

Before Reading		During Reading		After Reading

Establish a purpose for reading the text.	Stop and model the thinking process.	Make connections to background knowledge and other texts in the text set.
Discuss the type of text/text structure. How will this impact HOW we read the text?	Stop and ask questions to check for understanding, make predictions or discuss new information.	Use graphic organizers (based on text structure) to review.
Connect to background knowledge from other texts, videos, graphics, passages, artwork, images, etc.	Point out signaling devices: • Signaling words • Text features	Check for understanding: • Discussion • Questioning • Oral Summary using text evidence • Written Summary using text evidence
Pre-teach vocabulary critical for the passage.	Test predictions against the text.	
Discuss language structure components that may be challenging for students.	Make connections to background knowledge and other texts.	

Strengthening Intervention Through Comprehension



Recommendation 2. Provide direct and explicit comprehension strategy instruction

1. Select carefully the text to use when first beginning to teach a given strategy.
2. Show students how to apply the strategies they are learning to different texts, not just one text.
3. Ensure that the text is appropriate for the reading level of students.
4. Use direct and explicit instruction for teaching students how to use comprehension strategies.
5. Provide the appropriate amount of guided practice depending on the difficulty level of the strategies that the students are learning.
6. When teaching comprehension strategies make sure students understand that the goal is to understand the content of the text.

Recommendation 3, Part B: Consistently provide students with opportunities to ask and answer questions to better understand the text they read.

How to carry out Part B of the recommendation

1. Explicitly teach students how to find and justify answers to different types of questions.
2. Provide ample opportunities for students to collaboratively answer questions.
3. Teach students to ask questions about the text while reading.

Question Type	Description	How to Apply
Right There Question	- Referred to as text-dependent - Words in the question AND the answer are in the same sentence	- Direct students to the portion of the text where the answer could be found. - Have students justify their answers.
Think and Search Question	- Referred to as text-dependent - Information for the answer is in different parts of the text	- Point out the paragraph where some of the answer is found. - Write the information down for all to see. - Continue this until all answers are defined. - Guide students in sorting through evidence for relevancy.
Author and Me Question	- Referred to as inferential - Connections must be made to prior knowledge or information in the text	- Ask students to explain their connections. - Ask guiding questions or prompt students. - Provide prompt cards for facilitating independence.

Recommendation 3, Part C: Teach students a routine for determining the gist of a short section of text.

How to carry out Part C of the recommendation:

1. Model how to use a routine to generate gist statements. (See Resource 3C.1.)
2. Teach students how to use text structures to generate gist statements. (See Resource 3C.3.)
3. Work collaboratively with students to generate gist statements.

Resource 3C.1. Routine for generating a gist statement

1. Identify and mark the most important person (referred to as the who), place or thing (referred to as the what) in a section of text.
2. Mark and then list the important information about the most important person, place or thing.
3. Synthesize or piece together the important information about the most important person, place or thing.
4. Write the gist statement in your own words.
5. Check that the gist statement includes all the important information in a short, complete sentence that makes sense.

Resource 3C.3. Types of text structures and the related questions that help identify the gist

Problem/solution text structures are used to describe a problem and how it was solved.

Question: *What is the problem? What is the solution?*

Cause/effect text structures are used to explain how one thing or event led to or caused another thing or event to happen.

Question: *What happened? What happened as a result?*

Compare/contrast text structures are used to explain how topics are alike or different.

Question: *How are the topics the same? How are they different?*

Recommendation 3, Part D: Teach students to monitor their comprehension as they read.

How to carry out Part D of the recommendation

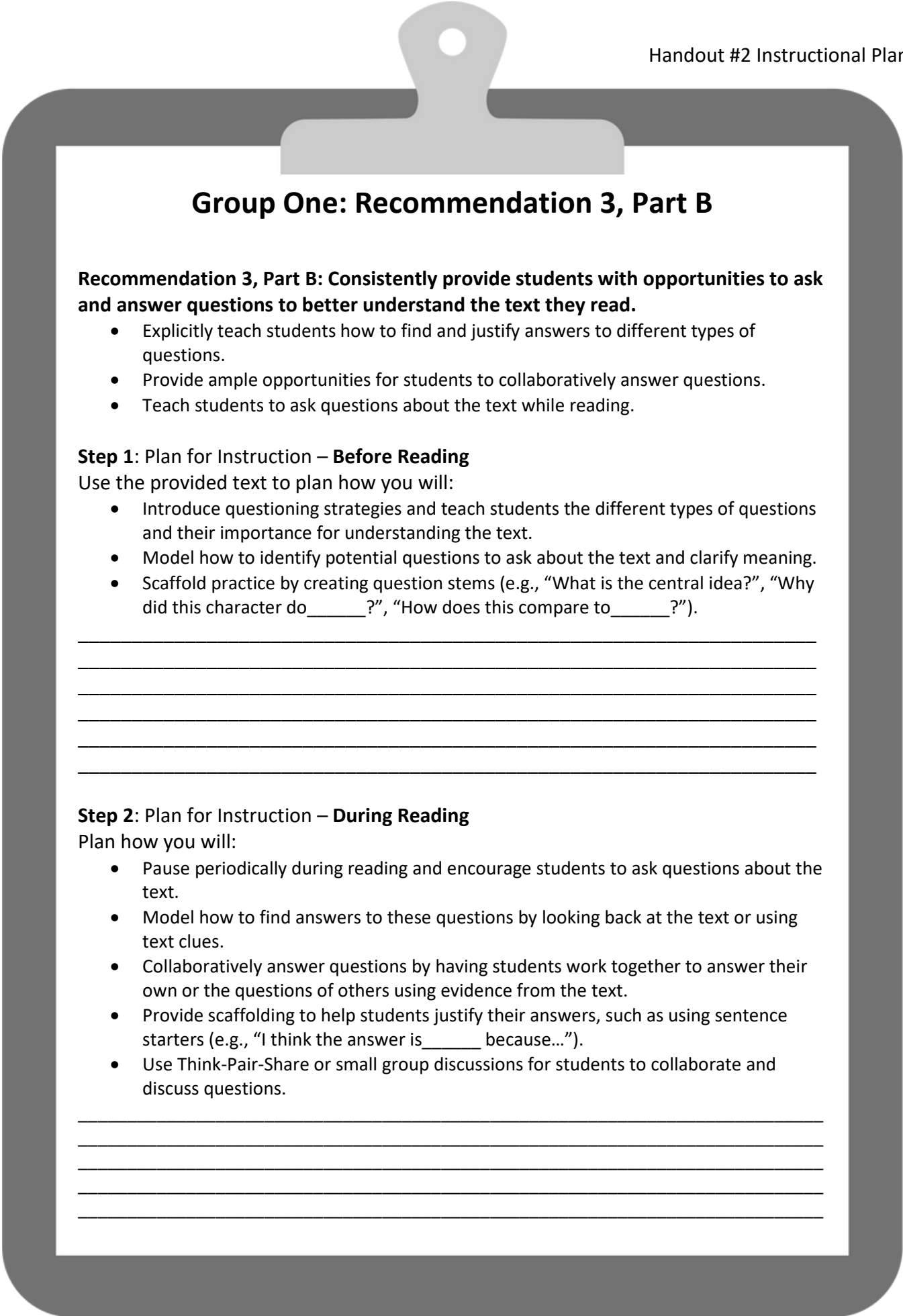
1. Help students determine when they do not understand the text.
2. Teach students to ask themselves questions as they read to check their understanding and figure out what the text is about.
3. Provide opportunities for students to reflect on what they have learned. (see resource 3D.1)

Resource 3D.1. Possible questions students can ask themselves as they read

First, I ask myself: What was that section of text about? What is happening in this section?

Then I ask myself:

1. If I am not sure what this section is about, I ask: *Are there any words I cannot read or do not understand? Are there any phrases or sentences that do not make sense? Should I reread that section carefully?*
2. If a word or phrase doesn't make sense, I ask: *How am I going to figure out what that word or phrase means?*
3. If I am not sure what this section is about but it reminds me of something, I ask: *What else do I know about this topic?*
4. If I think I know what this section is about, I ask: *What are the main points so far? Do I need to reread and mark the main points so that I can remember them?*



Group One: Recommendation 3, Part B

Recommendation 3, Part B: Consistently provide students with opportunities to ask and answer questions to better understand the text they read.

- Explicitly teach students how to find and justify answers to different types of questions.
- Provide ample opportunities for students to collaboratively answer questions.
- Teach students to ask questions about the text while reading.

Step 1: Plan for Instruction – Before Reading

Use the provided text to plan how you will:

- Introduce questioning strategies and teach students the different types of questions and their importance for understanding the text.
- Model how to identify potential questions to ask about the text and clarify meaning.
- Scaffold practice by creating question stems (e.g., “What is the central idea?”, “Why did this character do_____?”, “How does this compare to_____?”).

Step 2: Plan for Instruction – During Reading

Plan how you will:

- Pause periodically during reading and encourage students to ask questions about the text.
- Model how to find answers to these questions by looking back at the text or using text clues.
- Collaboratively answer questions by having students work together to answer their own or the questions of others using evidence from the text.
- Provide scaffolding to help students justify their answers, such as using sentence starters (e.g., “I think the answer is_____ because...”).
- Use Think-Pair-Share or small group discussions for students to collaborate and discuss questions.

Recommendation 3, Part B: Consistently provide students with opportunities to ask and answer questions to better understand the text they read.

- ### Step 3: Plan for Instruction – After Reading

- Have students reflect on their questions and answers. Ask students to share which questions were most helpful and why.
- Facilitate a class discussion where students defend their answers and support their ideas with evidence from the text.
- Encourage students to ask follow-up questions to deepen understanding or clarify any remaining confusion.
- Provide opportunities for students to practice justifying answers using the text for support.

Notes: _____

[illegible]

Group Two: Recommendation 3, Part C

Recommendation 3, Part C: Teach students a routine for determining the gist of a short section of text.

- Model how to use a routine to generate gist statements.
- Teach students how to use text structures to generate gist statements.
- Work collaboratively with students to generate gist statements.

Step 1: Plan for Instruction – Before Reading

Use the provided text to plan how you will:

- Introduce the concept of a gist statement (e.g., a concise summary of the central idea in one or two sentences).
- Teach a consistent routine for identifying the gist (e.g., who/what and the most important information).
- Review key text structures and how they can help identify the gist.
- Model how to preview a section of the text and make predictions about its central idea.

Step 2: Plan for Instruction – During Reading

Plan how you will:

- Read a short section aloud or with students and model generating a gist statement using the routine.
- Highlight how the text structure helps determine what's the most important.
- Use think-alouds to show the process of narrowing down big ideas to just the essential information.
- Work collaboratively with students to co-construct gist statements, offering support with sentence frames or graphic organizers.
- Provide guided practice with gradual release.

Group Two: Recommendation 3, Part C

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- Model how to use a routine to generate gist statements.
- Teach students how to use text structures to generate gist statements.
- Work collaboratively with students to generate gist statements.

Step 3: Plan for Instruction – After Reading

Plan how you will:

- Have students share and compare gist statements with peers or in a class discussion.
- Reflect on how the routine helped students understand the section of the text.
- Reinforce the use of text structure clues in determining the gist.
- Provide a short extension activity where students write or revise gist statements for another section of the text.

Notes:



Group Three: Recommendation 3, Part D

Recommendation 3, Part D: Teach students to monitor their comprehension as they read.

- Help students determine when they do not understand the text.
- Teach students to ask themselves questions as they read to check their understanding and figure out what the text is about.
- Provide opportunities for students to reflect on what they have learned.

Step 1: Plan for Instruction – Before Reading

Use the provided text to plan how you will:

- Introduce the idea of monitoring comprehension.
- Model how to recognize confusion in a text.
- Teach students specific self-questioning strategies.
- Scaffold student practice in recognizing and addressing confusion before reading begins.

Step 2: Plan for Instruction – During Reading

Plan how you will:

- Prompt students to monitor their comprehension while reading.
- Provide tools (e.g., guiding questions, checklists, sticky notes) to support self-questioning.
- Model how to stop, ask questions and repair understanding when confusion occurs.
- Scaffold student practice with guided support and feedback.



Group Three: Recommendation 3, Part D

Recommendation 3, Part D: Teach students to monitor their comprehension as they read.

- Help students determine when they do not understand the text.
- Teach students to ask themselves questions as they read to check their understanding and figure out what the text is about.
- Provide opportunities for students to reflect on what they have learned.

Step 3: Plan for Instruction – After Reading

Plan how you will:

- Guide students to reflect on his or her understanding and the strategies used.
- Facilitate discussion or writing about what students learned and how he or she handled confusion.
- Reinforce when and how to use comprehension-monitoring strategies in future texts.
- Scaffold reflection through sentence frames, discussion starters or short prompts.

Notes:

An Excerpt from *Old Yeller* by Fred Gipson

He came in the late 1860s, the best I remember. Anyhow, it was the year that Papa and a bunch of other Salt Licks settlers formed a “pool herd” of their little separate bunches of steers and trailed them to the new cattle market at Abilene, Kansas.

This was to get “cash money,” a thing that all Texans were short of in those years right after the Civil War. We lived then in a new country and a good one. As Papa pointed out the day the men talked over making the drive, we had plenty of grass, wood, and water. We had wild game for the killing, fertile ground for growing bread corn, and the Indians had been put onto reservations with the return of U.S. soldiers to the Texas forts.

“In fact,” Papa wound up, “all we lack having a tight tail-holt on the world is a little cash money. And we can get that at Abilene.”

Well, the idea sounded good, but some of the men still hesitated. Abilene was better than six hundred miles north of the Texas hill country we lived in. It would take months for the men to make the drive and ride back home. And all that time the womenfolks and children of Salt Licks would be left in a wild frontier settlement to make out the best they could.

Still, they needed money, and they realized that whatever a man does, he’s bound to take some risks. So they talked it over with each other and with their women and decided it was the thing to do. They told their folks what to do in case the Indians came off the reservations or the coons got to eating the corn or the bears got to killing too many hogs. Then they gathered their cattle, burned a trail brand on their hips, and pulled out on the long trail to Kansas.

I remember how it was the day Papa left. I remember his standing in front of the cabin with his horse saddled, his gun in his scabbard, and his bedroll tied on the back of the cantle. I remember how tall and straight and handsome he looked, with his high-crowned hat and his black mustaches drooping in cow-horn curves past the corners of his mouth. And I remember how Mama was trying to keep from crying because he was leaving and how Little Arliss, who was only five and didn’t know much, wasn’t trying to keep from crying at all. In fact, he was howling his head off; not because Papa was leaving, but because he couldn’t go, too.

Strengthening Interventions for Comprehension: Text Excerpts



“Because I Could Not Stop for Death” by Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – he knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – ‘tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses’ Heads
Were toward Eternity –

“Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night” by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked not lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

An Excerpt from *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury

PART I: The Hearth and the Salamander.

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black-beetle-coloured helmet and shined it, he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent, air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air and to the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment before his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now, tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again.

"Of course," he said, "you're a new neighbour, aren't you?"

"And you must be"-she raised her eyes from his professional symbols-"the fireman." Her voice trailed off.

"How oddly you say that."

"I'd-I'd have known it with my eyes shut," she said, slowly.

"What-the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains," he laughed. "You never wash it off completely."

"No, you don't," she said, in awe.

An Excerpt from *The Call of the Wild* by Jack London

I

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

“Old longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom’s chain, Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the ferine strain.”

BUCK did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller’s place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants’ cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller’s boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless,—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge’s sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge’s daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge’s feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge’s grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king,—king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller’s place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large,—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds,—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by INTO THE PRIMITIVE 7 not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

Eulogy of the Dog by George Graham Vest

Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.