

Vocabulary Matters: Keys to Unlocking Complex Texts



Elfrieda H. Hiebert
TextProject

A person with blonde hair wearing a blue headscarf and a blue t-shirt is looking upwards with an expression of wonder or contemplation. They are surrounded by a vast number of white papers and documents. Some papers are pinned to a dark wall, while others are scattered on a wooden floor in the foreground. The scene suggests a place of intense study, research, or creative exploration.

New Perspectives on Knowledge, Texts, and Vocabulary: What & Why

Knowledge access in the digital age

1986

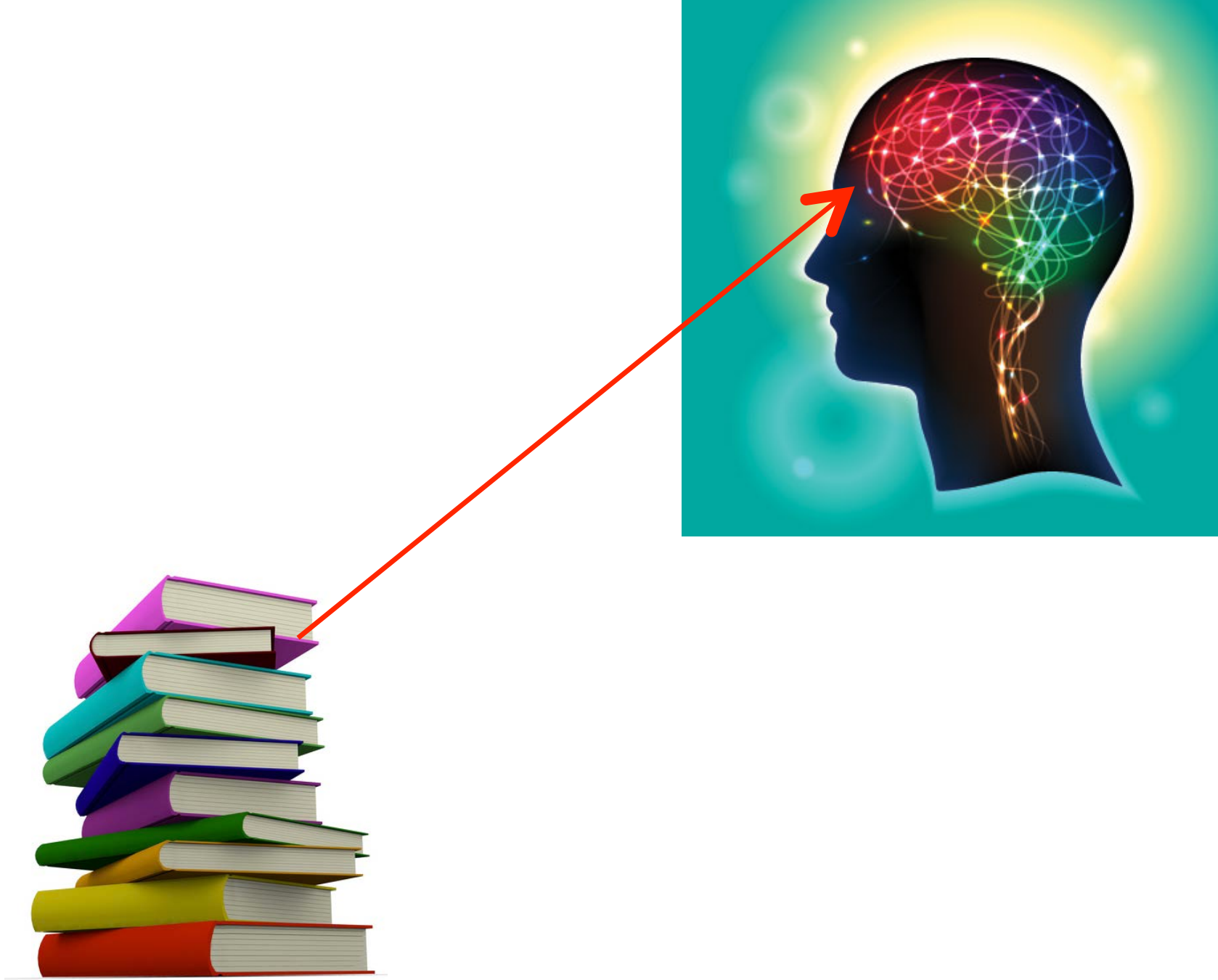


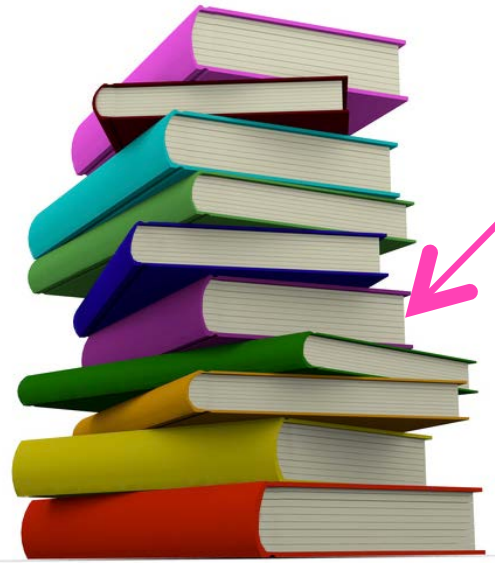
2007

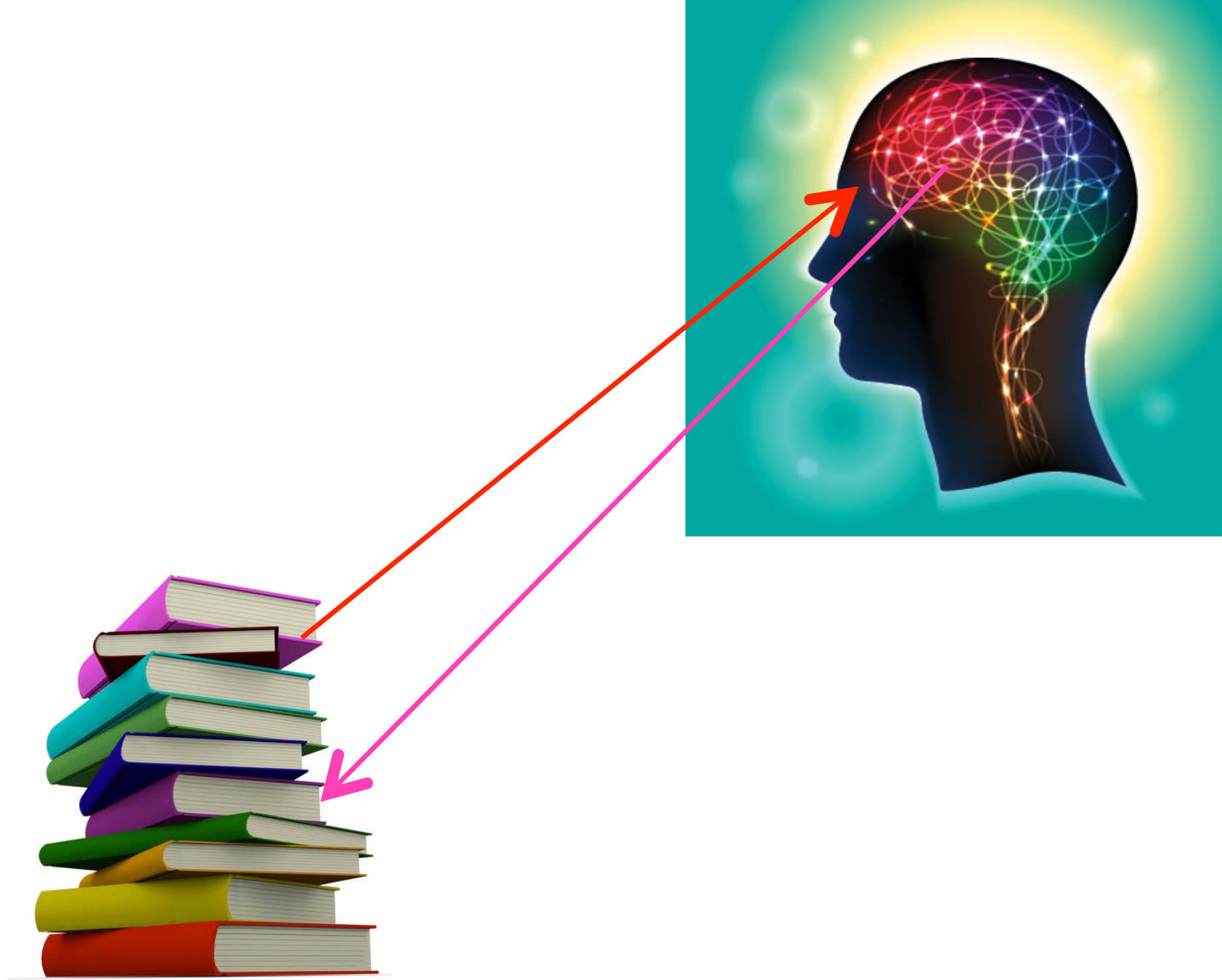
2019











group of trades, or professions, and furtherance of their working conditions, and financial assistance during employment, etc. Cf. *trade union*.

tradition /trɪ'dɪʃ(ə)n/ n. 1. a. [f. prec.] a custom or belief handed down by or derived from tradition; loosely customary, conventional. 1.16. b. That is such according to tradition; asserted or related by tradition. M19. c. spec. designating jazz of the earliest style, dating from the early 20th cent. Cf. *TRAD* n. 1. M20. ‡2. Observed or bound by tradition. rare. rare. M17.

1.16. [f. *TRADE* v. + *-tion*] n., v. buying and selling.

at an account giving details of including the revenue gained, and the overall profit or loss, (land specially developed for) trading floor the area where trading is done; trading where bargaining with a place; trading-place a place where buying and selling takes place on a stock exchange where goods are bought and sold; trading a trading account; trader

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transmit. M16-M18. c. propagate, produce as offspring. L16-M18. c. Obtain from a source. M17-M18. 3. Speak ill of, malign, slander, misrepresent. Formerly also, state slander. M17-M18. 4. Accuse of. L16.

3. J. McP. M17-M18. 4. Accuse of. L16.

and disparage. M17-M18. 4. Accuse of. L16.

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Today, the value has shifted. What we look for now is connectedness: the opportunity to check our e-mail, upload video clips and chat on Skype—even if we happen to be on the Khumbu Icefall, 8,000 feet high in the Nepal Himalayas. Last week, a network of eight G base stations began operating along the route to Mount Everest, in Sagarmatha National Park.

**How can we accelerate
students' learning from texts?**



Discussion #1:

1. How many words do you estimate you directly teach in English/Language Arts instruction in a year?
2. What percent of the English vocabulary is this?



Idea 1: You can't teach all words but you can teach students about the underlying systems.

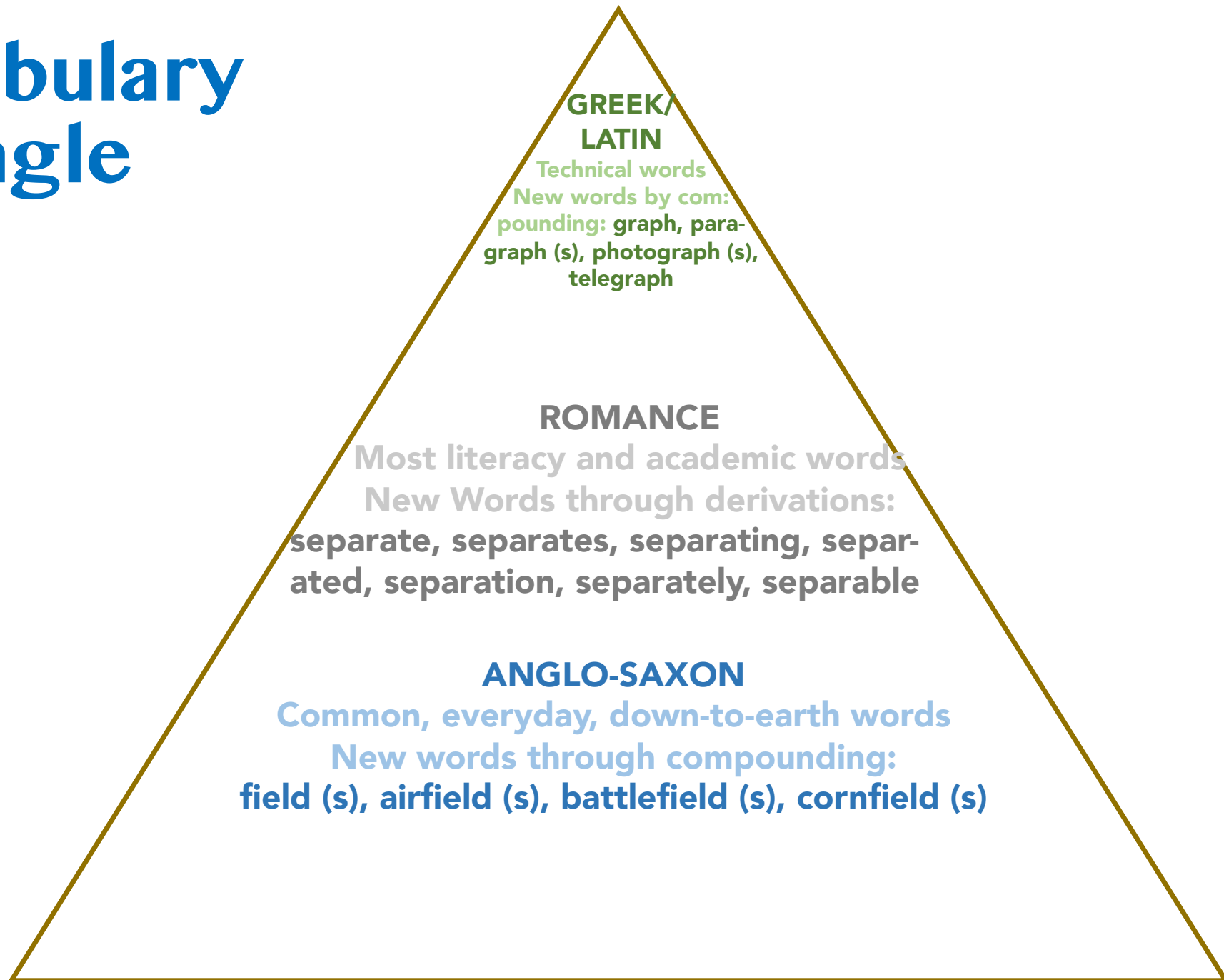
**ENGLISH HAS THREE DISTINCT
MORPHOLOGICAL SYSTEMS.**



Small Changes for Idea 1: Students' Understanding of English Words



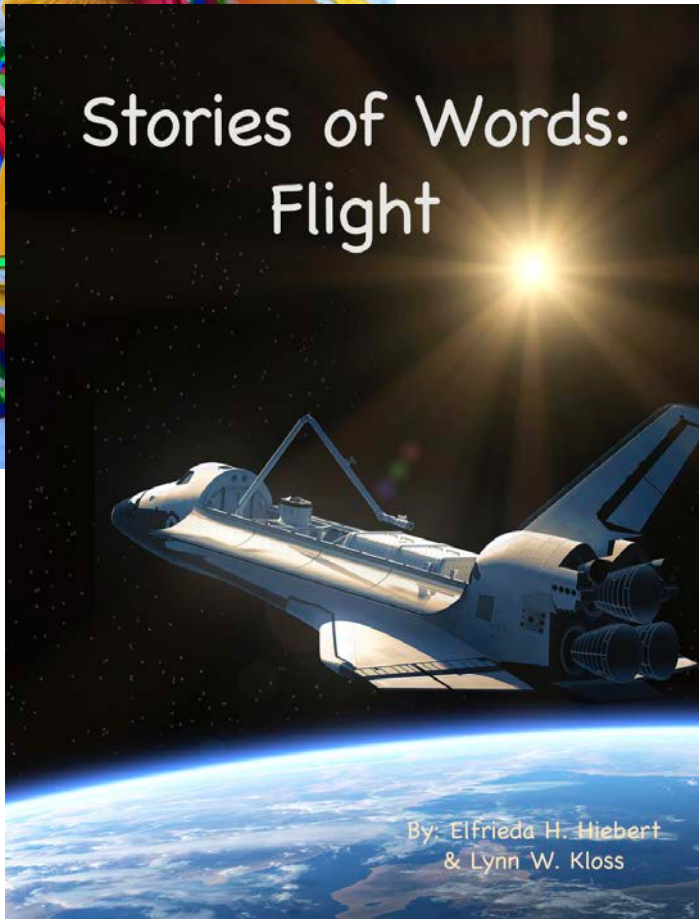
Vocabulary Triangle



Stories of Words: Spanish



Stories of Words: Flight



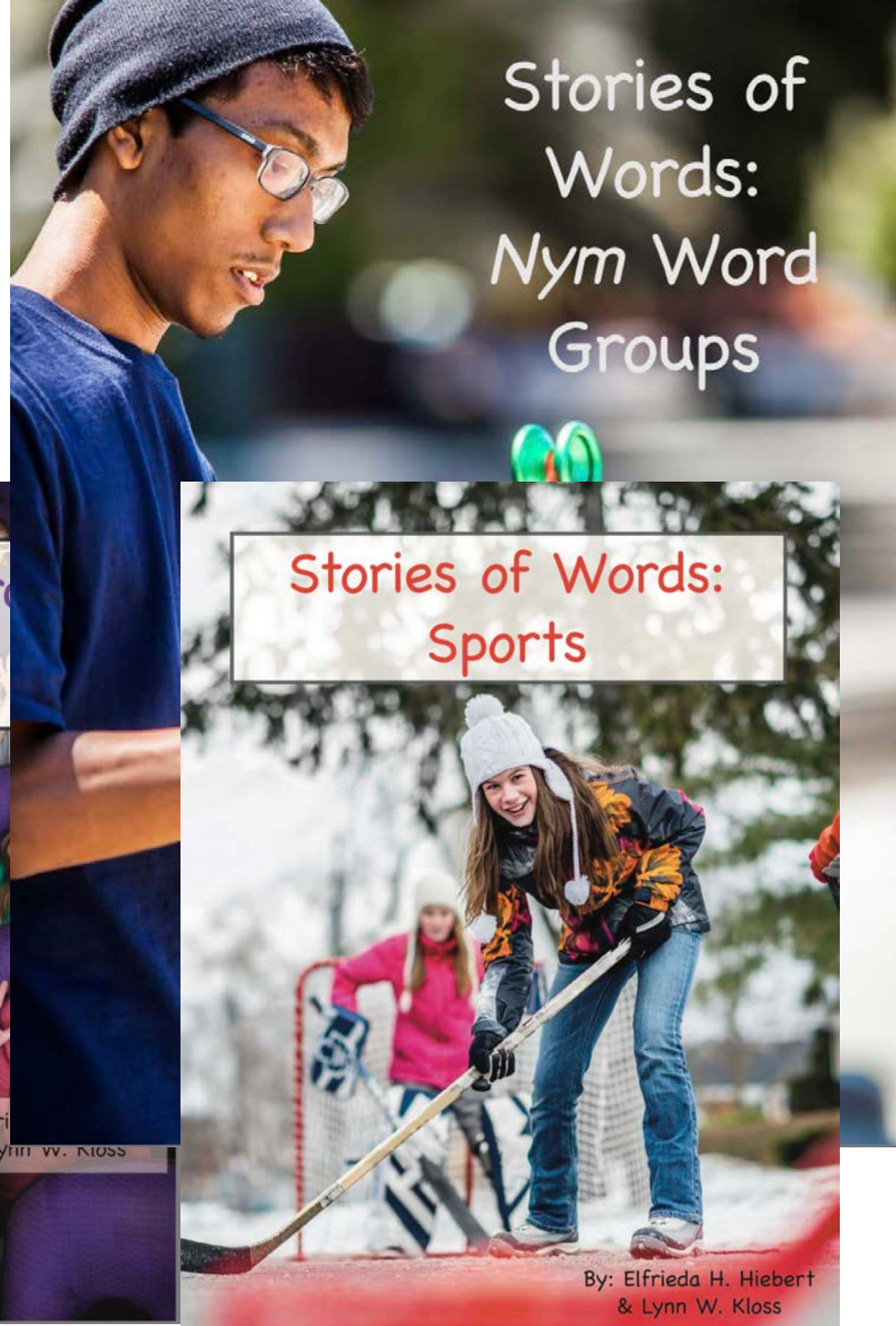
By: Elfrieda H. Hiebert
& Lynn W. Kloss

Stories of Words: Movies

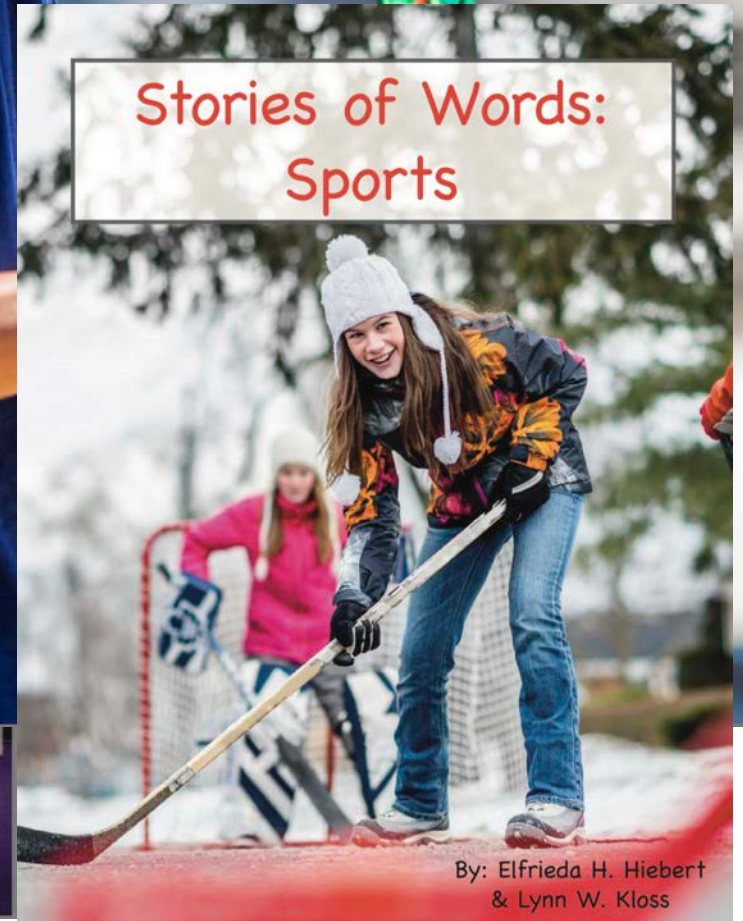


By: Elfrieda H. Hiebert
& Lynn W. Kloss

Stories of Words: Nym Word Groups



Stories of Words: Sports



By: Elfrieda H. Hiebert
& Lynn W. Kloss

Discussion Question

- **What percentage of the words on the STARR can be expected to be new to students at Grade 6? How does this differ from Grade 8? English 1? English 2?**

STARR: Grade 6

“Turkey Melt,” “Corned Beef on Rye,” and “Ham and Cheese” waved good-bye. They were three of the regulars at my parents’ deli. Every day Mr. and Mrs. Sandlin shared a turkey-melt sandwich, Mr. Augsburger had a corned beef on rye bread, and Mr. Bates ordered ham and cheese on whole wheat from his perch on the stool beside the cash register. I didn’t even know their real names until one very eventful day at the deli. It was the day of the Twin Rivers Summer Festival, and I had just been told that I had to help at the deli that afternoon instead of enjoying the event with my friends Lisa and Carlos.

STARR: Grade 8

I was 5 years old that summer afternoon when my brother and I set off on our daring adventure. Kenny was 3.

Our prairie schooner, our Pinta-Niña-Santa Maria, was our little gray wagon. It used to be a little red wagon, but it had gotten so scarred and dented after a couple of years of rough treatment—running it into concrete-block back-porch steps will do that to a wagon—that we begged Daddy to paint it. He did one Saturday afternoon, but the only paint he had around the house was gray primer, which he swabbed on with a brush. So now our wagon was a dull, monochromatic gray.

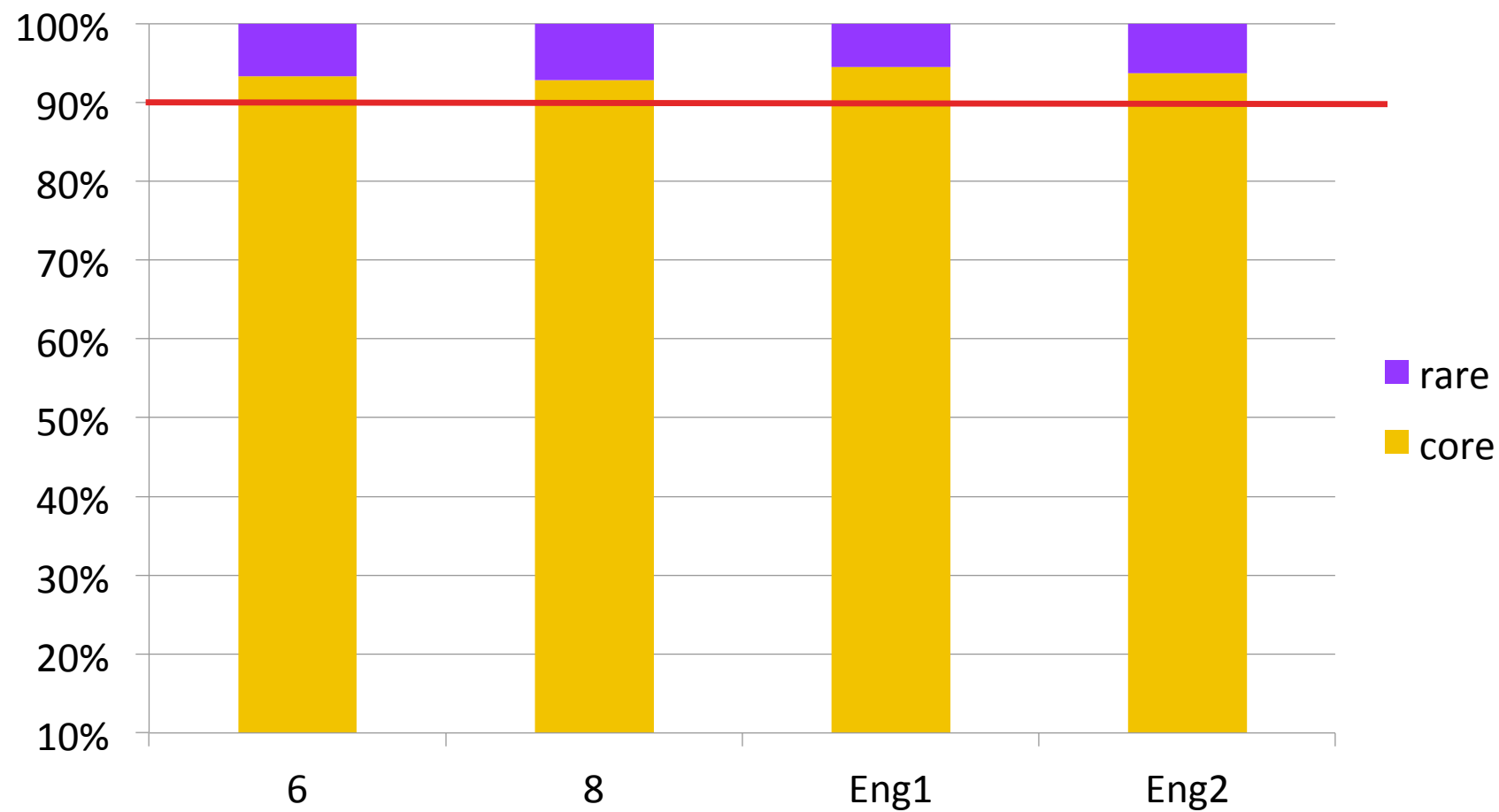
STARR: English 1

In this city of ours where people like to chase whatever is fashionable, many kinds of foreign apples flood in like mad, the most attention catching of which are American apples. The arrival of American apples added to the sorrow in my heart. I felt like a young lad suffering from unrequited love, who, despite his burning desire, does not dare to do anything bolder than cast furtive glances at his beloved girl from a distance. For a thousand times I had let my reporter's imagination run wild and savored in my mind how sweet and fragrant American apples would taste, but I would not walk close to them.

STARR: English 2

A polite no would have done the trick, no thanks, I'm afraid not, not today, then the closing of the door and the heavy click of the latch, but I'd seen the lines of dirt in the black shoe creases, the worn down heels, the shine on the jacket sleeves, the glint of desperation in his eyes. All the more reason, I said to myself, to send him on his way, as I stepped aside and watched him move into my living room. He looked quickly around before setting his case down on the small table next to the couch. I'd made up my mind to buy something from him, anything, a hairbrush, the Brooklyn Bridge,

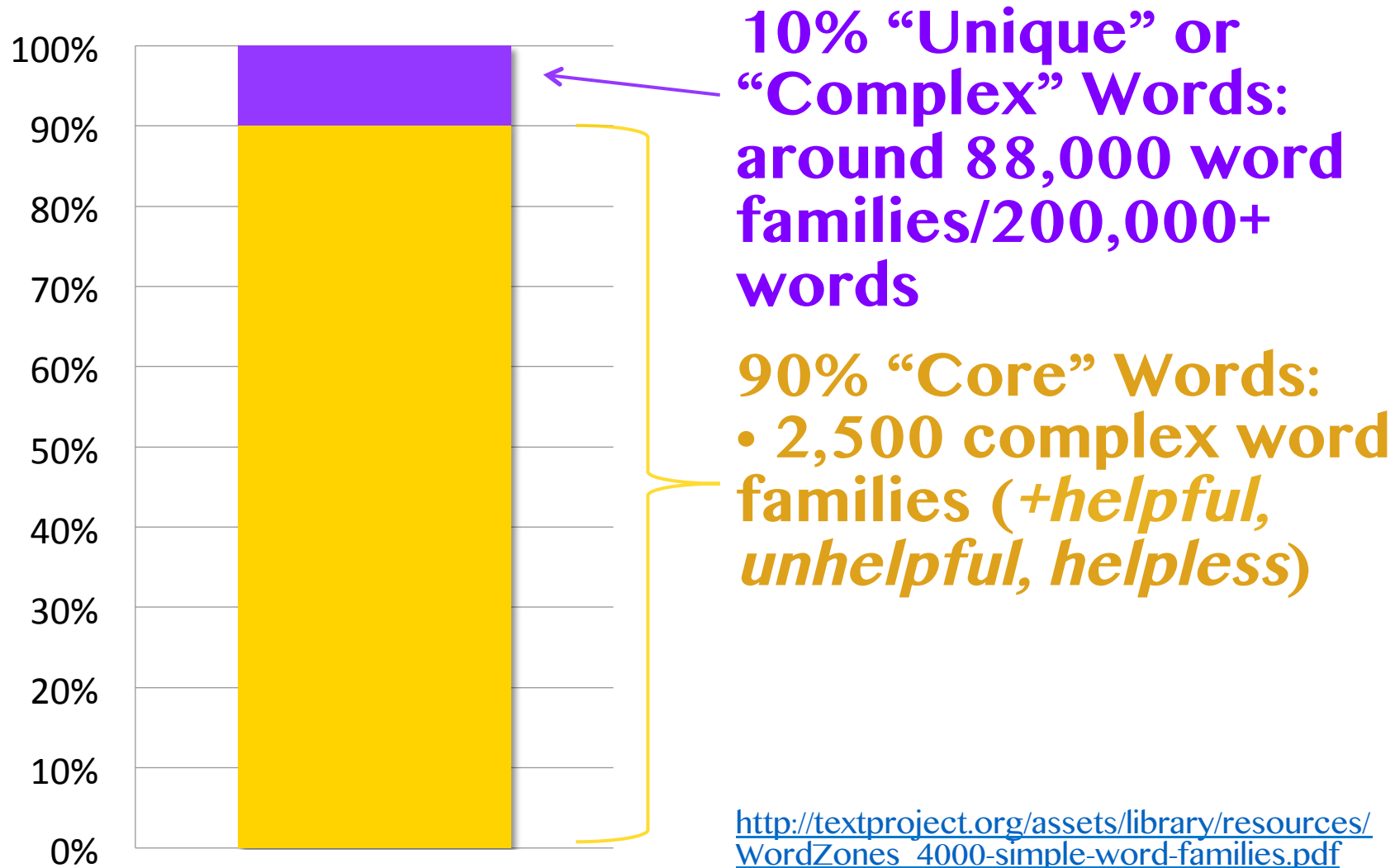
Word Patterns in Texts





Idea 2: A small group of words does the heavy lifting in English.

The distribution of words in written English

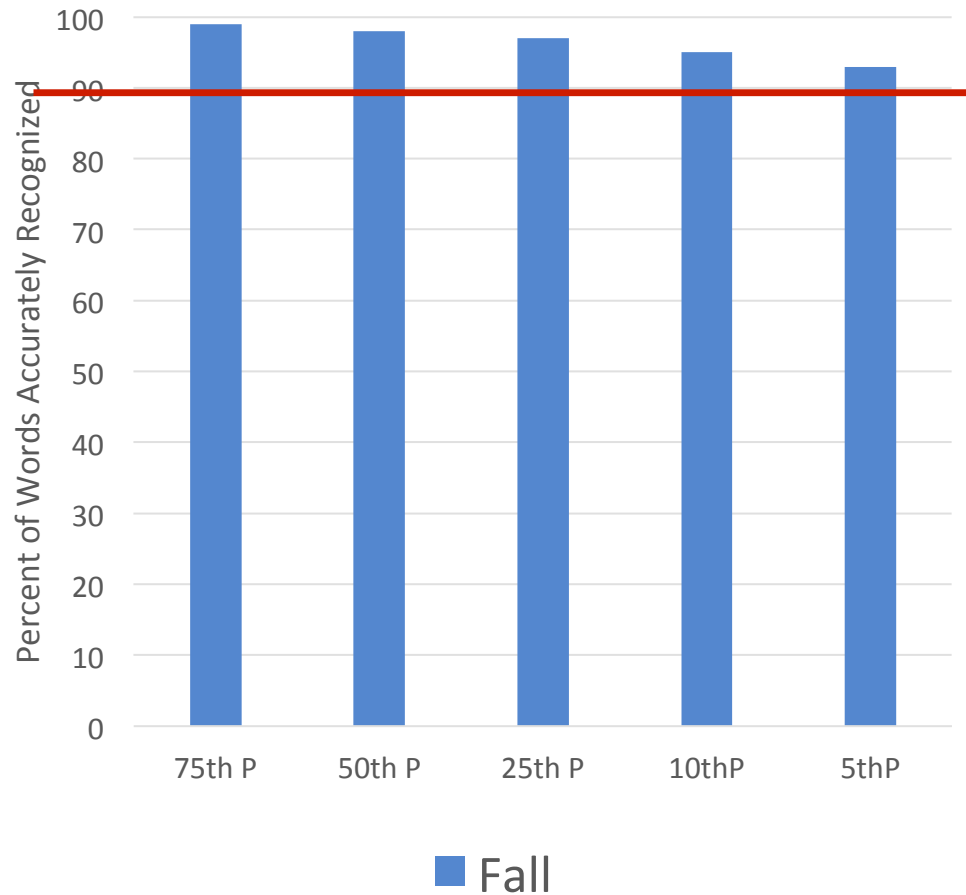


Examples of the Words in the Core Vocabulary

	words
1st 100	the, by, no, through, must
101-300	long, great, put, last, family
301-1,000	power, north, story, strong, answer
1,001-1,500	valley, imagine, motion, nearby, importance
1,501-2,000	character, responsible, design, presence, trail
2001-2,500	mixture, discovery, civilization, attitude, assume

How are students' doing with the core vocabulary?

DIBELS (6th Grade): Fall Oral Reading



Their parents responded by offering an eight-thirty bedtime. This would be a half hour gain for the younger Groffs. The younger Groffs rejected this offer. They declared it so far below their original request as to be insulting. The mother of the Groff family gave a speech about the need of growing bodies for proper sleep. The father made a statement about the parents' need to not have kids running around all night. The younger Groffs characterized the mother's speech as dumb. It was typical of their style, they claimed. They disapproved the father's words, calling them irrational, depicting events that would never happen. The issue remains unresolved.

But when faced with lengthy text in a silent reading context

I was 5 years old that summer afternoon when my brother and I set off on our daring adventure. Kenny was 3.

Our prairie schooner, our Pinta-Niña-Santa Maria, was our little gray wagon. It used to be a little red wagon, but it had gotten so scarred and dented after a couple of years of rough treatment—running it into concrete block back porch steps will do that to a wagon—that we begged Daddy to paint it. He did one Saturday afternoon, but the only paint he had around the house was gray primer, which he swabbed on with a brush. So now our wagon was a dull, monochromatic gray.

“Take this list up to Miss Andrews’ (store).” Mama handed me a folded bill. “Put it in your pocket and don’t lose it,” she said.

Kenny and I had taken grocery runs before; the little neighborhood store was only a block and a half away. This time, though, I had a secret mission in mind. For months, weeks who knows how a year old measures time? I had **yearned** to branch out, to explore the next street over. Why? Because it was there, I suppose. That's all I remember about **motive**.

But the next street over was off limits too close to the busy **Dallas** Highway, Mama said. We made the occasional **foray** up to Miss Andrews' store on **Parrish**, but never went any farther.

On this day, though, my **devious** five-year-old mind had **concocted** a plan. I'm not sure whether I shared it with Kenny, but he rarely questioned anything his big brother told him, so he would go along, regardless. I was excited, so I probably did tell him about the big adventure I was planning.

My blond-haired little brother sat cross legged in the wagon. I flipped the handle back to him so he could steer while I pushed from the back. We rattled down our dirt driveway and onto the street. In my mind's eye, I can still see us on that long ago afternoon: two little boys in shorts beneath a glaring summer sun, both of us dusty and sweat streaked, shirtless and barefoot.

We passed the light green house of our retired neighbors, the Wills, and their corn patch in the empty lot between our houses, the stalks yellow and withered. We passed Mrs. Rachle's house and looked for Rosie, our playmate and best friend. She stayed with her grandmother during the day while her parents worked. She would probably be up for an adventure, but we didn't see her. She might have been taking her afternoon nap.

Head down and bent over almost double, keeping a sharp eye out for painful **goathead** weeds that had snaked onto the shoulder of the road during the hot Central Texas summer, I pushed Kenny to the **intersection** with Parrish, a slightly busier street than **Strickland**. We looked both ways, twice, as we had been taught, and then **scurried** across the street and turned left for the half block stretch to Miss Andrews' store.

A bell **jingled** as we pushed open the screen door and walked into the small store, its wooden floor smelling of the oily red powder Miss Andrews used for sweeping. We picked up the items on our list—probably a **loaf** of bread, maybe a stick of butter for something Mama was fixing for supper—and set them on the counter, which was about eye high for me. Mr. **Byford**, Miss Andrews' son-in-law, rang them up. As we waited, I kept thinking about our secret adventure. I was excited, nervous, worried.

We hurried back outside. Kenny settled himself in the wagon, and I had him turn the handle toward the unknown. Soon we were **trundling** down the forbidden street, houses on one side, and, across a weed-**choked** bar **ditch** on the other, the back of gas stations and other businesses along the highway. As I pushed, I looked up occasionally, but I couldn't enjoy the new sights. I was feeling too guilty.

We were passing a **vacant** lot, and through the gap I could see our house on Strickland. That meant, of course, that anybody who happened to be looking could see us, as well. I couldn't stand it. "Turn around," I **muttered** to Kenny. We **retraced** our path back to Parrish. Passing the store, I saw Mr. Byford leaning out the door. He was **beckoning** to us.

I knew what had happened. Mama had seen us through the vacant lot and had called him. I could imagine what she said: "If those boys come back by, Mr. Byford, tell 'em I said they better get home this minute!" I knew we were in trouble. I hoped it wasn't trouble big enough that she'd tell Daddy when he got home from work.

I pushed the wagon through the bottle cap strewn gravel in front of the store. Standing in the sun, I squinted up toward Mr. Byford, who stared down at me, the hint of a smile on his face. “You boys forgot your groceries,” he said, holding out the brown paper bag.

I took the bag from him and put it in the wagon behind Kenny. We headed straight home, where Mama was blissfully unaware of her sons’ errant adventure.

I went outside and sat on the front porch steps, chin in both hands, elbows on my knees. Behind the Thomases’ house across from ours, I could see the other road the road almost taken. Maybe I’d try again someday. Maybe when I was 6.

Fourth Graders' Performances on 4 Sections of 1,000-word Text

Text Section	Percentage of students engaged in Comprehension-Based Silent Reading
1	89.1
2	60.9
3	60.9
4	48.9

Hiebert, E.H., Trainin, G., & Wilson, K. (July 2011). Comprehension and reading rates across extended grade-appropriate texts. Presentation at the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Reading, St. Petersburg, FL.

Small Changes for Idea 2: The Core Vocabulary

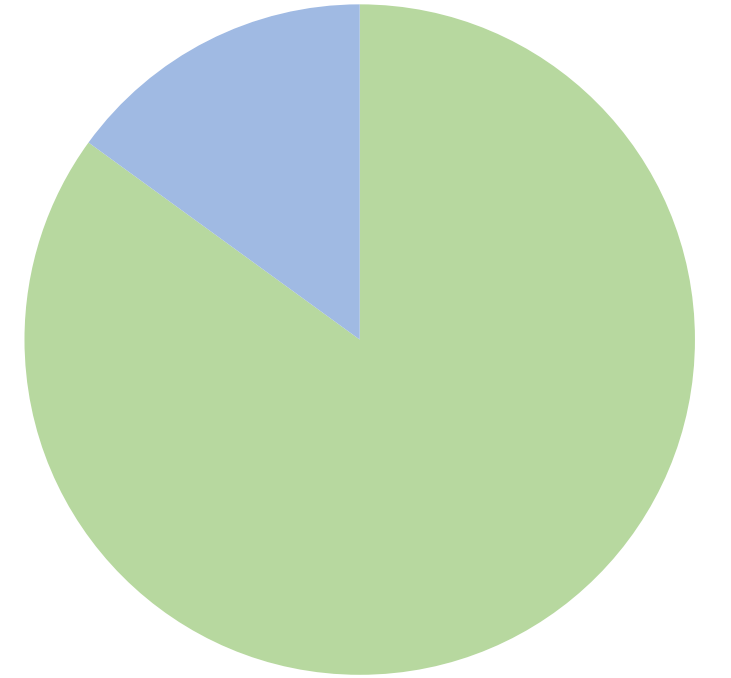


• 2a. Hold Conversations About Ratio of Rare to Core Words in Texts

I was 5 years old that summer afternoon when my brother and I set off on our daring adventure. Kenny was 3.

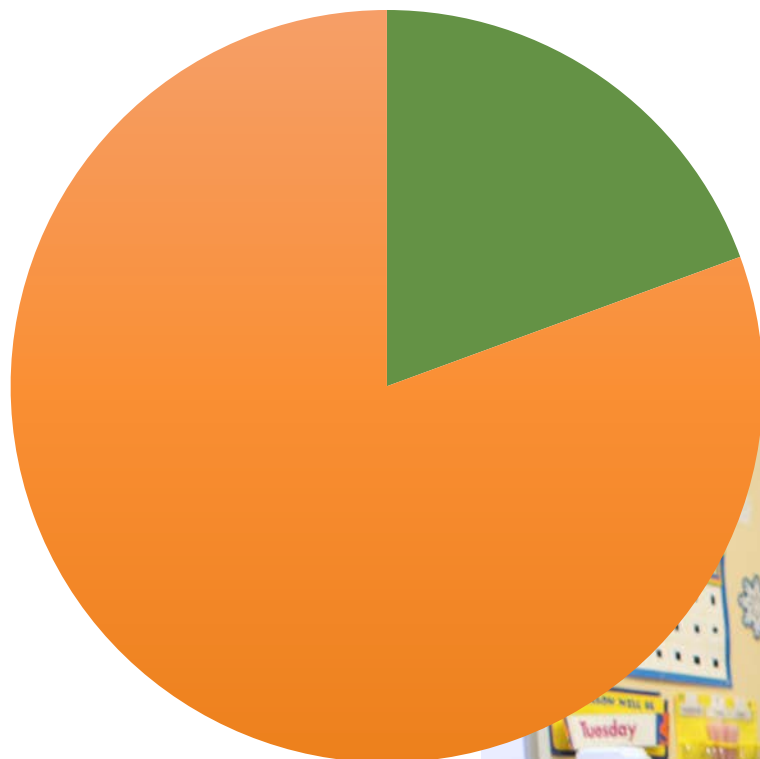
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2b. Increase students' RESPONSIBILITY FOR READING text



■ Other activities ■ Reading

Swanson, Wanzek, McCulley, Stillman-Spisask, Vaughn, Simmons, Fogarty, & Hairrell, 2015).



■ Silent Reading

■ Listening,
Following Along to
Oral Reading



2c. Provide Short, Topically Related Articles

THE BLOG 09/30/2014 11:55 am ET | Updated Nov 30, 2014

Bridging the Generational Divide between a Football Father and a Soccer Son

By John McCormick



The Old Grandfather and His Little Grandson
traditional European, retold by Leo Tolstoy

The grandfather had become very old. His eyes could not see, his ears could not hear, and he was so fat that his food sometimes dropped out of his mouth. His grandchildren were not allowed to sit at the table with him. He had a small stove in the corner of the room.



'Gotcha Day' Isn't a Cause for Celebration

Sophie Johnson, Contributor

Junior at Malibu High School in Malibu, Calif.

11/03/2014 05:35 pm ET | Updated Dec 06, 2017

In honor of National Adoption Month, we're sharing the stories of adopted teens. Do you have a story to tell? Email teen@huffingtonpost.com.

I was five and a half years old when my parents adopted me in China and brought me to my new home to America. As my mom always says, I eagerly ran into her arms and truly have stayed there for the past 12 years. She is my mom, my best friend, the woman I admire most in the world. But for me, my family marked that day we met in China as something known in adoption circles as "Gotcha Day."



"Water Names" by Lan Samantha Chang

Summertime at dusk we'd gather on the back porch, tired and sticky from another day of fierce encoded quarrels, nursing our mosquito bites and frail dignities, sisters in name only. At first we'd pinch and slap each other, fighting for the best – least ragged – folding chair. Then we'd argue over who would sit next to our grandmother. We were so close together on the tiny porch that we often pulled our own hair by mistake. Forbidden to bite, we planted silent toothmarks on each others' wrists. We ignored the bulk of house behind us, the yard, the field, the darkening sky. We even forgot about our grandmother. Then suddenly we'd hear her old, dry voice, very close, almost on the backs of our necks.

"Xiushila! Shame on you. Fighting like a bunch of chickens."

And Ingrid, the oldest, would freeze with her thumb and forefinger right on the back of Lily's arm. I would slide my hand away from the end of Ingrid's braid. Ashamed, we would shuffle our feet while Waipuo calmly found her chair.

On some nights she sat with us in silence, the tip of her cigarette glowing red like a distant stoplight. But on some nights she told us stories, "just to keep up your Chinese," she said, and the red dot flickered and danced, making ghostly shapes as she moved her hands like a magician in the dark.

"In these prairie crickets, I often hear the sound of rippling waters, of the Yangtze River," she said. "Granddaughters, you are descended on both sides from people of the water country, near the mouth of the great Chang Jiang, as it is called, where the river is so grand and broad that even on clear days you can scarcely see the other side.

"The Chang Jiang runs four thousand miles, originating in the Himalaya mountains where it crashes, flecked with gold dust, down steep cliffs so perilous and remote that few humans have ever seen them. In central China, the river squeezes through deep gorges, then widens in its last thousand miles to the sea. Our ancestors have lived near the mouth of this river, the ever-changing delta, near a city called Nanjing, for more than a thousand years."

"A thousand years," murmured Lily, who was only ten. When she was younger she had sometimes burst into nervous crying at the thought of so many years. Her small insistent fingers grabbed my fingers in the dark.

"Through your mother and I, you are descended from a line of great men and women. We have survived countless floods and seasons of ill-fortune because we have the spirit of the river in us. Unlike mountains, we cannot be powdered down or broken apart. Instead, we run together, like raindrops. Our strength and spirit wear down mountains into sand. But even our people must respect the water."

She paused, and a bit of ash glowed briefly as it drifted to the floor.

"When I was young, my own grandmother once told me the story of Wen Zhiqing's daughter. Twelve hundred years ago the civilized parts of China still lay to the north, and the Yangtze valley lay unspoiled. In those days lived an ancestor named Wen Zhiqing, a resourceful man, and proud. He had been fishing for many years with trained cormorants, which you girls of course have never seen. Cormorants are sleek, black birds with long, bending necks which the fishermen fitted with metal rings so the fish they caught could not be swallowed. The birds would perch on the side of the old wooden boat and dive into the river." We had only known blue swimming pools, but we tried to imagine the sudden shock of cold and the plunge, deep into water.

LEVELED TEXTS

EASY

New Delhi, India - In 1870 scientist T.C. Jerdon found two strange frogs in India. He brought them back to London. No more of the frogs were found. Scientists thought they must have all died out.

Then in 2007 scientists got a big surprise. The frogs were found again. They were living deep in an Indian forest.

The frogs were found by an Indian scientist. His name is Sathyabhama Das Biju. People all over India know Biju. He is nicknamed "The Frog Man." Biju carefully studied the frogs he found. He has just put out a report. It has some big surprises in it.

MEDIUM

New Delhi, India—The bodies of two mysterious tree frogs are stored in London's Natural History Museum. They have been there for more than 100 years.

The frogs were collected by a British scientist named T.C. Jerdon. He found them in India in 1870.

For many years scientists believed frogs of this kind had died out.

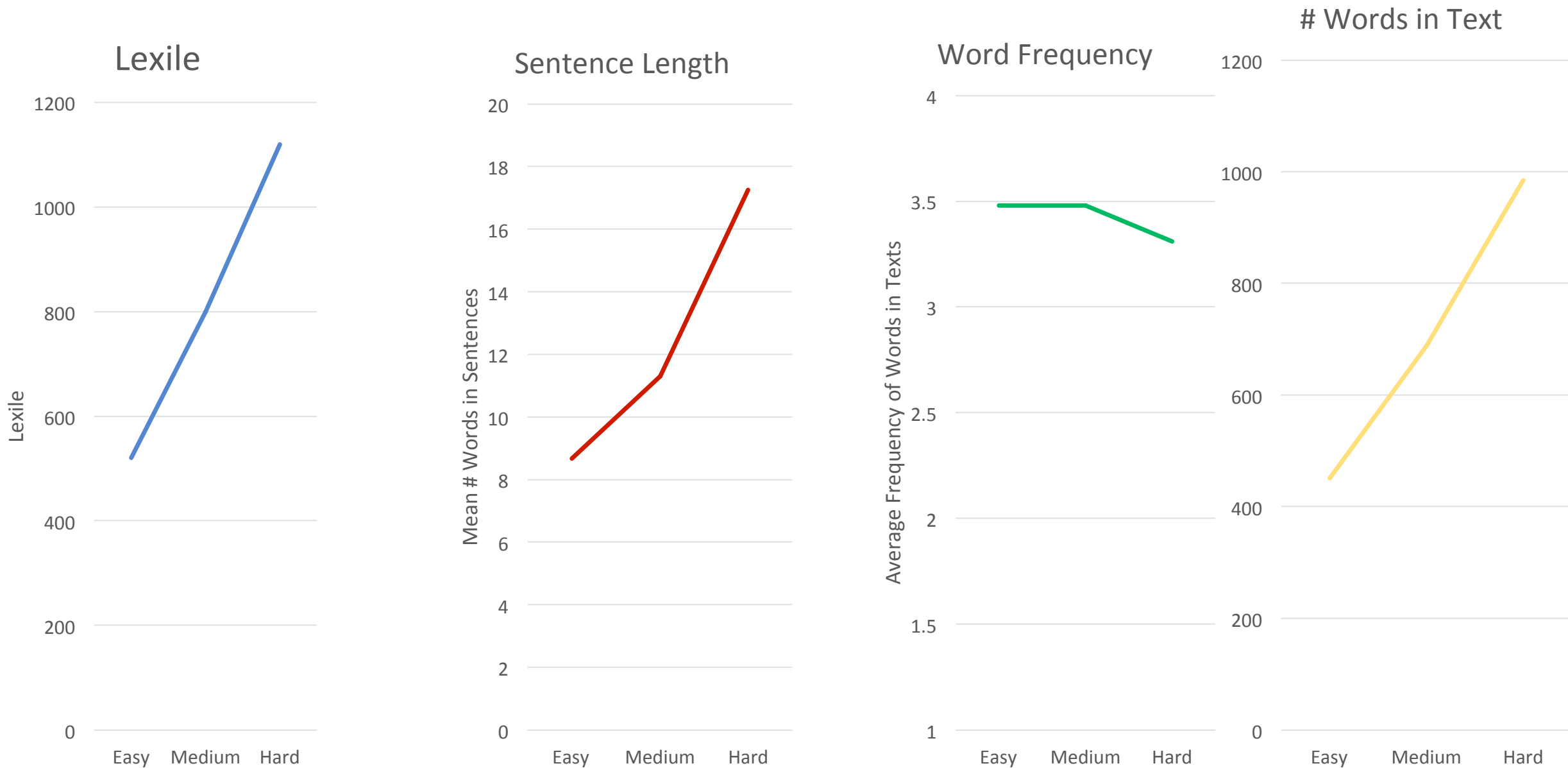
They were sure the two dead frogs in London were the only ones humans would ever see.

All that changed in 2007. The mystery frogs were rediscovered deep in an Indian jungle. They were found by a team led by Indian scientist Sathyabhama Das Biju. Biju is well known in India.

HARD

New Delhi, India - For more than a century, two mysterious tree frog specimens have been housed at London's Natural History Museum. Collected by a British scientist in 1870, the frogs were long assumed to be part of a vanished species. In 2007 that all changed. A group of scientists, led by renowned Indian biologist Sathyabhama Das Biju, rediscovered the frogs deep in the jungles of northeast India. Biju and his team have been carefully studying the rediscovered tree frogs since 2007. On Wednesday they released a report containing some surprising findings. Biju says his studies prove the frogs should be considered part of a new genus,

Lexiles of Newsela Texts



Original: 920 15.84 3.75 392

It was the first day of September in 1986, and the morning rain had given way to bright sunshine. A successful advertising executive made her way across 56th street toward Broadway, on the west side of Manhattan. A young boy, all of eleven years old and dressed in scruffy clothes, asked for some change for something to eat. Laura Schroff lowered her head and walked on; Manhattan was full of panhandlers. She hardly even noticed them any more. But something drew Laura back to the boy.

Adapted: 720 11.40 3.74 375

It was the first day of September in 1986. The morning rain had given way to bright sunshine. A successful advertising executive made her way across 56th Street toward Broadway. She was on the west side of Manhattan. An eleven-year-old boy dressed in scruffy clothes asked for some change for something to eat. Laura Schroff lowered her head and walked on. Manhattan was full of panhandlers. She hardly even noticed them any more. But something drew Laura back to the boy.



**Idea 3: The Other “10%” (i.e.,
Rare Words) Belong to
Networks.**

Narrative Text

Even with eyes protected by the green spectacles, Dorothy and her friends were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The streets were lined with beautiful houses all built of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds. They walked over a pavement of the same green marble, and where the blocks were joined together were rows of emeralds, set closely, and glittering in the brightness of the sun. The window panes were of green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green.

From *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* Frank Baum)

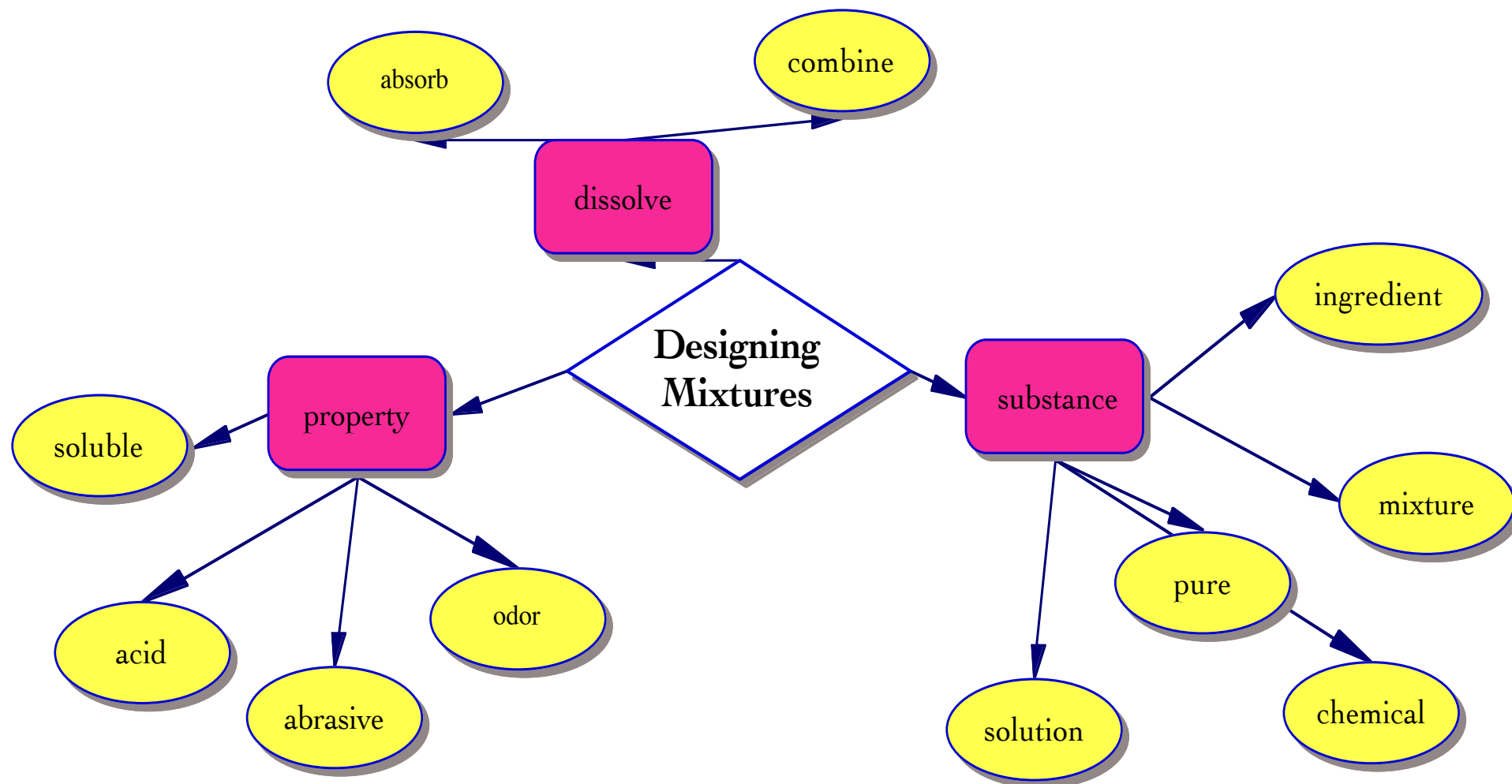
(a) Networks in narratives are synonyms related to story elements.

Story Word	Other Possibilities
dazzled	hypnotized awed
brilliancy	effulgence luminosity
glittering	shimmering radiance

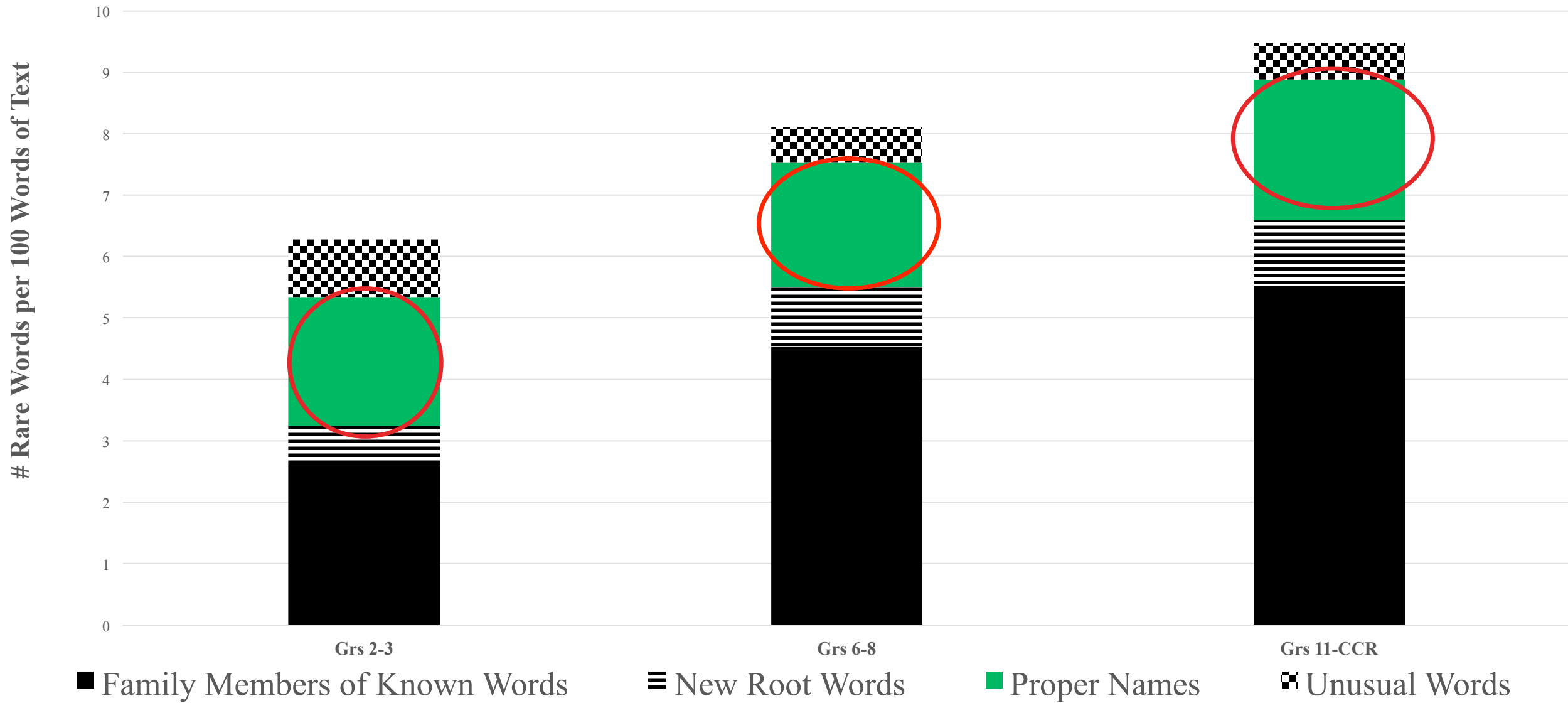
Informational Text

A simple solution is basically two substances that are evenly mixed together. One of them is called the **solute** and the other is the **solvent**. A solute is the substance to be dissolved (sugar). The **solvent** is the one doing the dissolving (water). As a rule of thumb, there is usually more **solvent** than **solute**. The amount of **solute** that can be dissolved by the **solvent** is defined as **solubility**.

(b) The rare words in informational texts belong to topical networks.



Types of Rare Words in Texts



(from Pugh & Hiebert, 2018)

Small Changes for Idea 3: Rare Vocabulary





3a. Synonym Networks in Narrative Texts

Prolific Groups of Synonyms

Communication /Internal Processes (verbs)	Emotions (adjectives)	Movement (verbs)	Traits (adjectives)
think	happy	go	funny
argue	sad	send	smart
look	mad	start	brave
guess	hope	stop	selfish
said	fear	stay	shy

Developmental Grid

mad furious outraged irate infuriated wrathful

Semantic Grid

annoyed

exasperated

vexed

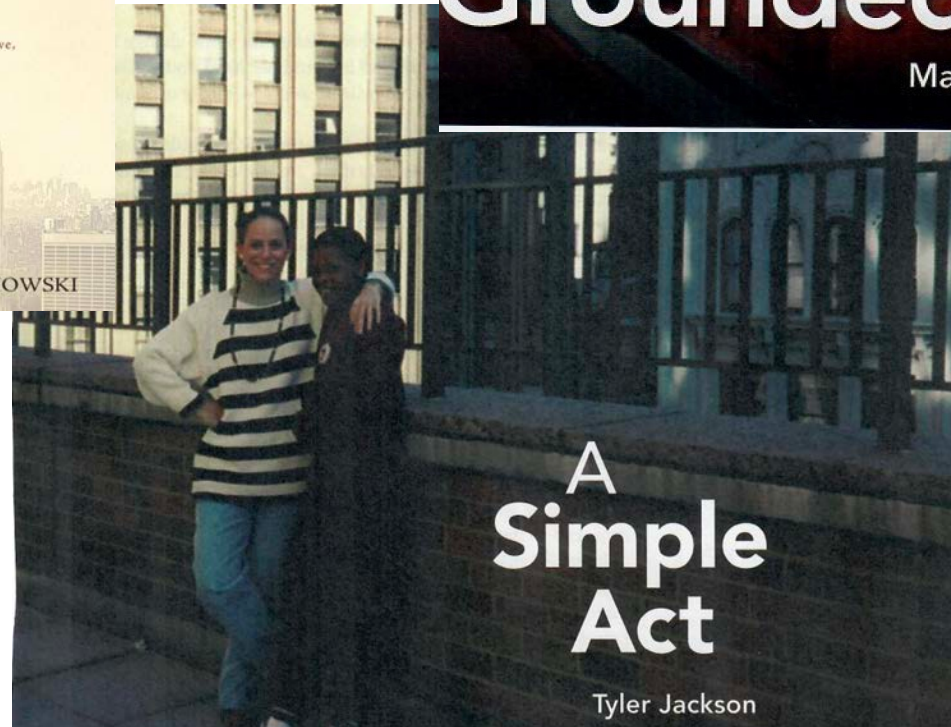
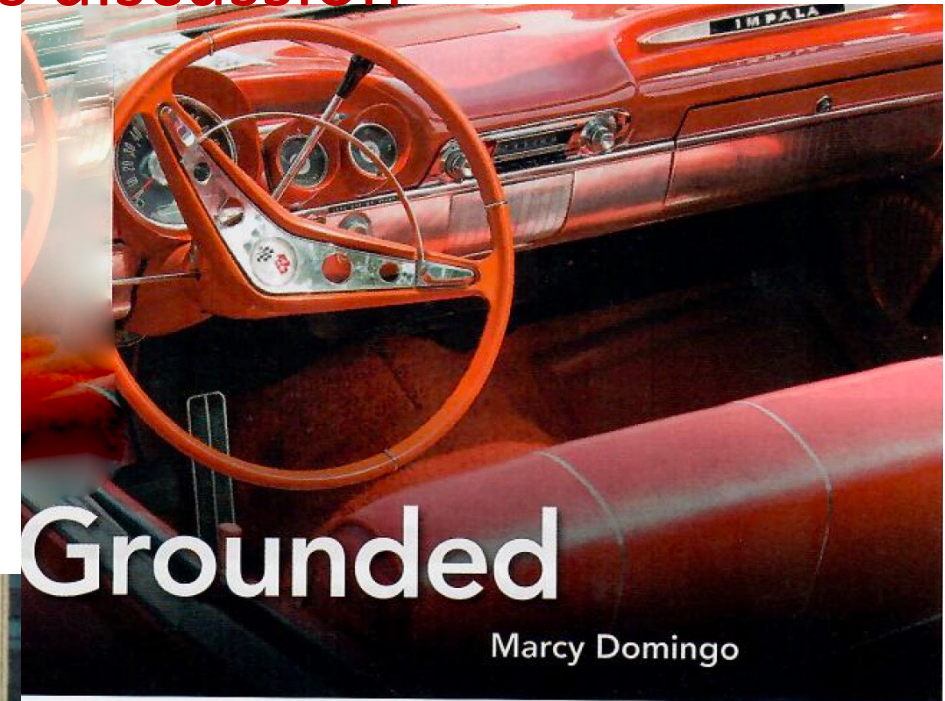
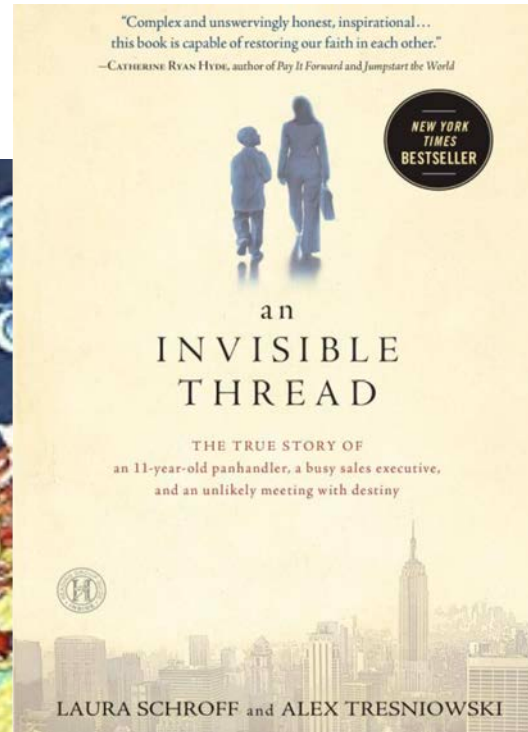
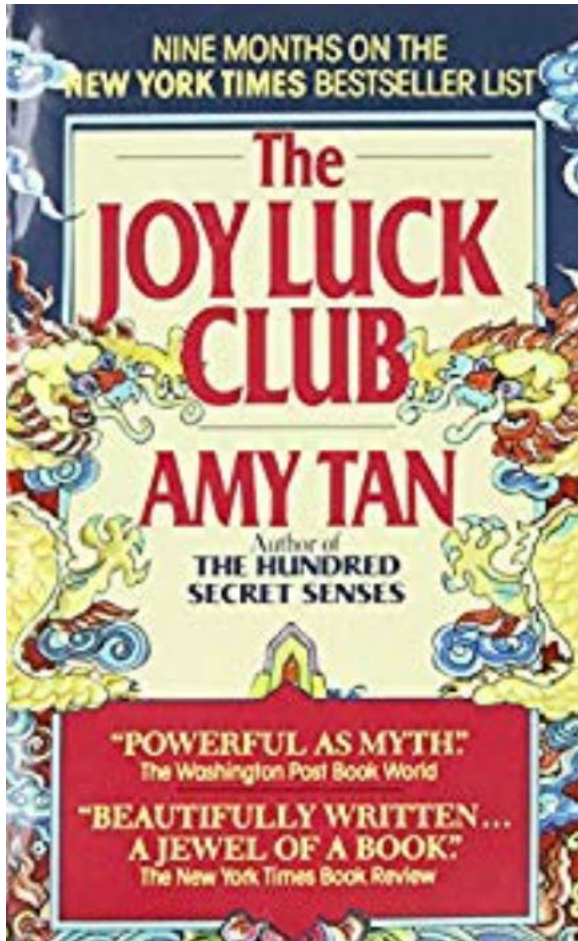
furious

enraged

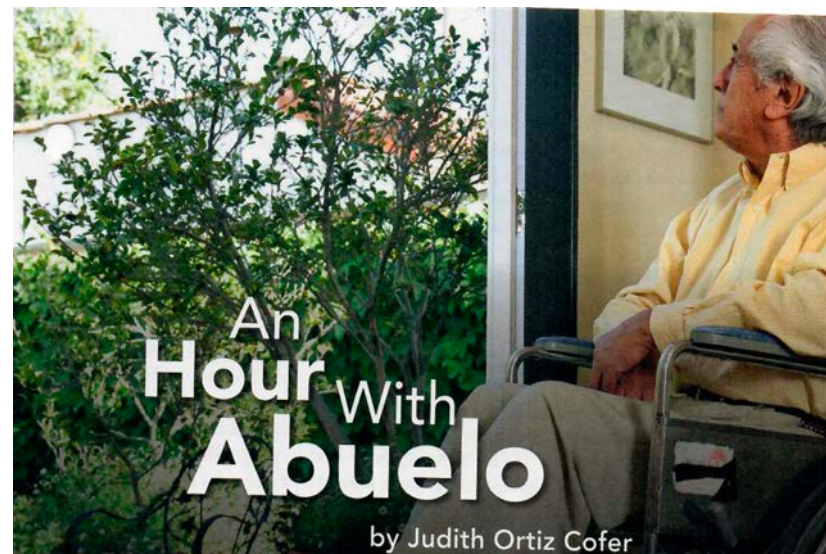
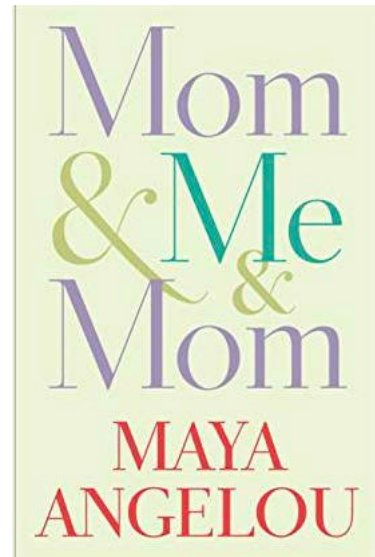
incensed



3b. Provide topically related texts for class discussion



3b. And topically related texts for small group discussions



3b. PLUS topically related, diverse, and relevant texts for students to read independently

THE BLOG 09/30/2014 11:55 am ET | Updated Nov 30, 2014

Bridging the Generational Divide between a Football Father and a Soccer Son

By John McCormick



The Old Grandfather and His Little Grandson

traditional European, retold by Leo Tolstoy

The grandfather had become very old. His legs would not carry him, his eyes would not see, his ears could not hear, and he was toothless. When he ate, bits of food sometimes dropped out of his mouth. His son and his son's wife no longer allowed him to eat with them at the table. He had to eat his meals in the corner near the stove.

'Gotcha Day' Isn't a Cause for Celebration

AdChoices

Sophie Johnson, Contributor

Junior at Malibu High School in Malibu, Calif.

'Gotcha Day' Isn't a Cause for Celebration

11/03/2014 05:35 pm ET | Updated Dec 06, 2017

In honor of National Adoption Month, we're sharing the stories of adopted teens. Do you have a story to tell? Email teen@huffingtonpost.com.

I was five and a half years old when my parents adopted me in China and brought me to my new home to America. As my mom always says, I eagerly ran into her arms and truly have stayed there for the past 12 years. She is my mom, my best friend, the woman I admire most in the world. But for the longest time, my family marked that day we met in China as something known in adoption circles as "Gotcha Day."



"Water Names" by Lan Samantha Chang

Summertime at dusk we'd gather on the back porch, tired and sticky from another day of fierce encoded quarrels, nursing our mosquito bites and frail dignities, sisters in name only. At first we'd pinch and slap each other, fighting for the best – least ragged – folding chair. Then we'd argue over who would sit next to our grandmother. We were so close together on the tiny porch that we often pulled our own hair by mistake. Forbidden to bite, we planted silent toothmarks on each others' wrists. We ignored the bulk of house behind us, the yard, the field, the darkening sky. We even forgot about our grandmother. Then suddenly we'd hear her old, dry voice, very close, almost on the backs of our necks.

"Xiushila! Shame on you. Fighting like a bunch of chickens."

And Ingrid, the oldest, would freeze with her thumb and forefinger right on the back of Lily's arm. I would slide my hand away from the end of Ingrid's braid. Ashamed, we would shuffle our feet while Waipuo calmly found her chair.

On some nights she sat with us in silence, the tip of her cigarette glowing red like a distant stoplight. But on some nights she told us stories, "just to keep up your Chinese," she said, and the red dot flickered and danced, making ghostly shapes as she moved her hands like a magician in the dark.

"In these prairie crickets, I often hear the sound of rippling waters, of the Yangtze River," she said. "Granddaughters, you are descended on both sides from people of the water country, near the mouth of the great Chang Jiang, as it is called, where the river is so grand and broad that even on clear days you can scarcely see the other side."

"The Chang Jiang runs four thousand miles, originating in the Himalaya mountains where it crashes, flecked with gold dust, down steep cliffs so perilous and remote that few humans have ever seen them. In central China, the river squeezes through deep gorges, then widens in its last thousand miles to the sea. Our ancestors have lived near the mouth of this river, the ever-changing delta, near a city called Nanjing, for more than a thousand years."

"A thousand years," murmured Lily, who was only ten. When she was younger she had sometimes burst into nervous crying at the thought of so many years. Her small insistent fingers grabbed my fingers in the dark.

"Through your mother and I, you are descended from a line of great men and women. We have survived countless floods and seasons of ill-fortune because we have the spirit of the river in us. Unlike mountains, we cannot be powdered down or broken apart. Instead, we run together, like raindrops. Our strength and spirit wear down mountains into sand. But even our people must respect the water."

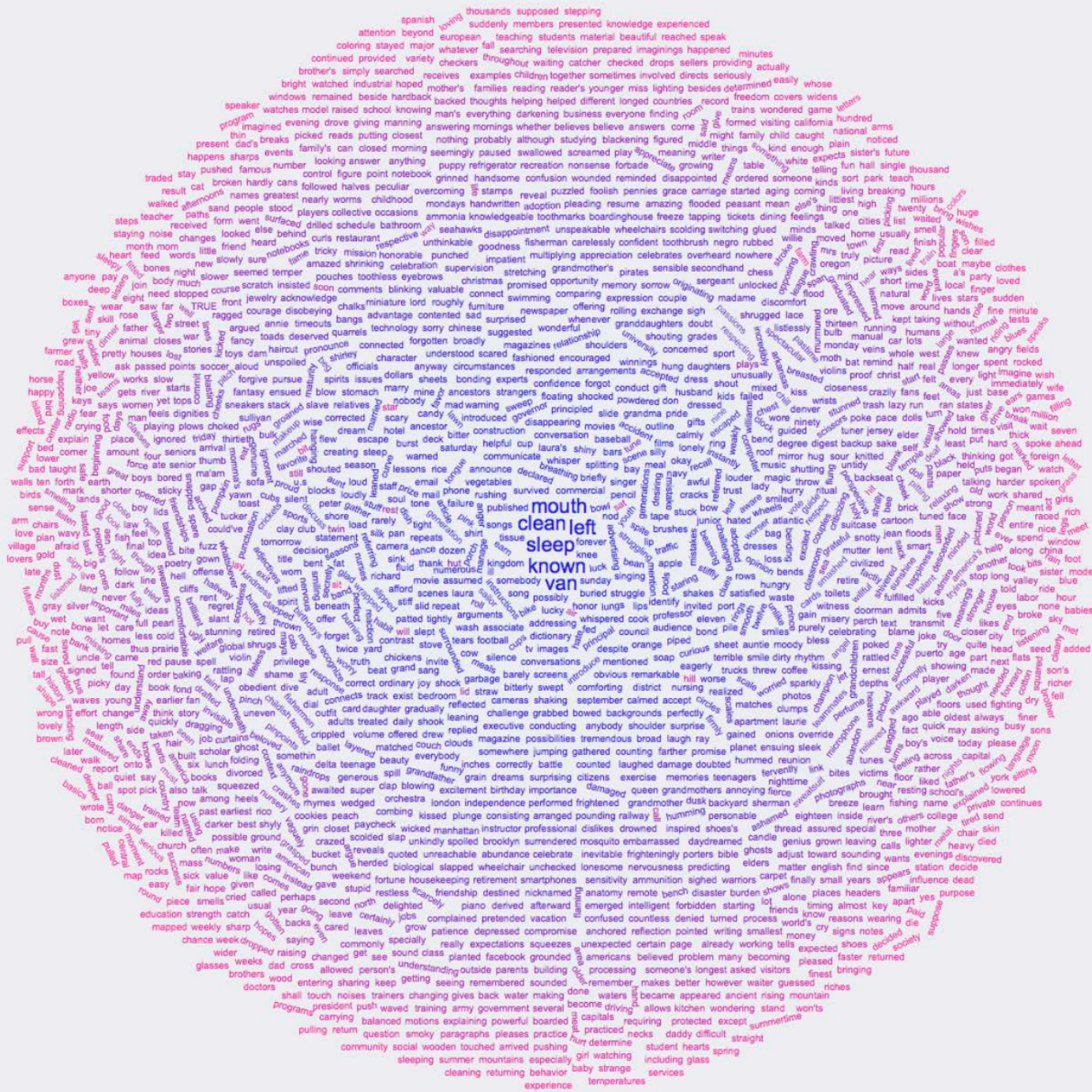
She paused, and a bit of ash glowed briefly as it drifted to the floor.

"When I was young, my own grandmother once told me the story of Wen Zhiqing's daughter. Twelve hundred years ago the civilized parts of China still lay to the north, and the Yangtze valley lay unspoiled. In those days lived an ancestor named Wen Zhiqing, a resourceful man, and proud. He had been fishing for many years with trained cormorants, which you girls of course have never seen. Cormorants are sleek, black birds with long, bending necks which the fishermen fitted with metal rings so the fish they caught could not be swallowed. The birds would perch on the side of the old wooden boat and dive into the river." We had only known blue swimming pools, but we tried to imagine the sudden shock of cold and the plunge, deep into water.

3c. Use vocabulary from topically related texts to create semantic maps

- As whole class and small groups
- As individuals—with opportunities for students to add to and review their maps

All 2627 unique
words in the unit
"Generations"



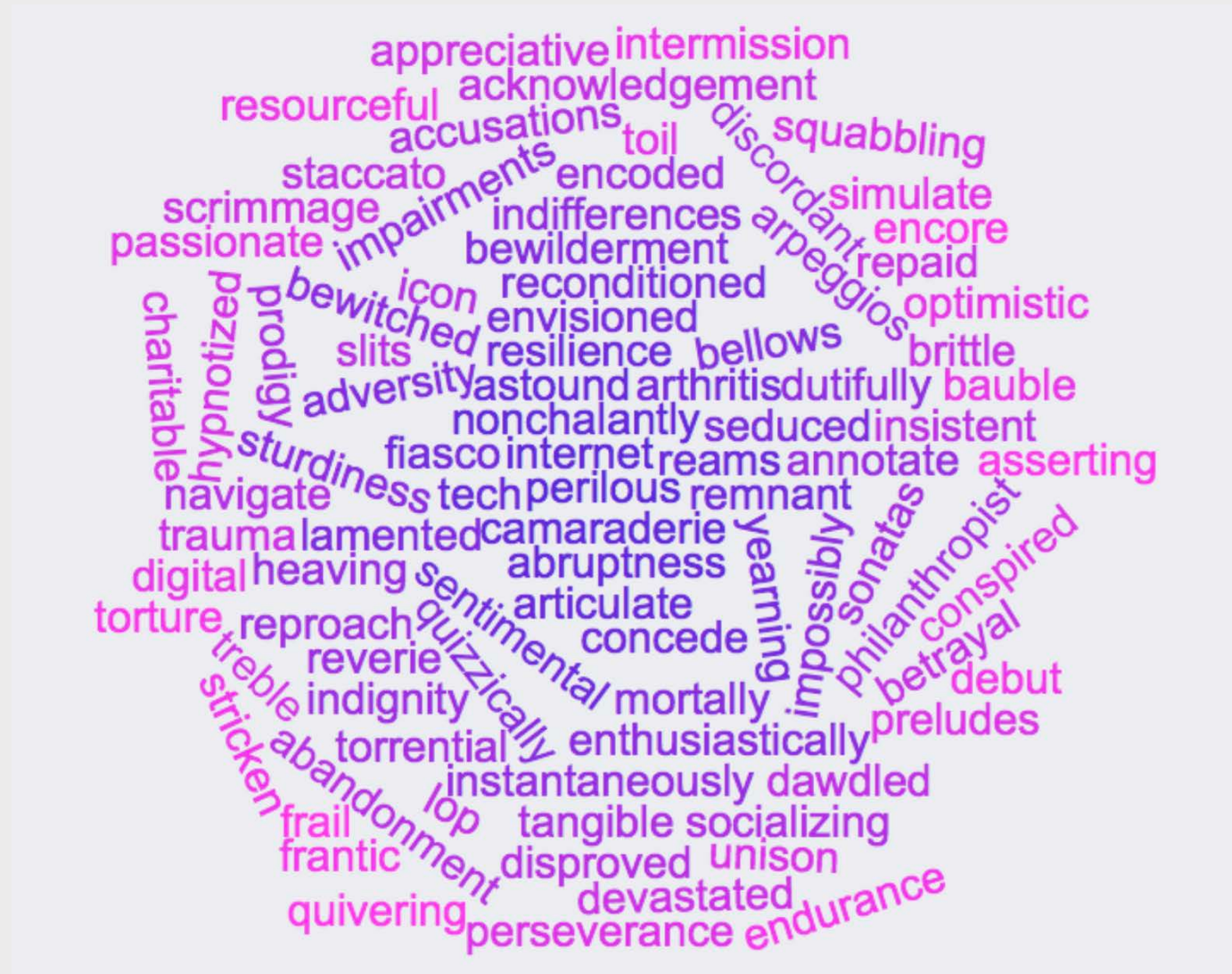
349 words
that are
predicted to
appear 3
times or
fewer per
million
words:
Rare Words



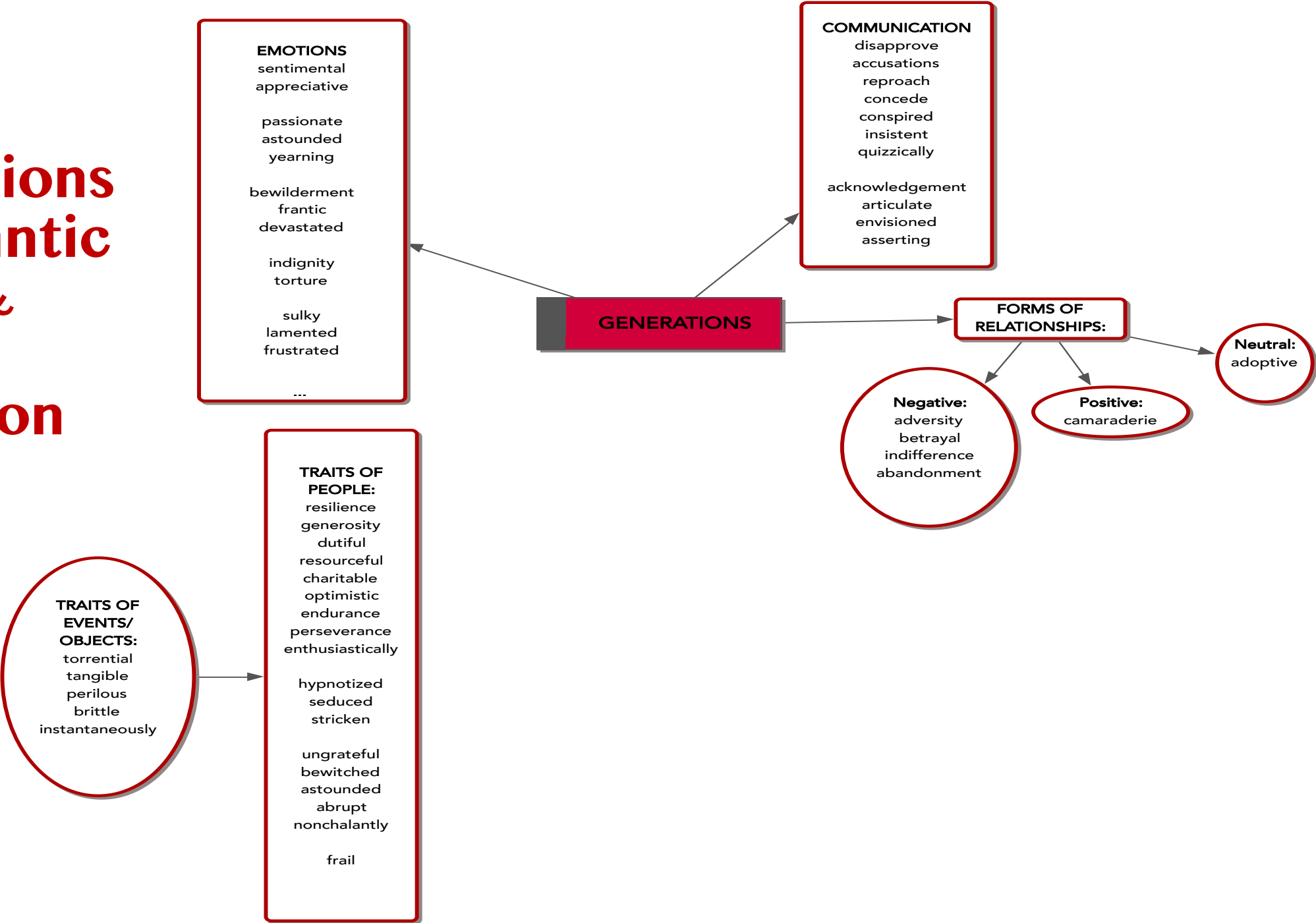
214 Rare Words (Proper names, abbrev/ interjections/ onomatopoeia, & non-English w excluded)



101 Rare Words
(with Highly
Familiar words
(e.g., *wiggled*,
***itching*) and**
Highly Concrete
words (e.g.,
***unicycle*,**
***foghorns*)**
excluded)



3c.
Illustrations
of semantic
maps--&
their
expansion



3d. Teach students to expect—and in some cases —learn proper names

First Names & Surnames —Author's Choices	Characters, Objects, Events	Experts & Their Affiliations	Geographic Names
Mr. Augsburgers	Niña	John T. Caioppo, University of Chicago	Buddhist
Mr. & Mrs. Sandlin	Pinta	Jacqueline Olds & Richard S. Schwartz, Harvard	Brooklyn Bridge
Mr. Bates	Cultural Revolution	Robert D. Putnam	Sagarmatha
Thomases	Mao	Mei Lanfang	Shangri-La
Mr. Byford	Red Fushi	Bradley Morris & Shannon Zentall	Shanghai
Mrs. Andrews	Red Guard	Carol Dweck, Stanford	Sherpa

Idea	Small Change
1. English has more words than can be taught.	1. Teach students to expect new words in texts.
2. A small group of words does the heavy lifting in English.	2. a. Hold discussions about ratio of core: rare words in texts b. Increase student responsibility for reading c. Provide short, topically related articles—lots of them
3. Rare words in narrative texts belong to synonym networks; those in informational texts in topic networks.	3. a. Teach students prolific synonym networks b. Provide topically related texts for class and small group discussion c. Create topically related semantic maps d. Teach students about the role and kinds of proper names



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