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Why do I need this?

How do I write this?



**What do you call
a laughing motorcycle?**



**What do you call
a laughing motorcycle?
A Yamahahaha.**

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~~*Why do I need this?*~~

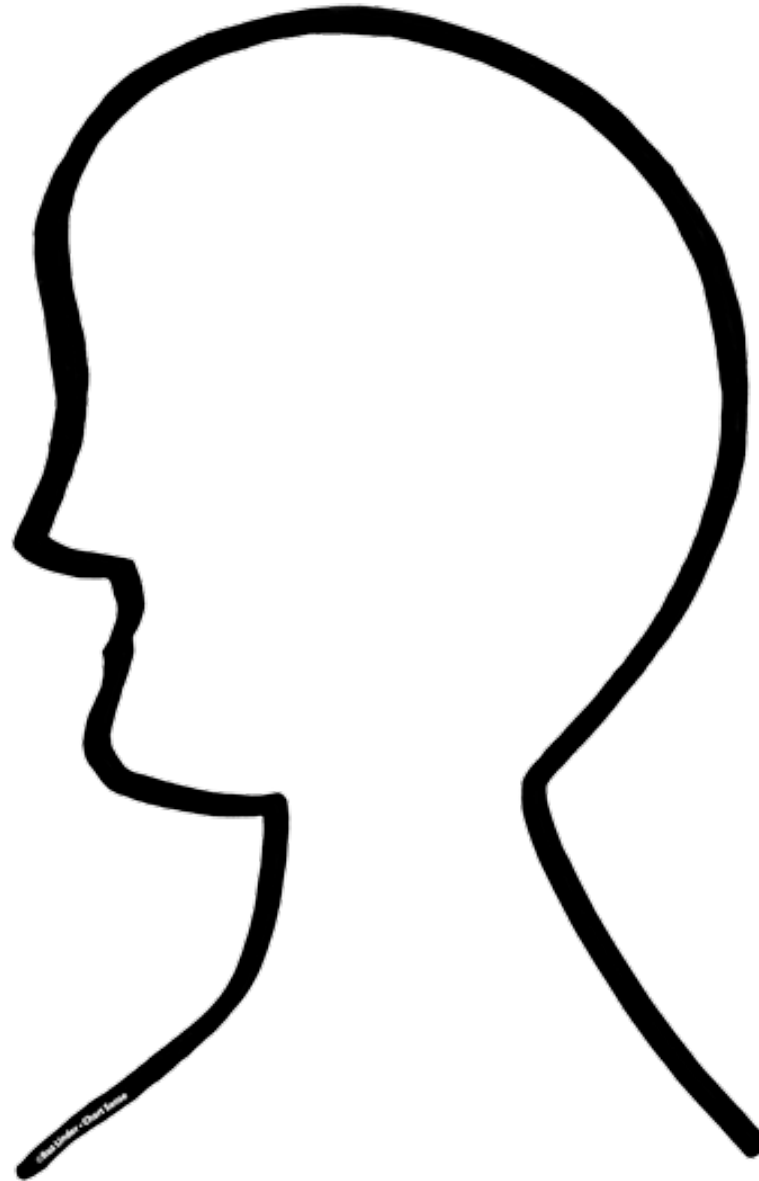
How do I write this?

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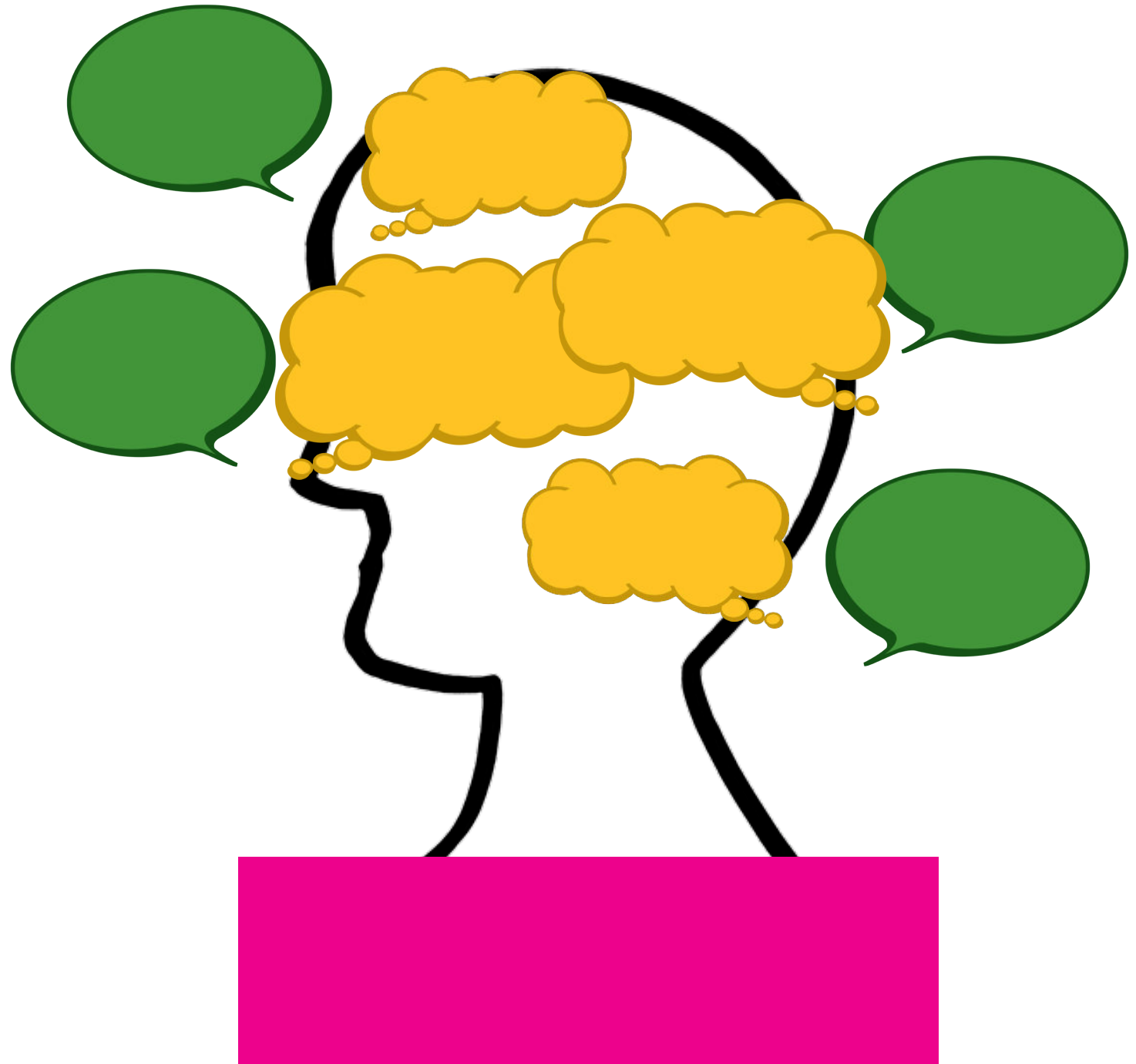


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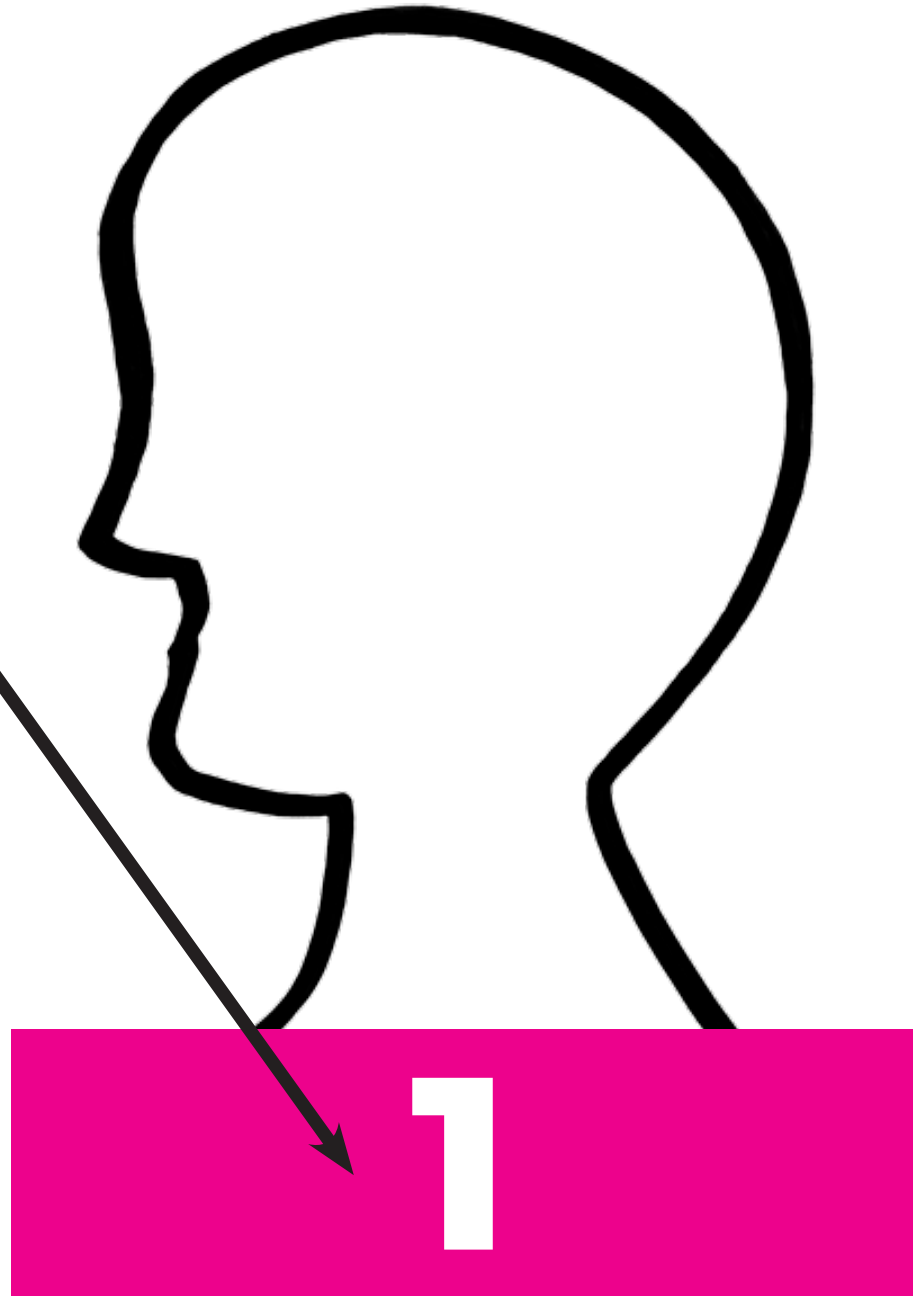


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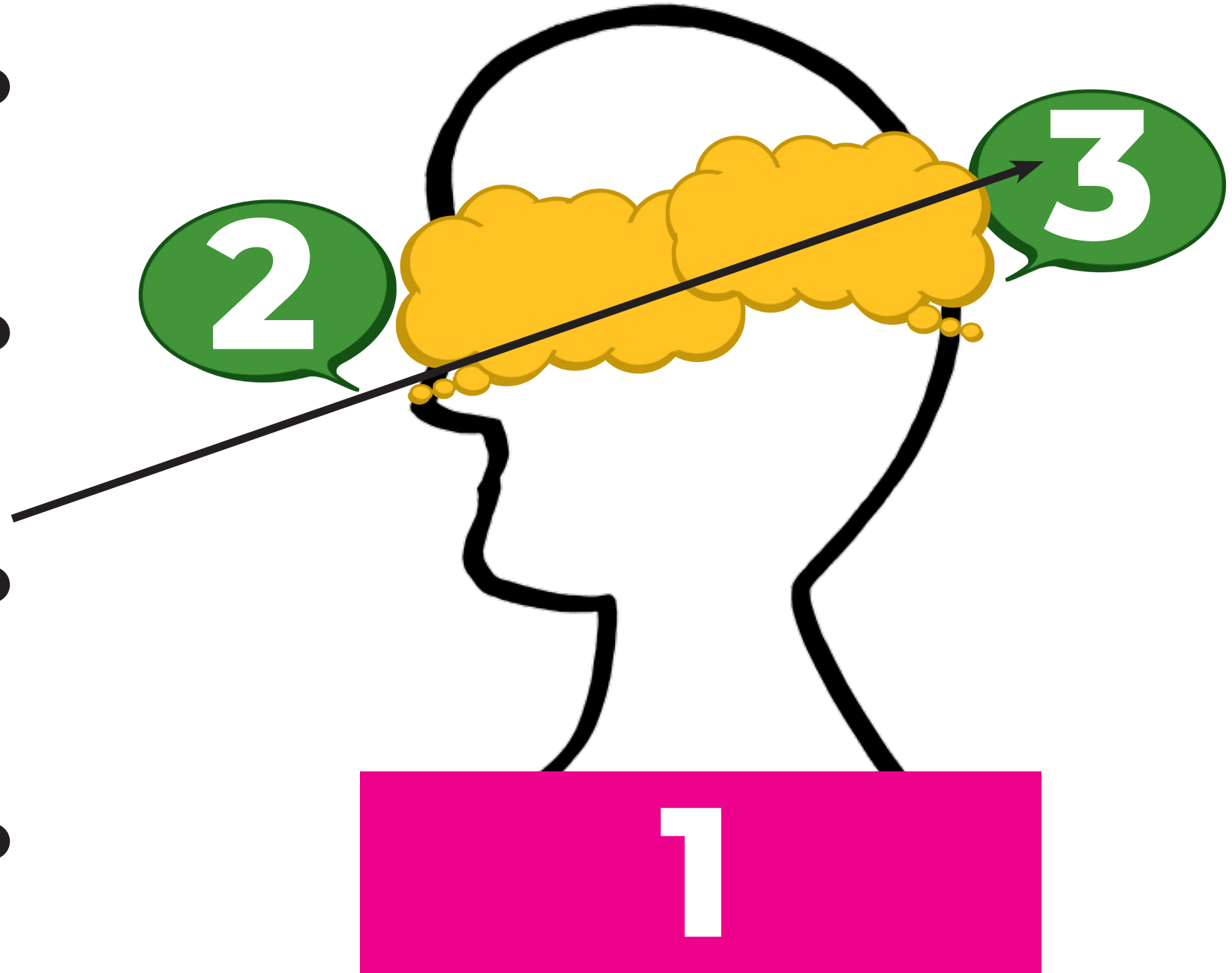
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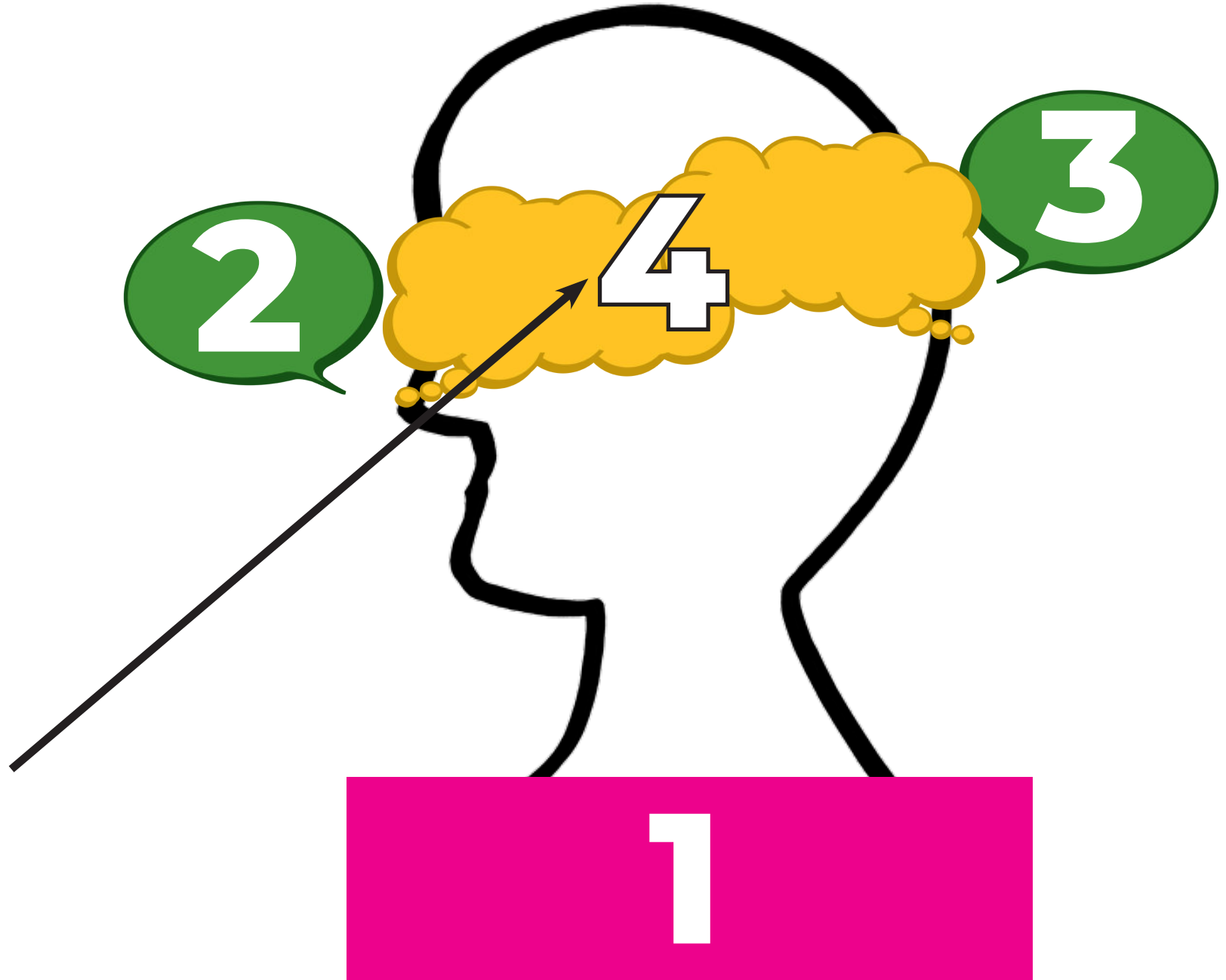


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Write a 3-part sentence.

1. Restate the answer.

This shows...

These details prove...

This demonstrates...

Write a 3-part sentence.

1. Restate the answer.

This shows...

These details prove...

This demonstrates...

2. Add a connecting word.

because

consequently

since

as a result

so

therefore

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1. Restate the answer.

This shows...

These details prove...

This demonstrates...

2. Add a connecting word.

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3. Describe the connection.

Use words/thoughts from inside the *Silhouette Head*.

Charles

The day my son Laurie started morning kindergarten, he came home for lunch and spoke insolently to his father.

"How was school today?" I asked, elaborately casual.

"All right," he said.

"Did you learn anything?" his father asked.

Laurie regarded his father coldly. "I didn't learn nothing," he said.

"Anything," I said. "Didn't learn anything."

"The teacher spanked a boy, though," Laurie said, addressing his bread and butter. "For being fresh," he added, with his mouth full.

"What did he do?" I asked. "Who was it?"

Laurie thought. "It was Charles," he said. "He was fresh. The teacher spanked him and made him stand in a corner. He was awfully fresh."

"What did he do?" I asked again, but Laurie slid off his chair, took a cookie, and left, while his father was still saying, "See here, young man."

The next day Laurie remarked at lunch, as soon as he sat down,

"Well, Charles was bad again today." He grinned enormously and said, "Today Charles hit the teacher."

"Good heavens," I said. "I suppose he got spanked again?"

"He sure did," Laurie said. "Look up," he said to his father.

"What?" his father said, looking up.

"Look down," Laurie said. "Look at my thumb. Gee, you're dumb." He began to laugh insanely.

"Why did Charles hit the teacher?" I asked quickly.

"Because she tried to make him color with red crayons," Laurie said. "Charles wanted to color with green crayons so he hit the teacher and she spanked him and said nobody play with Charles but everybody did."

The third day, Charles bounced a see-saw on to the head of a little girl and made her bleed, and the teacher made him stay inside all during recess. Thursday Charles had to stand in a corner during storytime because he kept pounding his feet on the floor. Friday Charles was deprived of blackboard privileges because he threw chalk.

On Saturday I remarked to my husband, "Do you think kindergar-

ten is too unsettling for Laurie? All this toughness, and bad grammar, and this Charles boy sounds like such a bad influence."

"It'll be all right," my husband said reassuringly. "Bound to be people like Charles in the world. Might as well meet them now."

On Monday Laurie came home late, full of news. "Charles," he shouted as he came up the hill; I was waiting anxiously on the front steps. "Charles," Laurie yelled all the way up the hill, "Charles was bad again."

"Come right in," I said, as soon as he came close enough. "Lunch is waiting."

"You know what Charles did?" he demanded, following me through the door. "Charles yelled so in school, so Charles had to stay after school. And so all the children stayed to watch him."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He just sat there," Laurie said, climbing into his chair at the table. "Hi, Pop, y'old dust mop."

"Charles had to stay after school today," I told my husband. "Everyone stayed with him."

"What does this Charles look like?" my husband asked Laurie.

"What's his other name?"

"He's bigger than me," Laurie said. "And he doesn't ever wear a jacket."

Monday night was the first Parent-Teachers meeting, and only the fact that the baby had a cold kept me from going; I wanted passionately to meet Charles's mother. On Tuesday Laurie remarked suddenly, "Our teacher had a friend come to see her in school today."

"Charles's mother?" my husband and I asked simultaneously.

"Naaah," Laurie said scornfully. "It was a man who came and made us do exercises, we had to touch our toes. Look." He climbed down from his chair and squatted down and touched his toes. "Like this," he said. He got solemnly back into his chair and said, picking up his fork, "Charles didn't even do exercises."

"That's fine," I said heartily.

"Didn't Charles want to do exercises?"

"Naaah," Laurie said. "Charles was so fresh to the teacher's friend he wasn't allowed to do exercises."

"Fresh again?" I said.

"He kicked the teacher's friend,"

"Charles," Laurie said. "He gave the crayons around and he picked up the books afterward and the teacher said he was her helper."

"What happened?" I asked incredulously.

"He was her helper, that's all," Laurie said, and shrugged.

"Can this be true, about Charles?" I asked my husband that

a voice slightly awed. "He told a little girl to say a word and she said it and the teacher washed her mouth out with soap and Charles laughed."

"What word?" his father asked unwisely, and Laurie said, "I'll have to whisper it to you, it's so bad." He got down off his chair and went around to his father. His father

"She'll be there," my husband said. "I don't see how they could hold a P.T.A. meeting without Charles's mother."

At the meeting I sat restlessly, scanning each comfortable matronly face, trying to determine which one hid the secret of Charles. None of them looked to me haggard enough. No one stood up in

the meeting and apologized for the way her son had been acting. No one mentioned Charles.

After the meeting I identified and sought out Laurie's kindergarten teacher. She had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of chocolate cake; I had a plate with a cup of tea and a piece of marshmallow cake. We maneuvered up to one another cautiously, and smiled.

"I've been so anxious to meet you," I said. "I'm Laurie's mother."

"We're all so interested in Laurie," she said.

"Well, he certainly likes kindergarten," I said. "He talks about it all the time."

"We had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or so," she said primly, "but now he's a fine little helper. With occasional lapses, of course."

"Laurie usually adjusts very quickly," I said. "I suppose this time it's Charles's influence."

"Charles?"

"Yes," I said, laughing, "you must have your hands full in that kindergarten, with Charles."

"Charles?" she said. "We don't have any Charles in the kindergarten."

"Charles" Laurie

He lied.

Mischievous
disobedient

"Sneaky"
grin

• Avoided
Dad

disrespectful

inconvenient

• He told
Story from
different
POV

- Rude
to Dad

Mischievous
LIAR

• Trying to
get thrown
out of school
"Charles"

- Walked
Away

• Knew all details

M

In the story “Charles,” Laurie is a mischievous character. In the text it stated Laurie “laughed insanely” after calling his dad “dumb.” The story also stated that Laurie “whispered joyfully” a bad word to his dad.

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"Charles"

DAD

Ask Questions
• Investigate

- Investigative
- Curious
- Suspicious
- Anxious
- Concerned

• Asked about another name for Charles

• Asked about looks

- Worried
- Questioning

• He was certain Charles mom would be @ PTO
- invite her over

• Asking about Lauries day.

#STUDIOUS & Fact Finding

M

In the story “Charles,” the dad is a studious character. In the text it stated Dad asked about Charles’ “other name” and what he looks like. The text stated that Dad wanted to “get a look” at Charles’ mother and that Mom should “invite her over” after the P.T.A. meeting.

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How do I write this?