

GHGR 4.3 - Understanding Setting and Plot

GHGR 4.3.1 - Mini-Lesson

- Homographs - words that are spelled the same but have different meanings, and sometimes pronounced differently also.
- p.36 SOW - (1) female animal or (2) to seed an area
- p.39 - present - (1) gift or (2) to introduce or show (3) the current time
- p.55 - pump - (1) machine that moves (2) moving your body to make something work
- find 2 more homographs on that page

GHGR 4.3.1 - Mini-Lesson

- Foreshadowing - writers plant clues early in a story to hint at events that have not yet taken place. It can help create suspense or tension and make the reader curious to find out what happens next.
- Think of a movie or TV show that may do this, especially in the "cold open".
- What is the most dangerous thing Donny has to do when he goes back in time? - read last 3 paragraphs from p.40. How does the conversation between Milo & Winston foreshadow what will happen?
- p.63 Leonardo says, "I hope you're not afraid of heights..."
- brainstorm clues that we could plant to further foreshadow Donny's flight.

GHGR 4.3.2 - Identifying the Setting

- I can identify details of setting from the text and illustrations.
 - I can use setting clues to enhance understanding of the plot.
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- * **Setting is the environment and time in which a story takes place.**
 - * **Events in the plot might seem strange make sense in certain settings.**
 - * **Readers use the details about setting that the author gives to make sense of what they're reading.**



The Fight

The next morning I reminded everyone on The Hot Shots team about practice that afternoon in the school gym.

"I can't go," Alissa said. "I have cheerleading."

"What time does it start?" I asked.

"4:30."

"Well, you can come for the first half-hour," I said. "We need you!"

Alissa smiled and said she would try. Some other kids had excuses, too. Jeff said he had two big tests the next day and had to study. Jennifer said she had a haircut appointment, but she would try to reschedule for later. I tried to convince everyone we needed to practice if we were ever going to win.

needed to practice if we were ever going to win.

Sixteen kids showed up to practice. Mr. G. suggested we start out with some basketball drills like three man weave and lay-up lines. Then we started a scrimmage. Whenever Ricky had the ball, he never passed it, he just shot.

“Stop being a ball hog,” Danny said to him.

“Yeah!” Walter added, but when he saw Ricky’s angry face, he sped out of the gym. “Gotta go to the bathroom!” he called back to us.

"One person can't carry a team," Mr. G. said.

"You have to play together if you're going to win."
He has a good point, I thought as I nodded.

Ricky grumbled to us. "Fat chance the way this crew is playing." He whipped the ball to Lorena. I thought Ricky would pack up and leave, but he stayed for the rest of the practice.

The next Saturday morning, my father was dressed in shorts and a basketball shirt when I went down to breakfast. He whistled as he made the two of us pancakes. When Dad whistles, he's in a good mood. He was taking Danny and me to Central that morning to practice.

... my father said,

As we walked to the playground, my father said, "You know, you need good basketball skills to win the game, but basketball is a mental game, too."

"What do you mean, Mr. Chang?" Danny asked.

"You have to believe in yourself. If you don't think you're going to make the basket, you're not going to."

Danny and I looked at each other. I rolled my eyes and Danny grinned. That was pretty basic, and this sounded like the beginning of a lecture.

"It's good to block out all distractions and just focus on the game," my father said. "When you're shooting, believe the ball is going to go in and you'll have a better chance of scoring."

"Oh, I believe," I said. "I can believe until I'm 150 years old, but I don't think that's going to help me score."

"I'm talking about confidence, Brian. Being positive is important. Not everyone is going to play like Michael Jordan."

When we got to Central, my father dribbled the ball to the basket and jumped high in the air. The ball hit the backboard and fell into the hoop. He dribbled again, turned completely around, and shot again, but the ball hit the rim and bounced down. Danny grabbed it, dribbled to the other basket, and shot the ball in.

shot the ball in.

My father took the ball. "All right. Before we play, we have to warm up. Let's stretch out our muscles. You need flexibility to be a good basketball player."

Danny and I watched my father as he bent to the ground. "Stretch out your calves," my father said. "Let's go," he commanded us. "One, two, three, stretch out your legs."

We followed him. Then he clasped his hands together and held them high over his head. "Stretch out your arms," he continued. I felt like I was in gym class. I looked around the playground, hoping I wouldn't see anybody I knew because I felt silly waving my arms in the air.

My father stood up and shook out his arms and legs. "Ankle roll!" my father announced.

"What?" Danny and I both asked.

"Ankle roll helps avoid sprains. You walk on all sides of your feet," my father said. "Watch me."

I watched Dad in disbelief. He rolled his ankles to the outside and walked on the outside of his foot. Then he rolled his ankles to the inside and walked on the inside of his foot. He walked on his toes and finished by walking on his heels. "Let's go, gentlemen," my father ordered. He was never in the army, so I didn't know why he was acting like a drill sergeant.

like a child sergeant.



"Don't be embarrassed," my father insisted. "The pros do this all the time."

Danny and I cracked up. We tried to follow my father, but I felt totally spastic and stupid. When it came time to walk on our toes, Danny quit. "I don't think so!" he declared. "I'm not a ballerina!"

My father gave in. "All right, all right," he said as he winked at us. "When you guys reach the NBA, you'll remember I taught you these warm-ups, and you'll thank me."

"Sure thing, Dad," I said. Then we finally got to play. My father watched Danny and me with a close eye, giving us pointers as we played.

"Dribble lower so you won't get the ball stolen from you, Brian," he kept telling me. "Danny, keep your elbows in when you shoot."

your elbows in when you shoot."

My dad went on. "See your man *and* the basketball," he said. "You need to be able to see your man and help your teammates at the same time. When on offense, make sure your team gets a shot every time. On defense, contest every shot the other team makes."

We had a pretty good practice, but I think my father was having the best time of all.

"All right," he said after almost an hour and a half. "I have to go home, shower, and run some errands, but you two can stay and practice."

I thanked my father for helping us, and he gave me a big smile. "No problem," he said. "Both of you are doing great; just keep practicing." He walked out of the playground, and Danny and I kept playing. Danny grabbed the ball and tried another fancy shot from almost mid-court.

"What are you doing?" I yelled.

"I wanted to try for a three pointer," he yelled back.

I walked up to him. "You know, if you would just shoot the ball without trying to show off, you'd score more baskets," I told him.

Danny put his hands on his hips, "How do *you* know everything?" he shot back. "I've been playing basketball my whole life!"

"I don't

basketball by...
"Don't get so bent out of shape," I said. "I don't know everything. I was just trying to help. I think we would score more points if we focused on the fundamentals. I want to win this game!"

"I want to win this game, too!" Danny said. "You have to try different strategies, take a chance, make a fake. You wouldn't know that because *you* were never on a real basketball team, and here you are captain." Danny shook his head and mumbled, "Amazing!"

I didn't say anything. What was I doing being captain of a *basketball* team? I was just an average player at best. Now I was fighting with my best

friend over a game.

Danny grabbed his towel and started walking off the court. "I have to go," he said under his breath.

I watched him leave. Danny and I have had our fights before but not about basketball. Still, I wasn't about to run after him because I knew it wouldn't change anything. I stayed a little while longer, practicing some lay-ups, jump shots, and hook shots. Some of the balls went in. Some didn't.

As I walked home alone, I could just see the announcer on cable TV. "*Brian Chang and the rest of The Hot Shots were buried by the teachers on Friday night. The teachers massacred the students in their easiest benefit basketball game in years.*"

easiest benefit basketball game in years.

On Monday morning, Danny and I walked to school together like we usually did. We talked like we normally did, and neither of us mentioned Saturday at the playground. That's what usually happens when Danny and I fight. We both need time to cool off away from each other.

Monday night my father surprised me and came home from work early to practice with me. He told me my skills were improving, and I felt like I was playing better, too. I *was* scoring more baskets, but I still knew I wasn't that great.

Tuesday after school, the team practiced in the gym. We stretched out for five minutes and performed

some drills before we broke up to play a game.
Mr. G. said we were doing better.

I wrote Lorena an e-mail later that night.

Hey, Lorena,

I'd like to have one more practice at Central before the game on Friday. Is Thursday good for you? Mr. G. said it would be okay. I also have some ideas on how to separate everyone on the team in groups of five—one group for each quarter. I could really use your help with this.

Thanks, Brian

Thanks, Brian



We had a good turnout for our last practice on Thursday, with only three players who couldn't make it. It finally looked like The Hot Shots were playing more like a team. In my group, Jennifer took the ball and made a crisp two-handed pass to Jeff. Jeff took the ball, made a fake like he was going to shoot, and then passed the ball to me. Ricky was guarding me, but I stepped to the right, snared the ball, aimed, and shot. *Swish!* It went off the backboard and into the basket.

Lorena said her group played a pretty good game, too. She said even Walter scored a basket.

Mr. G. worked with us to make the final list of who would be playing each quarter. "This was a good idea," he said to me as we handed copies to everyone. "This way everyone gets to play."

everyone. This way everyone gets to play."

I decided Danny and I should play in the same quarter. We had played so much basketball together that we knew how each of us handled the ball. He wasn't too happy that Walter would be playing with us, but I reminded him that we were a team.

Before the team left for the night, Mr. G. told everyone how much he thought we'd improved. The team gathered around, and we stacked our hands one on top of the other. "On the count of three," I said. "Who's going to win? One, two, three . . ."

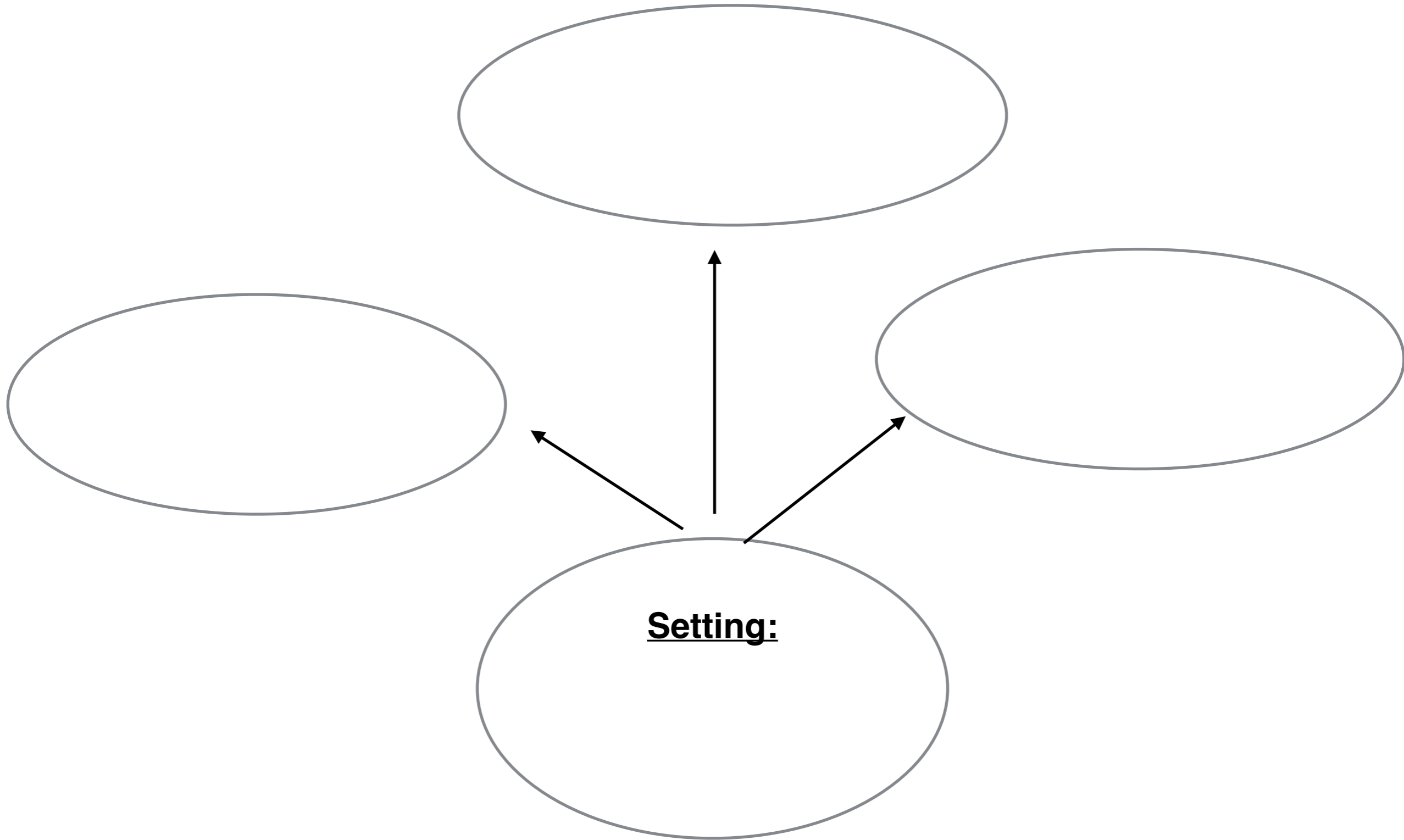
"The Hot Shots!" we all yelled.

Did we really stand a chance? I wondered.

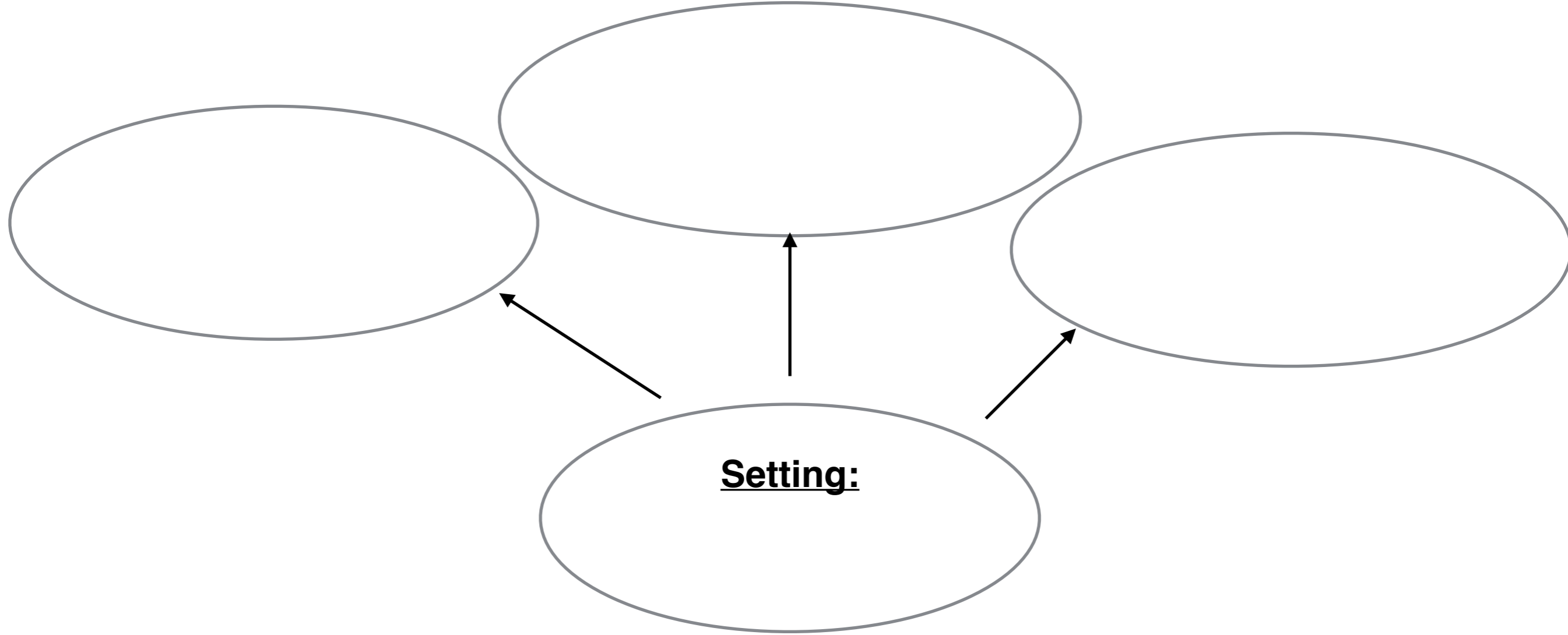
Turn and Talk after reading pp. 38-46 of "The Hot Shots"

- What expressions do the characters use when they speak that help you figure out the time period?
- One practice is in the school gym, while another is at Central. Why do you think the practices are set in different places?
- How does identifying the setting help you visualize what is going on?
- The author refers to cable TV and e-mail. How are those important clues to the setting?

Read pp. 38-46 of "The Hot Shots" and complete this web.



Read pp. 30-33 of "Leonardo's Wings" and complete this web.

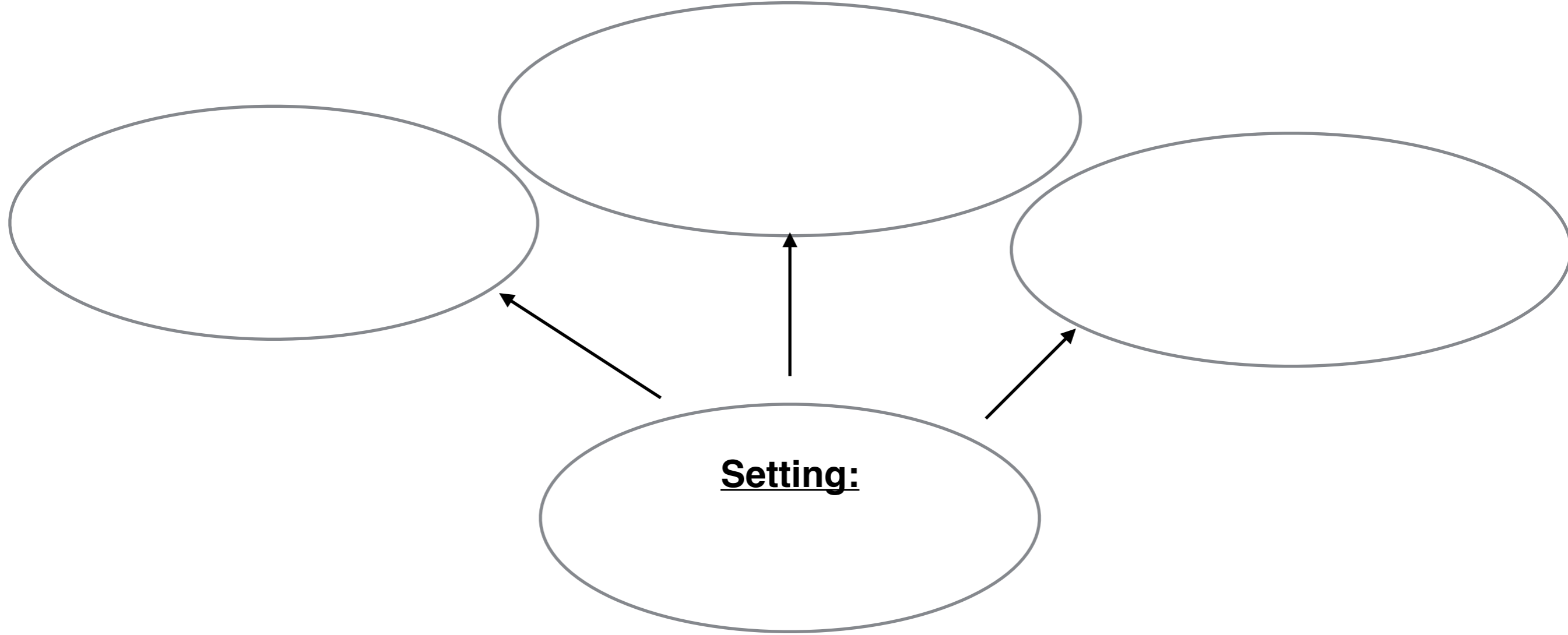


Now read pp.47-58 and compare / contrast how the setting changes.

Turn and Talk after reading pp. 47-58 of "Leonardo's Wings"

- * What are clues to the time period in which Chapter 7 is set?
- * Do you think Milo's lab is set in the past, present, or future? Why?
- * How is Leonardo's workshop similar to and different from Milo's lab?
- * In what ways do you think the setting affects the plot of this story?

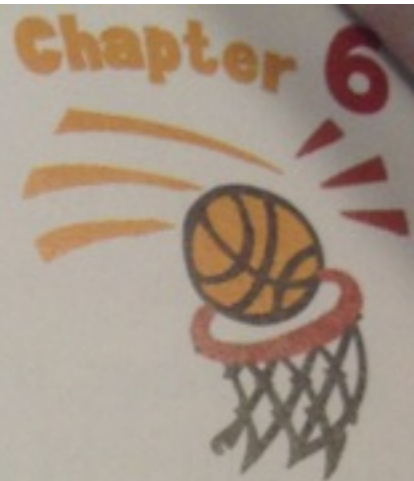
Read pp. 47-58 of "Leonardo's Wings" and complete this web.



GHGR 4.3.3 - Exploring the Relationship Between Setting and Characters

- I can determine the impact setting has on characters.
 - I can use setting to learn more about characters' feelings, motivations, and traits.
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- * **The setting of a story has a direct impact on the characters.**
 - * **Good readers analyze the setting to help them understand character's actions and motivations.**
 - * **Understanding the setting can help readers learn more about what the characters are like.**

The Big Game



Finally, Friday was here. My mom made spaghetti for dinner because Dad said carbohydrates are good to eat before a game; they give you energy. I ate as quickly as I could, but I was too nervous to enjoy it. My father was giving me some last minute basketball tips, and my mom showed me the big sign she had made that said LET'S GO HOT SHOTS!

I put on my gym shorts and my new white T-shirt with navy blue writing that said *Hot Shots*. All the kids on the team had been given a shirt with their own names and numbers on the back. The teachers would be wearing navy blue shirts with white letters that said *A Team*.

When we got to the gym, rows and rows of bleachers were pulled out as far as they could go onto the floor. I saw Hoops, J.D., and Chris with some other seventh-graders at the very top of the bleachers.

Danny, his mom, and his younger sister were standing in front of the bleachers. Danny was wearing his neon orange basketball shoes. My parents walked up to Danny's mom and started talking.

Danny gave me a sly smile. "You ready?" he asked. "Sure," I said, imitating my father. "Just remember, if you think the ball will go in the basket, the ball will go in the basket." We laughed, wishing it were so easy.

On one side of the gym, some kids from the school band were playing sport songs. On the other side of the gym, the TV crew from Channel 68 was setting up. Some guy was holding a tall, bright light near the camera operator, while the Channel 68 news reporter held a microphone in her hand. A lot of kids were hanging out by the camera, watching them set up. Jennifer and Alissa were waving and dancing.

I saw Mr. Trimbball walk into the gym. He looked

dancing.

I saw Mr. Trimbball walk into the gym. He looked skinny when he was teaching, but now in his T-shirt and basketball shorts, he looked like a beanpole with a head attached.

At 8:00 P.M., Mr. G. took the microphone, and a hush fell over the huge crowd. He welcomed everyone to the Fifth Annual Students Versus Teachers Benefit Basketball Game, and the crowd applauded. Mr. G. announced our team and called out our names one by one. The crowd clapped and cheered for each of us. When mom stood up and lifted her poster high over her head, I felt excited and nervous at the same time. Then Mr. G. announced all the teachers.

Fifth Annual Students versus TEACHERS BENEFIT GAME

HOT SHOT
A-TEAM

LET'S GO
HOTSHOTS

Dial



Before the teams got into position, our whole team stood up and we put our hands together. "On three," I said. "One, two, three . . ."

"HOT SHOTS!" we all yelled.

The first-quarter players got into position. Jeff Cooper and Ms. Walsh stood in the middle of the court for the tip-off. They were both about the same height. The referee tossed the ball, and the game had finally begun.

Ms. Walsh jumped high and slapped the ball right to one of the other teachers, Ms. Lopez. She brought the ball up court and passed it to Mr. Todd, who drove it to the basket for a quick lay-up.

Alissa took the ball and brought it down court. She passed it to another player who caught the ball at the foul line. He made a fake move, then dribbled toward the basket for the shot. Ms. Walsh jumped high in the air and slammed the ball down.

How did she do that? You'd never guess by looking at her how good she is. My stomach dropped as I thought, This was going to be a very long game.

Mr. Todd had the ball and slowly dribbled to his basket, scoping out the defense on the court. Weaving in and out between Alissa and Jeff, Mr. Todd broke in for a hook shot. The score was A Team, 4—Hot Shots, 0, and we had played less than two minutes.

By the end of the first

than two minutes.

By the end of the first quarter, the score was A Team, 16—Hot Shots, 8. Jeff ended up scoring three baskets and Alissa scored one. We had some serious catching up to do. Lorena was playing in the second quarter, and she was our best shot at chipping away at the lead.

Lorena started with the ball and dribbled to the basket. She passed the ball to a teammate, then ran under the hoop. The ball was passed back to her, then she leaped high and sunk the shot.

The new teacher, Mr. Johnson, took the ball down court with an awkward, high dribble. Walter ran right up next to him and stole the ball away!

Clutching the ball, Walter quickly looked to the left, then to the right. He stood frozen in place.

"Pass the ball!" Danny yelled.

Lorena broke herself free from a defender, and Walter finally passed the ball to her. Everyone on the bench cheered.

Lorena dribbled down court and made another basket. One of the teachers took the ball and passed it to Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson dribbled to his basket and shot. It was an air ball, not even close. I was really surprised. This big, athletic-looking guy was a worse basketball player than I was.

Lucky for us, Lorena had her usual spark and we

a worse basketball player than I was.

Lucky for us, Lorena had her usual spark and we gained some much needed points. At half-time, the score was A Team, 28—Hot Shots, 26.

In the locker room at half-time, we were all pumped up. We were really in the game and the pressure was on! Mr. G. led us in a cheer.

In the beginning of the third quarter, Mr. Trimbball walked onto the court. Now *this* would be funny. I sat back in the chair ready to laugh.

The next thing I saw I couldn't believe. Mr. Trimbball took control of the ball and flew down the court like a professional player. He dribbled the ball between his legs and behind his back, then turned around and flew by our defense. He faked to Ms. Bailey, coasted by Ricky Simon, and shot a

Turn and Talk after reading pp. 47-50 of "The Hot Shots"

- Suppose Brian's team were playing another school team at the other school. How could that change of setting affect Brian and his team?
- What if the game took place during the school day with no big fuss? How might that setting affect Brian's choices?
- How does thinking about the setting affect your understanding of the characters?

Copy & complete after reading pp. 47-50 of "The Hot Shots"

<u>Setting</u>	<u>Impact on the Character</u>	<u>How it Motivates the Character</u>

Turn and Talk after reading pp. 59-67 of "Leonardo's Wings"

- Part of this story is set up on a high cliff. What impact does that setting have on Donny? How does setting affect his motivation for flying the plane?
- This story is set in two time periods. How does Donny's modern-day setting affect his experience in the past?
- Suppose Donny had to travel to the future. What might that setting be like? How would it impact Donny differently from the setting in the past?

Copy & complete after reading pp. 59-67 of "Leonardo's Wings"

<u>Setting</u>	<u>Impact on the Character</u>	<u>How it Motivates the Character</u>

GHGR 4.3.4 - Identifying and Keeping Track of the Plot

- I can identify the sequence of events in a plot and the impact these events have on the characters.
- I can gain an understanding of plot using a story map to keep track of the way the plot is organized.

- * **Plot is the story line, or sequence of events that happen.**
- * **Plot begins with exposition, in which setting and characters are introduced.**
- * **The rising action comes next, introducing the problem.**
- * **The Climax is when the problem is at its worst.**
- * **The Falling Action occurs as the problem is solved.**
- * **Finally the Resolution wraps up the story.**

three pointer! My eyes bugged out—this couldn't be the same teacher!

Ricky was playing all over the court, barely passing to any of our teammates. After Mr. Trimbball scored again, Ricky grabbed the ball and ran straight toward our basket. *Crash!* He fell over Ms. Bailey's feet and slid across the floor like a penguin on ice!

The referee blew the whistle as Mr. G. ran to Ricky and helped him up. Ricky said he still wanted to play. After three quarters, the score was A Team, 39—Hot Shots, 34. There was only one more quarter to catch up. I'd be playing in that one, but I wasn't confident that I'd be much help.

Danny bounced the ball from the base line. He

but I wasn't confident that I'd be much help.

Danny bounced the ball from the base line. He was cornered near the basket when he saw Jennifer open on the left. He passed her the ball and she banked in the jump shot.

"Nice shot," I said. She flipped up her hair and smiled. "Thanks," she said.

The teachers missed an opportunity to score, and Danny ran with the ball down court. He tried a fancy hook shot and missed, but he got the rebound, and this time he scored.

The clock was ticking away. One of the teachers fouled twice and we were catching up. Jennifer passed the ball to me and I dribbled to the basket



TEACHER

HANG

HOT SHOTS 48
A-TEAM 49

A-TEAM

HOT SHOTS

BALL

Diary

and shot. It bounced off the rim and into the basket. Another player on our team made some surprisingly good shots, hustling throughout the quarter to score six points.

One minute to go, and the score was A Team, 49—Hot Shots, 48. With only ten seconds left, I had the ball in my hands. I had faked a pass to Jennifer on my left when I saw Danny out in the open behind her. I flung the ball to him, he caught it, dribbling it once. He aimed and shot over Mr. Trimbball's head. It was an easy, straightforward jump shot—*Swish*—*nothin' but net!*

The buzzer rang, and I raised my hands high. The final score was A Team, 49—Hot Shots, 50!

We went wild! Danny ran up to me and threw his arms around me. "Is this the sweetest win or what?" he cried.

The band jammed "Celebration," and the crowd roared and stomped their feet.

"Great shot!" I said to Danny.

"Great pass!" Danny said to me.

I put my arm around Lorena's shoulder. "You carried us, Lor! Did you get 8 points or 10?" Lorena smiled. "I made 12, but who's counting?"

The next thing I knew, my father and mother were out on the floor. My father was beaming as he patted my back. "Great game, captain!" he said.

"I only scored one basket," I said.

My father smiled. "That's all right, Brian. You

My father smiled. "That's all right, Brian. You made the assist. Plus you organized the whole team, which is the hardest job of all!"

When he said this, it made me realize that I didn't have to be the greatest player. I really was a fairly good leader, and now I knew that was important.

Walter was running around chanting, "*Hot Shots rule, Hot Shots rule!*" Then the rest of us joined in.

When we walked back into the boys' locker room, we passed by the group of seventh-graders.

"Good game, Jeff," Hoops said to his brother.

"Not bad for sixth-graders," Chris added.

J.D. didn't say anything. He just looked down at the floor. "Cool shoes," he told Danny.

The next night, the teachers took The Hot Shots out for a pizza dinner to celebrate. We were still flying high from our win.

Mr. G. told us the game raised more than \$1,500 for new computer equipment for the school. That was the most money they had raised in the five years they had played the benefit game.

"I have to hand it to you guys, you really surprised us," added Mr. Todd. "I think I speak for the rest of the teachers when I say this was our most exciting game ever. You never gave up and really pulled it together, especially at the end."

The... the table and we

really pulled it together, especially at the end."

The waiter brought the pizzas to the table and we all dug in. Mr. Trimball came up to me.

"Nice work, Mr. Chang," he said. "You showed you have the stuff to be a good captain. Now just *show* that kind of organization and determination on your math papers and you'll ace my class."

I had to smile because I had to admit he was right. "You were pretty good out there yourself," I said.

"I know, I surprise a lot of people. Nobody would guess from looking at me that I can play basketball. You should see me play ice hockey!"

We laughed and ate our pizza. Never again would I judge people on how they looked.



"Next stop, the NBA!" Danny declared.

Across the table, Mr. Todd asked, "How about going to high school first?"

"Not a bad idea," Danny said. "I could play in a student-teacher basketball game in high school." He raised his arms and nearly shouted, "We'll beat the high school teachers in that game, too!"

I looked at him. "We?"

"Sure," Danny said. "Why not?"

I shrugged, then I smiled. Right then, I couldn't think of any reason why I couldn't play in that basketball game, too. In the near future, though, I thought I'd take it easy for a while. After all, I had more than two years to practice!

Turn and Talk after reading pp. 51-56 of "The Hot Shots"

- What is the score after three quarters?
How does this help you understand how the game is going?
- What does Brian's description of his shot tell you about Brian's character?

Copy & complete after reading pp. 51-56 of "The Hot Shots"

Exposition

Rising Action

Climax

Falling Action

Resolution

Turn and Talk after reading pp. 68-80 of "Leonardo's Wings"

- Look at the top of p.69. What words does the author use to help you see what is going on? Do you think the action is rising or falling?
- What stage of the story do you think is happening on pp.70-71? How do you know?
- How did you react to the ending of the story? Why do you think the author ended the story this way?

Copy & complete after reading pp. 68-80 of "Leonardo's Wings"

Exposition

Rising Action

Climax

Falling Action

Resolution

GHGR 4.3.5 - Wrap Up

- "How to Understand Setting and Plot"
- Where does the story take place? Why is the story set there? Answering these questions helps you understand the plot.
- Identifying the setting helps you understand why a character acts in certain ways.
- Making a story map helps you organize important events in the plot. Remember, the structure of a plot includes the exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution.

Write About It

- Choose a cover from a book you are reading. Use the cover to answer these questions.
- What setting is shown in the cover?
- How does the setting relate to the character's problem? In what ways does the setting affect the character's actions in relation to the problem?
- Which of the five major parts of the plot does the cover illustrate? Why do you think the author chose to illustrate this part of the plot?

Check for Understanding

- My book is _____, and it takes place _____ (where) and _____ (when).
- Some details that make the setting interesting are...
- I can use the setting of the story to help me learn more about the characters by....
- The five parts of a plot are...
- I can keep track of a plot by....
- It is important to identify the setting and keep track of the plot because...