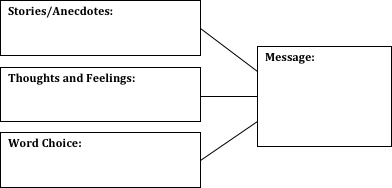
**Drawing Conclusions About the Narrator’s Message**

**(Selections from the *Language of Literature*)**

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| **Point of View** | **Text** | **Important Details and My Background Knowledge** | **Conclusions Drawn About the Narrator Based Upon Characters’ Thoughts and/or Observations** |
| **(Model)**  **First Person, from Panchito’s P.O.V.** | **From “The Circuit,” by Francisco Jimenez**  It was Monday, the first week of November. The grape season was now over and I could now go to school. I woke up early that morning and lay in bed, looking at the stars and savoring the thought of not going to work and of starting sixth grade for the first time that year. Since I could not sleep, I decided to get up and join Papa and Roberto at breakfast. I sat at the table across from Roberto, but I kept my head down. . . . I knew he was sad. He was not going to school today. He was not going tomorrow, or next week, or next month. | I know “The Circuit” is about a boy from a Mexican migrant family.  The narrator doesn’t have to pick grapes anymore, so he gets to go to school.  He’s happy because he’s going to sixth grade instead of working on a farm.  He’s sad that his brother Roberto won’t be able to go to school. | The narrator is from a family of migrant workers who live in California but come from Mexico. The narrator is still a child, but he and his brother have to work on farms just like his father does. We can tell that the narrator does not like working on farms; he instead prefers to go to school. The narrator is also a sympathetic person because he says that he is sad that his brother Roberto cannot go to school at all. |
| **(Guided)**  **First Person, from the little girl’s P.O.V.** | **From “Crow Call,” by Lois Lowry**  **(pgs. 669-673)**  My father had bought the shirt for me. In town to buy groceries, he had noticed my hesitating in front of Kronenberg’s window. The plaid hunting shirts had been in the store for a month—the popular red-and-black and green-and-black ones toward the front, clothing ruddy mannequins holding guns and duck decoys; but my shirt, the rainbow plaid, hung separately on a wooden hanger toward the back of the display. I had lingered in front of Kronenberg’s window every chance I had since the hunting shirts had appeared.  My sister had rolled her eyes in disdain. “Daddy,” she pointed out to him as we entered Kronenberg’s, “that’s a *man’s* shirt.”  The salesman had smiled and said dubiously, “I don’t quite think . . .”  “You know,” my father had said to me as the salesman wrapped the shirt, “buying this shirt is probably a very practical thing to do. You will never *ever* outgrow this shirt.”  Now, as I got out of the car in front of the diner where we were going to have breakfast, the shirt unfolded itself downward until the bottom of it reached my knees; from the bulky thickness of rolled-back cuffs my hands were exposed.  My father ordered coffee for himself. The waitress, middle-aged and dawn-sleepy, asked, “What about your boy? What does he want?”  My father winked at me, and I hoped that my pigtails would stay hidden inside the plaid wool collar (669-670). |  |  |
| **(Independent)**  **First Person, from Rachel’s P.O.V..** | **“From “Eleven,” by Sandra Cisneros**  **(Pgs. 27-28).**  Like some days you might say something stupid, and that’s the part of you that’s still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama’s lap because you’re scared, and that’s the part of you that’s five. And maybe one day when you’re all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you’re three, and that’s okay. That’s what I tell Mama when she’s sad and needs to cry. Maybe she’s feeling three. Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That’s how being eleven years old is.  . . . . Only today I wish I didn’t have only eleven years old rattling around inside me. . . . today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I’d have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. |  |  |

Now you are ready to apply your skills to the story read in class, “Names/Nombres.” In a graphic like the one shown, note clues that contribute to Alvarez’s message about names and identities. What is the writer’s message in “Names/Nombres”? Explain your reasoning based on the information in your graphic.



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