

Teaching Analytical  
Reading, Writing, and  
Thinking

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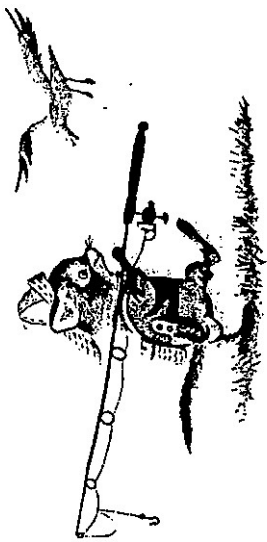
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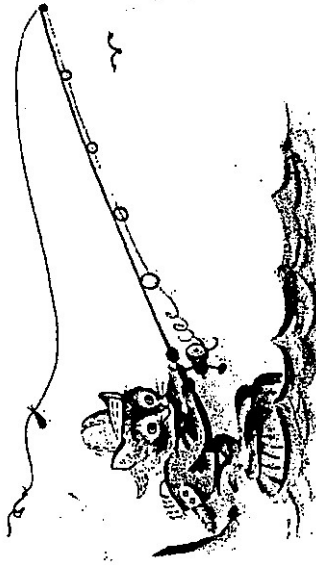
Now let us read some stories.

# THE FISHING CAT

by Patricia Scarry

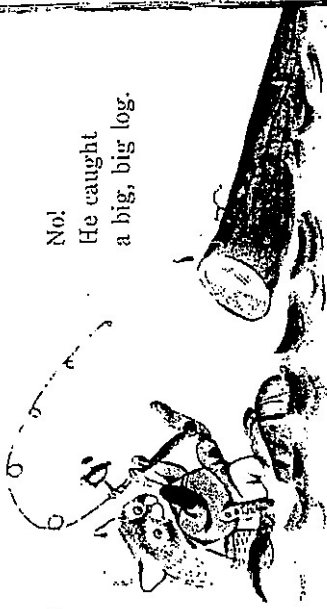


A cat went down to the sea to fish.  
He wanted to catch a whale.



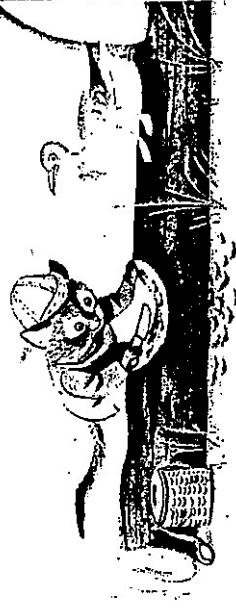
Did he catch a big, big whale?

26



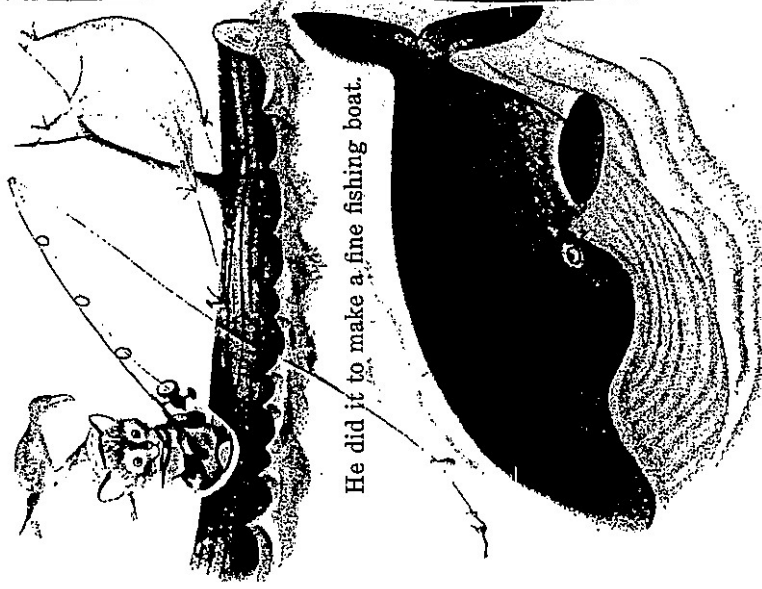
No!  
He caught  
a big, big log.

Did he toss the log back into the sea?



No. The cat did not.  
He took out his knife and he cut the log.  
He cut it here and there.  
Now why did the cat do that?

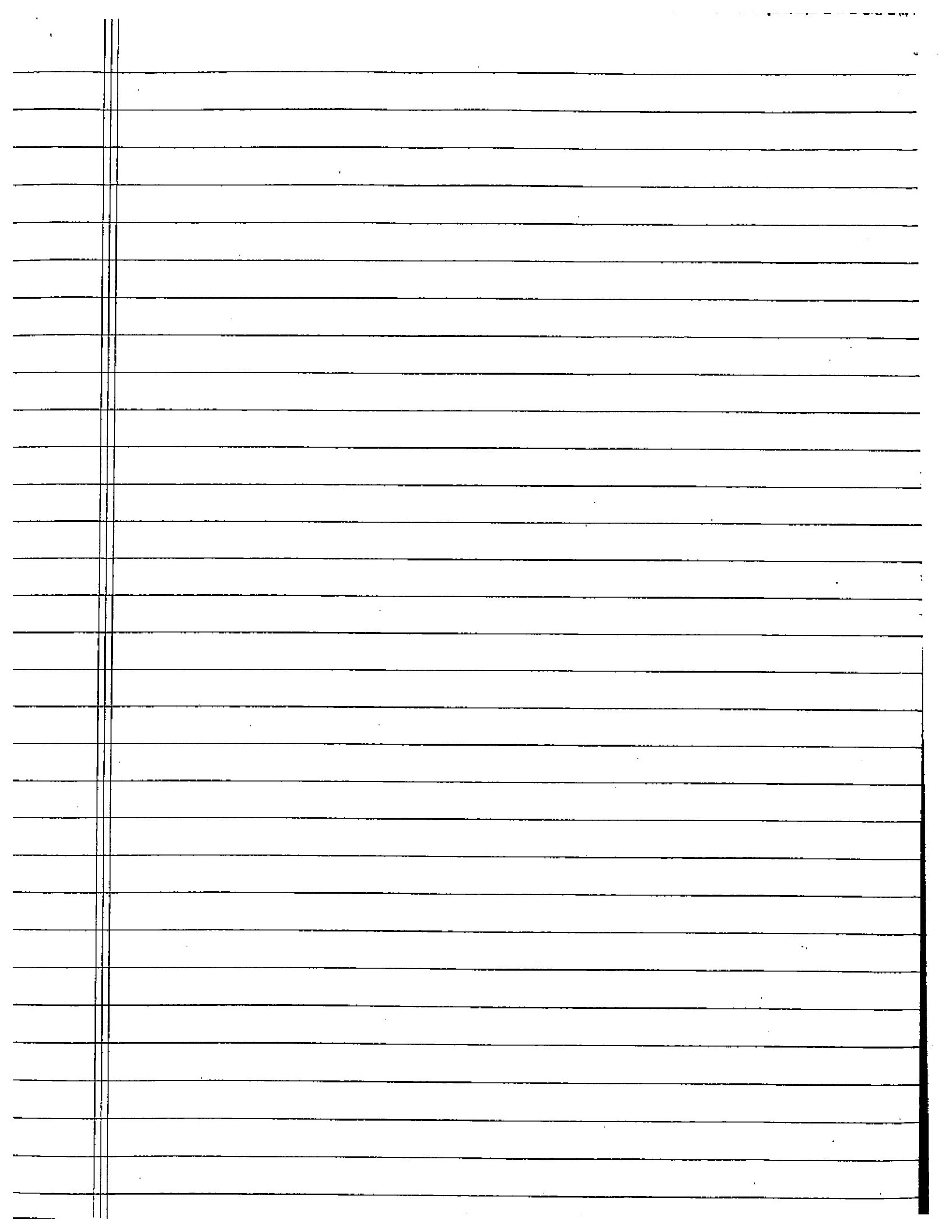
27



He did it to make a fine fishing boat.

So LOOK OUT all you whales!

28



## Themes List

*What is this piece of literature trying to teach us about \_\_\_?*

*What is the author's opinion about \_\_\_?*

*What lesson did I learn about \_\_\_?*

**Alienation** (loneliness, solitude, isolation)

**Ambition** (dreams, goals, determination)

**Anger** (hatred, prejudice)

**Betrayal** (trust, loyalty, disloyalty, unfaithfulness)

**Chance** (fate, Free Will, predetermination, luck, prophecy, magic)

**Chaos** (order, rule, government, anarchy)

**Courage** (cowardice)

**Crime** (violence, order, rule, justice)

**Curiosity** (discovery)

**Custom/tradition** (social mores, morality, norms, status quo, ritual, rite of passage, initiation)

**Death** (afterlife, grieving)

**Defeat** (failure, success)

**Despair**

**Dichotomy** (extremism)

**Discontent** (dissatisfaction)

**Disillusionment** (realization, coming of age, epiphany)

**Domination** (power, authority, suppression)

**Dreams** (fantasies, hope)

**Duty** (order, obligation, responsibility)

**Education** (learning, worldly education)

Escape

**Excellence** (obsession with)

**Exile** (forced, self-imposed)

**Exploration** (pioneering, discovery, adventure, prolonged lesson)

**Failure** (success, lesson learned)

**Faith** (loss of, religion)

**Falsity** (lies, preconceived notions, realization)

**Family** (parenthood, childhood, relationships, biological vs. chosen)

**Fear** (paralysis)

**Forgiveness**

**Freedom** (imprisonment)

**Friendship** (relationships)

**Games** (contests, competitions, self-discovery, challenge)

**Government** (rule, anarchy, tyranny, influence)

**Greed** (materialism, dissatisfaction)

**Guilt** (remorse, sorrow, regret)

**Happiness** (utopia, fleeting vs. temporary)

**Heaven** (utopia, paradise, hell, dystopia)

**Home** (family)

**Honor** (pride, glory, patriotism)

**Identity** (search for, evolution of)

**Innocence** (loss of innocence, coming of age)

**Individuality** (vs. conformity)

**Insecurity** (as driving force)

**Instinct** (nature vs. nurture, learned or innate)

**Journey** (physical vs. psychological)

**Law** (justice, revenge, broken system)

**Loss** (passion vs. reason)

**Love** (obsession, unrequited)

**Memory** (the past, nostalgia)

**Nature** (vs. nurture, vs. man)

**Persistence** (determination, motivation, perseverance)

**Perfection** (obsession, failure to achieve)

**Poverty** (vs. wealth, different definitions)

**Pride** (stubbornness, narcissism, selfishness)

**Relationships** (developing, destroying, fostering, necessity of)

**Resistance** (rebellion, anarchy)

**Revenge** (retribution, selfishness, ambition)

**Social status** (hierarchy, caste system, rules of, rebellion, government)

**Supernatural** (magic, deus ex machine, influence, power)

**Survival** (nature, conflict, resourcefulness, ingenuity)

**Time** (eternity, ephemeral, value of)

**Truth** (fight for, government, altering)

**War** (violence, perspective, appearance vs. reality)

**Wisdom** (vs. knowledge, experience, youth vs. age)

**Women** (feminism, minority, societal roles/expectations)

**Youth** (age, experience, innocence, naiveté)

Thematic Statement Generator: Moving from adjectives to Thematic Statement

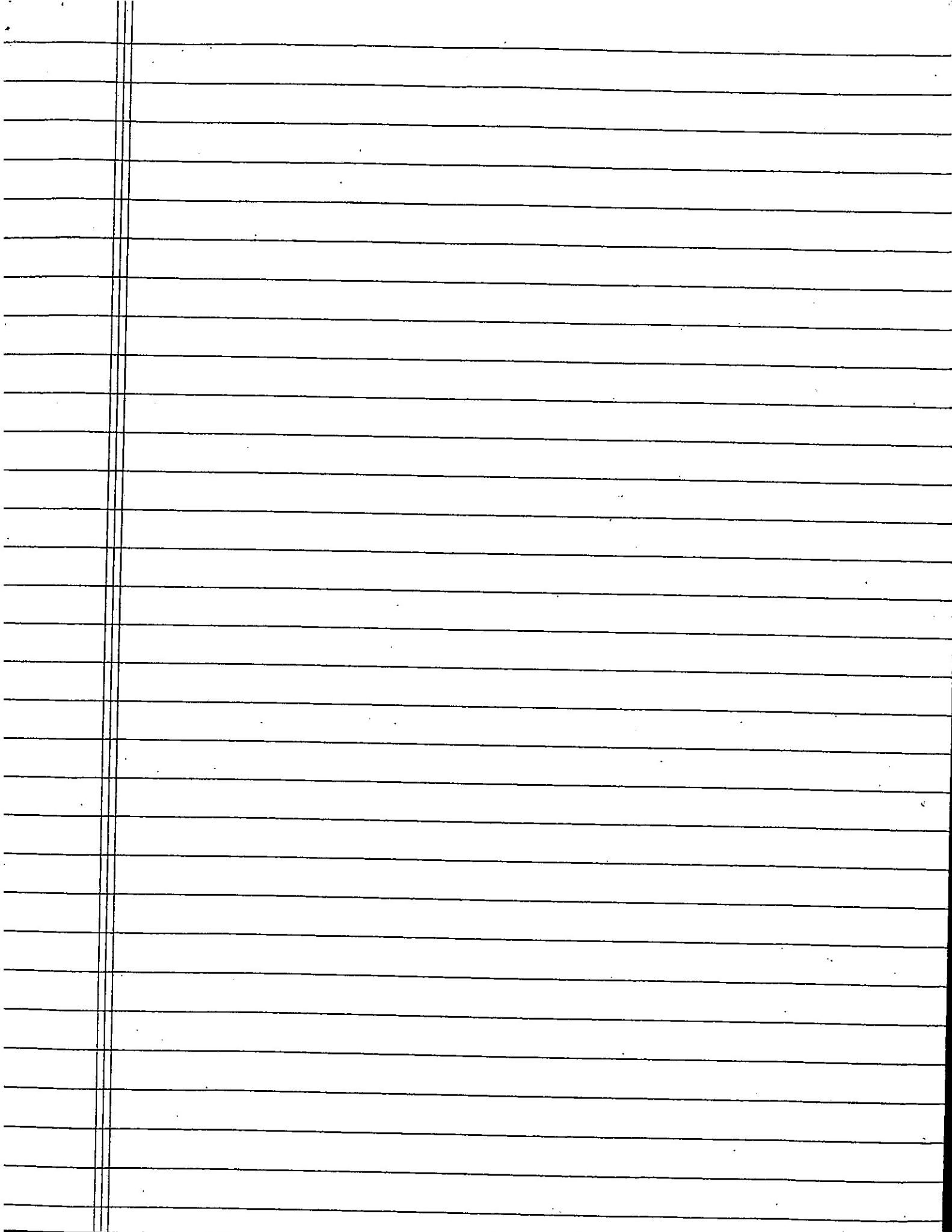
Character of Focus	Adjectives to Describe Him/Her <i>*Pay attention to connotation!*</i>	Theme Associated	Is this good or bad for the character (even if you have to make a guess)?	Simplified Version of Thematic Statement <i>*Theme + connotation = Thematic Statement*</i>	Final Thematic Statement <i>*Don't expect this initially! It will be a work in progress*</i>

# “Ozymandias”

By: Horace Smith

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,  
Stands a gigantic Leg, which far off throws  
The only shadow that the Desert knows:—  
"I am great OZYMANDIAS," saith the stone,  
"The King of Kings; this mighty City shows  
"The wonders of my hand."— The City's gone,—  
Nought but the Leg remaining to disclose  
The site of this forgotten Babylon.

We wonder,—and some Hunter may express  
Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness  
Where London stood, holding the Wolf in chace,  
He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess  
What powerful but unrecorded race  
Once dwelt in that annihilated place.





Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Hour: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### "The Flowers" by Alice Walker

It seemed to Myop as she skipped lightly from hen house to pigpen to smokehouse that the days had never been as beautiful as these. The air held a keenness that made her nose twitch. The harvesting of the corn and cotton, peanuts and squash, made each day a golden surprise that caused excited little tremors to run up her jaws.

Myop carried a short, knobby stick. She struck out at random at chickens she liked, and worked out the beat of a song on the fence around the pigpen. She felt light and good in the warm sun. She was ten, and nothing existed for her but her song, the stick clutched in her dark brown hand, and the tat-de-ta-ta-ta of accompaniment,

Turning her back on the rusty boards of her family's sharecropper cabin, Myop walked along the fence till it ran into the stream made by the spring. Around the spring, where the family got drinking water, silver ferns and wildflowers grew. Along the shallow banks pigs rooted. Myop watched the tiny white bubbles disrupt the thin black scale of soil and the water that silently rose and slid away down the stream.

She had explored the woods behind the house many times. Often, in late autumn, her mother took her to gather nuts among the fallen leaves. Today she made her own path, bouncing this way and that way, vaguely keeping an eye out for snakes. She found, in addition to various common but pretty ferns and leaves, an armful of strange blue flowers with velvety ridges and a sweet suds bush full of the brown, fragrant buds.

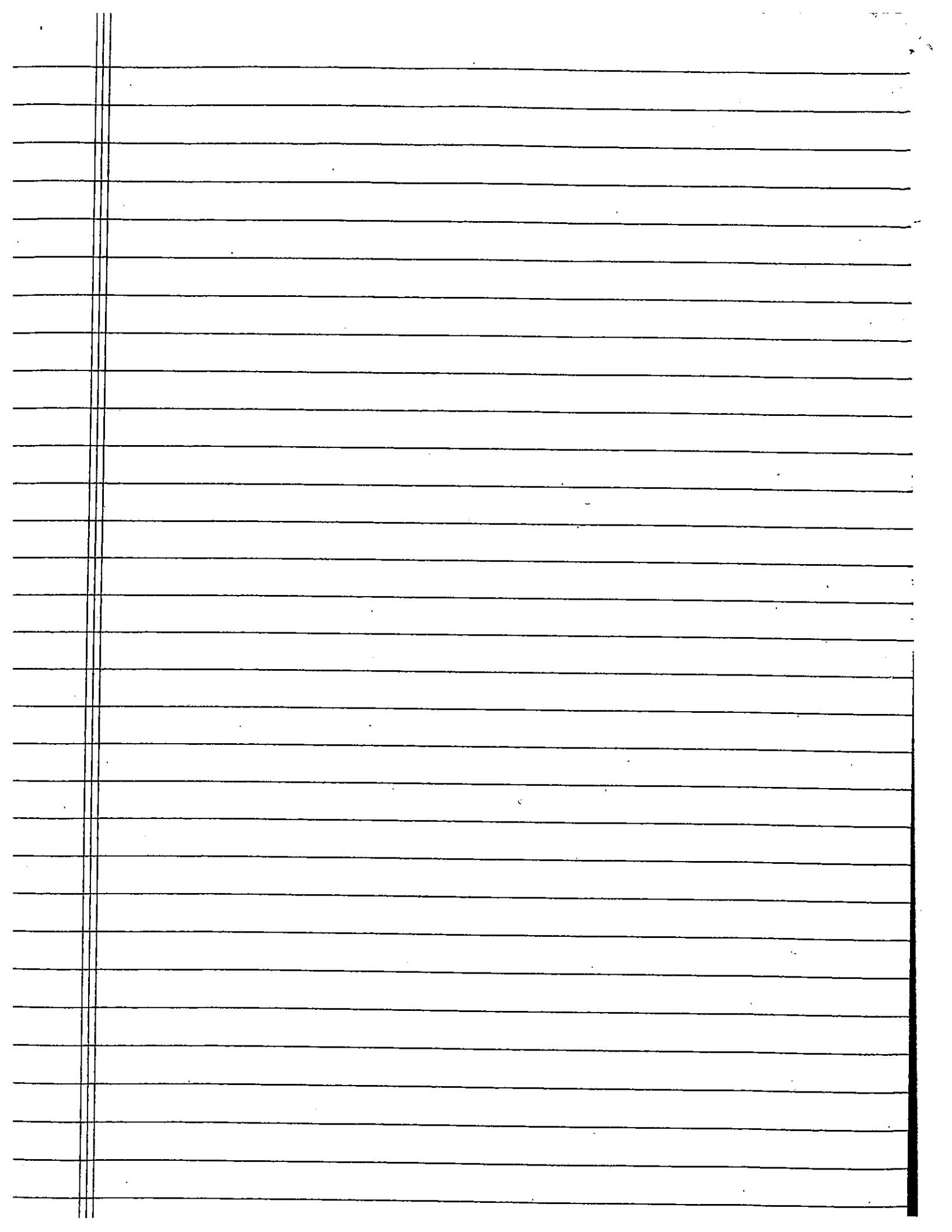
By twelve o'clock, her arms laden with sprigs of her findings, she was a mile or more from home. She had often been as far before, but the strangeness of the land made it not as pleasant as her usual haunts. It seemed gloomy in the little cove in which she found herself. The air was damp, the silence close and deep.

Myop began to circle back to the house, back to the peacefulness of the morning. It was then she stepped smack into his eyes. Her heel became lodged in the broken ridge between brow and nose, and she reached down quickly, unafraid, to free herself. It was only when she saw his naked grin that she gave a little yelp of surprise.

He had been a tall man. From feet to neck covered a long space. His head lay beside him. When she pushed back the leaves and layers of earth and debris Myop saw that he'd had large white teeth, all of them cracked or broken, long fingers, and very big bones. All his clothes had rotted away except some threads of blue denim from his overalls. The buckles of the overall had turned green.

Myop gazed around the spot with interest. Very near where she'd stepped into the head was a wild pink rose. As she picked it to add to her bundle she noticed a raised mound, a ring, around the rose's root. It was the rotted remains of a noose, a bit of shredding plowline, now blending benignly into the soil. Around an overhanging limb of a great spreading oak clung another piece. Frayed, rotted, bleached, and frazzled--barely there--but spinning restlessly in the breeze. Myop laid down her flowers.

And the summer was over.



**“We Real Cool” by Gwendolyn Brooks**

THE POOL PLAYERS.

SEVEN AT THE GOLDEN SHOVEL.

We real cool. We

Left school. We

Lurk late. We

Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We

Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We

Die soon.

**a song in the front yard by Gwendolyn Brooks**

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.  
I want a peek at the back  
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.  
A girl gets sick of a rose.

I want to go in the back yard now  
And maybe down the alley,  
To where the charity children play.  
I want a good time today.

They do some wonderful things.  
They have some wonderful fun.  
My mother sneers, but I say it's fine  
How they don't have to go in at quarter to nine.  
My mother, she tells me that Johnnie Mae  
Will grow up to be a bad woman.  
That George'll be taken to Jail soon or late  
(On account of last winter he sold our back gate).

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.  
And I'd like to be a bad woman, too,  
And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace  
And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

