

<b>Analyze</b>	<b>Plot</b>
<b>Summary</b>	<b>Protagonist</b>
<b>Antagonist</b>	<b>conflict</b>

## VOCABULARY: Parts of a Fiction Summary

1. ANALYZE -- \_\_\_\_\_

2. PLOT -- \_\_\_\_\_

3. SUMMARY-- \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4. PROTAGONIST -- \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

5. ANTAGONIST -- \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

6. CONFLICT -- \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Let's listen to an old folk tale from Norway. Norway is a country in northern Europe. The name of the story is...

## The Three Billy Goats Gruff

ONCE UPON A TIME, there were three billy goats, who were to go up to the hillside to make themselves fat. The name of all three was Gruff.

On the way up they had to cross a bridge over a stream. Under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

First of all over the bridge came the youngest billy goat Gruff.

Trip, trap! Trip, trap! went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT TRIPPING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy goat Gruff. I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy goat, with such a small voice!

"NOW I'M COMING TO GOBBLE YOU UP," said the Troll.

"Oh no, pray don't take me. I'm too little, that I am," said the billy goat. "Wait a bit till the second billy goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"WELL, BE OFF WITH YOU," said the Troll.

A little later up came the second billy goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT TRIPPING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's the second billy goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy goat. His voice was not so small, either.

"NOW I'M COMING TO GOBBLE YOU UP," said the Troll.

"Oh no, don't take me. Wait a little till the big billy goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger."

Just then up came the big billy goat Gruff. Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! Trip, trap! went the bridge. This billy goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"WHO'S THAT TRAMPING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the Troll.

"IT'S I! THE BIG BILLY GOAT GRUFF," said the billy goat. He had an ugly hoarse voice of his own.

"NOW I'M COMING TO GOBBLE YOU UP," roared the Troll.

"WELL, COME ALONG! I'VE GOT TWO SPEARS, AND I'LL POKE YOUR EYEBALLS OUT AT YOUR EARS. I'VE GOT TWO GREAT BIG STONES, AND I'LL CRUSH YOU TO BITS, BODY AND BONES."

That was what the big billy goat said. He flew at the Troll and poked his eyes out with his horns. He crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out into the stream. Then he went up to the hillside. There the billy goats got so fat they were scarcely able to walk home again. If the fat hasn't fallen off them—why, they're still fat; and so...

Snip, snap, snout, This tale's told out.

# PLOT

TITLE: \_\_\_\_\_

AUTHOR: \_\_\_\_\_

## CLIMAX

### RIISING ACTION

(List examples that create complications or suspense)

## FALLING ACTION

## CONFLICT

## RESOLUTION

### EXPOSITION

Setting:

Situation/climate:

Characters:

PROTAGONIST vs. ANTAGONIST

vs.

## THEME

**Reading Standard 1.4:**

Monitor text for unknown words by using word clues to determine meaning.

VOCABULARY DEVELOPMENT p. 16

*Directions: Read the paragraph. Circle the word(s) that give clues to the underlined words' meanings.*

The coach read aloud the anonymous note, wondering who had written it. "Please take some time to ponder our request carefully. You may think that it would have a devastating effect, but we're sure it won't ruin the sports program. It's time to be tolerant and fair. After all, we've been nurturing our dream for months. Please let girls try out for the team."

INDEPENDENT PRACTICE:

*Directions: Read the paragraph. Circle the word(s) that give clues to the underlined words' meanings.*

Aunt Nancy was upset at her nieces and nephews. They were all loud, noisy and boisterous. She wished that she could tell their mom that they were hardworking and diligent, but they were lazy all day and did not do any of their chores. If only she could get them to settle down and be quiet. How would she ever explain this to her sister!

# Ghost of the Lagoon

by Armstrong Sperry

The island of Bora Bora, where Mako lived, is far away in the South Pacific. It is not a large island—you can paddle around it in a single day—but the main body of it rises straight out of the sea, very high into the air, like a castle. Waterfalls trail down the faces of the cliffs. As you look upward, you see wild goats leaping from crag to crag.

Mako had been born on the very edge of the sea, and most of his waking hours were spent in the waters of the lagoon, which was nearly enclosed by the two outstretched arms of the island. He was very clever with his hands; he had made a harpoon that was as straight as an arrow and tipped with five pointed iron spears. He had made a canoe, hollowing it out of a tree. It wasn't a very big canoe—only a little longer than his own height. It had an outrigger, a sort of balancing pole, fastened to one side to keep the boat from tipping over. The canoe was just large enough to hold Mako and his little dog, Afa. They were great companions, these two.

One evening Mako lay stretched at full length on the pandanus mats, listening to Grandfather's voice. Overhead, stars shone in the dark sky. From far off came the thunder of the surf on the reef.

The old man was speaking of Tupa, the ghost of the lagoon. Ever since the boy could remember, he had heard tales of this terrible monster. Frightened fishermen, returning from the reef at midnight, spoke of the ghost. Over the evening fires, old men told endless tales about the monster.

Tupa seemed to think the lagoon of Bora Bora belonged to him. The natives left presents of food for him out on the reef: a dead goat, a chicken, or a pig. The presents

WORDS  
TO  
KNOW

lagoon (lə-'gōon) *n.* a shallow body of water separated from a sea by sandbars or coral reefs  
harpoon (hār-'pōon) *n.* a spearlike weapon used to hunt large fish  
reef (rēf) *n.* a ridge of rocks, sand, or coral near the surface of water

always disappeared mysteriously, but everyone felt sure that it was Tupa who carried them away. Still, in spite of all this food, the nets of the fishermen were torn during the night, the fish stolen. What an appetite Tupa seemed to have!

Not many people had ever seen the ghost of the lagoon. Grandfather was one of the few who had.

"What does he really look like, Grandfather?" the boy asked, for the hundredth time.

The old man shook his head solemnly. The light from the cook fire glistened on his white hair. "Tupa lives in the great caves of the reef. He is longer than this house. There is a sail on his back, not large but terrible to see, for it burns with a white fire. Once, when I was fishing beyond the reef at night, I saw him come up right under another canoe—"

"What happened then?" Mako asked. He half rose on one elbow. This was a story he had not heard before.

The old man's voice dropped to a whisper. "Tupa dragged the canoe right under the water—and the water boiled with white flame. The three fishermen in it were never seen again. Fine swimmers they were, too."

Grandfather shook his head. "It is bad fortune even to speak of Tupa. There is evil in his very name."

"But King Opu Nui has offered a reward for his capture," the boy pointed out.

"Thirty acres of fine coconut land, and a sailing canoe as well," said the old man. "But who ever heard of laying hands on a ghost?"

Mako's eyes glistened. "Thirty acres of land and a sailing canoe. How I should love to win that reward!"

Grandfather nodded, but Mako's mother scolded her son for such foolish talk. "Be quiet now, son, and go to sleep. Grandfather has told you that it is bad fortune to speak of Tupa. Alas, how well we have learned that lesson! Your father—" She stopped herself.

"What of my father?" the boy asked quickly. And now he sat up straight on the mats.

"Tell him, Grandfather," his mother whispered.

The old man cleared his throat and poked at the fire. A little shower of sparks whirled up into the darkness.

"Your father," he explained gently, "was one of the three fishermen in the canoe that Tupa destroyed." His words fell upon the air like stones dropped into a deep well.

Mako shivered. He brushed back the hair from his damp forehead. Then he squared his shoulders and cried fiercely, "I shall slay Tupa and win the king's reward!" He rose to his knees, his slim body tense, his eyes flashing in the firelight.

"Hush!" his mother said. "Go to sleep now. Enough of such foolish talk. Would you bring trouble upon us all?"

Mako lay down again upon the mats. He rolled over on his side and closed his eyes, but sleep was long in coming.

The palm trees whispered above the dark lagoon, and far out on the reef the sea thundered.

The boy was slow to wake up the next morning. The ghost of Tupa had played through his dreams, making him restless. And so it was almost noon before Mako sat up on the mats and stretched himself. He called Afa, and the boy and his dog ran down to the lagoon for their morning swim.

When they returned to the house, wide-awake and hungry, Mako's mother had food ready and waiting.

"These are the last of our bananas," she told him. "I wish you would paddle out to the reef this afternoon and bring back a new bunch."

The boy agreed eagerly. Nothing pleased him more than such an errand, which would take him to a little island on the outer reef, half a mile from shore. It was one of Mako's favorite playgrounds, and there bananas and oranges grew in great plenty.

"Come, Afa," he called, gulping the last mouthful. "We're

going on an expedition."

He picked up his long-bladed knife and seized his spear. A minute later, he dashed across the white sand, where his canoe was drawn up beyond the water's reach.

Afa barked at his heels. He was all white except for a black spot over each eye. Wherever Mako went, there went Afa also. Now the little dog leaped into the bow of the canoe, his tail wagging with delight. The boy shoved the canoe into the water and climbed aboard. Then, picking up his paddle, he thrust it into the water. The canoe shot ahead. Its sharp bow cut through the green water of the lagoon like a knife through cheese. And so clear was the water that Mako could see the coral gardens, forty feet below him, growing in the sand. The shadow of the canoe moved over them.

A school of fish swept by like silver arrows. He saw scarlet rock cod with ruby eyes and the head of a conger eel peering out from a cavern in the coral. The boy thought suddenly of Tupa, ghost of the lagoon. On such a bright day it was hard to believe in ghosts of any sort. The fierce sunlight drove away all

thought of them. Perhaps ghosts were only old men's stories, anyway!

Mako's eyes came to rest upon his spear—the spear that he had made with his own hands—the spear that was as straight and true as an arrow. He remembered his vow of the night before. Could a ghost be killed with a spear? Some night, when all the village was sleeping, Mako swore to himself that he would find out! He would paddle out to the reef and challenge Tupa! Perhaps tonight. Why not? He caught his breath at the thought. A shiver ran down his back. His hands were

tense on the paddle.

As the canoe drew away from shore, the boy saw the coral reef that, above all others, had always interested him.

It was of white coral—a long slim shape that rose slightly above the surface of the water. It looked very much like a shark. There was a ridge on the back that the boy could pretend was a dorsal fin, while up near one end were two dark holes that looked like eyes!

Times without number the boy had practiced spearing this make-believe shark, aiming always for the eyes, the most vulnerable spot. So true and straight had his aim become that the spear would pass right into the eyeholes without even touching the sides of the coral. Mako had named the coral reef Tupa.

This morning, as he paddled past it, he shook his fist and called, "Ho, Mister Tupa! Just wait till I get my bananas. When I come back, I'll make short work of you!"

Afa followed his master's words with a sharp bark. He knew Mako was excited about something.

Perhaps ghosts  
were only old men's  
stories, anyway!

WORDS  
TO  
KNOW

expedition (ěk'spī-dīsh'an) *n.* a journey with a goal or purpose



The bow of the canoe touched the sand of the little island where the bananas grew. Afa leaped ashore and ran barking into the jungle, now on this trail, now on that. Clouds of sea birds whirled from their nests into the air with angry cries.

**M**ako climbed into the shallow water, waded ashore, and pulled his canoe up on the beach. Then, picking up his banana knife, he followed Afa. In the jungle the light was so dense and green that the boy felt as if he were moving underwater. Ferns grew higher than his head. The branches of the trees formed a green roof over him. A flock of parakeets fled on swift wings. Somewhere a wild pig crashed through the undergrowth while Afa dashed away in pursuit. Mako paused anxiously. Armed only with his banana knife, he had no desire to meet the wild pig. The pig, it seemed, had no desire to meet him, either.

Then, ahead of him, the boy saw the broad green blades of a banana tree. A bunch of bananas, golden ripe, was growing out of the top.

At the foot of the tree he made a nest of soft leaves for the bunch to fall upon. In this way the fruit wouldn't be crushed. Then with a swift slash of his blade he cut the stem. The bananas fell to the earth with a dull thud. He found two more bunches.

Then he thought, "I might as well get some oranges while I'm here. Those little rusty ones are sweeter than any that grow on Bora Bora."

So he set about making a net out of palm leaves to carry the oranges. As he worked, his swift fingers moving in and out among the strong green leaves, he could hear Afa's excited barks off in the jungle. That was just like Afa, always barking at something: a bird, a fish, a wild pig. He never caught

anything, either. Still, no boy ever had a finer companion.

The palm net took longer to make than Mako had realized. By the time it was finished and filled with oranges, the jungle was dark and gloomy. Night comes quickly and without warning in the islands of the tropics.

Mako carried the fruit down to the shore and loaded it into the canoe. Then he whistled to Afa. The dog came bounding out of the bush, wagging his tail.

"Hurry!" Mako scolded. "We won't be home before the dark comes."

The little dog leaped into the bow of the canoe, and Mako came aboard. Night seemed to rise up from the surface of the water and swallow them. On the distant shore of Bora Bora, cook fires were being lighted. The first star twinkled just over the dark mountains. Mako dug his paddle into the water, and the canoe leaped ahead.

The dark water was alive with phosphorus. The bow of the canoe seemed to cut through a pale liquid fire. Each dip of the paddle trailed streamers of light. As the canoe approached the coral reef, the boy called, "Ho, Tupa! It's too late tonight to teach you your lesson. But I'll come back tomorrow." The coral shark glistened in the darkness.

And then, suddenly, Mako's breath caught in his throat. His hands felt weak. Just beyond the fin of the coral Tupa, there was another fin—a huge one. It had never been there before. And—could he believe his eyes? It was moving.

The boy stopped paddling. He dashed his hand across his eyes. Afa began to bark furiously. The great white fin, shaped like a small sail, glowed with phosphorescent light. Then Mako knew. Here was Tupa—the real Tupa—ghost of the lagoon!

WORDS  
TO  
KNOW

phosphorus (fōs'fər-əs) *n.* a substance that glows with a yellowish or white light

His knees felt weak. He tried to cry out, but his voice died in his throat. The great shark was circling slowly around the canoe. With each circle, it moved closer and closer. Now the boy could see the phosphorescent glow of the great shark's sides. As it moved in closer, he saw the yellow eyes, the gill slits in its throat.

Afa leaped from one side of the canoe to the other. In sudden

anger Mako leaned forward to grab the dog and shake him soundly. Afa wriggled out of his grasp as

Mako tried to catch him, and

the shift in weight tipped the canoe on one side. The outrigger rose from the water. In another second they would be overboard. The boy threw his weight over quickly to balance the canoe, but with a loud splash Afa fell over into the dark water.

Mako stared after him in dismay. The little dog, instead of swimming back to the canoe, had headed for the distant shore. And there was the great white shark—very near.

"Afa! Afa! Come back! Come quickly!" Mako shouted.

The little dog turned back toward the canoe. He was swimming with all his strength. Mako leaned forward. Could Afa make it? Swiftly the boy seized his spear. Bracing himself, he stood upright. There was no weakness in him now. His dog, his companion, was in danger of instant death.

Afa was swimming desperately to reach the canoe. The white shark had paused in his circling to gather speed for the attack. Mako raised his arm, took aim. In that instant the shark charged. Mako's arm flashed forward. All his strength was behind that thrust. The spear drove straight and true, right into the great shark's eye. Mad with pain and rage, Tupa whipped about, lashing the water in fury.

The canoe rocked back and forth. Mako struggled to keep his balance as he drew back the spear by the cord fastened to his wrist.

He bent over to seize Afa and drag him aboard. Then he stood up, not a moment too soon. Once again the shark charged. Once again Mako threw his spear, this time at the other eye. The spear found its

mark. Blinded and weak

from loss of blood,

Tupa rolled to the surface, turned

slightly on his side.

Was he dead?

Mako knew how

clever sharks could be, and he

was taking no chances. Scarcely daring to breathe, he paddled toward the still body. He saw the faintest motion of the great tail. The shark was still alive. The boy knew that one flip of that tail could overturn the canoe and send him and Afa into the water, where Tupa could destroy them.

Swiftly, yet calmly, Mako stood upright and braced himself firmly. Then, murmuring a silent prayer to the shark god, he threw his spear for the last time. Downward, swift as sound, the spear plunged into a white shoulder.

Peering over the side of the canoe, Mako could see the great fish turn over far below the surface. Then slowly, slowly, the great shark rose to the surface of the lagoon. There he floated, half on one side.

Tupa was dead.

Mako flung back his head and shouted for joy. Hitching a strong line about the shark's tail, the boy began to paddle toward the shore of Bora Bora. The dorsal fin, burning with the white fire of phosphorus, trailed after the canoe.

Men were running down the beaches of Bora Bora, shouting as they leaped into their

One flip of that tail could  
overturn the canoe.

canoes and put out across the lagoon. Their cries reached the boy's ears across the water.

"It is Tupa—ghost of the lagoon," he heard them shout. "Mako has killed him!"

That night, as the tired boy lay on the pandanus mats listening to the distant thunder of the sea, he heard Grandfather singing a new song. It was the song which would be sung the

next day at the feast which King Opu Nui would give in Mako's honor. The boy saw his mother bending over the cook fire. The stars leaned close, winking like friendly eyes.

Grandfather's voice reached him now from a great distance, "Thirty acres of land and a sailing canoe. . . ." ♦



*Tahitian Landscape* (1891), Paul Gauguin. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

Name:  
Date:  
Per.:

## Ghost of the Lagoon CLOZE Activity

Directions: Fill in the blanks with words FROM THE STORY.

Mako had been \_\_\_\_\_ on the very \_\_\_\_\_ of the sea, and most of his hours were spent in the waters of the \_\_\_\_\_, which was nearly enclosed by the two \_\_\_\_\_ arms of the island. He was very \_\_\_\_\_ with his hands; he had made a \_\_\_\_\_ that was as \_\_\_\_\_ as an arrow and \_\_\_\_\_ with five pointed iron spears. He had made a canoe, \_\_\_\_\_ it out of a tree. (Page 41, Paragraph 1)

One evening Mako lay \_\_\_\_\_ at full length on the \_\_\_\_\_ mats, listening to \_\_\_\_\_ voice. Overhead, stars \_\_\_\_\_ in the dark sky. From far off came the \_\_\_\_\_ of the surf on the reef. (Page 41, Paragraph 2)

Tupa seemed to think the \_\_\_\_\_ of Bora Bora belonged to him. The natives left \_\_\_\_\_ of food for him out on the \_\_\_\_\_: a dead goat, a \_\_\_\_\_, or a pig. The presents always disappeared \_\_\_\_\_, but everyone felt sure that it was \_\_\_\_\_ who carried them away. Still, in spite of all this food, the nets of the \_\_\_\_\_ were torn during the night, the fish stolen. What an \_\_\_\_\_ Tupa seemed to have. (Page 41, Paragraph 4)

The boy was \_\_\_\_\_ to wake up the next morning. The \_\_\_\_\_ of Tupa had \_\_\_\_\_ through his dreams, making him \_\_\_\_\_. And so it was almost \_\_\_\_\_ before Mako sat up on the mats and \_\_\_\_\_ himself. He called \_\_\_\_\_, and the boy and his dog ran down to the \_\_\_\_\_ for their morning swim. (Page 43, Paragraph 14)

The dark \_\_\_\_\_ was alive with \_\_\_\_\_. The bow of the \_\_\_\_\_ seemed to cut through a pale \_\_\_\_\_. Each dip of the paddle trailed \_\_\_\_\_ of light. As the canoe \_\_\_\_\_ the coral reef, the boy called, "Ho, Tupa! It's too late \_\_\_\_\_ to teach you your lesson. But I'll come back \_\_\_\_\_." The coral shark \_\_\_\_\_ in the darkness. (Page 45, Paragraph 11)

# PLOT

TITLE: \_\_\_\_\_

AUTHOR: \_\_\_\_\_

## CLIMAX

### RISING ACTION

(List examples that create complications or suspense)

## FALLING ACTION

## CONFLICT

## RESOLUTION

### EXPOSITION

Setting:

Situation/climate:

Characters:

PROTAGONIST vs. ANTAGONIST

\_\_\_\_\_ vs. \_\_\_\_\_

## THEME

## ***Summary (Fill in the blanks)***

Name \_\_\_\_\_

### **PARAGRAPH 1: TAG (title, author, genre)**

\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_  
*title* *author*

is a \_\_\_\_\_ about \_\_\_\_\_  
*genre- type of story* *main character(s)*

The setting is \_\_\_\_\_

The main characters are \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_. The protagonist is \_\_\_\_\_, and

the antagonist is \_\_\_\_\_. A conflict occurs when \_\_\_\_\_

### **PARAGRAPH 2 Plot (series of main events – what happened?)**

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_

6. \_\_\_\_\_

7. \_\_\_\_\_

8. \_\_\_\_\_

### **PARAGRAPH 3 Finally, (ending/problem solved)**

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## VOCABULARY QUIZ: Parts of a Fiction Summary

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*Directions: Fill in the missing word in the sentences using your VOCABULARY WORDS. There is no word bank, so think carefully about your choices. .*

1. I write a \_\_\_\_\_ when I write a short version of the important events and main ideas of a story.
2. The hero, good guy, or \_\_\_\_\_ in the *Three Little Pigs* is the third pig who builds his house out of bricks.
3. In science, I \_\_\_\_\_, think about, or study many types of animals.
4. The \_\_\_\_\_ is the series of events in the story.
5. A \_\_\_\_\_ is a struggle or a problem.
6. The villain, bad guy, or \_\_\_\_\_ in the *Three Little Pigs* is the wolf.

BONUS QUESTION: (1 Point Extra Credit)

A \_\_\_\_\_ is the person who tells the story.

## VOCABULARY QUIZ: Parts of a Fiction Summary

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*Directions: Fill in the missing word in the sentences using your VOCABULARY WORDS. There is no word bank, so think carefully about your choices. .*

7. I write a \_\_\_\_\_ when I write a short version of the important events and main ideas of a story.
8. The hero, good guy, or \_\_\_\_\_ in the *Three Little Pigs* is the third pig who builds his house out of bricks.
9. In science, I \_\_\_\_\_, think about, or study many types of animals.
10. The \_\_\_\_\_ is the series of events in the story.
11. A \_\_\_\_\_ is a struggle or a problem.
12. The villain, bad guy, or \_\_\_\_\_ in the *Three Little Pigs* is the wolf.

BONUS QUESTION: (1 Point Extra Credit)

A \_\_\_\_\_ is the person who tells the story.

# Story Map

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Title:

Author:

Setting:

Where and when does the story take place? Is the setting important to the plot of the story?

Characters:

Who is the main character(s)? Describe the character's inner qualities. What is the main character's basic problem or conflict?

Plot/  
Conflict/  
Problem:

What complications arise? List the important events in the order they happened.

climax/  
Resolution/  
Solution:

What was the most exciting part of the story? How were the problems solved? How did it end?