

Reading and Writing an Effective Narrative

Read only the text (no illustrations yet). Who do you think is the narrator of this piece? Write down as many adjectives to describe the narrator as you can.

Read the text for a second time, this time look at the illustrations. Fill out the table below. Some details will be found only in the text, or only in the picture.

Detail about the place or people	Info from text (pg #)	Info from illustration (pg #)
Example: These people grow corn crops	"Raindrops ... feed the corn In the fields ..." (pg 5)	Woman in front is shucking corn in a bowl. (pg 10)

What can we infer from the text? Think about word choice. If one character says they have a "problem" and the other says it is a "disaster," what can you infer about each character? How does word choice in this excerpt tell us more?

Inference	What evidence did you find in the text or illustrations? What words did the narrator choose that make you feel this? What words could the narrator have used to say the same thing with a different emotion.
Are these people religious?	
How does the narrator feel about the place?	
How does the narrator feel about the people?	

O ur world is made of fire,
water, soil, and air.

The wind blows and we feel it on our faces,
but we never see it.

We are the Pueblos,
the Ancient Ones, the People.

We live close to the Earth and we know
the fire for how it warms us.

The water serpent hears our voices.
Water quenches our thirst.
Raindrops wash our skin, feed the corn in the fields,
and make the rocks shine.

The soil under our feet
is Mother to us and to our crops.

We breathe the invisible air.

The animals run
when they hear hunters coming
through the underbrush.

The hunters are men and boys.
They cross the ground silently in their moccasins,
eyes watching and ears listening.

The hunters do not want to scare the animals away.

When a kill is made—
a deer, an antelope, or a cottontail—
the hunters sing songs to the spirit of the animal.

They honor the animal they have killed
with their songs
because the animal died for them.

The day is ending and the sun is setting.

Women, young girls, babies,
and old people wait in the village.
They are eager to know what the men and boys
will bring back from the hunt.

Everyone is hungry.

The women are skilled with their blades.
They skin the animal the men bring home
and cut the meat into pieces
for all to share.

The older children,
boys and girls,
blow on embers to make
the fire flare up bright and warm.

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water, soil, and air.

The wind blows and we feel it on our faces,
but we never see it.

We are the Pueblos,
the Ancient Ones, the People.

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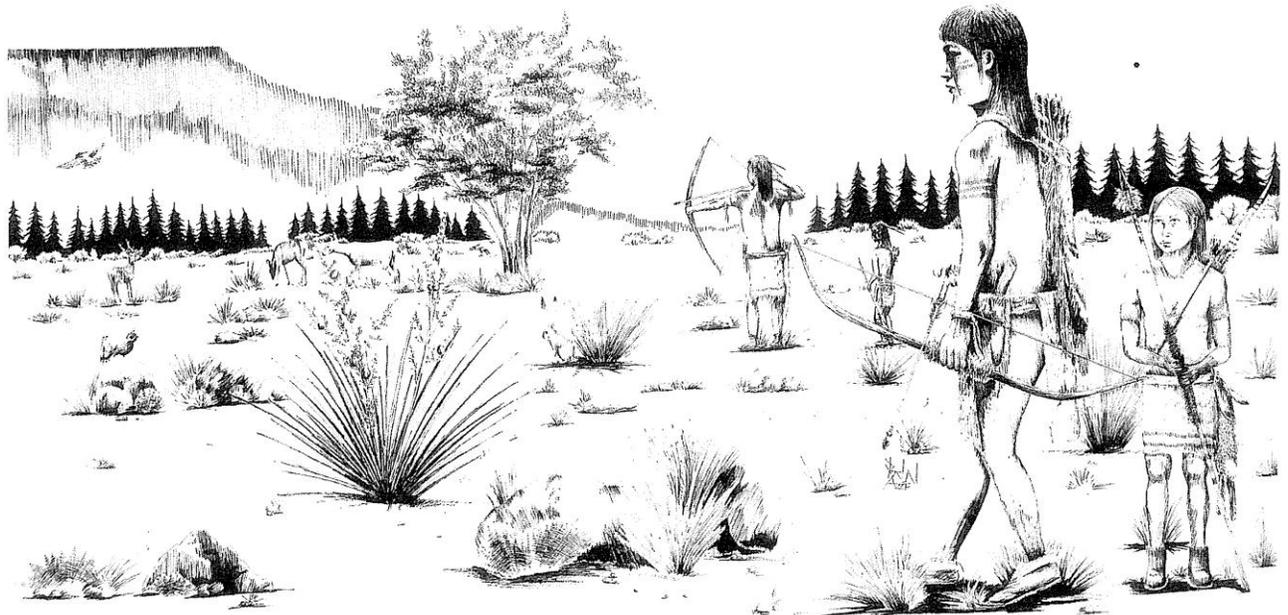
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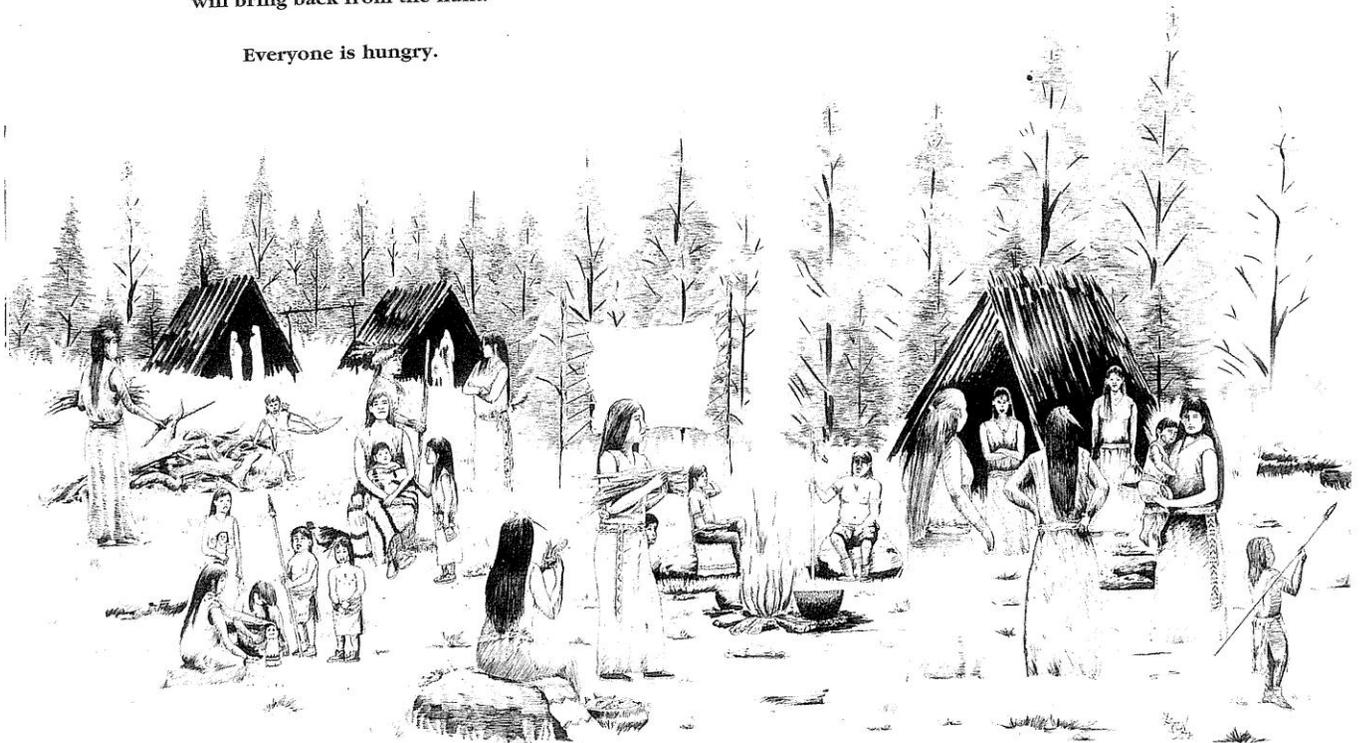
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