

GRADE 9-12 ELA
Structured Lesson Plan



Date:

Student Expectations:
STUDENTS WILL USE THE STRATEGY OF MAKING CONNECTIONS TO ENHANCE COMPREHENSION.
TEKS: Figure 19(A)
ELPS: 4G, 4J

Resources (Textbook/Additional):
• Text: *The Lottery* by Shirley Jackson (1948)
Additional Materials:
• Making Connections strategy poster
• Making connections Three Column Notes
• Document camera
• Flags
Scaffold:
• Flags
• Making Connections Three Column Notes

Vocabulary/Word Study/Fluency:
Reprimand, Petulantly, Stoutly
(Weave vocabulary explanation into the reading; follow-up with instruction after reading)

Anchor of Support:
COGNITIVE STRATEGY LESSON PLANNING CARD
MAKING CONNECTIONS GRAPHIC ORGANIZER

Strategies for Student Engagement (TLI/SpringBoard):
ACTIVATE BACKGROUND KNOWLEDGE
THINK-TURN-TALK (TTT)
THINK ALOUD
CPQ: WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THE LOTTERY AND HOW DO THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS REACT TO THE LOTTERY THROUGHOUT THE STORY?

<p>MONDAY</p> <p>BEFORE READING (10 mins.)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • GIVE THE STRATEGY A NAME • GIVE STUDENTS TOUCHSTONES • EXPLAIN LESSON • ACTIVATE BACKGROUND KNOWLEDGE • GIVE STUDENTS THE COMPREHENSION PURPOSE QUESTION (CPQ) <p>DURING READING (30 mins.)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • THINK ALOUD • ENGAGE STUDENTS (THINK-TURN-TALK) • ADD TO MAKING CONNECTIONS CHART <p>AFTER READING (10 mins.)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • CHECK CPQ • COMPLETE MAKING CONNECTIONS CHART • GENERAL COMPREHENSION DISCUSSION • STRATEGY USE DISCUSSION <p>OTHER</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • VOCABULARY EXPLANATION 	<p>TUESDAY FOLLOW-UP LESSON</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • RETELL THE STORY USING MC CHART • ASK HOW MANY CONTINUED TO THINK ABOUT THE STORY AFTER CLASS • REINFORCE - OFTEN, COMPREHENSION CONTINUES LONG AFTER YOU HAVE A READ A TEXT • ASK IF CONNECTIONS WERE MADE FROM THE LOTTERY TO ANOTHER TEXT (<i>THE HUNGER GAMES</i>) - PROMPT FOR SIMILARITIES • PROVIDE OVERVIEW • REVIEW STEPS 2-4 OF THE CS ROUTINE • CONTINUE TO MAKE CONNECTIONS TO DEEPEN THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF THE LOTTERY • DIVIDE THE CLASS INTO GROUPS - DISCUSS WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF THE LOTTERY IN THE LOTTERY? THE HUNGER GAMES? HOW WAS THE LOTTERY CONDUCTED IN THE LOTTERY? THE HUNGER GAMES? HOW DID THE VARIOUS KEY CHARACTERS REACT TO THE LOTTERY IN THE LOTTERY? THE HUNGER GAMES? (STUDENTS CREATE MC CHART) 	<p>WEDNESDAY FOLLOW-UP LESSON</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • REREAD BEGINNING PORTION OF THE TEXT OUT LOUD TO THE CLASS • TWO PLACES TO THINK ALOUD AND A FEW TTT • STUDENTS REREAD THE REST OF THE TEXT ON THEIR OWN • CPQ - WHAT WAS SHIRLEY JACKSON TRYING TO CONVEY TO HER READERS IN THIS STORY? • TA/TTT FOCUS: DEEPEN UNDERSTANDING OF TEXT • CONSIDER ASPECTS OF VALUES/TRADITIONS IN SOCIETY; CONTINUE TO DO THINGS W/O KNOWING <p>FRIDAY</p> <p>WRITING ACTIVITY</p>	<p>THURSDAY FOLLOW-UP LESSON</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • READ AN ARTICLE ABOUT CULTURES THAT USE/HAVE USED STONING IN SOCIETY AS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT • MAKE CONNECTIONS TO THE LOTTERY; OR REREAD THE LOTTERY AND DRAW ATTENTION TO THE AUTHOR'S USE OF SYMBOLISM, IMAGERY, AND IRONY TO DEVELOP THE THEME OF THE STORY • ADDITIONAL VOCABULARY: PARAPHERNALIA, LAPSE, INTERMINABLY, PERFUNCTORY
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Jackson, S. (1948). The lottery. In S. Barnet, M. Berman, & W. Burto (Eds.) (1985), *An introduction to literature: Fiction, poetry, drama*. Boston, MA: Little, Brown and Company.

people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix — the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy" — eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted — as were the square dances, the teenage club, the Halloween program — by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers and he waved and called, "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was

Shirley Jackson (1919-1965)

The Lottery

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred

a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers started up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year, by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers's coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were lists to make up — of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, aimless chant that had been rattled off duty each year; some people

believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids were gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated goodhumoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now would you, Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to

look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for m' mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names — heads of families first — and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions, most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson. . . . Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark. . . . Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt. . . . Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for *them*. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live *that* way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's *always* been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in *that*," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward.

"Overdyke. . . . Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

"I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "I don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said,

"Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is

it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill." "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"I listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet over-large, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly.

"People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed.

"Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said, "let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

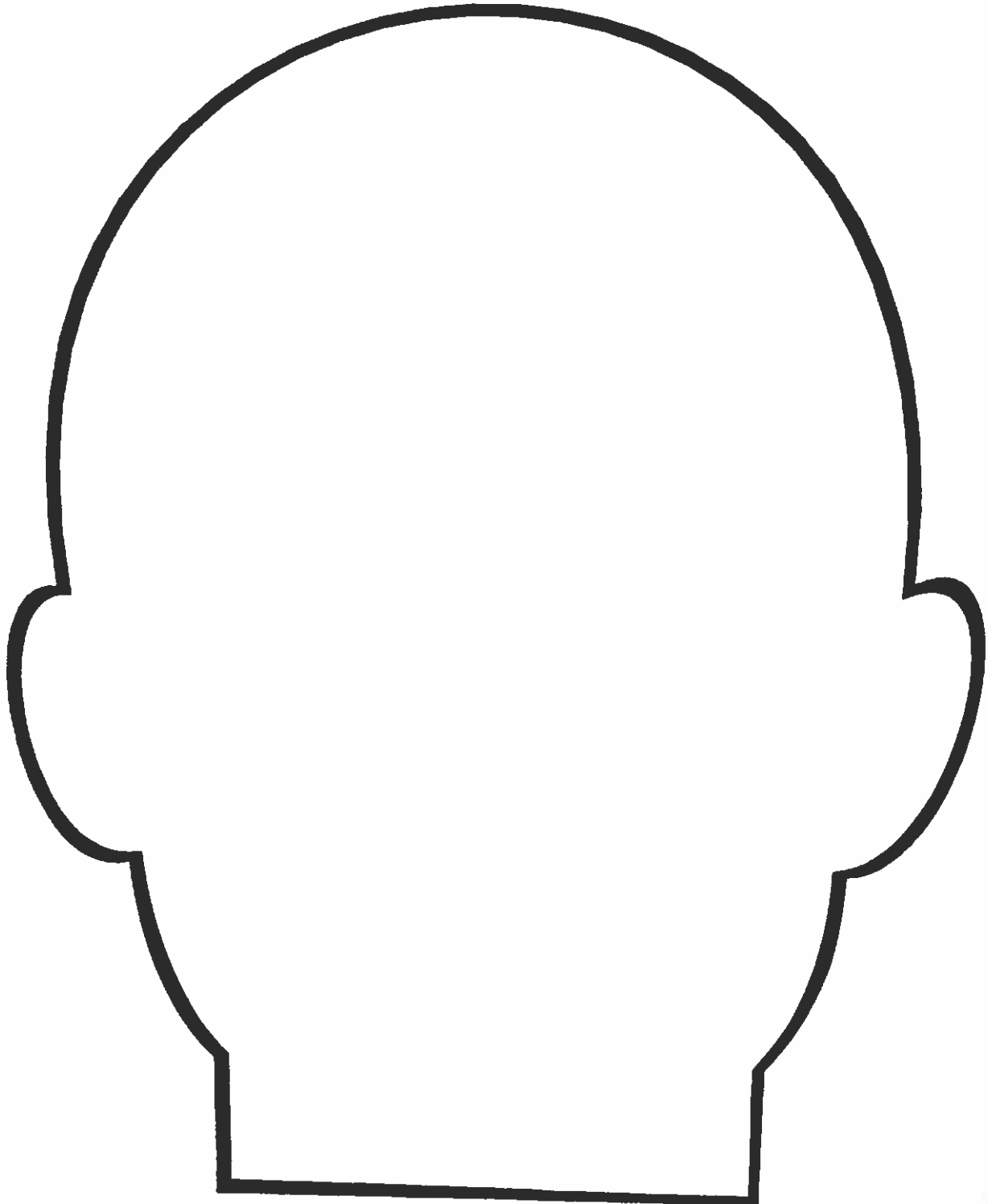
Fessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

My Background Knowledge

I know a lot about ...



Making Connections

Title: _____

Name: _____

Page # What I read ...	Connections This reminds me ... I remember ...	My connection helps me understand the text because ...

Making Connections

Title: The Lottery

Name: Teacher think-aloud

Page # What I read ...	Connections This reminds me ... I remember ...	My connection helps me understand the text because ...
<p>p. 335 The children are gathering in the town square. Kids are out of school, the boys are gathering stones and the girls are looking at the boys.</p>	<p>This reminds me of many of the small towns I have visited in Texas and have seen on TV. Lots of towns have those beautiful town squares with big brick building, surrounded by green trees and grass, and colorful flowers are planted around. The kids are out of school so they are a bit giddy; I love that feeling of freedom! The little boys are gathering stones and guarding them from each other. Typical little boys; and the girls all hang together and look at the boys. This reminds me of what it's like at middle school dances. The boys and the girls rarely mix, they stay on opposite sides and just look at each other.</p>	<p>My connections help me to understand the mood so far. It feels light and the characters are behaving as expected for their ages.</p>
<p>p. 335 The men and the women have gathered in the square.</p>	<p>This reminds me of scenes from old movies or TV shows that are set back in the late 1800s before there were even cars, where the men come together and talk about farm stuff and the women are all dressed in their house dresses and sweaters.</p>	<p>My connection helps me to visualize the setting even though this is the 1940s. It also helps me to reflect on how the characters are behaving. They are friendly neighbors and seem to be relaxed but respectful of the fact that this is an important event.</p>
<p>p. 336 Description of the black box.</p>	<p>This reminds me of the star we place at the top of our Christmas tree. It's a bit tattered and the lights don't all work. Each year we talk about how we need to replace it, but we never do. I guess it's old and we've always had it. It's part of the tradition and even though it likely needs replacing, we're not quite ready to let it go I guess. Maybe that's why Mr. Summers hasn't done anything about the shabby black box. It's part of the tradition and somehow changing it would be like giving away too much since the original box no longer existed.</p>	<p>My connection helps me to understand the significance of the black box as part of the tradition and perhaps why Mr. Summers hasn't replaced it.</p>

Making Connections

Title: The Lottery

Name: Shared thinking

Page # What I read ...	Connections This reminds me ... I remember ...	My connection helps me understand the text because ...
p. 337 Mrs. Hutchinson arrives.		
p. 338 Jack Watson steps up to represent his family.		
p. 339 The Adams are talking with Mr. Warner about getting rid of the lottery.		
p. 340 Mrs. Hutchinson's behavior is changing.		

Making Connections

This reminds me...

I remember when...

