Lesson One: Figurative Language

Performance Indicators for Each Language Level:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Domain/Topic</th>
<th>Expanding and Bridging Level 4 and 5</th>
<th>Developing Level 3</th>
<th>Beginning and Early Emergence Level 1 and 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Listening and writing—Identify the meanings of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony (1a)</td>
<td>Complete a graphic organizer with information from teacher identifying the criteria of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony</td>
<td>Fill out graphic organizer identifying the criteria of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony with information from teacher and by choosing words/phrases from a word bank.</td>
<td>Fill out graphic organizer identifying the criteria of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony by listening to the teacher and matching, cutting and pasting from resource provided.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Language Objectives:
1a. Listen to teacher and identify criteria of the 4 forms of figurative language
1b. Collaborate with peers to discuss/share commonly used examples of each form of figurative language
2a. Read a text selection and identify the examples of figurative language used
2b. Collaborate with peers to discuss and clarify meanings of examples of figurative language within a reading passage

Content Objectives:
1. SWABT identify the 4 commonly used examples of figurative language in fiction: similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony/sarcasm
2. SWBAT identify and explain examples of figurative language in a reading passage
<p>| Listening writing and speaking — Discuss and record common examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony (1b) | Collaborate with peer group to evaluate and record common/familiar examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony. | Collaborate with peer group to evaluate and record common/familiar examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony using word bank. | Collaborate with peer group to evaluate and record common/familiar examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony by matching, cutting and pasting from resource provided. |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reading, listening and writing—Identifying the figurative language used (similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony) (2a)</th>
<th>Read a modified text (short story) with audio support and identify the figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony) used. Record examples on a graphic organizer.</th>
<th>Read a modified text (short story) with audio support and identify the figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony) used. Record examples on a graphic organizer using answer frames and word bank.</th>
<th>Read a modified text (short story) with audio and visual support and figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony) used. Cut and paste examples on a graphic organizer using answer frame and word bank.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Speaking listening and writing—discuss and determine meaning of figurative language in a text selection (2b)</td>
<td>Collaborate with peer group to compare examples and discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Record figurative language on note cards and sort according to form. Record meanings on graphic organizer.</td>
<td>Collaborate with peer group to compare examples and discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Using answer frames &amp; word bank, record meanings on graphic organizer.</td>
<td>Collaborate with peer group to compare examples and discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Using answer frames, word bank, and visual clues, record meanings on graphic organizer.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Lesson One: Elements of Fictional Text - Functional Language Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Situation</th>
<th>Expression</th>
<th>Words</th>
<th>Grammar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Identify | Identify the meanings of simile, metaphor, hyperbole and irony | “A ___(1)____ is a word or phrase for one thing that is used to ___(2)____ to another thing in order to show or suggest that they are ___(3)____.” | 1. Simile  
2. Metaphor  
3. Hyperbole  
4. Irony | present tense  
correct use of a/an |
<p>|          |           | “A phrase that uses the words like or as to <em><strong>(2)</strong></em>_ someone or something by comparing it with someone or something else that is <em><strong>(3)</strong></em>_ is called a/an <em><strong>(1)</strong><strong>.” | | |
|          |           | “</strong></em>(1)____ is the use of words that mean the <em><strong>(4)</strong></em>_ of what you really think especially in order to be <em><strong>(3)</strong>__.” | | |
|          |           | “Language that <em><strong>(2)</strong></em></em> something as <em><strong>(3)</strong></em>_ than it really is, is called _<strong>(1)</strong>__.” | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Identify</th>
<th>Identify the examples of similes, metaphors, hyperboles and irony within a piece of text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Examples from text:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘...stuck together like glue’ is an example of a(n) <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘...logged 100 miles...’ is a(n) example of <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘Today was her lucky day’ is an example of <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘her stomach a rumbling rollercoaster’ is an example of <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarify</td>
<td>Clarify the meaning of the examples of figurative language within a piece of text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘Missy was her security blanket’ means that <em><strong>(2)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘as snug as a caterpillar’ means that <em><strong>(3)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘stuck together like glue’ means that <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘She was a volcano of excitement’ means that <em><strong>(2)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘just dying to show’ means that <em><strong>(2)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘shiny metal monster’ means that <em><strong>(4)</strong></em>.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“ ‘like a bird on its perch’ means <em><strong>(1)</strong></em>.”</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1. Simile</th>
<th>Metaphor</th>
<th>Hyperbole</th>
<th>Irony</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Present tense</td>
<td>Correct use of a/an</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1. They are always together</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To sit, wait and watch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s a good thing she went to the vet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was so happy to see her</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2. She gives comfort</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>She is very, very excited</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She just can't wait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was so relieved, she forgot all the bad things</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>3. They are very close and cozy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>She was having a very bad day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She moved very fast</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>4. It's very large</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Went very far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was very pale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was very ill</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“'logged 100 miles' means ___(4)____.”

“'combing the neighborhood' means that ___(5)____.”

“'as white as a sheet' means ___(4)____.”

“'stomach a rumbling roller coaster' means ___(5)____.”

“'as sick as a dog' means ___(4)____.”

“'a river of tears' means ___(5)____.”

“'This was the worst day of her life' means ___(3)____.”

“'Today was her lucky day' means ___(1)____.”

“'blasted off her bed like a rocket' means ___(5)____.”

“'Faster than a speeding bullet' means ___(3)____.”

“'licked Cori's face off' means ___(1)____.”

“'This is the best day of my life' means ___(2)____.”
Lesson One: Figurative Language

Content Objectives:
1. SWABT identify the 4 commonly used examples of figurative language in fiction: similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony/sarcasm
2. SWBAT identify and explain examples of figurative language in a reading passage

Language Objectives:
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Initiation:
1. “Our focus for today is figurative language. Before we begin, does anyone remember or know what ‘figurative language’ means? (If no volunteers, have students turn and talk. Encourage students/model how to take the word apart to help in discerning meaning). Let’s share what you think. (T jots ideas on board/chart paper). Great thoughts! Let’s leave these notes up for now; we will refer to them in a bit.”
2. “I’m going to show you a brief video that may confirm and/or clarify what figurative language means.”

http://youtu.be/qPiVfdwAsUg

“Now let’s evaluate our thoughts and ideas that we shared before.” (Revisit notes taken and revise as needed.) “as you can see, figurative language changes words’ meanings. We cannot always take what we read or hear literally.”
3. “We are going to discuss four commonly used forms of figurative language. I am going to give you a graphic organizer (A’s) so you can take notes as we go over each one. (T should display prepared chart that mirrors graphic). Let’s start by adding our explanation of what figurative language means.”

Activity:
1. T displays chart paper. “As you can see on your graphic organizers, the four forms of figurative language we will talk about today are: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole and Irony/Sarcasm. As we discuss, please add the information to your graphic organizers. Let’s start with Simile. Turn and talk to your neighbor about what you think a simile is.” After a minute or two, have students share and add info to chart as they are to add to their graphic organizers.
(Chart becomes an anchor chart in classroom, useful for reading and writing workshops.) Continue with metaphor, hyperbole and irony/sarcasm. (Explain the relationship between irony and sarcasm.)

2. "I am going to write five examples of figurative language on the board. Talk with your group about which form each example illustrates, and add them to your graphic organizer." (T provides one example for each. i.e.: She ran faster than lightning-hyperbole; Britain’s biggest dog is named Tiny-irony; The light is as bright as the sun-simile; I’m glad you studied for that test-sarcasm; Her room was a disaster area-metaphor)

3. “Now that we’ve defined these forms of figurative language and provided an example of each, let’s look at some more samples. I’m going to pass out cards (B’s) with figurative language phrases on them, and bags marked similes, metaphors, hyperbole, irony/sarcasm. With your group, talk about each one and sort them according to where you think they belong. You may have examples of some but not others, and you may have examples that you feel don’t fit in any category. Set those aside." (T passes out a few cards to each group, monitors/facilitates groups’ activities, but does not provide input or correct errors in sorting. You may want to remix your groups for this activity, so that levels 1 & 2 have more peer support.)

4. “Let’s take a look at what you’ve done in your groups. Each group will come up and add their sorted cards to the pocket chart. For those you could not sort, add them to the ‘unknown’ column … Great, now, with your groups, take a look at the card sort display. See if there are any you disagree with." (Allow time to examine and discuss, then discuss/facilitate corrections as needed.) "Okay, now that we all agree on those, let’s take a look at the ‘unknowns’ and figure out where they fit in." (Again, allow time for student discourse, and facilitate proper sort.) “As you can see, some examples are clearer than others; and some of us interpret figurative language differently. What we will find is that, in our reading, we will rely on the context in order to determine the meaning of figurative language usage.”

5. “We are going to read a short story (text pages) that has several examples of figurative language within it. As active readers, the overall theme and context will help us find and clarify those examples. Please track the text as I read the story to you.” (T reads aloud while students track text.) “Now, I’m going to pass out highlighters. I will read the story again, this time your job is to find the figurative language that is used. Highlight each example you find.”

6. “Our next activity is another sort. I will give you some index cards, and the sorting bags. With your group, discuss and write down the examples of figurative language that you found in our story, one on each card. Once you’ve recorded them all on index cards, sort them into their appropriate bags. Again, if you aren’t sure, leave them aside as ‘unknown’." (Form flexible groups to ensure peer support/participation. T should facilitate, provide some feedback/guidance, but do not overly correct.) “Ok, great! Now, let’s go ahead and graph our cards and discuss what we’ve found." (As before, allow students time to confer without intervention before bringing activity to whole group. If there are any examples that pose great confusion, discuss/clarify briefly, but consider omitting them from the display.)

7. “Now that we’ve finished identifying the figurative language, let’s talk about what it means. Turn and talk to your neighbors about the examples that stand out for you…what do you think the author meant by it, etc.” (T facilitates peers’ conferring, remind students to use context, overall theme of story to help with understanding.) “Well done! I heard some interesting ideas and some wonderful clarifications. Are there any questions, confusions, comments
about any of the examples?” (Give students ample time to share out, asking for specific clarifications if need be, based on observations/student discourse.)

**Closure:**

“We have done a lot of hard work with figurative language; and as you can see, it is a useful tool in writing. Tomorrow, as we move forward in our reading of No More Dead Dogs, we will be looking for examples used by author Gordon Korman. We will identify and clarify them to help deepen our understanding of the characters and the text.”
Guide to Related Resources* for Lesson 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pages / Lesson Application</th>
<th>Unabridged Version</th>
<th>Expanding and Bridging Level 4 and 5</th>
<th>Developing Level 3</th>
<th>Beginning and Early Emergence Level 1 and 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-5/Lesson 1, Activity 1</td>
<td></td>
<td>Graphic Organizer A1</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer A2</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer A3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6-10/Lesson 1, Activity 2</td>
<td>Figurative language word sort cards</td>
<td>Figurative language word sort cards</td>
<td>Figurative language word sort cards</td>
<td>Figurative language word sort cards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11-18/Lesson 1, Activity 5</td>
<td>Text page 11</td>
<td>Text pages 12-13</td>
<td>Text pages 14-15</td>
<td>Text pages 16-18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*All resources may be used to differentiate for any student, as needed.
# Graphic Organizer A1: Figurative Language

Name _________________________________

**Figurative Language**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Simile</th>
<th>Metaphor</th>
<th>Hyperbole</th>
<th>Irony/ Sarcasm</th>
<th>Example:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Example:**

* Simile: __________
* Metaphor: __________
* Hyperbole: __________
* Irony/ Sarcasm: __________
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Figurative Language</th>
<th>Simile</th>
<th>Metaphor</th>
<th>Hyperbole</th>
<th>Irony</th>
<th>Example:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Example: The ___________ was</td>
<td>Example: Her ___________ is a</td>
<td>Example: She _____ faster than</td>
<td>Example: Britain’s ___________ ___________ is named</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>as bright as the __________.</td>
<td>__________ area.</td>
<td>__________ area.</td>
<td>____ is named</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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</tbody>
</table>
Graphic Organizer A2: Figurative Language – Word Bank

Use the words/phrases in the box to help you with your note taking.

Using words in different and interesting ways, with meaning that are different than usual, to express ideas

Comparing two things using *like* or *as*

Comparing two things **without** using *like* or *as*

Taking something that is true and making it “larger than life”

Exaggerating

Using words that mean the opposite of what you really think, usually to be funny

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tiny</th>
<th>ran</th>
<th>biggest dog</th>
<th>room</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lightning</td>
<td>bright</td>
<td>disaster</td>
<td>sun</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Graphic Organizer A3: Figurative Language

Figurative Language

Simile

Metaphor

Hyperbole

Irony

Example:
### Figurative Language
Using words in different and interesting ways, with meaning that are different than usual, to express ideas

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>DEFINITIONS:</strong></th>
<th><strong>EXAMPLES:</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **A SIMILE** is a comparison using *like* or *as.* | **Example: Irony**
| | Big dog named Tiny. |
| **HYPERBOLE** is taking something real and making it “larger than life”, exaggerating. | **Example: Hyperbole**
| | Ran faster than lightning |
| **A METAPHOR** is a comparison without using *like* or *as.* | **Example: Metaphor**
| | Her room was a disaster area. |
| **IRONY/SARCASM** is using words that mean the opposite of what you really think, usually to be funny. | **Example: Simile**
| | A light as bright as the sun. |
He's got a ton of money.

Wow! You’re a genius!

The house was as big as a castle.

She cut him down with her words.
You get 100% on a spelling test but spelled your name wrong.

She sings like a bird.

You snore louder than a freight train.

USS Titanic … 100% unsinkable!

Merry Marry Mary
The quarterback was throwing nothing but rockets in the field.

I could eat a horse!

The test was a walk in the park.

Her hair was like a lion’s mane.
My dad is as tall as the Chrysler building!

I’m so nervous I could die!

A mountain of homework.

MMmm. Yummy tummy. Looks good!
My mom’s perfume is like a bouquet of flowers!

So hot you can fry an egg!

You’re SO nice!

The traffic moved at a snail’s pace.
Find and highlight any figurative language used in the following story.

Oh, What a Day!

Cori’s dog Missy was her security blanket – morning, noon, and night. When sleeping, Missy kept Cori as snug as a caterpillar in its cocoon. When awake, the two stuck together like glue! Without a doubt, Cori and Missy were bff’s.

One day, Cori went outside to ride her brand new, 10-speed bike for the very first time. She was a volcano of excitement, just dying to show off that shiny metal monster! As she left, Cori could see Missy waiting, as usual, on the sofa like a bird on its perch. “I’ll be back soon!” she called to her best friend; and off she went. Cori had the time of her life ...she must have logged 100 miles that day! She only wished her friends could see her fly!

After combing the neighborhood, Cori returned home. Once inside, she thought, *Huh! Missy always meets me at the door...* and called out, “Missy, I’m home!!” Within minutes, Cori’s mom appeared. “Cori, sit down, I have to tell you something.”

Cori knew immediately that something was very wrong. Her face turned as white as a sheet, her stomach a rumbling roller coaster. “WHAT?! Where’s Missy?!!” she demanded. Her mom explained that Missy had gotten into one of the house plants and eaten the leaves. She became very sick and had to be taken to the vet. “I am waiting for the vet to call with news,” her mom explained softly.

Cori went up to her room and cried a river of tears. How could this have happened? Why did she have to go out to ride her stupid bike? She should have stayed and watched over Missy; then this never would have happened. This was the worst day of her life!

After what seemed like hours, Cori’s mom appeared in the doorway. “Missy is going to be fine!! Today was her lucky day. The vet said she wasn’t sick from the plant, but from a bad virus. If she hadn’t eaten the plant, we would not have known! We can go pick her up now.”

Cori leapt blasted off her bed like a rocket. Faster than a speeding bullet, she was in the car waiting for her mom. When they arrived at the vet, Missy nearly licked Cori’s face off while Cori held on to that furry friend for dear life. During the car ride home, Cori’s mom heard Cori whisper into Missy’s ear, “This is the best day of my life!”
Find and highlight any figurative language used in the following story. Some examples have been underlined for you, some are indicated by an asterisk (*) at the end of the line where the example appears. (The first one has been done for you.)

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After combing the neighborhood, Cori returned home. Once inside, she thought Huh! Missy always meets me at the door... and called out, “Missy, I’m home!!” Within minutes, Cori’s mom appeared. “Cori, sit down, I have to tell you something.”

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Why did she have to go out to ride her stupid bike? She should have stayed and watched over Missy; then this never would have happened. This was the worst day of her life! *
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As you read along, notice the highlighted examples of figurative language used in the following story.

Oh, What a Day!

Cori’s dog **Missy was her security blanket** – morning, noon, and night.

When sleeping **as snug as a caterpillar** in its cocoon. **When awake, the two stuck** together like glue! **Without a doubt, Cori and Missy were bff's.**

One day, Cori went outside to ride her brand new, 10-speed bike **for the very first time.** **She was a volcano of excitement, just dying to show off** that ***shiny metal monster!*** As she left, Cori could see Missy waiting, as usual, on the sofa **like a bird on its perch.**

“I’ll be back soon!” she called to her best friend; and off she went. Cori had the time of her life ...she must have **logged 100 miles** that day! She only wished her friends could see her fly!
After combing the neighborhood, Cori returned home. Once inside, she thought *Huh! Missy always meets me at the door...* and called out, “Missy, I’m home!!” Within minutes, Cori’s mom appeared. “Cori, sit down, I have to tell you something.”

Cori knew immediately that something was very wrong. Her face turned as white as a sheet, her stomach a rumbling roller coaster. “WHAT?! Where’s Missy?!” she demanded.

Her mom explained that Missy had gotten into one of the house plants and eaten the leaves. She became as sick as a dog and had to be taken to the vet. “I am waiting for the vet to call with news,” her mom explained softly.

Cori went up to her room and cried a river of tears. How could this have happened? Why did she have to go out to ride her stupid bike? She should have stayed and watched over Missy; then this never would have happened.
This was the worst day of her life!

After what seemed like hours, Cori’s mom appeared in the doorway. “Missy is going to be fine!! Today was her lucky day. The vet said she wasn’t sick from the plant, but from a bad virus. If she hadn’t eaten the plant, we would not have known.

We can go pick her up now.”

Cori blasted off her bed like a rocket. Faster than a speeding bullet, she was in the car waiting for her mom. When they arrived at the vet, Missy nearly licked Cori’s face off while Cori held on to that furry friend for dear life.

During the car ride home, Cori’s mom heard Cori whisper into Missy’s ear, “This is the best day of my life!”
## Lesson Two: Figurative Language

### Performance Indicators for Each Language Level:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Domain/Topic</th>
<th>Expanding and Bridging Level 4 and 5</th>
<th>Developing Level 3</th>
<th>Beginning and Early Emergence Level 1 and 2</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Listening and noting—mark examples of similes, metaphors hyperbole and irony within a reading selection (1a)</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 2, margin notes/vocabulary clarifications) with audio support, students will mark/highlight examples of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 2, simplified vocabulary) with audio support, students will highlight the underlined examples of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 2, simplified vocabulary/sentence structure and visual support) with audio support, students will place a checkmark next to each highlighted, underlined example of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Language Objectives:

1a. Listen to text selection and mark examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony)

1b. Identify and sort the examples of figurative language found in text

2a. Collaborate with peers to discuss and clarify meanings of examples of figurative language within a reading passage
| Speaking, listening and writing—Discuss and identify examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony (1b) | Collaborate with peer group to discuss, identify and record the examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today’s reading selection using a graphic organizer with page # cues. | Collaborate with peer group to discuss, identify and record the examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today’s reading selection using a graphic organizer with page # cues and answer frames. | Collaborate with peer group to discuss and sort the identified examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today’s reading selection. Cut, match and paste them onto your graphic organizer, using picture cues to support understanding. |
| Speaking listening and writing—discuss and determine meaning of figurative language in a text selection (2a) | Collaborate with peer group to discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Complete graphic organizer/chart. | Collaborate with peer group to discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Complete graphic organizer/chart, using word/phrase bank. | Collaborate with peer group to discuss meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Cut, match and paste them onto your graphic organizer, using picture cues to support understanding. |
Lesson Two: Figurative Language

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Situation</th>
<th>Expression</th>
<th>Words</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Identify</td>
<td>Identify examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony) found in a text selection</td>
<td>“On page ____ I noticed/saw/found an example of a/an _<strong>(1)</strong><strong>.” <strong>OR</strong> “(Phrase) on page ___ is an example of _<strong>(1)</strong></strong>.” <strong>Examples from text:</strong> p. 12 “holding my breath until I passed out” (hyperbole) p. 12 “he’s hot” (metaphor) p. 13 “a little fresh blood” (metaphor) p. 13 “The sportos run everything at this school” (metaphor) p. 14 “groaned as if he had a bad stomachache” (simile) p. 15 “a hide like a rhinoceros” (simile) p. 15 “like the birth of a new baby” (simile) p. 17 “hopelessly lost”</td>
<td>5. Simile Metaphor Hyperbole Irony</td>
<td>present / past tense</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
p. 17 “a wild-eyed look” (metaphor)

p. 17 “brow clouded up like a thunderhead” (simile)

p. 18 “biggest thrill of his life” (hyperbole)

p. 19 “kiss up to him” (metaphor)

p. 19 “he’s so cool” (irony)

p. 19 “practically in the NFL” (metaphor/hyperbole)

p. 19 “we’re hooked up” (metaphor)

p. 19 “Guess who my sister’s best friends with” (irony/hyperbole)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clarify the meaning of the examples of figurative language within a piece of text</th>
<th>p. 12 “holding my breath until I passed out” means _<strong>(1)</strong>__.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 12 “he’s hot” means _<strong>(3)</strong>__.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 13 “a little fresh blood” means _<strong>(4)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 13 “The sportos run everything at this school” means _<strong>(2)</strong>__.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 14 “groaned as if he had a bad stomachache” means _<strong>(2)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 15 “a hide like a rhinoceros” means _<strong>(3)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 15 “like the birth of a new baby” means _<strong>(4)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 17 “hopelessly lost” means _<strong>(1)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 17 “a wild-eyed look” means _<strong>(4)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 17 “brow clouded up like a thunderhead” means _<strong>(1)</strong>__.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>p. 18 “biggest thrill of his life” means _<strong>(4)</strong>__.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Very nervous/anxious</td>
<td>Can’t find your place</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Act overly nice</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Getting very angry</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. They are the most popular</td>
<td>Sounds like he’s sick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Part of the popular crowd</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Very popular, admired</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Very handsome/good looking</td>
<td>Thick skinned, nothing bothers you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Most exciting event</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Very well known, famous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. A new, exciting beginning</td>
<td>A look of great surprise or anger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Very close relationship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Someone new</td>
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</table>

Present tense
Lesson Two: Figurative Language

Content Objectives:
1. SWABT identify the examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony) in a fictional selection
2. SWBAT explain the intended meanings of figurative language in a text selection

Language Objectives:
1a. Listen to text selection and mark examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony). Identify and sort the examples of figurative language found in text
2a. Collaborate with peers to discuss and clarify meanings of examples of figurative language within a reading passage.

Initiation
1. “As we learned in our previous lesson and activities, many forms of figurative language can be used in a single text selection. Today, we are going to continue identifying and clarifying examples of figurative language as we read further in our core text *No More Dead Dogs* by Gordon Korman.”

2. “Take out your notes from our discussions and take a few minutes to look them over. (Give students about 5 minutes to glance over their notes, while ensuring that the anchor chart is clearly visible.) Who can tell us, in your own words, what figurative language is and why it’s used in writing?” (Answer should include idea of using words in different ways/giving them different meanings to engage the reader). “Let’s also review the meanings of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony.”

3. “We will now read Chapter 2 of our text and look for examples of these forms of figurative language.”

Activities

1. “I am giving you each a paper copy of the chapter. You will also need to have out your highlighters and pencils.” (Ensure that each student has necessary materials).

2. “Before we begin, let’s add some vocabulary to our chart.” Teacher displays vocabulary anchor chart and adds content vocabulary list for Ch. 2. “This is some of the content vocabulary we will come across in our reading. Let’s work together to clarify.”

   | Actress | Rehearse/Rehearsal | Director |
   | Drama   | Cast              | Performance |
   | Career  | Script            |

3. “As we listen to today’s narration, we will not only track the text, but also mark the examples of figurative language as we come across them. Do not worry about what your neighbor is or is not doing…we will work together after our reading to see that we’ve found them all. If you find you are distracted by the search, put your highlighters/pencils down and concentrate on the reading. We will all catch up later.” (T may want to allow students to spread out so they are not distracted/distracting to others.)

4. Teacher distributes appropriate text versions (text pages). *(Teachers may want to send home the modified text the night before, or pull a small group prior to the day’s lesson, so students can pre-read.)* Students track text as they listen to audio recording (provided in Janet Allen’s *Plugged-in To Reading* resources, also available at: [http://www.theaudiobookmart.com/audiobook.php?abid=9780788761621](http://www.theaudiobookmart.com/audiobook.php?abid=9780788761621)). *(Teacher should circulate to ensure that students are tracking, are on the right page, etc. If students seem distracted by looking for/marking examples of figurative language, T should encourage them to postpone the task until reading is complete. Some students may not be able to listen and track text and mark examples.)*

5. “Now we are going to take some time to record these examples of figurative language onto our graphic organizers. As you can see, there are columns for page #, type of figurative language, example and meaning. We will work with meanings later.” (T distributes leveled graphic organizers (A’s) as appropriate and displays prepared chart or overhead transparency that mirrors the unabridged organizer.) “We will work together to support one another and make sure we didn’t miss any examples.” *(Refer to examples in the functional language chart.)*
6. “WOW! Great detective work! I am very pleased with how well you did with these! Before we move forward, are there any questions or confusions as to how we identified these?” (Give students a few minutes to look over the results and discuss with their groups.) “Ok, now comes the fun part! Let’s see if we can determine the meaning of these as they are used in the text. Remember to refer back to text…consider who is speaking or thinking, what their moods or feelings are, what’s happening in the story, etc. When you think you’ve come up with the meaning, substitute your words for the figurative language phrase. If it still makes sense, you’ve got it!! If not, try something else. Put your graphic organizers to the side for now. I am numbering my list and will give each group some scrap paper to record/revise your ideas. Simply write the number of the phrase, and what you all think it means. Go ahead and work in your groups.” (Students may need extended time for this activity as they need to refer back to text, confer, revise, etc. T should circulate/facilitate group participation; but should not give guidance/feedback at this time.)

7. “As you’ve seen, some of these examples are familiar and pretty easy to explain, and some are difficult. Let’s take out our graphic organizers, discuss your thoughts and ideas, and see if we can come to an agreement as to what each one means.” (Whole group activity. T should add to chart/transparency to model completion of organizer.)

Closure

“Now that we have a sense of how Gordon Korman uses figurative language in his writing, we can better understand and appreciate the theme and tone of his story. Tomorrow, we will be repeating this activity with our reading of chapter 3. In the meantime, if you come across examples of figurative language in other experiences (other classes, reading, conversation, TV) throughout your day write them down and bring them to share. You’d be surprised as to how often it’s used and how we don’t even realize we are using them!”
**Guide to Related Resources** for Lesson 2

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<tr>
<th>Pages / Lesson Application</th>
<th>Unabridged Version</th>
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<th>Developing Level 3</th>
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<tr>
<td>1-30/Lesson 2, Activity 1</td>
<td>Text pages 1-5</td>
<td>Text pages 6-14</td>
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<td>Text pages 23-30</td>
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<tr>
<td>31-41/Lesson 2, Activities 5 &amp; 7</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A1</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A2; A2.1</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A3, A3.1; A3.2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*All resources may be used to differentiate for any student, as applicable.*

^Additional copies will be needed for each student. Copies can be double sided.
Enter...
RACHEL TURNER

Dear Julia Roberts,

You are my favorite actress. Were you involved in drama when you were in seventh grade? If yes, was it tough to be a serious actress in middle school? It sure is for me. Sometimes I think I’m the only one working while everyone else is goofing off or flirting. Am I being unreasonable here? Have you ever flirted with a guy while making one of your movies? Don’t feel bad if the answer is yes. You can do whatever you want because you’re so famous. But student actors should have to concentrate harder, right? . . .

It was a long letter. I told her everything—about how I knew that acting was going to be my real career. Ever since my third-grade play, Land of the Butterflies. All the other
kids rushed off the stage screaming when Justin Kidd, the
gypsy moth, threw up all over his cardboard wings (gross).
I alone held my place among the giant construction-paper
flowers, hugging my caterpillar costume tight and holding
my breath until I passed out. Even at eight years old, I was
the only one who understood—the show must go on! I’m
sure Julia knew exactly what I was talking about.
Okay, I realized that Julia probably wasn’t going to read
this personally. When I write to movie stars, all I ever get
back is an autographed picture or a postcard, or whatever
they send to their fans. It just felt good to be communicat-
ing with Julia Roberts—you know, actress to actress.

“Ow!”

Trudi Davis elbowed me in the ribs. My pen clattered to
the gym floor, but I held on to all four pages of Julia’s let-
ter and jammed it into my book bag.

“Look,” Trudi whispered. “Know who that is?”

Mr. Fogelman, the director of our play, had just come in.

“No him!” Trudi hissed. “Him! The kid toweling off his
hair.”

I shrugged. “Some eighth grader. Why? Should I know
him?”

“That’s Wallace Wallace,” Trudi whispered.

“It can’t be,” I said sarcastically. “Where are his body-
guards?” No offense to the football hero (I’d never even
met him). But if you weren’t sick of hearing about last
year’s championship yet, you obviously didn’t live in
Bedford.

Trudi ignored my humor. “He’s hot.”

I rolled my eyes. “Every time you’re about to make an
idiot out of yourself over some guy, it usually starts with
the words ‘He’s hot.’ That’s warning sign number one.”

“Well, he is!” she insisted. “Look!”

And actually, Trudi had a point. I’d always thought
football players were neckless wonders with muscles that
went all the way up to the tops of their heads. But Wallace
was almost slim, and really good-looking in a boy-next-
door kind of way.

“His hair’s too short,” I murmured just to prove
nobody’s perfect.

“Too long,” Trudi corrected. “When you’re clipped that
close, you should probably buzz it all off and go for the
bald look. A lot of athletes do that.”

That’s when it dawned on me. “This is fantastic. I’ll bet
the whole school will come out for the performance when
we spread the word that Wallace Wallace is working with
us.”

“Don’t count on it,” warned Trudi. “Cool guys never go
in for drama. If you want to act, you better do it for pure
art, because guy-wise, it’s the Doofus Patrol. See?” she
added as Nathaniel Spitzner walked up to us.

Nathaniel stared in horror at Wallace. “What’s he doing
here?”

“What’s wrong with a little fresh blood in the drama
club?” I asked.

“The sportos run everything at this school,” Nathaniel
complained. “If they take over drama, there’ll be nothing
left for us!”
“Relax,” I soothed. “The play is totally cast; we’ve all got our parts. Wallace is probably here to work on set design or something.”

Mr. Fogelman propped himself up on the edge of the stage. “Sorry I’m late, everybody. Let’s get started.”

I knew it would take a few minutes to hand out scripts, so I figured this was a good time for the president of the drama club (me) to welcome the newcomer. I approached Wallace. “Hi, Wallace, I’m Rachel. Are you here to work on props?”

He looked straight into my eyes. “No.”

I frowned. “Set design, then?”

“No.”

“Lighting?”

“Fogelman said to come to the gym at three-thirty,” Wallace told me. “This is the first I’ve heard about a play.”

“You should sign up,” I persisted. “Mr. Fogelman adapted the book just for our school. He’s directing it personally!”

“What book?” he asked without much interest.


He groaned as if he had a bad stomachache.

I was kind of torn. I knew Wallace would be a great advertisement for our play. But I wasn’t about to let him make fun of us.

“Mr. Fogelman is a real professional writer, you know. He even had a play produced in New York once.”

“If he’s the next Shakespeare,” Wallace challenged, “how come he’s teaching middle school in Bedford?”

I stared at him. “That’s rude!”

“No it isn’t.” He looked me squarely in the eye again. “It’s the truth.”

“Rachel,” called Mr. Fogelman, “we’re starting.” To Wallace he added, “You can go when you’ve written a proper review of Old Shep, My Pal. Prove to me you’ve read the book at least.”

I joined the cast in the circle of chairs. Trudi grabbed my arm, digging her painted fingernails into my wrist.

“What’s he like?”

“He’s like a guy serving detention,” I replied, “and he isn’t really thrilled to be here.”

“Yeah, but did he say anything about me?”

“That’s warning sign number two,” I whispered back.

She giggled. You couldn’t insult Trudi Davis. She had a hide like a rhinoceros.

There was no feeling quite like the first day of rehearsal. To take simple words on paper and bring them to life was a fantastic challenge. It was like the birth of a new baby (I’m only guessing here).

Of course, you can’t have a performance on the first day. You have a staged reading. We all gathered in a circle with our scripts, and went through the entire play with each actor saying his (or her) lines. Okay, some of the cast was fooling around a little. There was a lot of laughing when Leticia Ogden choked on her gum, and when Vito Brundia read “What can this dog do?” as “What is this, dog-doo?” Even Mr. Fogelman had a pretty good laugh at Vito’s expense. That’s part of the fun of drama.
The only person who found no humor in the situation was Wallace Wallace. Mr. Fogelman stuck him right in our circle, hoping our reading would inspire his book report (Mr. Fogelman dreams in Technicolor). In fact, as the reading went on, I paid less and less attention to my part, and began concentrating on the paper in front of Wallace, who was right next to me.

This is what he wrote:

The Lamont kids, Corey, Lori, Morry, and Tori, are always fighting. But when they find a dog that has been run over by a motorcycle, they all agree to nurse him back to health. They call him Old Shep, since he’s a German shepherd. Then, just when it looks like Old Shep is going to get better, he dies. This could have easily happened way back on page one when the motorcycle got him, but then this book would never have existed.

What a shame.

"Pssst!" I hissed. "Cross that out!"
He grinned at me (nice teeth for a football player).
I pointed to the last line. "That’s not a review. That’s mean."

"But true." He gave me the teeth again.
"No, it’s not—"
"Rachel," came Mr. Fogelman’s voice.
I looked up to find that I was the center of attention.

Trudi kicked me under my chair. "It’s your line!" she whispered.
I grabbed my script and began flipping pages, but I was hopelessly lost.
I’m not a tattletale, but this was all Wallace’s fault (sort of).

"It’s because of him," I accused. "He’s writing a terrible review." I caught a wild-eyed look from Wallace, like he couldn’t believe I was ratting him out.
Mr. Fogelman’s brow clouded up like a thunderhead.
He stomped over and scanned the paper.

"This is unacceptable!" He frowned. "It’s not a review; it’s a plot summary, and not a very nice one at that."

"It proves I read the book," Wallace pointed out.

"You read the words but not the meaning," Mr. Fogelman insisted passionately. "The rich themes, the wonderful characters—"

"I hated the characters, Mr. Fogelman."

"You’d better be careful," warned the director. He indicated the cast (us) with a sweep of his hand. "I’ll have you know you’re talking to Corey, Lori, Morry, and Tori right here."

"I’m Tori," Trudi piped up. "Awesome touchdown last year. Is that a real Giants windbreaker? I’ve never seen one of these up close before." She stuck her elbow in my face and reached over to brush his arm. "Ooh, nice material."

Nathaniel rolled his eyes. "Give me a break!"

Wallace looked earnestly around the circle. "I’ve got nothing against you guys. I just didn’t like the book, okay?"
He stood up. “Well, thanks for—uh—having me—”

“Oh, you’ll be seeing us all again,” announced Mr. Fogelman. “On Monday, right after school.”

You could almost see the stubborn streak rise out of the creep’s spine, straighten his neck, and come forward to stiffen his jaw. “I’ve got football practice.”

The teacher shook his head. “Not anymore. Not until you complete the work I assigned you.”

“But, Mr. Fogelman,” Trudi piped up, “Wallace is really important to the Giants. You know, last year—”

“I know all about last year.” The director cut her off. He looked at his watch. “We’ll meet back here on Monday. That includes you, Wallace.”

“Hey, Rach!”

I wheeled. My brother, Dylan, was running toward Trudi and me.

“Careful!” I cried as he raced across Bedford Avenue without a glance to the left or right (part fearless; part stupid).

He was short for a ten-year-old, so his enormous book bag very nearly dragged along the pavement as he panted up.

“Didn’t anybody ever teach you to look both ways before you cross the street?” I snapped.

“Not in middle school,” Dylan gasped, catching his breath. It was the biggest thrill in his life that the fifth graders had been moved out of Bedford’s three elementaries, so he could go to the same school as his older sister.

“How’s it going, D-man?” grinned Trudi.

“Never mind that!” Dylan exclaimed, as if he had no time for small talk. “The guy you just walked out of the gym with—wasn’t that Wallace Wallace?”

“Yeah? So what?”

“The Wallace Wallace? The football player?”

“No, one of the other ninety-five guys named Wallace Wallace in this town!” I said sarcastically. “What’s the big deal?”

“Well, what did you say to him?”

Trudi glared at me. “Tell him, Rachel. You got the poor guy in trouble with Mr. Fogelman.”

“At least I didn’t kiss up to him like you did,” I snorted. Trudi shrugged. “He’s so cool.”

“Warning sign number three,” I intoned.

“I can’t believe you know him!” Dylan enthused. “He’s practically in the NFL!”

“Know him?” Trudi repeated. “D-man, your sister and I—we’re hooked up. Actresses always hang with the ‘in’ crowd.”

Actresses? I hope she wasn’t talking about herself.

“Wow!” breathed Dylan. “Remember the big touchdown last year?”

“Don’t you think it’s time we all found something else to think about?” I suggested. “For instance, do you know what the school play is going to be this semester?”

But Dylan was already running down the sidewalk, backpack bouncing with each step. “Hey, Mark! Guess who my sister’s best friends with!”
Rachel Turner writes to her favorite actress, Julia Roberts.

Rachel tells Julia that acting is very important to her. She also asks Julia about “flirting” or showing a boy you like him.
Rachel talks about a play she was in while in third grade, and about how serious she took her part.

Trudi Davis interrupts Rachel. She wants Rachel to see that Wallace Wallace has just entered the room. Oh, and Trudi thinks Wallace is cute!
Rachel thinks Trudi is acting silly; but then she looks and thinks, hey, Wallace is kind of cute!

Rachel tells Trudi that Wallace joining the play is a good thing. Wallace is very popular, and will bring more people to see their show.

Trudi disagrees, saying only nerds like Nathaniel are actors. Nathaniel is afraid that Wallace and the athletes will take over the drama club.
Rachel tells both Trudi and Nathaniel to relax, because all the parts to the play are already taken. Wallace Wallace must be on the work crew.

Wallace explains that he is not on the crew, but on detention with Mr. Fogleman.

When Wallace heard that the play was based on the book he hated, he was not happy.
I stared at him. “That’s rude!”
“No it isn’t.” He looked me squarely in the eye again.
“It’s the truth.”
“Rachel,” called Mr. Fogelman, “we’re starting.” To Wallace he added, “You can go when you’ve written a proper review of Old Shep, My Pal. Prove to me you’ve read the book at least.”
I joined the cast in the circle of chairs. Trudi grabbed my arm, digging her painted fingernails into my wrist.
“What’s he like?”
“He’s like a guy serving detention,” I replied, “and he isn’t really thrilled to be here.”
“Yeah, but did he say anything about me?”
“That’s warning sign number two,” I whispered back.
She giggled. You couldn’t insult Trudi Davis. She had a hide like a rhinoceros.
There was no feeling quite like the first day of rehearsal. To take simple words on paper and bring them to life was a fantastic challenge. It was like the birth of a new baby (I’m only guessing here).
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While the cast rehearses, Wallace rewrites his review. Rachel is looking over his shoulder.

Wallace writes that there was no need for the book in the first place, since the dog ends up dying.

Rachel tells Wallace that his words are mean and he should change them. Wallace tells her no, because his words are the truth.
Rachel was so busy watching Wallace, she missed her lines and lost her place. She blames Wallace and tells how bad his writing is.

Mr. Fogleman is not happy with Wallace’s new review. He feels Wallace missed the meaning of the book. Wallace tells them all that he has nothing bad to say about them, but he simply did not like the book.
Wallace gets up to leave, thinking he’s free to go. Mr. Fogleman tells him no, he will return on Monday…more detention. Wallace will miss football practice again.

Rachel’s brother Dylan sees Wallace, his hero, leaving the gym. He can’t wait to ask his sister all about him!
"How's it going, D-man?" grinned Trudi.

"Never mind that!" Dylan exclaimed, as if he had no time for small talk. "The guy you just walked out of the gym with—wasn't that Wallace Wallace?"

"Yeah? So what?"

"The Wallace Wallace? The football player?"

"No, one of the other ninety-five guys named Wallace Wallace in this town!" I said sarcastically. "What's the big deal?"

"Well, what did you say to him?"

Trudi glared at me. "Tell him, Rachel. You got the poor guy in trouble with Mr. Fogelman."

"At least I didn't kiss up to him like you did," I snorted.

Trudi shrugged. "He's so cool."

"Warning sign number three," I intoned.

"I can't believe you know him!" Dylan enthused. "He's practically in the NFL!"

"Know him?" Trudi repeated. "D-man, your sister and I—we're hooked up. Actresses always hang with the 'in' crowd."

"Actresses? I hope she wasn't talking about herself."

"Wow!" breathed Dylan. "Remember the big touchdown last year?"

"Don't you think it's time we all found something else to think about?" I suggested. "For instance, do you know what the school play is going to be this semester?"

But Dylan was already running down the sidewalk, backpack bouncing with each step. "Hey, Mark! Guess who my sister's best friends with!"
Rachel Turner writes to her favorite actress, Julia Roberts.

Rachel tells Julia that acting is very important to her.

Enter . . .
RACHEL TURNER

Dear Julia Roberts,

You are my favorite actress. Were you involved in drama when you were in seventh grade? If yes, was it tough to be a serious actress in middle school? It sure is for me. Sometimes I think I’m the only one working while everyone else is goofing off or flirting. Am I being unreasonable here? Have you ever flirted with a guy while making one of your movies? Don’t feel bad if the answer is yes. You can do whatever you want because you’re so famous. But student actors should have to concentrate harder, right? . . .

It was a long letter. I told her everything—about how I knew that acting was going to be my real career. Ever since my third-grade play, Land of the Butterflies. All the other
Rachel tells about a play she was in while in third grade.

Trudi thinks Wallace is cute!

Kids rushed off the stage screaming when Justin Kidd, the gypsy moth, threw up all over his cardboard wings (gross). I alone held my place among the giant construction-paper flowers, hugging my caterpillar costume tight and holding my breath until I passed out. Even at eight years old, I was the only one who understood—the show must go on! I'm sure Julia knew exactly what I was talking about.

Okay, I realized that Julia probably wasn't going to read this personally. When I write to movie stars, all I ever get back is an autographed picture or a postcard, or whatever they send to their fans. It just felt good to be communicating with Julia Roberts—you know, actress to actress.

"Ow!"

Trudi Davis elbowed me in the ribs. My pen clattered to the gym floor, but I held on to all four pages of Julia's letter and jammed it into my book bag.

"Look," Trudi whispered. "Know who that is?"

Mr. Fogelman, the director of our play, had just come in. "Not him!" Trudi hissed. "Him! The kid toweling off his hair."


"It can't be," I said sarcastically. "Where are his bodyguards?" No offense to the football hero (I'd never even met him). But if you weren't sick of hearing about last year's championship yet, you obviously didn't live in Bedford.

* Trudi ignored my humor. "He's hot."
I rolled my eyes. “Every time you’re about to make an idiot out of yourself over some guy, it usually starts with the words ‘He’s hot.’ That’s warning sign number one.”

“Well, he is!” she insisted. “Look!”

And actually, Trudi had a point. I’d always thought football players were neckless wonders with muscles that went all the way up to the tops of their heads. But Wallace was almost slim, and really good-looking in a boy-next-door kind of way.

“His hair’s too short,” I murmured just to prove nobody’s perfect.

“Too long,” Trudi corrected. “When you’re clipped that close, you should probably buzz it all off and go for the bald look. A lot of athletes do that.”

That’s when it dawned on me. “This is fantastic. I’ll bet the whole school will come out for the performance when we spread the word that Wallace Wallace is working with us.”

“Don’t count on it,” warned Trudi. “Cool guys never go in for drama. If you want to act, you better do it for pure art, because guy-wise, it’s the Doofus Patrol. See?” she added as Nathaniel Spitzner walked up to us.

Nathaniel stared in horror at Wallace. “What’s he doing here?”

“What’s wrong with a little fresh blood in the drama club?” I asked.

“The sportos run everything at this school,” Nathaniel complained. “If they take over drama, there’ll be nothing left for us!”
“Relax,” I soothed. “The play is totally cast; we’ve all got our parts. Wallace is probably here to work on set design or something.”

Mr. Fogelman propped himself up on the edge of the stage. “Sorry I’m late, everybody. Let’s get started.”

I knew it would take a few minutes to hand out scripts, so I figured this was a good time for the president of the drama club (me) to welcome the newcomer. I approached Wallace. “Hi, Wallace, I’m Rachel. Are you here to work on props?”

He looked straight into my eyes. “No.”

I frowned. “Set design, then?”

“No.”

“Lighting?”

“Fogelman said to come to the gym at three-thirty,” Wallace told me. “This is the first I’ve heard about a play.”

“You should sign up,” I persisted. “Mr. Fogelman adapted the book just for our school. He’s directing it personally!”

“What book?” he asked without much interest.


* He groaned as if he had a bad stomachache.

I was kind of torn. I knew Wallace would be a great advertisement for our play. But I wasn’t about to let him make fun of us.

“Mr. Fogelman is a real professional writer, you know. He even had a play produced in New York once.”

“If he’s the next Shakespeare,” Wallace challenged, “how come he’s teaching middle school in Bedford?”

Rachel thinks Wallace is here to help.

Wallace says he is not part of the play.

The play is “Old Shep My Pal”. That is the book Wallace hates.
I stared at him. “That's rude!”
“No it isn’t.” He looked me squarely in the eye again.
“It’s the truth.”
“Rachel,” called Mr. Fogelman, “we’re starting.” To
Wallace he added, “You can go when you’ve written a
proper review of Old Shep, My Pal. Prove to me you’ve
read the book at least.”
I joined the cast in the circle of chairs. Trudi grabbed my
arm, digging her painted fingernails into my wrist.
“What’s he like?”
“He’s like a guy serving detention,” I replied, “and he
isn’t really thrilled to be here.”
“Yeah, but did he say anything about me?”
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She giggled. You couldn’t insult Trudi Davis. She had a
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Vito’s expense. That’s part of the fun of drama.
Rachel is looking over Wallace while he writes.

Wallace writes another review.

Rachel says that Wallace's words are mean. He should change them. Wallace tells her no.
Trudi kicked me under my chair. “It’s your line!” she whispered.
I grabbed my script and began flipping pages, but I was hopelessly lost.
I’m not a tattletale, but this was all Wallace’s fault (sort of).
“It’s because of him,” I accused. “He’s writing a terrible review.” I caught a wild-eyed look from Wallace, like he couldn’t believe I was ratting him out.
Mr. Fogleman’s brow clouded up like a thunderhead. He stomped over and scanned the paper.
“This is unacceptable!” He frowned. “It’s not a review; it’s a plot summary, and not a very nice one at that.”
“It proves I read the book,” Wallace pointed out.
“You read the words but not the meaning,” Mr. Fogleman insisted passionately. “The rich themes, the wonderful characters—”
“I hated the characters, Mr. Fogleman.”
“You’d better be careful,” warned the director. He indicated the cast (us) with a sweep of his hand. “I’ll have you know you’re talking to Corey, Lori, Morry, and Tori right here.”
“I’m Tori,” Trudi piped up. “Awesome touchdown last year. Is that a real Giants windbreaker? I’ve never seen one of these up close before.” She stuck her elbow in my face and reached over to brush his arm. “Ooh, nice material.”
Nathaniel rolled his eyes. “Give me a break!”
Wallace looked earnestly around the circle. “I’ve got nothing against you guys. I just didn’t like the book, okay?”
Wallace thinks he is finished, but Mr. Fogleman tells him he has to come back on Monday.

Dylan catches up with his sister Rachel.

He stood up. “Well, thanks for—uh—having me—”

“Ah, you’ll be seeing us all again,” announced Mr. Fogleman. “On Monday, right after school.”

You could almost see the stubborn streak rise out of the creep’s spine, straighten his neck, and come forward to stiffen his jaw. “I’ve got football practice.”

The teacher shook his head. “Not anymore. Not until you complete the work I assigned you.”

“But, Mr. Fogleman,” Trudi piped up, “Wallace is really important to the Giants. You know, last year—”

“I know all about last year.” The director cut her off. He looked at his watch. “We’ll meet back here on Monday. That includes you, Wallace.”

“Hey, Rach!”

I wheeled. My brother, Dylan, was running toward Trudi and me.

“Careful!” I cried as he raced across Bedford Avenue without a glance to the left or right (part fearless; part stupid).

He was short for a ten-year-old, so his enormous book bag very nearly dragged along the pavement as he panted up.

“Didn’t anybody ever teach you to look both ways before you cross the street?” I snapped.

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Dylan is very excited that his sister was with Wallace Wallace.

Dylan tells his friend, that his sister and Wallace are best friends.
Rachel Turner writes to an actress.

Rachel says she loves acting.

Dear Julia Roberts,

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Rachel thinks Wallace is cute too.

Maybe Wallace can help the play.
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*Wallace says he is not part of the play.*

*The play is “Old Shep My Pal”.*

*That is the book Wallace hates.*
Mr. Fogleman tells Wallace to finish.

Trudi asks about Wallace.

The cast reads the script.

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“No it isn’t.” He looked me squarely in the eye again.

“It’s the truth.”

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The only person who found no humor in the situation was Wallace Wallace. Mr. Fogelman stuck him right in our circle, hoping our reading would inspire his book report (Mr. Fogelman dreams in Technicolor). In fact, as the reading went on, I paid less and less attention to my part, and began concentrating on the paper in front of Wallace, who was right next to me.

This is what he wrote:

The Lamont kids, Corey, Lori, Morry, and Tori, are always fighting. But when they find a dog that has been run over by a motorcycle, they all agree to nurse him back to health. They call him Old Shep, since he's a German shepherd. Then, just when it looks like Old Shep is going to get better, he dies. This could have easily happened way back on page one when the motorcycle got him, but then this book would never have existed. What a shame.

“Psst!” I hissed. “Cross that out!”

He grinned at me (nice teeth for a football player). I pointed to the last line. “That's not a review. That's mean.”

“But true.” He gave me the teeth again.

“No, it's not—”

“Rachel,” came Mr. Fogelman's voice. I looked up to find that I was the center of attention.
Trudi kicked me under my chair. “It’s your line!” she whispered.
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hopelessly lost.
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Actresses? I hope she wasn’t talking about herself.
“Wow!” breathed Dylan. “Remember the big touchdown last year?”
“Don’t you think it’s time we all found something else to think about?” I suggested. “For instance, do you know what the school play is going to be this semester?”
But Dylan was already running down the sidewalk, backpack bouncing with each step. “Hey, Mark! Guess who my sister’s best friends with!”

Dylan is very excited about Wallace Wallace.

Dylan says Rachel and Wallace are best friends.
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Figurative Language – *No More Dead Dogs* by G. Korman Ch. 2

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<td></td>
<td>Hyperbole, Irony</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 12</td>
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<td>p. 14</td>
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<td>p. 15</td>
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<td>p. 17</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE#</td>
<td>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</td>
<td>EXAMPLE</td>
<td>MEANING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>p. 18</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>p.19</td>
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<td>p.19</td>
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<td>p. 19</td>
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<td>p. 19</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

34

Graphic Organizer A2 (side 1)

Figurative Language – No More Dead Dogs by G. Korman Ch. 2
Directions: Record the examples of figurative language as found in the text.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE#</th>
<th>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
<th>MEANING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 12</td>
<td>“holding __________________ until ___________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.12</td>
<td>“he’s_________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>“a little ___________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>“The________ run __________ at __________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 14</td>
<td>“__________ as if he had ___________________________________________________________________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 15</td>
<td>“a hide like a ___________________________________________________________________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 15</td>
<td>“__________ birth of a ___________________________________________________________________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE#</td>
<td>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</td>
<td>EXAMPLE</td>
<td>MEANING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 17</td>
<td>“__________________ lost”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.17</td>
<td>“a _________________ look”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.17</td>
<td>“brow ______ up like a _______________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 18</td>
<td>“biggest ______ of his ___________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td>“kiss __________________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td>“he’s so __________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.19</td>
<td>“practically in ____________________”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.19</td>
<td>“we’re ______________ up”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| p. 19 | “Guess who my ____________
_____________________ with” |         |         |
### Choose the phrase that best explains the figurative language examples

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Someone new</th>
<th>They are the most popular</th>
<th>Very popular, admired</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sounds like he's sick</td>
<td>Part of the popular crowd</td>
<td>Can't find your place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act overly nice</td>
<td>Getting very angry</td>
<td>Most exciting event</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very handsome/good looking</td>
<td>Thick skinned, nothing bothers you</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very well-known, famous</td>
<td>A new, exciting beginning</td>
<td>Very close relationship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A look of great surprise or anger</td>
<td>Very nervous/anxious</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE#</td>
<td>TYPE:</td>
<td>EXAMPLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 12</td>
<td>hyperbole</td>
<td>“holding my breath until I passed out”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.12</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“he’s hot”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“a little fresh blood”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 13</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“The sportos run everything at this school”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 14</td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“groaned as if he had a bad stomachache”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 15</td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“a hide like a rhinoceros”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 15</td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“like the birth of a new baby”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE#</td>
<td>TYPE:</td>
<td>EXAMPLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>----------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 17</td>
<td>hyperbole</td>
<td>“hopelessly lost”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.17</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“a wild-eyed look”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.17</td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“brow clouded up like a thunderhead”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 18</td>
<td>hyperbole</td>
<td>“biggest thrill of his life”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“kiss up to him”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td>irony</td>
<td>“he’s so cool”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.19</td>
<td>hyperbole</td>
<td>“practically in the NFL”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p.19</td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“we’re hooked up”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 19</td>
<td>hyperbole/irony</td>
<td>“Guess who my sister’s best friends with”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Cut out the examples of figurative language and match/glue them to your graphic organizer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Example</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“holding my breath until I passed out”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“he’s hot”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“a little fresh blood”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“The sportos run everything at this school”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“groaned as if he had a bad stomachache”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>“we’re hooked up”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Guess who my sister’s best friends with”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Cut out the *meaning* of the figurative language examples and match/glue them to your graphic organizer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Someone new</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>They are the most popular</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Getting very angry</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Very close relationship</td>
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<tr>
<td>A new, exciting beginning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thick skinned, nothing bothers you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very well known, famous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very nervous, anxious</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lesson Three: Assessment of Understanding: Figurative Language

Performance Indicators for Each Language Level:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Domain/Topic</th>
<th>Expanding and Bridging Level 4 and 5</th>
<th>Developing Level 3</th>
<th>Beginning and Early Emergence Level 1 and 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Listening and noting—mark examples of similes, metaphors hyperbole and irony within a reading selection (1a)</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 3, margin notes/vocabulary clarifications) with audio support, students will mark/highlight examples of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 3, simplified vocabulary) with audio support, students will highlight the underlined examples of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
<td>While reading a modified text (chapter 3, simplified vocabulary/sentence structure and visual support) with audio support, students will place a checkmark next to each highlighted, underlined example of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony that they encounter in their reading.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Language Objectives:

1a. Listen to text selection and mark examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony)

1b. Identify and record the examples of figurative language found in text

2a. Use clues (context, answer frames, word bank, pictures, etc.) to clarify meanings of examples of figurative language within a reading passage

Content Objectives:

1. SWABT identify the examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony) in a fictional selection

2. SWBAT explain the intended meanings of figurative language in a text selection
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Writing—Identify examples of similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony (1b)</th>
<th>Identify and record the examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today's reading selection using a graphic organizer with page # cues.</th>
<th>Identify and record the examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today's reading selection using a graphic organizer with page # cues and answer frames.</th>
<th>Recognize the identified examples of: similes, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony found in today's reading selection. Add the corresponding page number to a graphic organizer.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Writing—determine meaning of figurative language in a text selection (2a)</td>
<td>Determine the meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Complete graphic organizer using multiple choice answers.</td>
<td>Determine the meanings of figurative language found within a text selection. Complete graphic organizer, using page # clues, context clues, answer frames and multiple choice answers.</td>
<td>Demonstrate understanding of figurative language and its meaning by completing graphic organizer using picture clues to support meaning of highlighted words.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lesson Three: Assessment of Understanding: Figurative Language

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Function</th>
<th>Situation</th>
<th>Expression</th>
<th>Words</th>
<th>Grammar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Identify</td>
<td>Identify examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony) found in a text selection</td>
<td>Demonstrated through completion of assessment (graphic organizer)</td>
<td>6. Simile</td>
<td>Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Examples from text:**
- p. 20 “led the stampede” (metaphor)
- p. 20 “bringing up the rear” (metaphor)
- p. 21 “hit the nail right on the hammer” (metaphor)
- p. 21 “an old song I’ve been singing all my life” (metaphor)
- p. 22 “Joe’s funeral parlor” (metaphor)
- p. 22 “chatter died” (metaphor)
- p. 22 “eyes shooting sparks” (metaphor)
- p. 23 “you couldn’t catch a cold” (metaphor)
- p. 24 “get lost” (metaphor)
- p. 24 “felt like being dead” (hyperbole)
p. 24 “words flowed like sap from a maple tree” (simile)

p. 25 “stepped into my path like…a cop, stopping a fleeing bank robber” (simile)

p. 25 “Rachel…your friend” (irony)

p. 26 “tragedy on his face” (metaphor)

p. 26 “I was mobbed in the school yard” (metaphor)

p. 27 “Cavanaugh smiled sweetly” (irony)

p. 27 “personally wasn’t holding my breath” (metaphor)

p. 28 “the Standard was full of misinformation, disinformation and uninformation” (irony)

p. 29 “the big cover-up” (metaphor)
**Clarify**

Clarify the meaning of the examples of figurative language within a piece of text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Examples from text:</th>
<th>Correct Answers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 20 “led the stampede” means</td>
<td>Led the crowd/group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 20 “bringing up the rear” means</td>
<td>At the end of a crowd/group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 21 “hit the nail right on the hammer” means</td>
<td>Exactly right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 21 “an old song I’ve been singing all my life” means</td>
<td>Saying the same thing all along</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 22 “Joe’s funeral parlor” means</td>
<td>A sad place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 22 “chatter died” means</td>
<td>All talking stopped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 22 “eyes shooting sparks” means</td>
<td>Look of great surprise or anger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 23 “you couldn’t catch a cold” means</td>
<td>Not able to catch the ball</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 24 “get lost” means</td>
<td>Leave, go away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 24 “felt like being dead” means</td>
<td>Unattached, uninvolved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 24 “words flowed like sap from a maple tree” means</td>
<td>Easy, unending talk/writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 25 “stepped into my path like...a cop, stopping a fleeing bank robber” means</td>
<td>Jumped in front of, blocked the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 25 “Rachel...your friend”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>means ........................................</td>
<td>Someone who looks out for you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 26 “tragedy on his face” means ........................................</td>
<td>Look of great sadness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 26 “I was mobbed in the school yard” means ........................................</td>
<td>Surrounded by people</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 27 “Cavanaugh smiled sweetly” means ........................................</td>
<td>A look of caring/kindness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 27 “personally wasn’t holding my breath” means ........................................</td>
<td>Not going to wait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 28 “the Standard was full of misinformation, disinformation and uninformation” means ........................................</td>
<td>All untrue information</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 29 “the big cover-up” means ........................................</td>
<td>A big secret</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Lesson Three: Assessment of Understanding: Figurative Language
Content Objectives:
1. SWABT identify the examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony) in a fictional selection
2. SWBAT explain the intended meanings of figurative language in a text selection

Language Objectives:
1a. Listen to text selection and mark examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, hyperbole and irony)
1b. Identify and record the examples of figurative language found in text
2a. Use clues (context, answer frames, word bank, pictures, etc.) to clarify meanings of examples of figurative language within a reading passage

Initiation
“We’ve done a great deal of work these past few days with our study of figurative language. Let’s do a quick review.” (T should direct students’ attention to anchor chart of the four forms previously discussed.) Today, we are going to continue reading our core text No More Dead Dogs by Gordon Korman. You are going to be looking for examples of figurative language, following the same steps as you have in the previous chapter. The graphic organizers you complete today will serve as an assessment. It is important to evaluate your level of understanding as we prepare to move forward...remember, no one gets left behind!”

Activities
8. “I am giving you each a paper copy of the chapter. As in the previous chapter, you will need your highlighters and pencils.” (Ensure that each student has necessary materials).
9. “Before we begin, let’s add some vocabulary to our chart.” Teacher displays vocabulary anchor chart and adds content vocabulary list for ch. 3. “This is some of the vocabulary we will come across in our reading. Let’s work together to clarify.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Slouch</th>
<th>Helmet</th>
<th>Stadium</th>
<th>Reprogrammed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wisecracks</td>
<td>Handoff</td>
<td>Lousy</td>
<td>Classic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pregame</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>Fluke</td>
<td>Reporter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

10. “As we listen to today’s narration, we will track the text, and also mark the examples of figurative language as we come across them. Do not worry about what your neighbor is or is not doing...It is important that we assess our own understanding, not compare to others. If you find you are distracted by others, you may move around the room and choose a comfortable spot; but remember, you are to be actively reading.”

11. Teacher distributes appropriate text versions (text pages). (Teachers may want to send home the modified text the night before, or pull a small group prior to the day’s lesson, so students can pre-read.) Students track text as they listen to audio recording (provided in Janet Allen’s Plugged-in To Reading resources, also available at:
http://www.theaudiobookmart.com/audiobook.php?abid=9780788761621. (Teacher should circulate to ensure that students are tracking, are on the right page, making attempts to highlight/mark examples, etc.)

12. “Now, I am going to give you your graphic organizers, which will serve as your assessments. As you can see, they look a lot like those that you worked with on chapter 2. I will pass them out and then go over the instructions.” (T distributes leveled graphic organizers (A’s) as appropriate and goes over the general instructions. It may be necessary to check in with individual students to ensure they understand their task.) “I am also going to display the rubric that we’ve constructed. It will be used to assess your work. You can refer to it when you’ve finished and are checking over your paper. Since we all work at our own pace, please take your time and be respectful of others’. If you finish, go back and check your work. (T should display rubric as poster, anchor chart or on overhead.) “If there is still time remaining, take out your independent reading books or you may work on a writing piece.” (Time is going to depend greatly on the students. If need be, students can finish in another session. If students are really struggling, it may be better to assess them orally.)

13. “I look forward to looking at these, and conferring with each of you, to go over your progress.” (T should clarify any examples that proved difficult to the majority of the class.)

Closure

“We’ve laid a very strong foundation for our core text. Moving forward, you will encounter many, many more examples of figurative language, as it is a prominent style of this author in this text. Because you’ve worked so hard in these past two chapters, it will become ‘second nature’, a spontaneous thought process, to clarify future examples as you read this and other works of fiction... just another natural occurrence for active readers!”
Guide to Related Resources* for Lesson 3

*All resources may be used to differentiate for any student, as applicable.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pages / Lesson Application</th>
<th>Unabridged Version</th>
<th>Expanding and Bridging Level 4 and 5</th>
<th>Developing Level 3</th>
<th>Beginning and Early Emergence Level 1 and 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-39/Lesson 3, Activity 4</td>
<td>Text pages 1-6</td>
<td>Text pages 6-17</td>
<td>Text pages 18-28</td>
<td>Text pages 29-39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40-50/Lesson 3, Activities 4 &amp; 7</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A1</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A2; A2.1</td>
<td>Graphic Organizer^ A3, A3.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Rubric</td>
<td>Rubric</td>
<td>Rubric</td>
<td>Rubric</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

^Additional copies will be needed for each student. Copies can be double sided.
Directions: Underline or highlight any examples of figurative language that you come across in your reading.

Enter... WALLACE WALLACE

I applied the final brushstroke to the garage door. “See? What did I tell you? Fourteen minutes flat.” Eleven Giants were there helping me paint. The guys never let me down when it came to jobs around the house.

“But can we practice the flea-flicker?” asked Rick, brushing at a paint-stained jeans and making it worse.

Cavanaugh jumped up. “Good idea.” He always showed up at my place out of team solidarity, but he never touched a paintbrush, or a hedge clipper, or a broom. My ex-best friend wasn’t crazy about me or the idea of helping me out.

My mother rounded the corner of the garage. “Great job, boys,” she approved. “There’s juice and soda in the kitchen if you’re thirsty.”

Feather led the stampede into the house, Cavanaugh bringing up the rear with his famous slouch. That slouch was almost as much a trademark as his super-long blond hair.

“Come back!” cried Rick. “We don’t have time! The sun’ll be down in forty-five minutes!”

I laughed. “Forget trying to control those guys where their stomachs are concerned.”

Rick started for the door. “You hit the nail right on the hammer,” he muttered.

Mom took the brush from my hand and smoothed out a bubble in the paint. “You know, I probably could have managed on my own, Wally. You don’t have to call in the entire team every time a fuse needs changing.”

I shrugged. “I like to do my share.”

She whistled through her teeth, which was the signal that she had something on her mind. I waited.

“I’ve been mulling over this problem of yours at school,” she began finally. “I think I’ve come up with a solution.”

“Me, too,” I replied. “What if there’s an earthquake this weekend, and a giant crack opens up, and Fogelman falls in?”

Mom pretended to consider this. “Not bad. But just in case that doesn’t happen, why not try it my way?”

“I’m not going to lie.” It was an old song I’d been singing all my life, and she was used to it.

“You don’t have to,” she said quickly. “Just write a serious paper on exactly why you think Old Shep, My Pal isn’t any good. No wisecracks, no sarcasm, just a simple, solid essay. It’s the man’s favorite book, Wally. If you insult it, you’re making fun of him.”

“Anybody who likes that waste of toilet paper deserves to be made fun of,” I observed.
“That’s exactly the attitude that’s been getting you in trouble,” she reminded me.
I sighed.

I knew something was wrong the minute I stepped into the locker room on Saturday. The usual pregame chatter died all at once, like someone had pulled the plug.

I tossed my duffel onto the bench. “What is this, Joe’s Funeral Parlor?”

Feather put a sympathetic arm around my shoulder. “Listen, Wallace, before my dad sees you—”

Too late. Coach Wrigley rounded the corner, eyes shooting sparks. “Hello and good-bye, Wallace. Get out of my locker room.”

Honestly, I thought he was joking. “What are you talking about, Coach?”

“Detention is what I’m talking about!” roared Wrigley.

“You’re still on it!”

“Not on Saturday.”

The coach shook his head. “School rules. If you’re on detention, you can’t play on a team, join a club, or go on a field trip—even on weekends.”

Did you know that a school has more power than the government? I mean, it was Saturday, not even a school day! How could Fogelman have this much control over my life? I was so stunned that all I could manage was a very feeble “No kidding.”

And if you think I was upset—

“Hey!” Rick was framed in the doorway. He dropped his helmet with a clatter. “Detention was yesterday!”

Cavanaugh shook his head. “This is terrible, Jackass Jackass.” And when nobody was looking, the rat winked at me. I was the only one in the locker room who knew how much my ex-best friend was enjoying this.

“It stinks, Dad,” put in Feather. “Fogelman’s got it in for Wallace.”

“That’s Mr. Fogelman to you, pal,” his father corrected him.

“But can’t you talk to him?” Feather pleaded. “Get him to go easy. It’s out of Wallace’s hands.”

“Wallace’s hands aren’t the problem,” Wrigley snarled at me. “It’s his mouth that keeps getting him into trouble.”

“I can’t believe we painted your garage door for nothing!” Rick complained. “How can we try out my new trick play if you’re not even in the game?”

“The flea-flicker?” I managed, still in shock.

“This one’s even better,” he assured me. “Check it out: You take the handoff, but instead of running, you look for me to go deep. Then you hit me for the surprise touchdown.”

“That’s why you became a quarterback,” I pointed out.

“You couldn’t catch a cold.”

“Well, we’ll never know now, will we?” Rick seethed.

The coach put a friendly arm around my shoulder. “I’ve got some advice for you, kid. A lot of people think football is played on the field.”

“You mean it isn’t?” What was he talking about?

“Look around you. Feather’s on an all-celery diet to
slim down and speed up. Wilkerson sleeps with a football to learn to hang on to it. Falconi’s trying to memorize the playbook so he doesn’t have to invent something new on every snap. These battles don’t have a down and distance. But they’re battles that will help our team. And now you’ve got one, too. It’s your job to get off detention.”

“But Mr. Fogelman won’t—”

Coach Wrigley held up his hand. “Mr. Fogelman is your problem. Now, get lost. And don’t come back till you’ve straightened out your life.”

The door closed, and I was outside the stadium for the first time ever on a football Saturday. It felt like being dead. I could see my life going on all around me, but I was a nonparticipant.

Okay, so I wasn’t a football nut like Feather or Cavanaugh, and certainly nowhere near to being a maniac like Rick. But I liked the game, enjoyed the physical challenge, and I had a lot of friends on the team. How could all that be over just because I wasn’t psyched about Old Shep, My Pal? I mean, wasn’t this supposed to be a free country?

I thought back to the coach’s words. Could I get myself off detention? Of course I could. If I was my dad, the words would have flowed like sap from a maple tree: This is the greatest book ever written. I wish I could give it ten more awards. I cried at the heartbreaking ending. By the time Dad was through, he and Zack Paris would have been old friends. They might even have been Green Berets together in “the ‘Nam.”

I gagged—I just couldn’t do it. It went against everything I believed in to say one nice word about such a lousy book. No way—not for football—not for anything!

“Where are you going?”

A high-pitched voice jolted me out of my reverie. This little kid stepped into my path like he was a cop, stopping a fleeing bank robber.

“I’m no bully, but I wasn’t in the best of moods either. “I’m going home,” I said wearily. “Get out of my way.”

The kid seemed genuinely horrified. “But what about the game?”

I softened. Because of that fluke touchdown last year, I had fans, believe it or not, among some of the little kids around town.

“I can’t play,” I explained patiently. “I’m on detention.”

“Detention? During football season?”

“Fogelman wouldn’t care if it was the last minute of the Super Bowl,” I mumbled.

The runt started. “Mr. Fogelman? That’s Rachel’s director!” I must have looked blank, because he went on, “My sister, Rachel. You know—your friend.”

I ran down a mental list of everyone I knew. There were no Rachels.

“You know,” he insisted again. “The girl from the play.”

“Oh. That Rachel.” What a friend. If it wasn’t for my friend Rachel, I might not even be on detention anymore. Although, to be honest, Mr. Fogelman probably would have read my review even if dear Rachel hadn’t squealed on me.
“I’m Dylan, Rachel’s brother.” The way he said it, you’d think he was announcing himself as the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. “Do you want me to ask her to put in a good word for you?”

“I think Rachel’s already put in enough words for me,” I assured him. “So why don’t you go and enjoy the game?”

The tragedy on his face was kind of flattering. “It won’t be the Giants without Wallace Wallace!”

In spite of myself, I laughed out loud. “The bench will really miss me.”

The Giants lost on Saturday, and my phone started ringing about five in the afternoon. Where was I? What happened? Why wasn’t I at the game?

“Mom, why don’t you answer the phone for a while?”

“Well, okay, Wally,” she agreed, “but I’m going to have to tell people you’re not here. And that wouldn’t exactly be true, would it?” She always knew how to get to me.

“Forget it,” I mumbled. The phone was ringing again.

So I reprogrammed our answering machine: “Hello. This is Wallace Wallace. If you’re calling to find out why I wasn’t at the game today, it’s because I’m on detention. Anyone else can leave a message at the beep.”

That brought me through the weekend okay. But on Monday morning I was mobbed in the school yard. It was always the same stuff. Where was I? Why didn’t I play? And how could I sit by and watch the Giants get creamed by a last-place team? I was tempted to step into my locker and pull the door shut behind me.

No way was I going to get stuck in the crush of people at the front entrance. A few minutes before the bell rang, I climbed in through the bathroom window.

And just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, they did. There, combing his ridiculously straight, ridiculously long, ridiculously blond hair, was my ex-best friend Cavanaugh smiled sweetly. The guy had an uncanny ability to look like an angel while he was cutting you to pieces. “Well, if it isn’t Doofus Doofus,” he said with all the charm of a cobra. “We missed you on Saturday. Our whole bench was out of balance. We need your weight to anchor it firmly to the field.”

“You sound like you’re happy about losing,” I accused. He shrugged. “I scored a couple of touchdowns.”

That was classic Cavanaugh. The team and everybody on it could go hang, so long as he looked good. That’s why the events of last year’s championship game stuck in his throat so badly. It was Cavanaugh who was officially credited with the fumble, since his face made him the last Giant to touch the ball before I pounced on it for the win. I guess the guy took a lot of grief from people about playing goat to my hero. Cavanaugh had never really forgiven me for that, and I personally wasn’t holding my breath for his forgiveness.

“Stop combing,” I seethed. “You’re driving me crazy.”

“It’s tough to be me.” He smiled, pocketing his comb.

“Every day is a good hair day.” His grin never wavered. “So, Doofus Doofus, I have to tell you about this fantastic book I’ve been reading.”
“I didn’t know you could read,” I muttered.

“It’s called Old Shep, My Pal,” he continued airily. “By Zack Paris. What a genius! You’d have to be a complete idiot not to love this masterpiece.”

I glared at him. “All right, enough. You know why I’m on detention. Who told you?”

“A little birdie. But I know something nobody else does.”

“What’s that?” I growled.

“You,” he chortled. “So if Fogelman is waiting for you to change your mind, this is going to be the longest detention in the history of school.”

I bristled. “Not necessarily!”

“Shame, shame.” He wagged a finger at me. “If you don’t lie to anyone else in the world, you shouldn’t lie to yourself either.”

The bathroom door burst open, and in panted a fat, greasy kid with a tape recorder stuck out in front of his stomach like a hood ornament.

Cavanaugh grinned. “Make way for the press.”

Parker Schmidt, alias Porker Zit, was a reporter for the Bedford Middle School Weekly Standard—the only reporter. He was also the editor, publisher, printer, and delivery boy—everything except the fact checker. They didn’t have one of those, which explained why the Standard was full of misinformation, disinformation, and uninformation. It was a big joke around school that the Standard’s motto was If we don’t mess it up, we make it up.

“I thought I saw you climbing in here,” Parker wheezed, out of breath. “I have some questions for you, Wallace, about the Giants game.”

I indicated my ex-best friend. “You’re in luck. We’ve got the captain of the team right here.”

But he ignored Cavanaugh as if he wasn’t there. “Why don’t you just come out and admit the big cover-up?”

Parker thought he worked for 60 Minutes.

“Yeah? What am I covering up?”

“A career-ending injury,” the reporter accused.

“That’s it!” crowed Cavanaugh. “He’s developed a chronic charley horse of the butt!” He shook his head.

“This could keep you out of the Benchwarmers’ Hall of Fame, Doofus Doofus.”

“Cut it out!” I snapped. “He’s going to believe you and print it!”

Parker took another wild guess. “There’s a personality conflict between you and Coach Wrigley! Or maybe you think you’re just too good to play for a middle school team.”

Cavanaugh decided to be helpful. “Hey, Parker, why don’t you ask Doofus Doofus why he’s spending so much time with Mr. Fogelman lately?”

“Shut up—” I began.

But Parker jumped all over that. “What’s your English grade, Wallace?”

“None of your business!” I seethed.

“I can find out, you know. I’ve hacked the code on the office computer.”

“It’s an incomplete!” cackled my ex-best friend. “And you know why—?”
I threw my book bag at him, but he ducked, and it hit Parker, knocking the tape recorder out of his hand. I lunged at Cavanaugh, but he danced out of my grasp.

"Still the lousy tackler." He laughed, and bolted out the door.

I chased him all the way to homeroom.
Directions:
**Highlight** the examples of figurative language that you come across in your reading. An asterisk (*) is at the end of each line that contains an example of a simile, metaphor, hyperbole or irony. The first one has been done for you.

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Wallace Wallace’s friends come to help him at his house.

They want to finish so they can practice.
The team is in a hurry to practice, but first they want to eat.

Wallace’s mom wants him to write another review, but Wallace says “Why bother? I’m not going to lie and say I liked it.”
When Wallace got to practice, everyone was quiet and looking sad.

Wallace didn’t know it, but he was still on detention!

Even though it’s Saturday, detention means Wallace cannot practice or play.

“That’s exactly the attitude that’s been getting you in trouble,” she reminded me.
I sighed.

I knew something was wrong the minute I stepped into the locker room on Saturday. The usual pregame chatter died all at once, like someone had pulled the plug.
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I tossed my duffel onto the bench. “What is this, Joe’s Funeral Parlor?”

Feather put a sympathetic arm around my shoulder.
“Listen, Wallace, before my dad sees you—”

Too late. Coach Wrigley rounded the corner, eyes shooting sparks. “Hello and good-bye, Wallace. Get out of my locker room.”

Honestly, I thought he was joking. “What are you talking about, Coach?”

“Detention is what I’m talking about!” roared Wrigley.

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“Not on Saturday.”

The coach shook his head. “School rules. If you’re on detention, you can’t play on a team, join a club, or go on a field trip—even on weekends.”

Did you know that a school has more power than the government? I mean, it was Saturday, not even a school day! How could Fogelman have this much control over my life? I was so stunned that all I could manage was a very feeble “No kidding.”

And if you think I was upset—

“Hey!” Rick was framed in the doorway. He dropped
his helmet with a clatter. "Detention was yesterday!"
Cavanaugh shook his head. "This is terrible, Jackass Jackass." And when nobody was looking, the rat winked at me. I was the only one in the locker room who knew how much my ex-best friend was enjoying this.
"It stinks, Dad," put in Feather. "Fogelman's got it in for Wallace."
"That's Mr. Fogelman to you, pal," his father corrected him.
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"This one's even better," he assured me. "Check it out: You take the handoff, but instead of running, you look for me to go deep. Then you hit me for the surprise touchdown."
"That's why you became a quarterback," I pointed out.
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"Well, we'll never know now, will we?" Rick seethed. The coach put a friendly arm around my shoulder. "I've got some advice for you, kid. A lot of people think football is played on the field."
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Coach Wrigley tells Wallace to ‘get lost’ and figure out his own problems.

Wallace feels alone, like he’s not a part of anything anymore.

Wallace tries to think of a way to get off detention.

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Wallace just cannot write what he doesn’t feel is true.

Dylan runs into Wallace and asks him why he’s not at football practice.

Dylan cannot believe Wallace is on detention. He knows Mr. Fogleman as his sister Rachel’s teacher. He calls Rachel Wallace’s “friend.”
Dylan says Rachel can help. But Wallace says she’s done enough already!

Dylan is sad that his football hero won’t be playing.

Wallace gets many phone calls over the weekend. He doesn’t want to explain anymore!

At school on Monday, everyone was still asking questions!

“I’m Dylan, Rachel’s brother.” The way the kid said it, you’d think he was announcing himself as the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. “Do you want me to ask her to put in a good word for you?”

“I think Rachel’s already put in enough words for me,” I assured him. “So why don’t you go and enjoy the game?”

The tragedy on his face was kind of flattering. “It won’t be the Giants without Wallace Wallace!”

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The Giants lost on Saturday, and my phone started ringing at about five in the afternoon. Where was I? What happened? Why wasn’t I at the game?

“Mom, why don’t you answer the phone for a while?”

“Well, okay, Wally,” she agreed, “but I’m going to have to tell people you’re not here. And that wouldn’t exactly be true, would it?” She always knew how to get to me.

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Wallace went to ‘hide’ in the bathroom. There, Cavanaugh was ready to tease him more.

Cavanaugh still had bad feelings about Wallace being the hero of their last season’s win.

No way was I going to get stuck in the crush of people at the front entrance. A few minutes before the bell rang, I climbed in through the bathroom window.

And just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, they did. There, combing his ridiculously straight, ridiculously long, ridiculously blond hair, was my ex-best friend.

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But Parker jumped all over that. “What’s your English grade, Wallace?”
“None of your business!” I seethed.
“I can find out, you know. I’ve hacked the code on the office computer.”
“It’s an incomplete!” cackled my ex-best friend. “And you know why—?”

Parker has a lot of ideas about what’s happening; but none are the truth!

Cavanaugh gives Parker even more lies.

With Cavanaugh’s help, Parker starts to figure things out.
I threw my book bag at him, but he ducked, and it hit Parker, knocking the tape recorder out of his hand. I lunged at Cavanaugh, but he danced out of my grasp.

“Still the lousy tackler.” He laughed, and bolted out the door.

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Wallace throws his book bag at Cavanaugh but hits Parker by mistake.
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I laughed. “Forget trying to control those guys where their stomachs are concerned.”

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I shrugged. "I like to do my share."

She whistled through her teeth, which was the signal that she had something on her mind. I waited.

"I’ve been mulling over this problem of yours at school," she began finally. "I think I’ve come up with a solution."

"Me, too," I replied. "What if there’s an earthquake this weekend, and a giant crack opens up, and Fogelman falls in?"

Mom pretended to consider this. "Not bad. But just in case that doesn’t happen, why not try it my way?"

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The locker room is very quiet.

Coach is not happy!

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* “You couldn’t catch a cold.”

“Well, we’ll never know now, will we?” Rick seethed. The coach put a friendly arm around my shoulder. “I’ve got some advice for you, kid. A lot of people think football is played on the field.”

“You mean it isn’t?” What was he talking about?

“Look around you. Feather’s on an all-celery diet to
slim down and speed up. Wilkerson sleeps with a football to learn to hang on to it. Falcon's trying to memorize the playbook so he doesn't have to invent something new on every snap. These battles don't have a down and distance. But they're battles that will help our team. And now you've got one, too. It's your job to get off detention."

"But Mr. Fogelman won't—"

Coach Wrigley held up his hand. "Mr. Fogelman is your problem. Now, get lost. And don't come back till you've straightened out your life."

The door closed, and I was outside the stadium for the first time ever on a football Saturday. It felt like being dead. I could see my life going on all around me, but I was a nonparticipant.

Okay, so I wasn't a football nut like Feather or Cavanaugh, and certainly nowhere near to being a maniac like Rick. But I liked the game, enjoyed the physical challenge, and I had a lot of friends on the team. How could all that be over just because I wasn't psyched about Old Shep, My Pal? I mean, wasn't this supposed to be a free country?

I thought back to the coach's words. Could I get myself off detention? Of course I could. If I was my dad, the words would have flowed like sap from a maple tree: This is the greatest book ever written. I wish I could give it ten more awards. I cried at the heartbreaking ending. By the time Dad was through, he and Zack Paris would have been old friends. They might even have been Green Berets together in "the 'Nam."
Wallace just cannot lie. He doesn’t like the book.

Dylan asks Wallace why he’s not at football practice.

Dylan thinks Rachel and Wallace are friends. Wallace doesn’t think so!
“I’m Dylan, Rachel’s brother.” The way the kid said it, you’d think he was announcing himself as the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. “Do you want me to ask her to put in a good word for you?”

“I think Rachel’s already put in enough words for me,” I assured him. “So why don’t you go and enjoy the game?”

The tragedy on his face was kind of flattering. “It won’t be the Giants without Wallace Wallace!”

In spite of myself, I laughed out loud. “The bench will really miss me.”

The Giants lost on Saturday, and my phone started ringing at about five in the afternoon. Where was I? What happened? Why wasn’t I at the game?

“Mom, why don’t you answer the phone for a while?”

“Well, okay, Wally,” she agreed, “but I’m going to have to tell people you’re not here. And that wouldn’t exactly be true, would it?” She always knew how to get to me.

“Forget it,” I mumbled. The phone was ringing again.

So I reprogrammed our answering machine: “Hello. This is Wallace Wallace. If you’re calling to find out why I wasn’t at the game today, it’s because I’m on detention. Anyone else can leave a message at the beep.”

That brought me through the weekend okay. But on Monday morning I was mobbed in the school yard. It was always the same stuff. Where was I? Why didn’t I play? And how could I sit by and watch the Giants get creamed by a last-place team? I was tempted to step into my locker and pull the door shut behind me.

Dylan thinks Rachel can help.

Dylan is sad. His football hero won’t be playing.

Wallace does not want to answer the phone.

On Monday, everyone still asks questions!
Wallace meets Cavanaugh in the bathroom. Cavanaugh starts teasing Wallace.

Cavanaugh thinks HE is the hero, not Wallace.
“I didn’t know you could read,” I muttered.

“It’s called Old Shep, My Pal,” he continued airily. “By Zack Paris. What a genius! You’d have to be a complete idiot not to love this masterpiece.”

I glared at him. “All right, enough. You know why I’m on detention. Who told you?”

“A little birdie. But I know something nobody else does.”

“What’s that?” I growled.

“You,” he chortled. “So if Fogelman is waiting for you to change your mind, this is going to be the longest detention in the history of school.”

I bristled. “Not necessarily!”

“Shame, shame.” He wagged a finger at me. “If you don’t lie to anyone else in the world, you shouldn’t lie to yourself either.”

The bathroom door burst open, and in panted a fat, greasy kid with a tape recorder stuck out in front of his stomach like a hood ornament.

Cavanaugh grinned. “Make way for the press.”

Parker Schmidt, alias Parker Zit, was a reporter for the Bedford Middle School Weekly Standard—the only reporter. He was also the editor, publisher, printer, and delivery boy—everything except the fact checker. They didn’t have one of those, which explained why the Standard was full of misinformation, disinformation, and uninformation. It was a big joke around school that the Standard’s motto was If we don’t mess it up, we make it up.

“I thought I saw you climbing in here,” Parker
wheezed, out of breath. “I have some questions for you, Wallace, about the Giants game.”

I indicated my ex-best friend. “You’re in luck. We’ve got the captain of the team right here.”

But he ignored Cavanaugh as if he wasn’t there. “Why don’t you just come out and admit the big cover-up?”

Parker thought he worked for 60 Minutes.

“Yeah? What am I covering up?”

“A career-ending injury,” the reporter accused.

“That’s it!” crowed Cavanaugh. “He’s developed a chronic charley horse of the butt!” He shook his head.

“This could keep you out of the Benchwarmers’ Hall of Fame, Doofus Doofus.”

“Cut it out!” I snapped. “He’s going to believe you and print it!”

Parker took another wild guess. “There’s a personality conflict between you and Coach Wrigley! Or maybe you think you’re just too good to play for a middle school team.”

Cavanaugh decided to be helpful. “Hey, Parker, why don’t you ask Doofus Doofus why he’s spending so much time with Mr. Fogelman lately?”

“Shut up—” I began.

But Parker jumped all over that. “What’s your English grade, Wallace?”

“None of your business!” I seethed.

“I can find out, you know. I’ve hacked the code on the office computer.”

“It’s an incomplete!” cackled my ex-best friend. “And you know why—?”
I threw my book bag at him, but he ducked, and it hit Parker, knocking the tape recorder out of his hand. I lunged at Cavanaugh, but he danced out of my grasp.

“Still the lousy tackler.” He laughed, and bolted out the door.

I chased him all the way to homeroom.
Directions:
Place a check mark ✓ next to the examples of figurative language that you come across in your reading. The examples have been **underlined and highlighted**. The first three have been done for you.

Enter . . .
WALLACE WALLACE

I applied the final brushstroke to the garage door.
“See? What did I tell you? Fourteen minutes flat.”

Eleven Giants were there helping me paint. The guys never let me down when it came to jobs around the house.

“Now can we practice the flea-flicker?” asked Rick, brushing at a paint stain on his jeans and making it worse.

Cavanaugh jumped up. “Good idea.” He always showed up at my place out of team solidarity, but he never touched a paintbrush, or a hedge clipper, or a broom. My ex-best friend wasn’t crazy about me or the idea of helping me out.

My mother rounded the corner of the garage. “Great job, boys,” she approved. “There’s juice and soda in the kitchen if you’re thirsty.”

Feather **led the stampede** into the house, Cavanaugh **bringing up the rear with** his famous slouch. That slouch was almost as much a trademark as his super-long blond hair.

Wallace
Wallace’s friends come to help.
“Come back!” cried Rick. “We don’t have time! The sun’ll be down in forty-five minutes!”

I laughed. “Forget trying to control those guys where their stomachs are concerned.”

Rick started for the door. “You hit the nail right on the hammer,” he muttered.

Mom took the brush from my hand and smoothed out a bubble in the paint. “You know, I probably could have managed on my own, Wally. You don’t have to call in the entire team every time a fuse needs changing.”

I shrugged. “I like to do my share.”

She whistled through her teeth, which was the signal that she had something on her mind. I waited.

“I’ve been mulling over this problem of yours at school,” she began finally. “I think I’ve come up with a solution.”

“Me, too,” I replied. “What if there’s an earthquake this weekend, and a giant crack opens up, and Fogelman falls in?”

Mom pretended to consider this. “Not bad. But just in case that doesn’t happen, why not try it my way?”

“I’m not going to lie.” It was an old song I’d been singing all my life, and she was used to it.

“You don’t have to,” she said quickly. “Just write a serious paper on exactly why you think Old Shep, My Pal isn’t any good. No wisecracks, no sarcasm, just a simple, solid essay. It’s the man’s favorite book, Wally. If you insult it, you’re making fun of him.”

“Anybody who likes that waste of toilet paper deserves to be made fun of,” I observed.
The locker room is very quiet.

Coach is not happy!

"That's exactly the attitude that's been getting you in trouble," she reminded me.
I sighed.

I knew something was wrong the minute I stepped into the locker room on Saturday. The usual pregame chatter died all at once, like someone had pulled the plug.

I tossed my duffel onto the bench. "What is this, Joe's Funeral Parlor?"

Feather put a sympathetic arm around my shoulder. "Listen, Wallace, before my dad sees you—"

Too late. Coach Wrigley rounded the corner, eyes shooting sparks. "Hello and good-bye, Wallace. Get out of my locker room."

Honestly, I thought he was joking. "What are you talking about, Coach?"

"Detention is what I'm talking about!" roared Wrigley.

"You're still on it!"

"Not on Saturday."

The coach shook his head. "School rules. If you're on detention, you can't play on a team, join a club, or go on a field trip—even on weekends."

Did you know that a school has more power than the government? I mean, it was Saturday, not even a school day! How could Fogelman have this much control over my life? I was so stunned that all I could manage was a very feeble "No kidding."

And if you think I was upset—

"Hey!" Rick was framed in the doorway. He dropped
his helmet with a clatter. “Detention was yesterday!”

Cavanaugh shook his head. “This is terrible, Jackass Jackass.” And when nobody was looking, the rat winked at me. I was the only one in the locker room who knew how much my ex—best friend was enjoying this.

“It stinks, Dad,” put in Feather. “Fogelman’s got it in for Wallace.”

“That’s Mr. Fogelman to you, pal,” his father corrected him.

“But can’t you talk to him?” Feather pleaded. “Get him to go easy. It’s out of Wallace’s hands.”

“Wallace’s hands aren’t the problem,” Wrigley snarled at me. “It’s his mouth that keeps getting him into trouble.”

“I can’t believe we painted your garage door for nothing!” Rick complained. “How can we try out my new trick play if you’re not even in the game?”

“The flea-flicker?” I managed, still in shock.

“This one’s even better,” he assured me. “Check it out: You take the handoff, but instead of running, you look for me to go deep. Then you hit me for the surprise touchdown.”

“That’s why you became a quarterback,” I pointed out.

“You couldn’t catch a cold.”

“Well, we’ll never know now, will we?” Rick seethed.

The coach put a friendly arm around my shoulder. “I’ve got some advice for you, kid. A lot of people think football is played on the field.”

“You mean it isn’t?” What was he talking about?

“Look around you. Feather’s on an all-celery diet to
Wallace feels all alone

Wallace thinks about his problem.

slim down and speed up. Wilkerson sleeps with a football to learn to hang on to it. Falconi’s trying to memorize the playbook so he doesn’t have to invent something new on every snap. These battles don’t have a down and distance. But they’re battles that will help our team. And now you’ve got one, too. It’s your job to get off detention.”

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The door closed, and I was outside the stadium for the first time ever on a football Saturday. It felt like being dead. I could see my life going on all around me, but I was a nonparticipant.

Okay, so I wasn’t a football nut like Feather or Cavanaugh, and certainly nowhere near to being a maniac like Rick. But I liked the game, enjoyed the physical challenge, and I had a lot of friends on the team. How could all that be over just because I wasn’t psyched about Old Shep, My Pal? I mean, wasn’t this supposed to be a free country?

I thought back to the coach’s words. Could I get myself off detention? Of course I could. If I was my dad, the words would have flowed like sap from a maple tree. This is the greatest book ever written. I wish I could give it ten more awards. I cried at the heartbreaking ending. By the time Dad was through, he and Zack Paris would have been old friends. They might even have been Green Berets together in “the ‘Nam.”
I gagged—I just couldn’t do it. It went against everything I believed in to say one nice word about such a lousy book. No way—not for football—not for anything!

“Where are you going?”
A high-pitched voice jolted me out of my reverie. This little kid stepped into my path like he was a cop, stopping a fleeing bank robber.

I’m no bully, but I wasn’t in the best of moods either. “I’m going home,” I said wearily. “Get out of my way.”

The kid seemed genuinely horrified. “But what about the game?”

I softened. Because of that fluke touchdown last year, I had fans, believe it or not, among some of the little kids around town.

“I can’t play,” I explained patiently. “I’m on detention.”

“Detention? During football season?”

“Fogelman wouldn’t care if it was the last minute of the Super Bowl,” I mumbled.

The runt started. “Mr. Fogelman? That’s Rachel’s director!” I must have looked blank, because he went on, “My sister, Rachel. You know—your friend.”

I ran down a mental list of everyone I knew. There were no Rachels.

“You know,” he insisted again. “The girl from the play.”

“Oh. That Rachel.” What a friend. If it wasn’t for my friend Rachel, I might not even be on detention anymore. Although, to be honest, Mr. Fogelman probably would have read my review even if dear Rachel hadn’t squealed on me.
“I’m Dylan, Rachel’s brother.” The way the kid said it, you’d think he was announcing himself as the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. “Do you want me to ask her to put in a good word for you?”

“I think Rachel’s already put in enough words for me,” I assured him. “So why don’t you go and enjoy the game?”

The tragedy on his face was kind of flattering. “It won’t be the Giants without Wallace Wallace!”

In spite of myself, I laughed out loud. “The bench will really miss me.”

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That brought me through the weekend okay. But on Monday morning I was mobbed in the school yard. It was always the same stuff. Where was I? Why didn’t I play? And how could I sit by and watch the Giants get creamed by a last-place team? I was tempted to step into my locker and pull the door shut behind me.
No way was I going to get stuck in the crush of people at the front entrance. A few minutes before the bell rang, I climbed in through the bathroom window.

And just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, they did. There, combing his ridiculously straight, ridiculously long, ridiculously blond hair, was my ex-best friend. Cavanaugh smiled sweetly. The guy had an uncanny ability to look like an angel while he was cutting you to pieces. “Well, if it isn’t Doofus Doofus,” he said with all the charm of a cobra. “We missed you on Saturday. Our whole bench was out of balance. We need your weight to anchor it firmly to the field.”

“You sound like you’re happy about losing,” I accused.

He shrugged. “I scored a couple of touchdowns.”

That was classic Cavanaugh. The team and everybody on it could go hang, so long as he looked good. That’s why the events of last year’s championship game stuck in his throat so badly. It was Cavanaugh who was officially credited with the fumble, since his face made him the last Giant to touch the ball before I pounced on it for the win. I guess the guy took a lot of grief from people about playing goat to my hero. Cavanaugh had never really forgiven me for that, and I personally wasn’t holding my breath for his forgiveness.

“Stop combing,” I seethed. “You’re driving me crazy.”

“It’s tough to be me.” He smiled, pocketing his comb. “Every day is a good hair day.” His grin never wavered. “So, Doofus Doofus, I have to tell you about this fantastic book I’ve been reading.”
“I didn’t know you could read,” I muttered.

“It’s called _Old Shep, My Pal,_” he continued ariely. “By Zack Paris. What a genius! You’d have to be a complete idiot not to love this masterpiece.”

I glared at him. “All right, enough. You know why I’m on detention. Who told you?”

“A little birdie. But I know something nobody else does.”

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But Parker jumped all over that. “What’s your English grade, Wallace?”

“None of your business!” I seethed.

“I can find out, you know. I’ve hacked the code on the office computer.”

“It’s an incomplete!” cackled my ex-best friend. “And you know why—?”
Wallace hits Parker with his book bag by accident.
Figurative Language – *No More Dead Dogs* by G. Korman Ch. 3

Name __________________________ Date _________

Directions: Record the examples of figurative language as found in the text. Include the meaning of each, as derived from context clues. (See rubric for assessment criteria.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE#</th>
<th>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
<th>MEANING</th>
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Graphic Organizer/Assessment A (side 2)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE#</th>
<th>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
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</table>
**Graphic Organizer/Assessment A1 (side 1)**

**Figurative Language – *No More Dead Dogs* by G. Korman Ch. 3**

Name __________________________ Date __________

Directions: Record and identify the examples of figurative language as found in the text using page numbers as clues. Use context clue to help you choose the best meaning from the 3 choices provided. (See rubric for assessment criteria)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| p. 20 |                                        | a. Led a group of animals  
|       |                                        | b. Led a crowd/group of people  
|       |                                        | c. Led a parade |
| p. 20 |                                        | a. Fell on his butt  
|       |                                        | b. The last car in a train  
|       |                                        | c. At the end of a crowd/group |
| p. 21 |                                        | a. Exactly right  
|       |                                        | b. Got it wrong  
|       |                                        | c. Hammered a nail |
| p. 21 |                                        | a. Saying the same thing all along  
|       |                                        | b. Changing what you say  
|       |                                        | c. Singing a song over and over |
| p. 22 |                                        | a. A place where Joe works  
|       |                                        | b. A sad place  
|       |                                        | c. Joe’s living room |
| p. 22 |                                        | a. All talking stopped  
|       |                                        | b. Someone named chatter died  
<p>|       |                                        | c. The talking continued |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Example 1</th>
<th>Example 2</th>
<th>Example 3</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>a. Fireworks going off &lt;br&gt;b. Eyes are on fire &lt;br&gt;c. A look of great surprise/anger</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>a. You never get sick &lt;br&gt;b. Not able to catch the ball &lt;br&gt;c. You have a bad cold</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>a. Can't find your way &lt;br&gt;b. Leave, go away &lt;br&gt;c. Go to the lost store and get one</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>a. No longer alive &lt;br&gt;b. Unattached, uninvolved &lt;br&gt;c. Feeling a dead body</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>a. Climbing a maple tree &lt;br&gt;b. Writing words on your pancakes &lt;br&gt;c. Easy, unending talking/writing</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>a. Arrested for robbing a bank &lt;br&gt;b. Jumped in front, blocking the way &lt;br&gt;c. Ran from the cops</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>a. Someone who looks out for you &lt;br&gt;b. Your greatest enemy &lt;br&gt;c. Someone who tells on you</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>a. A look of great sadness &lt;br&gt;b. A very happy face &lt;br&gt;c. Wearing a mask</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>a. All by yourself &lt;br&gt;b. Knocked down &lt;br&gt;c. Surrounded by people</td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>a. An angry look &lt;br&gt;b. Had sugar on his face &lt;br&gt;c. A look of caring/kindness</td>
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</table>
## Graphic Organizer/Assessment A1 (side 3)

<table>
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<tr>
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</table>
| p. 27 |                                        | a. Couldn’t breathe  
b. Had a hand over my mouth  
c. Not going to wait |
| p. 28 |                                        | a. All true information  
b. All untrue information  
c. No information at all |
| p. 29 |                                        | a. A large sheet  
b. Completely exposed/visible  
c. A big secret |
Directions: Record and identify the examples of figurative language as found in the text using page numbers and answer frames as clues. Use context clue to help you choose the best meaning from the 2 choices provided. (See rubric for assessment criteria)

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<tr>
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<th>TYPE: Simile, Metaphor, Hyperbole, Irony</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
<th>MEANING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| p. 20 | “led a ____________________”          |         | o Led a crowd/group of people  
|       |                                       |         | o Led a parade  
| p. 20 | “ ________ up the ________”            |         | o Fell on his butt  
|       |                                       |         | o At the end of a crowd/group  
| p. 21 | “______ the ________ right on the ________” |         | o Exactly right  
|       |                                       |         | o Hammered a nail  
| p. 21 | “an old ___________ I’ve been ___________” |         | o Saying the same thing all along  
|       |                                       |         | o Singing a song over and over  
| p. 22 | “Joe’s ___________ parlor”             |         | o A sad place  
|       |                                       |         | o Joe’s living room  
| p. 22 | “chatter ___________”                   |         | o All talking stopped  
|       |                                       |         | o Someone named chatter died  
| p. 22 | “ ________ shooting ___________”       |         | o Fireworks going off  
|       |                                       |         | o A look of great surprise/anger  
| p. 23 | “you couldn’t _________________”       |         | o Not able to catch the ball  
|       |                                       |         | o You have a bad cold  
| p. 24 | “get _________________”                 |         | o Leave, go away  
|       |                                       |         | o Go to the lost store and get one  
<p>|</p>
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| p.24  | “like being ____________.”             |         | o No longer alive   
|       |                                         |         | o Unattached, uninvolved |
| p. 24 | “________flowed like ____________ ________________.” |         | o Climbing a maple tree  
|       |                                         |         | o Easy, unending talking/writing |
| p. 25 | “stepped ________________ like ________________ _________________ bank robber” |         | o Arrested for robbing a bank   
|       |                                         |         | o Jumped in front, blocking the way |
| p. 25 | “________________________ your friend” |         | o Someone who looks out for you  
|       |                                         |         | o Your greatest enemy |
| p. 26 | “tragedy ________________.”             |         | o A look of great sadness   
|       |                                         |         | o Wearing a mask |
| p. 26 | “I was ________________ in the ____________ yard” |         | o All by yourself   
|       |                                         |         | o Surrounded by people |
| p. 27 | “______________ smiled ________________” |         | o An angry look   
|       |                                         |         | o A look of caring/kindness |
| p. 27 | “personally wasn’t ________________” |         | o Couldn’t breathe   
|       |                                         |         | o Not going to wait |
| p. 28 | “the ________________ was full of misinformation, ________________ and uninformation” |         | o All true information   
|       |                                         |         | o All untrue information |
| p. 29 | “the big ________________”              |         | o A large sheet   
<p>|       |                                         |         | o A big secret |</p>
<table>
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<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“led the stampede”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Led the crowd/group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“bringing up the rear”</td>
<td></td>
<td>At the end of a crowd/group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“hit the nail right on the hammer”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Exactly right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Metaphor</td>
<td>“an old song I’ve been singing all my life”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Saying the same thing all along</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“Joe’s funeral parlor”</td>
<td></td>
<td>A sad place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“chatter died”</td>
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<td>-----------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“eyes shooting sparks”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Look of great surprise or anger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“you couldn’t catch a cold”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Not able to catch the ball</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>metaphor</td>
<td>“get lost”</td>
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<td>Leave, go away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“felt like being dead”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unattached, uninvolved</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“words flowed like sap from a maple tree”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Easy, unending talking/writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>simile</td>
<td>“stepped into my path like…a cop, stopping a fleeing bank robber”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jumped in front of, blocked the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>irony</td>
<td>“Rachel……your friend”</td>
<td></td>
<td>Someone who looks out for you</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>metaphor</strong></td>
<td>“tragedy on his face”</td>
<td></td>
<td>A look of great <strong>sadness</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Metaphor/ hyperbole</strong></td>
<td>“I was mobbed in the school yard”</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Surrounded</strong> by people</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>irony</strong></td>
<td>“Cavanaugh smiled sweetly”</td>
<td></td>
<td>A <strong>look of kindness/caring</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Metaphor</strong></td>
<td>“personally wasn’t holding my breath”</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Not going to wait</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Irony</strong></td>
<td>“the Standard was full of misinformation, disinformation and uninformation”</td>
<td></td>
<td>All <strong>untrue</strong> information</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Metaphor</strong></td>
<td>“the big cover-up”</td>
<td></td>
<td>A big <strong>secret</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Cut out the pictures and glue them in the appropriate space on your graphic organizer so that they support the figurative language and its meaning.
**Figurative Language Assessment Rubric**  
*No More Dead Dogs* by G. Korman Ch. 3

**Score #1**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>0</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Student demonstrates no recognition of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 0/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates little recognition of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 1-10/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates some recognition of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 11-13/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates strong recognition of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 14-19/19 examples)</td>
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</table>

**Score #2**

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<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Student demonstrates no understanding of meaning of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 0/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates little understanding of meaning of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 1-10/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates some understanding of meaning of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 11-13/19 examples)</td>
<td>Student demonstrates strong understanding of meaning of figurative language as used in a text selection (Found 14-19/19 examples)</td>
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</tbody>
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Score #1:_____ Comments: ____________________________________________________________
Score #2:_____ Comments: ____________________________________________________________
Average:_____ Overall Comments: ____________________________________________________
Conf. Date:__________________________

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