more details to the same Plot-Analysis Chart you used in the previous lessons.



Transparency 4/Workbook page 5

ROUTINE • Analyzing the Plot

a. **Show** Transparency 4: Plot-Analysis Chart (T4) from the previous lessons. **Have** students copy everything you write on T4.

b. **Explain,** and write the *first, next,* and *finally* details in the sixth-excerpt box. Ideas: *First, Rachael was nervous and had hard time sleeping before race. Next, Rachael began race at back of pack to avoid problems. Finally, Rachael started race excitedly; sent dog home.* **Retain** T4 with its written notes for Unit 2, Lesson 3.

c. **DISCUSSION: Discuss** why Rachael was so angry about the reporter who talked to her.

PART B — 10 minutes

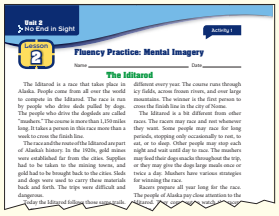
TEACHER SUPPORT: STRONG | MODERATE | STUDENT INDEPENDENCE

Fluency Strategies

Activity

Mental Imagery

1. **Direct** students to **Workbook** page 10.



Workbook page 10

ROUTINE • Using Mental Imagery

a. **Have** students read the passage silently and use mental imagery. **Have** students illustrate in their **Workbook** what they thought about. **Monitor** students. **Guide** as needed.

b. **Ask** students to share what they illustrated.

Lesson Wrap-Up

Conclude lesson with a brief review of reading skills and strategies taught (identify story structure).

Character-Analysis Chart

Main Character: _____

	Character Details (How does the main character look, act, think, or feel because of events or other characters?)	Personal Connections (How does the character relate to text, self, world?)
	Excerpt 1	
	Excerpt 2	
	Excerpt 3	
	Excerpt 4	
	Excerpt 5	
	Excerpt 6	
	Excerpt 7	
	Excerpt 8	

Transparency 1

T2 Vocabulary Overview

Word	Definition

Transparency 2

Setting-Analysis Chart

	Setting Details		Personal Connections
	Where?	When?	(How does this setting relate to text, self, world?)
	Excerpt 1		
	Excerpt 2		
	Excerpt 3		
	Excerpt 4		
	Excerpt 5		
	Excerpt 6		
	Excerpt 7		
	Excerpt 8		

Transparency 3

Plot-Analysis Chart

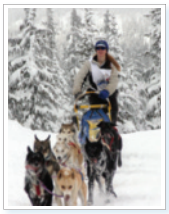
	Events (What happened *first*, *next*, *finally*)
Excerpt 1	
Excerpt 2	
Excerpt 3	
Excerpt 4	
Excerpt 5	
Excerpt 6	
Excerpt 7	
Excerpt 8	

What was the conflict/problem?	What was the climax/turning point?	What was the resolution/outcome?

Transparency 4

APPENDIX A

THE RACE



Background Information

Rachael received an Iditarod sled as a gift. To get in shape to become a musher, she ran cross-country and track. She graduated from high school and began training for the Iditarod. At age twenty, she was ready for the Iditarod and went to Alaska. Paul Ellering would be her visual guide for the race. Among the people who went to Alaska to cheer her on were her father and Libby Riddles, the first woman to win the Iditarod. Rachael drew the tenth starting position for the Iditarod.

We spent the night at John and Mari Wood's place, but when it came time to go to bed I was full of nervous energy, and it took a long time for me to fall asleep. In the morning I indulged in a long, hot—very hot—shower. I knew it would be nearly a week until we reached the checkpoint at Takotna, where I would have the chance for another shower.

Because of the lack of snow at Wasilla, the traditional starting point, the restart of the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race was moved thirty miles to Willow Lake. We were directed onto the lake ice to the stake with my number 10 where we got busy dropping dogs. When they were fed and watered we took my racing sled down from the trailer. Dave Sims built it for me and promised it was "bulletproof" and would withstand anything the Iditarod could throw at it. I started sorting through the gear I was taking. The rules require mushers to carry all the equipment necessary for a musher and his dogs to survive under severe winter conditions.

A sled always steers best with the weight low and toward the back. From the many times I had practiced this procedure I knew where everything was supposed to go, and I started packing my red sled bag mounted to the sled. The heavy cooler full of dog food went at the bottom, in the back. The cooker to heat water, the dog pans, and the dipper for ladling dog food are light so I put those items near the front. My big Arctic sleeping bag followed by gloves, mittens, snacks, headlamps, goggles, sunglasses, and face shields—a necessity if the weather turned so cold that no skin could be exposed without suffering frostbite—were stowed, as were packages of dog food and dog treats. Lots of dog treats—salmon, hot dogs, and beef fat. I tied the ax in its leather sheath where I could reach it easily and made sure all other essential items were packed: dog booties, dog medicine and foot goop, spare lines and harness, cables for tying dropped dogs, tools for sled repair, a camera, CD player, CDs of some of my favorite music, and extra batteries. I puttered, taking my time, doing one thing and then stopping to be interviewed by the media or to give my dogs a love.

Mark Nordman, Iditarod race marshal, had requested that Paul and I give up the positions we drew and start at the back of the pack to avoid complications and criticism. There are a number of disadvantages for a musher in last place. The trail is horrible, torn up by all the traffic, dog teams, sleds, and snow machines. And, since every other team already passed that way, if any dog in front is sick with a stomach bug or virus there is a good chance the last team will pick up the germs and become sick later in the race. And even though I could not leave until the other seventy-eight mushers had departed, my time would begin when the number 10 musher was scheduled to depart: I would lose more than two hours before I ever left the starting line.

Everything I needed to do could have been done in an hour. But with six hours to kill, I puttered. I stretched and massaged the dogs, greased their feet and put booties on them. I checked out the wireless radio headsets that the K-9 unit of the Anchorage Police Department had loaned us. Having a wireless system, with a button Paul and I could keep inside our gloves, was certainly going to be an advantage over shouting. Members of the media stopped by for interviews, friends came to wish me well. I waited for my turn to go to the starting line.

I was surprisingly calm but could still feel the nervous tickle in the pit of my stomach, the way I used to feel before a big race in track. I think I was generally relaxed, though, because I knew I had done everything possible to prepare myself and my dogs. We were as ready as we were ever going to be.

The loudspeaker announced that Tyrell Seavey was the next musher to go and that he was one of five Seaveys to compete in the Iditarod. I ran to the chute, arriving as he was pulling to the starting line. I wished him well and on a whim gave him a good-luck kiss on the cheek. And then I stepped out of the way and

he was off. I knew he had a good team and would be among the front-runners. The next time I would see him would be in Nome.

WILLOW TO YENTNA—45 MILES

One by one the mushers near us began to leave, and as each departed my dogs got more restless and eager to run. I did not want them waiting too long in harness expending useless energy in their excitement, and I delayed until the last minute before giving the go-ahead to have my team harnessed and hooked to the gangline. From that point forward everything in my world became a blur of motion and activity. Paul and his crew were just as busy.

Paul pulled forward, and my dogs, knowing they would soon get their chance to run, were wild with excitement. My handlers did a fine job, petting the dogs and trying to keep them distracted. We pulled into the chute, and Paul sprinted toward me. He threw his arms around me in a quick embrace, reassured me we would reach Nome, ran back to his sled, hopped on the runners, and away he went. I moved forward until the brushbow of my sled was poised under the Iditarod banner. In front of me was a long chute lined with people, and beyond was the trail leading off into the unknown. I said a quick prayer, asking God to please take care of my dogs and me, and then I asked Him for one specific favor, "Please, God, don't let me crash on the first corner."

The handlers stepped away. The countdown happened quickly. I barely had time to hug Dad and clasp hands with Libby. She shouted over the roar of the crowd, "Show 'em what you can do, girl."

And then we were under way and the crowd, held back by a banner-lined snow fence, cheered as my sixteen racing huskies charged ahead, powering into the big sweeping right-handed corner. Paul was somewhere out in front. I could not see him. As we circled the frozen lake we began to close the gap, and I caught him at the point the trail turned off the lake ice and led up onto the first rolling hill.

We topped the ridge and the commotion so familiar in my world fell away. Ahead was eleven hundred miles of wilderness. I was ecstatic to leave behind the media, the crush of people, the noise, the confusion, and the schedule of scripted activities. From now on my world would be simple and basic. It would be about the dogs and our race to Nome. I let out a huge sigh of relief.

A group of people gathered around a campfire yahooed, and I realized I was far from alone. We passed other groups along the trail, and friendly voices called my name and wished me well. As we were going up a steep hill a woman ran over and handed me a necklace, telling me they were good-luck beads.

"How are you doing?" Paul's voice spoke over my radio.

I depressed the finger button. "Couldn't be better."

The Outdoor Life Network helicopter hovered overhead, following every twist and turn as my dogs snaked through the trees and up and over the hills. The sun dropped into a bank of clouds, and the helicopter departed. As the light faded and darkness crept over the land, I thought that now, finally, I would be alone in the night, but we dropped down on the flat plain of the frozen Susitna River and every mile or so snow machines would be pulled into a circle like covered wagons, where bonfires would be roaring, and people would be partying and having a good time. Paul and I were running with headlamps, and as soon as the revelers saw us coming they would shout encouragement at us, and as we swept past they called out, asking if anyone was behind us. When we let them know we were the last two racers, they whooped and hollered some more and went back to their party.

This social scene lasted all the way to the checkpoint at Yentna. As we arrived, a host of other teams were resting beside the trail. We were directed to an open area, and Paul and I pulled in side by side. The soft snow made it difficult to set a snow hook to stake out the team. So I used my ax as an anchor, and to keep it from pulling out I set a bale of straw over the line. I took care of my dogs and tried to curl up on the straw and sleep with them, but I was still too excited to sleep. I walked inside a building where a nice woman said she was rooting for me and insisted I eat a plate of spaghetti. I did not have much of an appetite.

"Take my bed," she offered.

"Thank you, but I can't do that." I explained, "I'm not allowed to have anything special. If you offer your bed to me you have to offer it to every other musher."

I found a place to sleep under a table and curled up there, but woke up when the woman placed a sheet over me. Then a man woke me because he was leaving and needed his stuff sack that I had been using as a pillow. Other people stepped over me and on me. I finally gave up and went out into the night, looked after my dogs, and got ready to hit the trail.

YENTNA TO SKWENTNA—34 MILES

We left Yentna in the dark and ran all night with headlamps. Once in a while Paul called to me on the radio or I caught a glimpse of his headlamp, but mostly it was wonderful to feel alone in the big Alaskan night. The trail was rough, chewed up by mushers in front of us riding their brakes on the downhill stretches and leaving deep furrows. But my dogs took the winding trail smoothly. I passed

some teams and moved up to 65th place. If everything went according to plan, I thought I had a chance to finish in the middle of the pack. That would be almost like a victory. But deep inside I knew my thinking at this early point of the race was rash, and that on the Iditarod trail good things and bad things had a way of happening when you least expected them.

When the sun came up, harsh light fell on the white peaks of the Alaska Range, looming ahead of us like an impenetrable barrier. Two of my dogs tangled, and I stopped to fix the problem. Lisa's right hind leg was caught in her tugline, but it appeared to be a rope burn, nothing more. When we arrived at the Skwentna checkpoint I treated the rope burn with Algyval—an anti-inflammatory medication—rubbed some antibiotic ointment on it, and gave the leg a massage. The injury was not swollen, and she did not favor the leg.

Paul and I had planned a conservative race. Our schedule called for a six-hour layover in Skwentna. After the dogs were fed, Paul and I grabbed a bite to eat. Paul told me the vets wanted him to drop Cletus. He was one of the dogs I had given to Paul for the race to make our teams equal. In the Tustumena I had had to drop Cletus because of an inflammation in the tendon in his left leg. But it had seemed fine in our training leading up to the Iditarod.

"Is it his tendon?" I asked.

"No. He has a respiratory problem," Paul said.

As a pup Cletus had gotten dust in his lungs, and every once in a while, if the temperature was warm and he was working hard, he had an occasional problem with coughing. I did not think the condition would bother him in Alaska, but the weather was unseasonably warm, hovering around or slightly above the freezing mark.

The veterinarian crew took Cletus to the landing strip to fly him back to Anchorage, where Dad would pick him up and care for him. A half hour later a man on a snow machine roared up and said, "Your dog got loose and they can't catch him. Jump on the sled and I'll run you out there. Maybe he'll come to you."

I got on the sled attached to the snow machine, and the driver roared off. I held on with both hands and tried not to get bounced out. When we reached the makeshift airstrip I asked a fellow leaning against a plane, "Did they catch the dog?"

He shrugged. "Don't guess so."

"Do you know where he is?"

He seemed totally disinterested. "He went running off. A couple of the vets chased after him."

I thought, *Oh, that's great because Cletus is afraid of his own shadow.* I knew that nobody was going to be able to chase down a sled dog on foot. "What direction were they headed?"

"Don't know. Wasn't paying no attention."

The man on the snow machine took me through the woods until we found two men chasing a dog. I got off and called Cletus. He immediately came to me. I put Cletus on the sled, and we rode back to the airstrip, where I loaded Cletus onto the plane.

After that the fellow on the snow machine asked me a series of questions about what I could or could not see, how the race was going, and if I had any reservations about the upcoming trail through the Alaska Range. Finally I told him, "I'm running a race. I've got to get back to my team."

As it turned out, the fellow on the snow machine was Craig Medred, outdoor editor of the *Anchorage Daily News*. He had written a number of critical stories about me and my quest to run the Iditarod. He once referred to me as "an eighteen-year-old musher pushed into the race by her boosterish father," and declared there was no way I could ever drive my dog team over the Alaska Range. In his latest story he would point out that I had enough visual ability to catch my dog after it got loose, leash it, and walk around a Cessna 185 without bumping into the propeller or the strut beneath the wing. He added, "But when she returned to checkpoint headquarters, after having been there once before, she mistook the cabin of Joe and Norma Delia for the checkpoint cabin. Although the buildings have some similarities, they are quite different and located in distinct settings."

If I ever run into Mr. Medred again I will ask him why he did not feel an obligation, or have the common courtesy, to introduce himself to me before he interviewed me, and I suppose I should apologize for having too much sight for a blind person.

Background Information

Rachael continued racing, having passed her first test—Happy River Steps—a steep, nearly vertical drop down a hill. Rachael stopped at various checkpoints along the race. She learned that other racers had scratched—or dropped out of the race. Some of her dogs became sick, her sled crashed, and she hurt her hand. Later, the gangline sliced the tip of her middle finger. Reporter Peter Jennings from *ABC News* interviewed Rachael and named her Person of the Week.

Unit 2
No End in Sight

Activity 1

Lesson 2

Fluency Practice: Mental Imagery

Name _____ Date _____

The Iditarod

The Iditarod is a race that takes place in Alaska. People come from all over the world to compete in the Iditarod. The race is run by people who drive sleds pulled by dogs. The people who drive the dogsleds are called "mushers." The course is more than 1,150 miles long. It takes a person in this race more than a week to cross the finish line.

The race and the route of the Iditarod are part of Alaska's history. In the 1920s, gold mines were established far from the cities. Supplies had to be taken to the mining towns, and gold had to be brought back to the cities. Sleds and dogs were used to carry these materials back and forth. The trips were difficult and dangerous.

Today the Iditarod follows those same trails. The race starts in Anchorage, a large city. From there, the racers must travel to several checkpoints. The checkpoint locations are different every year. The course runs through icy fields, across frozen rivers, and over large mountains. The winner is the first person to cross the finish line in the city of Nome.

The Iditarod is a bit different from other races. The racers may race and rest whenever they want. Some people may race for long periods, stopping only occasionally to rest, to eat, or to sleep. Other people may stop each night and wait until day to race. The mushers may feed their dogs snacks throughout the trip, or they may give the dogs large meals once or twice a day. Mushers have various strategies for winning the race.

Racers prepare all year long for the race. The people of Alaska pay close attention to the Iditarod. They come out to watch the racers pass by their homes and to cheer the people on. The winner of the Iditarod is considered a hero in Alaska.

Directions: Illustrate what you thought about.