Chapter 1 continued (pp. 9-19)

**Opening Routine (O.R.) Sentence Punctuation (Compound Sentences)**

1. Write sentences (incorrectly) on the board or transparency.
   - (Incorrect) I didn't hear it but I bet Byron's lips made a sound like a giant piece of paper being ripped in half!
   - (Correct As Is) The water made a cracking sound and froze solid as soon as it touched the mirror and By's lips!

2. Have students punctuate the sentences, using the appropriate punctuation rule: join two main clauses with a comma plus a coordinating conjunction.

3. Use Answer Key to check corrections with students.
   - (Correct) I didn't hear it, but I bet Byron's lips made a sound like a giant piece of paper being ripped in half!
   - (Correct) The water made a cracking sound and froze solid as soon as it touched the mirror and By's lips!

4. Reinforce this rule as you notice other examples throughout the novel.

**Vocabulary Enrichment**

1. Concept of Definition Map: (Concept of Definition Map helps students visualize the components of a definition.

2. The map includes three relationships essential to rich definition;
   - What is it? (Category),
   - What is it like? (Properties),
   - What are some examples? (Illustrations).

3. Show transparency of Concept of Definition Map.

4. Refer students to the page 1, where weird can be found.

5. Have students assist you in completing a Concept of Definition Map for weird.

Teacher Directed Instruction

Before Reading Activities: Getting Students Ready to Read

Building Prior Knowledge: Reader’s Theater Script
(Readers Theater is an authentic and entertaining way to improve students’ word recognition, fluency and comprehension. It requires no costumes, props, or scenery. Students either read a prepared script or write a script adaptation of the text and are given an opportunity to perform it.)

1. Distribute copies of Reader’s Theater Script provided for Chapter 1, (pp. 1-6).
2. Explain to students they will be assigned character roles, which they will prepare to read and perform.
3. Teacher reads the script aloud to model for students.
4. Tell students you will be looking for volunteers to read/perform the roles.
5. Give students approximately 5 minutes to practice roles before performing.
6. Ask for volunteers or assign students to stand and read/perform.
7. Inform students they will be writing and performing their own adaptations of what they read today.

During Reading: Experiencing the Text
Benchmark Focus: L.A.7.1.7.2 Author’s purpose and point of view
LA.7.2.1.2 Character and plot development, tone and point of view

Buddy Read
2. Have students note dialogue in preparation for writing their Reader’s Theater Script.
3. In order to make the script more concise, students should select lines that they can omit from their scripts. Explain to students that these lines should not be dialogue lines.
4. (Teacher Note- The lines omitted should not be lines that are significant to the overall meaning/message of the chapter.)

After Reading: Understanding the Text
Benchmark Focus: L.A.7.2.1.2 Character and plot development, tone and point of view

Reader’s Theater Script
1. Divide class into four (4) groups.
   - Group 1 will begin on p. 6 (Dad went out to try and get the Brown Bomber started.) Students will end on p. 10, end of the second paragraph (...before...)

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they pushed me back in the same snow bank.)

- **Group 2** will begin on p. 10 (When everything stopped going in circles...). Students will end on the middle of p.13 (Close that door!)
- **Group 3** will begin on p.13 (Momma, quick!). Students will end on p. 16 (That meant I had to do it.)
- **Group 4** will begin on p.16 (I knew that if my lips...). Students will end on p. 19 (end of the page).

2. Explain to students they may need to omit lines or change prose to dialogue.
3. Allow students approximately 20 minutes to write their scripts, and another 10 minutes to practice performing.
4. Students will perform according to their group number.
5. Students will use the Peer Evaluation form to provide feedback to the performers.

**Differentiated Small Group Instruction**

CENTER 1 - Teacher Directed - Data-driven instructional intervention
CENTER 2 - Independent Reading center
CENTER 3 - Technology Center
Concept of Definition Map

- What is it?
  - Category

- Comparison

- Concept:
  - What is it like?
    - Properties

- Examples

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Reader's Theatre Scripts: The Watsons Go to Birmingham- 1963

Written by: Mary Chesney, Western Michigan University

This script is intended for educational purposes only. It may be used as needed within the classroom, but please remember to give credit where credit is due.

Characters:

Kenny 1

Kenny 2

Momma: Wilona Watson

Dad: Daniel Watson

Byron

Joetta (Joey)

Setting: The Watsons’ home in Flint, Michigan, winter.

Chapter 1: And You Wonder Why We Get Called the Weird Watsons

Kenny 1: It was one of those super-duper-cold Saturdays. One of those days that when you breathed out your breath kind of hung frozen in the air like a hunk of smoke and you could walk along and look exactly like a train blowing out big, fat, white puffs of smoke.

Kenny 2: It was so cold that if you were stupid enough to go outside your eyes would automatically blink a thousand times all by themselves, probably so the juice inside if them wouldn’t freeze up. It was so cold that if you spit, the slob would be an ice cube before it hit the ground. It was about a zillion degrees below zero.

Kenny 1: It was cold even inside our house. We put sweaters and hats and scarves and three pairs of socks on and still were cold. The thermostat was turned up all the way up and the furnace was banging and sounding like it was about to blow up but it still felt like Jack Frost had moved in with us.

All of my family sat real close together on the couch under a blanket. Dad said this would generate a little heat but he didn’t have to tell us this, it seemed like the cold automatically made us want to get together and huddle up. My little sister, Joetta, sat in the middle and all you could see were her eyes because she had a scarf wrapped around her head. I was next to her, and on the other side was my mother.
Kenny 2: Momma was the only one who wasn’t born in Flint so the cold was coldest to her. All you could see were her eyes too, and they were shooting bad looks at Dad. She was always blaming him for bringing her all the way from Alabama to Michigan, a state she called a giant icebox. Dad was bundled up on the other side of Joey, trying to look at anything but Momma. Next to Dad, sitting with a little space between them, was my older brother, Byron.

Kenny 2 (continued): Byron had just turned thirteen so he was officially a teenage juvenile delinquent and didn’t think it was “cool” to touch anybody or let anyone touch him, even if it meant he froze to death. Byron had tucked the blanket between him and Dad down into the cushion of the couch to make sure he couldn’t be touched.

Kenny 1: Dad had turned on the TV to try and make us forget how cold we were but all that did was get him in trouble. There was a special news report on Channel 12 telling about how bad the weather was and Dad groaned when the guy said—

Kenny 2 (like a news reporter): If you think its cold now, wait until tonight, the temperature is expected to drop into record-low territory. Possibly reaching the negative twenties! In fact, we won’t be seeing anything above zero for the next four to five days!

Kenny 1: He was smiling when he said this but none of the Watson family thought it was funny. We all looked over at Dad. He just shook his head and pulled the blanket over his eyes.

Kenny 1 (continued): Then the guy on TV said—

Kenny 2 (news reporter again): Here’s a little something we can use to brighten our spirits and give us some hope for the future: The temperature in Atlanta, Georgia, is forecast to reach . . .

_Dad coughs loudly_

Kenny 1: Dad jumped off the couch to turn the TV off but we all heard the weatherman say—

Kenny 2: . . . the mid seventies!!

Kenny 1: The guy might as well have tied Dad to a tree and said—

Kenny 2: Ready, aim, fire!

Momma: Atlanta! That’s a hundred and fifty miles from home!

Dad: Wilona . . .

Momma: I knew it. I knew I should have listened to Moses Henderson!

Kenny 1: Who?
Dad: Oh Lord, not that sorry story. You’ve got to let me tell about what happened with him.

Momma: There’s not a lot to tell, just a story about a young girl who made a bad choice. But if you want to tell it, make sure you get all the facts right.

Kenny 2: We all huddled as close as we could get because we knew Dad was going to try to make us forget about the cold by cutting up. Me and Joey started smiling right away, and Byron tried to look cool and bored.

Dad: Kids, I almost wasn’t your father. You guys came real close to having a clown for a daddy named Hambone Henderson . . .

Momma: Daniel Watson, you stop right there. You’re the one who started that “Hambone” nonsense. Before you started that everyone called him his Christian name, Moses. And he was a respectable boy too, he wasn’t a clown at all.

Dad: But the name stuck, didn’t it? Hambone Henderson. Me and your granddaddy called him that because the boy had a head shaped just like a hambone, had more knots and bumps on his head than a dinosaur. So as you guys sit here giving me these dirty looks because it’s a little chilly outside ask yourselves if you’d rather be a little cool or go through life being known as the Hambonettes.

Kenny 2, Byron and Joey laugh—

Kenny 1: Me and Joey cracked up, Byron kind of chuckled and Momma put her hand over her mouth. She did this whenever she was going to give a smile because she had a great gap between her front teeth. If Momma thought something was funny, first you’d see her trying to keep her lips together to hide the gap, then, if the smile got too strong, you’d see the gap for a hot second before Momma’s hand would come up to cover it, then she’d crack up too.

Kenny 2: Laughing only encouraged Dad to cut up more, so when he saw the whole family thinking he was funny he really started to put on a show. He stood in front of the TV—

Dad: Yup, Hambone Henderson proposed to your mother around the same time I did. Fought dirty too, told your mother a pack of lies about me and when she didn’t believe them he told her a pack of lies about Flint.

Dad: (with Southern accent): Wilona, I heard tell about the weather up that far in Flint, Mitch-again, heard it’s colder than inside a icebox. Seen a movie about it, think it was made inside Flint. Movie called Nanook of the North. Yup, do believe for sure it was made inside Flint. Uh-huh, Flint, Mitch-again.

Dad (continued): Folks there live in these things called igloos. According to what I seen in this here movie most the folks in Flint is Chinese. Don’t believe I seen nan one colored person in the whole dang city. You a ‘Bama gal, don’t believe you’d be too happy living in no igloo. Ain’t got nothing against ‘em, but don’t believe you’d be too happy living ‘mongst a whole slew of Chinese folks. Don’t believe you’d like the food. Only thing them Chinese folks in the movie et was whales and seals. Don’t believe you’d like no whale meat. Don’t taste a lick.
like chicken. Don’t taste like pork at all.

Kenny 1: Momma pulled her hand away from her mouth—
Momma: Daniel Watson, you are one lying man! Only thing you said that was true was that being in Flint is like living in an igloo. I knew I should have listened to Moses. Maybe these babies mighta been born withly lumpy heads but at least they’d had warm lumpy heads!

Momma (continued): You know Birmingham is a good place, and I don’t mean just the weather either. The life is slower, the people are friendlier—

Dad (interrupting): Oh yeah, they’re a laugh a minute down there. Let’s see, what was that ‘Coloreds Only’ bathroom downtown?

Momma: Daniel, you know what I mean, things aren’t perfect but people are most honest about the way they feel—
Kenny 2: Momma took her mean eyes off Dad and put them on Byron—
Momma: And folks there know how to respect their parents.

*Byron rolls eyes*

Kenny 1: Byron rolled his eyes like he didn’t care. All he did was tuck the blanket farther into the couch’s cushion.

Kenny 2: Dad didn’t like the direction the conversation was going so he called the landlord for the hundredth time. The phone was still busy.

Dad: That snake in the grass has got his phone off the hook. Well, it’s going to be too cold to stay here tonight, let me call Cydney. She just had that new furnace put in, maybe we can spend the night there.

Kenny 1: Aunt Cydney was kind of mean but her house was always warm so we kept our fingers crossed that she was home.

Kenny 2: Everyone, even Byron, cheered when Dad got Aunt Cydney and she told us to hurry over before we froze to death.

*Everyone cheers*