

Story Structure (Grunge: the Making of the Adventure) Practice Activities

Grunge's Big Adventure

Grunge loved adventure. At home in the city dump, Grunge leaped from smelly pile to pile. He scaled the highest stack of tires. He even raced with bulldozers!

One day, while munching on a shoestring, Grunge discovered a soggy travel brochure. "Scale the heights of Jagged Top Mountain!" he read. "Experience the majesty of a massive peak! Trek to one spectacular view after another!"

"Wow!" said Grunge. "That's the adventure for me!"

That night, Grunge dreamed of climbing Jagged Top Mountain. In his dreams he was at the peak, his goatee blowing in the mountain breeze.

The next morning, Grunge stuffed his backpack with old newspapers, carrot tops and candy wrappers for meals, Grunge set off for the base of Jagged Top Mountain. Once there, Grunge gazed at the monstrous mountain towering above him. He noticed four trails, snaking their way up the mountain.

"Hm... Trail A looks like a winner," he said, starting off. As he climbed, the air grew colder. Strong winds and heavy snow whipped around Grunge. In the snowy distance, Grunge saw something furry and brown lumbering toward him. Was it a bear?

Quickly, Grunge flopped over and played dead. Suddenly, he felt something panting hot root beer breath on this face. He opened one eye.

"You're not a bear," Grunge said.

"I'm Walter, the Saint Bernard," said Walter. "Where are you going?"

"I'm hiking to the peak," said Grunge.

"Well you're on the wrong trail," said Walter. "Trail A leads to the ski slope."

"The ski slope!" Grunge exclaimed.

"Sorry friend," said Walter. "Say, would you like some help going back to the base? We've got a blizzard kicking up." Grunge nodded. Then, after a slurp of root beer from Walter's barrel, they slipped and slid down Trail A.

At the base, Grunge thanked Walter and said goodbye. He ate his supper of four newspapers, and settled in for the night.

The next morning, Grunge woke up still determined to make it to the peak. "Trail B will not fail me!" he exclaimed.

Grunge hiked for many hours on the zigzagging Trail B before coming to a raging river. "I did get a gold star in goat paddling," Grunge said, with a little gulp. "But maybe there's another way to cross."

Grunge followed the river downstream until he reached a washed out bridge. "Looks like I'll be jumping in," he said. But just as he was about to stick his hooves in the frigid water, a young screech owl caught his attention.

"Hello," said Grunge. "You must be the wise old owl."

"Nah. Didn't you hear? He flew off with the spring chicken," said the owl. "I'm Ollie, his nephew."

"I'm Grunge," said Grunge, "and I'm hiking to the peak."

"Not on Trail B," said Ollie. "Even if you could swim across, an avalanche wiped out the rest of the trail."

Grunge plopped down in the grass. "Not again!" he said. "What about Trail C?"

"It's worth a try," said Ollie. "I'm headed that way myself."

As Grunge hiked down to the base, he told Ollie all about his old life back at the city dump. "It was smelly, dirty, and wonderful," said Grunge, munching his supper of carrot tops and the bag they came in. "But nothing as wonderful as the mountain peak."

Ollie and Grunge bid farewell, and Grunge went to sleep. When morning came, Grunge did ten goat push ups and stretched all four legs. He shook out his stubby tail. "Trail C, here I come!" he said.

Throughout the long day, Grunge continued on. He picked his way up the trail. The trail led to the entrance of a dark cave.

"Hello," whispered Grunge, worrying about bears. "Is anybody home?"

Suddenly, a giant blur of whirring black wings flew from the cave and surrounded Grunge. Grunge trembled as hundreds of beady bat eyes stared at him. One of the bats spoke up. "We didn't mean to scare you. Well, actually we did. We love scaring tourists. By the way, I'm Eddie."

"I'm Grunge, and I am not a tourist. I'm a hiker trying to reach the peak."

"That is a problem," said Eddie. "Trail C ends at this cave."

"What?" said Grunge. "I still must find a way to the top. I must not give up!"

"You'll have to find another trail," Eddie replied.

Grunge's new bat buddies kept Grunge company on the way back to the base. Once there, they squeaked, "You can do it, Grunge!" Then they flew off into the night sky.

"They're right," said Grunge. "Tomorrow could be the day." He chomped his dinner of candy wrappers, and stretched out to sleep.

In the early morning, Grunge awoke to the clapping of heavy hooves all around him. A herd of mighty mountain goats, along with their newest mountain goat kids, gathered at Trail D.

"Ready for your first hike to the peak?" asked the largest mountain goat.

"Baah!" cheered the kids.

Excitedly, Grunge took the last place in the mountain goat line. He helped the kids scramble up the trail, wade streams, and shimmy over boulders. The trail grew steeper, and the air turned clear and cold.

Finally, the herd scaled its way to the very peak of Jagged Top Mountain. Grunge took a deep breath. "We did it!" he said. He gazed at the spectacular view. It was just like the photos in the travel brochure, only better.

But down in the valley below, Grunge spotted something familiar. It was his beloved, stinky dump. The dump he affectionately called home.

Grunge's goatee blew in the mountain breeze as he thought for a while. "The peak and the dump - they're both a grand adventure," he said.

Grunge hugged and high-hoofed the herd goodbye and made the long, happy hike down the mountain. When Grunge returned home, he told everyone about the mountain peak, and everything in between.

One day, after lunching on envelopes and cantaloupes, Grunge spied another travel brochure and began to read. "Fly like a bird! Have the hang gliding experience of a lifetime!" And it was then that Grunge began dreaming.

First, please read the story, "Grunge's Big Adventure"

Next, answer the following questions:

1. Who was the story about?
2. Where does the story take place?
3. What does Grunge want to do? What is his goal?
4. What made it difficult for Grunge to accomplish his goal? What is the main problem he encounters?
5. What are the different things Grunge tries to do in order to accomplish his goal? Is he ever successful?
6. How does the story end?
7. What do you predict Grunge will do next?

What is one of your favorite vacation trips? Discuss this memory with a family member or friend.

Check your answers here.

Before You Read:

Remember, **Story Structure** helps authors develop a frame of reference for telling their story.

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- A **beginning section** of the story. Here the story begins, the main character (s), the setting, the goal, and the problem of the story are introduced to the reader.
- A **middle section** of the story. Here the main character attempts to achieve his/her goal a number of times (usually 3 attempts), but fails each time.
- An **ending section** of the story. Here the main character tries again to achieve his/her goal. This time he/she is successful and finds a solution to their original problem. Then the story ends.

Farmer Joe And The Rabbit Riddle

Every day, Farmer Joe weeded and watered his garden. He gave particular attention to his carrots. "These are sure to win first place at the county fair!" he said.

One morning, he noticed tracks in the soft earth. He saw nibbled carrots yanked from the ground. Farmer Joe scowled. "A rabbit has found my garden!" he said. "Well, a good fence will keep him out!"

Farmer Joe gathered boards, wire, and stakes, and built a sturdy fence. "Ha!" he said, wiping his forehead. "See if any rabbit crunches my carrots now."

The next day, Farmer Joe whistled on his way to the garden. He entered through the garden gate, and that's when he saw it. More nibbled carrots.

"How did that happen?" cried Farmer Joe. "There must be a hole in my fence."

Farmer Joe searched, but found no holes in his fence. "That's strange," he said. "But rabbits are tricky varmints with tricky ways."

Farmer Joe paced back and forth as he figured out his next move. Finally, he had an idea.

"I'll build a moat!" he said. "That's what a king did to protect his castle, and that's what I'll do to protect my garden!"

Farmer Joe worked all day digging a moat. He filled it with water, and added three alligators and a drawbridge. The next day, Farmer Joe woke early. He marched to his garden, lowered the drawbridge and opened the fence and gate.

"ARGH!" he cried. "More carrots are missing!"

Farmer Joe put his head in his tired hands. "A fence didn't keep out the rabbit, and neither did a moat."

In the distance, Farmer Joe heard a dog barking. "That's what I'll try! I'll bring in the hounds!"

Farmer Joe borrowed hounds from other farmers. He petted them and gave them treats. "Protect my garden, Hounds," he said.

But when the sun came up, Farmer Joe made another upsetting discovery. "How can it be?" he cried. "How did a rabbit hop past the hounds, swim the moat, and get through my fence to the garden?"

The hounds didn't answer, but they did lick Farmer Joe's whiskery cheek. Farmer Joe thought and thought.

"I'm going to sleep right here in the garden tonight," he decided. "Maybe then an answer will come to me."

That night, Farmer Joe snuggled up in between the two remaining rows of his carrots, and fell promptly asleep.

Later, Farmer Joe felt something nibble his mustache. He opened one eye and saw the rabbit! Farmer Joe stayed very still. He watched the rabbit hop quietly among the rows, munching here and there.

"He's been trapped in the garden all along," Farmer Joe realized. "I wasn't keeping him out, I was keeping him IN!"

Then Farmer Joe had his most brilliant idea. He opened the fence gate, let down the drawbridge and sent the hounds home.

He picked his most perfect, delicious, beautiful carrot. He set it on the grass outside the garden, and began to watch and wait.

It wasn't long before the rabbit spotted the carrot, twitched his whiskers and hopped out of the garden.

Farmer Joe clapped his hands and danced a jig. "No more rabbit!" he said. "Yeehaw!"

Farmer Joe did an even louder "yee-haw" at the county fair when his remaining carrots won first place!

First, please read the story, "Farmer Joe And The Rabbit Riddle"

Next, download the "Story Map" graphic

Organizer. Then fill in the answers to

Each of the areas on the map:

Main character—

Setting—

Goal—

Problem—

First Event—

Second Event—

Third Event—

Solution—

Story Ending—

Finally, compare your answers to **Christine's Think Aloud** and Story Map.

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Skateboarding School

Chase spotted the skateboard and its price tag in the store window.

"Wow!" he said. "The deck on my skateboard is worn out, and the wheels need replacing, too. I could do a lot more tricks with a skateboard like that."

At home, Chase emptied and counted the money in his bank. "Not even close," he said. "Maybe there's a way I can earn the money."

Later, Chase did his math homework. In one of the story problems, two kids had a dogwalking business.

"What a great idea!" Chase said. "I'll start walking dogs. Then I'll have enough money to buy the skateboard."

Chase and his parents told their neighbors about the dogwalking business and soon Chase had five customers. On his first day of his job, Chase snapped on the dogs leashes and started down the sidewalk.

"ACHOOO!" sneezed Chase, as he rubbed his now watery eyes. "ACHOO! ACHOO! ACHOO!"

"Sorry, Chase, but it looks like you might actually be allergic to your furry friends," said Chase's dad.

"Allergic?" sniffled Chase. "Well, I'll think of another way to earn the money for the skateboard."

On his way home from school, Chase remembered a kid having a lemonade stand in his old neighborhood. "That's what I'll do!" he said.

That weekend, Chase set up a lemonade stand in his yard. But the chilly, fall wind blew, as Chase shivered and waited for customers.

By the end of the day, the only customers who showed up at his stand were his mom and dad. "Maybe summer is a better time for lemonade than fall," he said.

Then, Chase's little cousin Henry and Aunt Trudy came to visit. As Chase made block towers with Henry and read him his favorite books, he brainstormed a new plan.

"I've got it!" he said. "I could be a babysitter!"

Chase asked Aunt Trudy about babysitting Henry.

"You're really good with him," said Aunt Trudy. "In fact, I most certainly would hire you when you're a teenager."

"A teenager? Oh, okay," said Chase, disappointed.

After Aunt Trudy and Henry had gone home, Chase scooped up his old skateboard. He headed to the park to practice his kickflips.

I tried a dog walking business, but I'm allergic to dogs. I set up a lemonade stand, but it was the wrong season.

"Now I just found out I'm too young to babysit," said Chase. "How am I supposed to earn money?"

Just then, a younger boy shakily skateboarded over to Chase. "I don't know any tricks. I was wondering if you could show me how to do the kick-flip?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Chase.

Chase broke down the kick-flip trick into simple steps. Then he watched the boy practice, and gave advice. After several attempts, he did his first kick-flip.

"Hey, you're a good teacher!" said the boy. "You should give skateboarding lessons."

"Skateboarding lessons?" said Chase, grinning. "THAT'S IT!"

Chase hurried home and told his mom and dad about his newest business plan. Together, they worked on fliers to pass out in the neighborhood. That Saturday, Chase's driveway was filled with kids on skateboards, wanting to learn. They came back, too, week after week.

Chase counted the money he was earning. Soon, it was enough!

Then one Saturday, Chase had two surprises he wanted to show his students. Brand new tricks and his brand new skateboard!

First, please read the story, Skateboarding School

Next, download the **Story Map** after graphic Organizer. Then fill in the answers to

Each of the areas on the map:

Main character?

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Goal?

Problem?

First Event?

Second Event?

Third Event?

Solution?

Story Ending?

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