Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Pd. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Preparing to Notice and Note**

 **Practice Paragraph #1**

*Read to identify anything important and make note of it somehow.*

 Jamal stepped onto the court sheepishly. To stall for time, he paused to stoop down and tug on the tongue of his shoe. Pulling it out exposed the swoosh logo. Suddenly, all of the air he had been holding in rushed from his lungs. *I can do this,* he thought. He felt the hand of his coach on his shoulder, so he looked up to meet his eyes. They were framed by a set of horn-rimmed glasses and set deep into his face, edged by crow’s feet wrinkles. Normally, Coach Matthews’ lips were in a permanent serious frown. Boys on the team would joke that he hadn’t smiled a day in his life. Right now, his jaw was set at an odd angle. The tips of his lips were curved upward into a mysterious grin, as if he knew something Jamal didn’t. The change in expression seemed to be urging Jamal to stop lingering and get out there. With a final glace at the logo on his shoes, the boy stood up straight, feeling taller than he had been earlier that afternoon. With a renewed sense of conviction he stepped forward and took his place at the center line. At the sound of the whistle, he propelled himself off the ground. As he rose upward, he felt an incredible rush of adrenaline pump through his veins. They would win this game.

**What made this exercise difficult or confusing? What would have made it easier or clearer? How would you have changed the directions?**

**Practice Paragraph #2**

*Read to identify any contrasts/contradictions in character. Mark them in the text.*

After most of the picnicking families, kite fliers, joggers, and businessmen on break had gone, a single old woman lingered at her regular park bench, ripping pieces of stale bread with her leathery hands. She rubbed her tongue along the soft ridge of her top gum and pulled it away to make a sharp clucking sound. Slowly, the sound of chirping floated toward the bench until she could see them through the clouds. The black birds propelled themselves eagerly forward, hungry for the crumbs now scattered on the ground. They landed one by one, the larger ones beating away the smaller ones. A younger bird, snapped his beak with conviction at the elders, hoping for a bite. Others sheepishly scampered away. Now humming to herself, the old woman gathered her satin purse and gloves, set one foot after another gingerly on the ground and rose. With an incredibly abrupt howl, she began flapping her arms up and down and jumped from side to side through the crowd of birds. The sudden disrupt sent them flying in all directions. She continued to hoot and holler, stamping through the flock, crushing bread crumbs underfoot, until each and every bird had taken off. She laughed wickedly and dusted off her skirt. Smiling proudly, she turned to leave.

**What contrasts or contradictions did you notice? Why do you think the character behaved this way? What does it reveal about them?**