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| BEFORE READING | | | AFTER READING | |
| Agree | Disagree |  | Was My Choice Correct | Was My Choice Incorrect |
|  |  | I was seven years old the first time I snuck out of the house in the dark. |  |  |
|  |  | We watched beautiful women on TV crying with no sounds. Then the sign-off finally came and we tried to sleep. |  |  |
|  |  | I didn’t know why I was walking to school in the dark. I didn’t think about it. |  |  |
|  |  | All I knew was a feeling of panic, like the panic the strikes kids when they realize they are lost. |  |  |
|  |  | That feeling eased when I turned the corner and saw the dark outline of my school or the top of the hill. |  |  |
|  |  | But in the overcrowded and unhappy home, it’s incredibly easy for any child to slip away. |  |  |
|  |  | And I saw my teacher Mrs. Claire LaSane, walking toward me in a red coat and calling my name and I ran toward her crying. It surprised us both. |  |  |
|  |  | Drawing came to mean everything to me. As the back table in Room 2, I learned to build myself a life preserver that I could carry into my home. |  |  |
| Before reading prediction  After reading reflection | | | | |