



Visual Imagery Practice Activity

Guided Reading Practice Activity

Guided Group Practice: Read a section with the class. Teacher can either read aloud, have a fluent reader read it aloud, or have everyone read aloud in unison. Vary who is reading. At the end of the section, dot, number or paragraph, pause and ask at least one of the questions under each step. Have the students use their whiteboards (or virtual whiteboard) to answers at the different times. Then read another section with the class, ask the questions again, and so forth. Ensure that every student participates across several paragraphs. This isn't scored and doesn't go on the progress chart. You can use the feedback checklist for feedback prompts.

Prompts:

Search for the Scene Picture Words

- Are there any scene picture words in the title or on the cover?
- How does the cover of the book help you make a picture?
- What is one of the scene picture words here?
- What is another scene picture word?
- Write the main scene picture word.

Create or Change the Scene

- Tell me about the scene you see.
- Is this a new scene, an old scene or a changed scene? How do you know?
- What does your imagination create for this scene picture word?
- Is it okay that everyone has a different picture of this scene?
- Why does everyone have a different picture?

Examine the Other Picture Words

- What is one of the other picture words you see here?
- What is another picture word?
- Write three other picture words.
- When you hear the word "_____" what do you see?

Notice the Characters and Action

- Now that you have found these picture words, tell me about the characters and action in the movie in your mind.
- Describe the characters and action remembering to use your imagination.
- Paint a picture of the characters and action for me.
- Is it okay that everyone has a different picture of these characters? Why?

Elaborate and Evaluate

- Is there another elaboration that you can add?
- What else does your imagination add to this movie?
- Did we include all of the picture words?
- Have we covered everything in this part of the passage that should be in the movie? If not, what is missing?



The Unvanquished Truth 1

I never had a brain until Freak came along and let me borrow his for a while, and that's the truth, the whole truth. The unvanquished truth, is how Freak would say it, and for a long time it was him who did the talking. Except I had a way of saying things with my fists and my feet even before we became Freak the Mighty, slaying dragons and fools and walking high above the world.

Called me Kicker for a time – this was day care, the year Gram and Grim took me over – and I had a thing about booting anyone who dared to touch me. Because they were *always* trying to throw a hug on me, like it was a medicine I needed.

Gram and Grim, bless their pointed little heads, they're my mother's people, *her* parents, and they figured whoa! better put this little critter with other

little critters his own age, maybe it will improve his temper.

Yeah, right! Instead, what happened, I invented games like kick-boxing and kick-knees and kick-faces and kick-teachers, and kick-the-other-little-day-care-critters, because I knew what a rotten lie that hug stuff was. Oh, I *knew*.

That's when I got my first look at Freak, that year of the phoney hugs. He didn't look so different back then, we were all of us pretty small, right? But he wasn't in the playroom with us every day, just now and then he'd show up. Looking sort of fierce is how I remember him. Except later it was Freak himself who taught me that remembering is a great invention of the mind, and if you try hard enough you can remember anything, whether it really happened or not.

So maybe he wasn't really all *that* fierce in day care, except I'm pretty sure he did hit a kid with his crutch once, whacked the little brat pretty good. And for some reason little Kicker never got around to kicking little Freak.

Maybe it was those crutches kept me from lashing out at him, man those crutches were cool. I wanted a pair for myself. And when little Freak showed up one day with these shiny braces strapped

to his crooked legs, metal tubes right up to his hips, why those were even *more* cool than crutches.

"I'm Robot Man," little Freak would go, making these weird robot noises as he humped himself around the playground. *Rrrr. . .rrr. . .rrr. . .*like he had robot motors inside his legs, going *rrrrr. . .rrrr. . .rrrr*, and this look, like don't mess with me, man, maybe I got a laser cannon hidden inside these leg braces, smoke a hole right through you. No question, Freak was hooked on robots even back then, this little guy two feet tall, and already he knew what he wanted.

Then for a long time I never saw Freak any more, one day he just never came back to day care, and the next thing I remember I'm like in the third grade or something and I catch a glimpse of this yellow-haired kid scowling at me from one of those cripple vans. Man, they were death-ray eyes, and I think, hey, that's him, the robot boy, and it was like whoa! because I'd forgotten all about him, day care was a blank place in my head, and nobody had called me Kicker for a long time.

Mad Max they were calling me, or Max Factor, or this one butthead in L.D. class called me Maxi Pad, until I persuaded him otherwise. Gram and Grim always called me Maxwell, though, which is

supposed to be my real name, and sometimes I hated that worst of all. Maxwell, ugh.

Grim out in the kitchen one night, after supper whispering to Gram had she noticed how much Maxwell was getting to look like *Him*? Which is the way he always talked about my father, who has married his dear departed daughter and produced, eek eek, Maxwell. Grim never says my father's name, just *Him*, like his name is too scary to say.

It's more than just the way Maxwell resembles him, Grim says that night in the kitchen, the boy is *like* him, we'd better watch out, you never know what he might do while we're sleeping. Like his father did. And Gram right away shushes him and says don't ever say that, because little pictures have big ears, which makes me run to the mirror to see if it is my ears made me look like *Him*.

What a butthead, huh?

Well, I *was* a butthead, because like I said, I never had a brain until Freak moved down the street. The summer before eighth grade, right? That's the summer I grew so fast that Grim said we'd best let the boy go barefoot, he's exploding out of his shoes. That barefoot summer when I fell down a lot, and the weirdo robot boy with his white-yellow hair and his weird fierce eyes moved into the duplex down

the block with his beautiful brown-haired mum,
the Fair Gwen of Air.

Only a falling-down goon would think that was
her real name, right?

Like I said.

Are you paying attention here? Because you don't
even know yet how we got to be Freak the Mighty.
Which was pretty cool, even if I do say so myself.