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THE WINDOW OF LITERACY



Preface

The Window of Literacy is a book that consists of interesting instructional reading material that is used for the school literacy movement. *The Window of Literacy* book can help you to develop your reading skill and improve your English. In this case, *The Window of Literacy* book requires you to practice your English reading skill a lot. *The Window of Literacy* consists of three chapters. Every chapter in this book has different topics, there are romance, legend, and adventure. Besides, every chapter has four parts, there are *Preparing for the Journey*, *Starting the Journey*, *Exploring the Journey*, and *Finishing the Journey*.

Preparing for the Journey part provides some information about the language features, text structures, and some kinds of narrative which are legend, adventure, and romance. Besides, *Preparing for the Journey* consists of some questions which will activate your prior knowledge before doing the school literacy movement activity. Furthermore, *Starting the Journey* and *Exploring the Journey* parts consist of legend stories, adventure stories, romance stories, and some questions related to those stories. The purposes of *Starting the Journey* and *Exploring the Journey* parts are to develop your reading skill and to improve your English. Then, the last part is *Finishing the Journey* which also consists of legend stories, adventure stories, romance stories, and some questions related to those stories. However, this part aims to help you draw the conclusion and master the learning material better.

Best wishes,

Viska Violita

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CHAPTER I

Romance

Learning Indicators

After finishing this chapter, you will be able to:

1. Identify the romance story which is one kind of narrative text and text structures of narrative text deeply.
2. Identify the characters and setting of a narrative text.
3. Explain the characteristics of a character in the narrative text correctly.
4. Give some opinions or comments toward characters and themes of a narrative text.



*"Reading is a basic tool in the living of
a good life"*

Moerimer J. Adler



Preparing For the Journey



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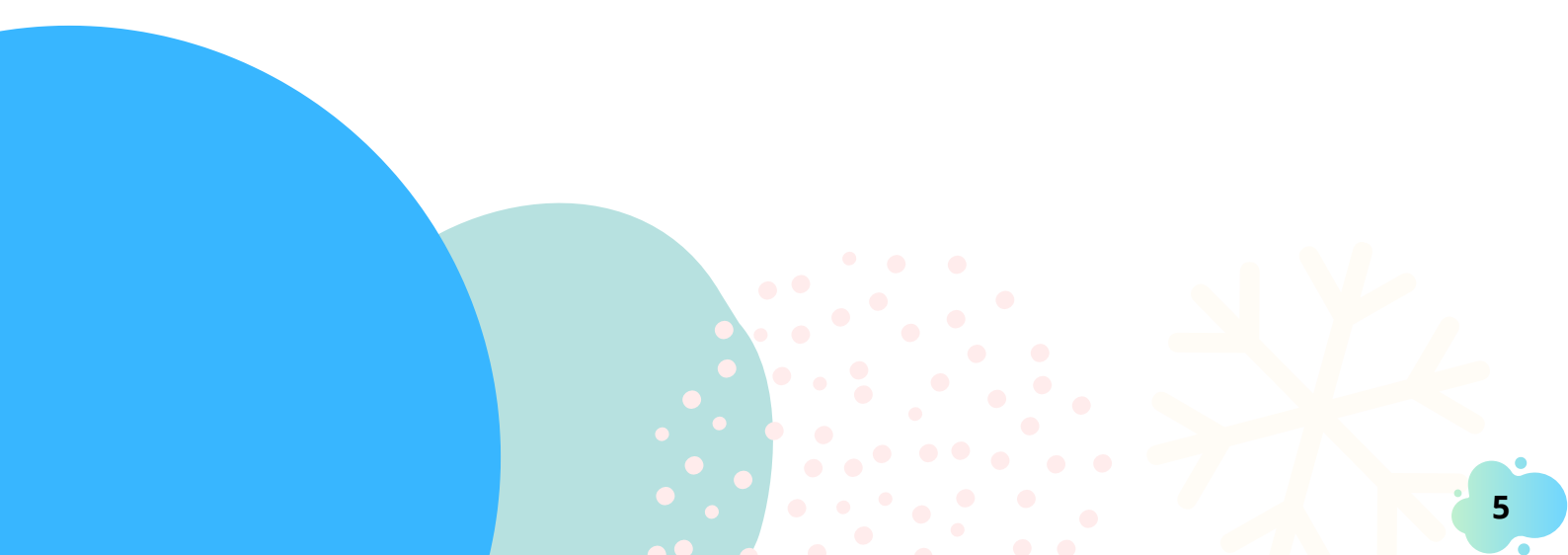
□□ Please, answer these questions before GLS activity is begun!

1. What do you already know about a romance story?

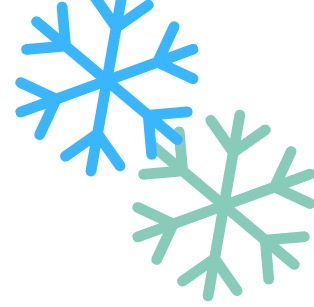
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2. What do you expect to know when reading a romance story?

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Narrative Text



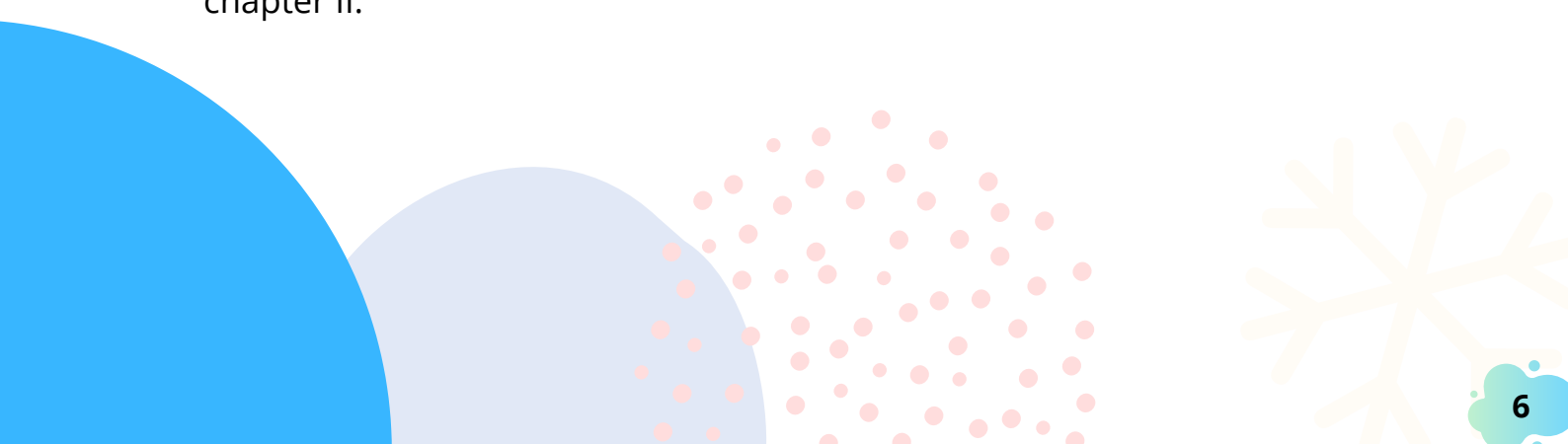
☐☐ **Please, read this information before you do GLS activity!**

The narrative text is one of the foremost variety of events that receives human stories. The narrative text consists of four parts, there are orientation, complication, resolution, and reorientation.

Text Structures of Narrative Text

- Orientation is the first part of a narrative text which gives the readers information about characters, setting, and theme. The theme is an abstract or central idea of a story. Then, settings are the environment or the time and places in which the events of a story take place. Moreover, the character is a person, thing, or other creature that is told in a story. The character has two types, there are the main character and the minor character. The main characters are important characters who appear from the beginning until the end of the story. The main characters consist of protagonists and antagonists. Furthermore, minor characters are not as important as the main characters. However, minor characters also drive the plot of a story. The minor characters give an impact on the decisions that the main characters make. Besides, minor characters also help the main characters to finish the conflict of the story. Minor characters are foil, static, dynamic, flat, found, and stock.
- The complication is the second part of the narrative text where the problems or conflicts of the story arise.
- Resolution is the third part of narrative text where the characters of the story solve the problems.
- Reorientation as the closing remark of the narrative text.

*Complication, resolution, and reorientation will be explained more in chapter II.





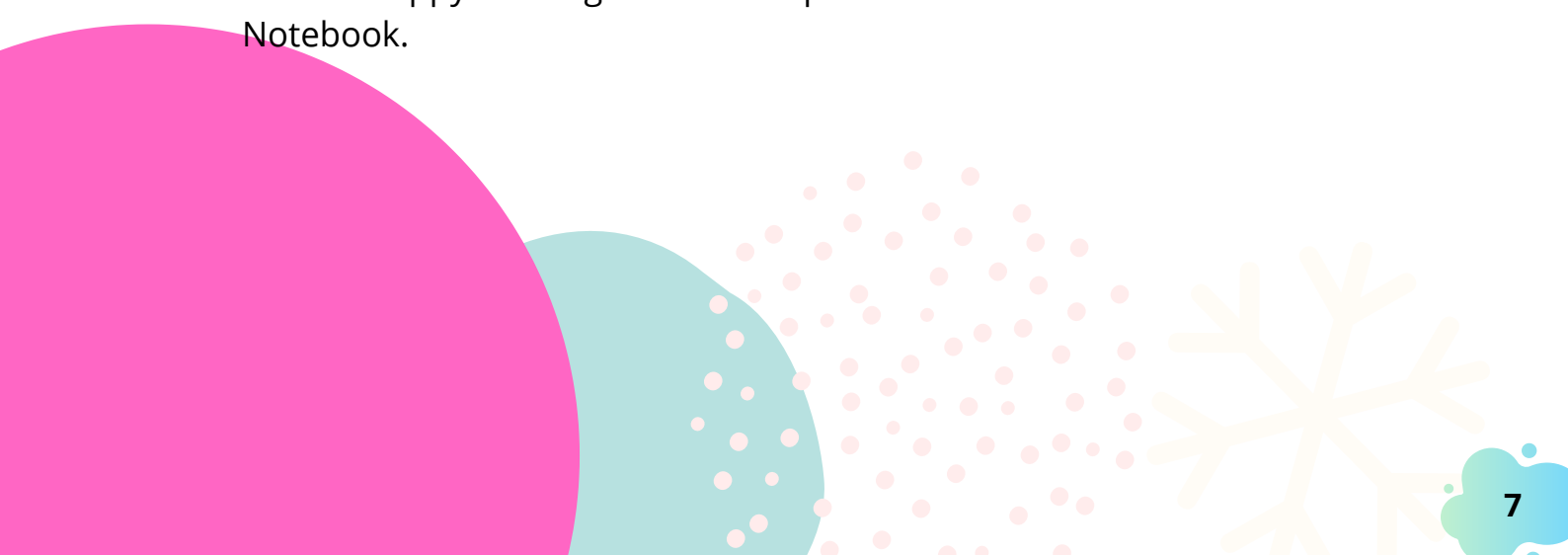
The Kind of Narrative Text

Romance is one kind of narrative text which tells about the relationship that is mysterious, adventurous, spiritual, loveliness, and has strong values of love.

A. The Characteristics of Romance

- The characters of romance stories experience emotional conflicts that are interesting, complex, and believable.
- The plot of romance stories is logical, realistic, interesting, and credible.
- Romance stories usually have a happy ending.
- The characters of romance stories must gain sympathy from the readers.

B. The Types of Romance

- The gothic is famous in the late 19th Century. Gothic romance story is irrational, transcendence, and supernatural. Besides, Gothic has settings that are distant regions and show dark and fabulous characters. For examples: Frankenstein by Mary Shelley and Jane Eyre by Charlo Bronte.
 - The historical romance contains the meaning and value of the character lifestyles. Historical romance story appears romantic because of time adventure and time wildness that are told in a story. For examples: The Last of the Mohicans by James Fenimore Cooper and Rob Roy by Sir Walter Scott.
 - The contemporary or modern romance is a love relationship story that has a happy ending. For examples: A Walk Remember and The Notebook.
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Starting the Journey



□□ Please, read this story during GLS activity in 10 minutes!

Caline



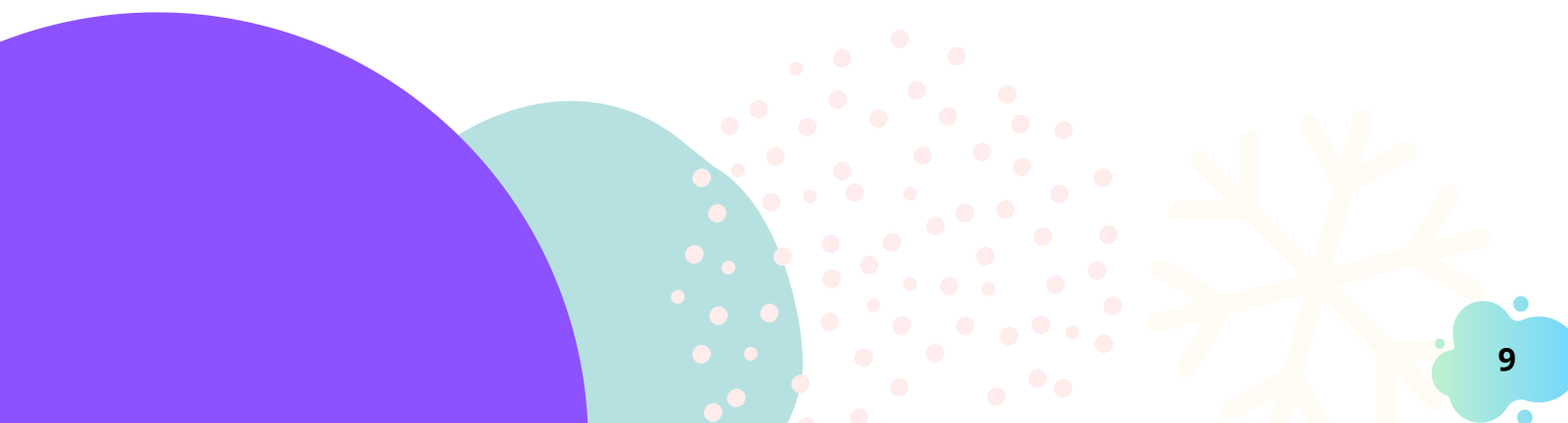
Source: <https://americanliterature.com/author/kate-chopin/short-story/caline>

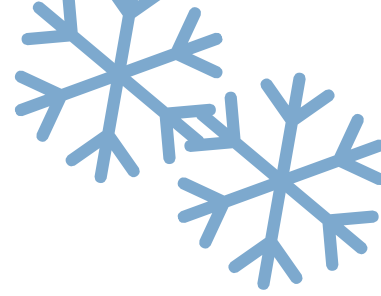
The sun was just far enough in the west to send inviting shadows. In the centre of a small field, and in the shade of a haystack which was there, a girl lay sleeping. She had slept long and soundly, when something awoke her as suddenly as if it had been a blow. She opened her eyes and stared a moment up in the cloudless sky. She yawned and stretched her long brown legs and arms, lazily. Then she arose, never minding the bits of straw that clung to her black hair, to her red bodice, and the blue cotonade skirt that did not reach her naked ankles. The log cabin in which she dwelt with her parents was just outside the enclosure in which she had been sleeping. Beyond was a small clearing that did duty as a cotton field. All else was dense wood, except the long stretch that curved round the brow of the hill, and in which glittered the steel rails of the Texas and Pacific road. When Caline emerged from the shadow she saw a long train of passenger coaches standing in view, where they must have stopped abruptly. It was that sudden stopping which had awakened her; for such a thing had not happened before within her recollection, and she looked stupid, at first, with astonishment. There seemed to be something wrong with the engine; and some of the passengers who dismounted went forward to investigate the trouble. Others came strolling along in the direction of the cabin, where Caline stood under an old gnarled mulberry tree, staring. Her father had halted his mule at the end of the cotton row, and stood staring also, leaning upon his plow.



There were ladies in the party. They walked awkwardly in their high-heeled boots over the rough, uneven ground, and held up their skirts mincingly. They twirled parasols over their shoulders, and laughed immoderately at the funny things which their masculine companions were saying. They tried to talk to Caline, but could not understand the French patois with which she answered them. One of the men a pleasant-faced youngster drew a sketch book from his pocket and began to make a picture of the girl. She stayed motionless, her hands behind her, and her wide eyes fixed earnestly upon him. Before he had finished there was a summons from the train; and all went scampering hurriedly away. The engine screeched, it sent a few lazy puffs into the still air, and in another moment or two had vanished, bearing its human cargo with it.

Caline could not feel the same after that. She looked with new and strange interest upon the trains of cars that passed so swiftly back and forth across her vision, each day; and wondered whence these people came, and whither they were going. Her mother and father could not tell her, except to say that they came from "loin là bas," and were going "Djieu sait é où." One day she walked miles down the track to talk with the old flagman, who stayed down there by the big water tank. Yes, he knew. Those people came from the great cities in the north, and were going to the city in the south. He knew all about the city; it was a grand place. He had lived there once. His sister lived there now; and she would be glad enough to have so fine a girl as Caline to help her cook and scrub, and tend the babies. And he thought Caline might earn as much as five dollars a month, in the city. So she went; in a new cotonade, and her Sunday shoes; with a sacredly guarded scrawl that the flagman sent to his sister.

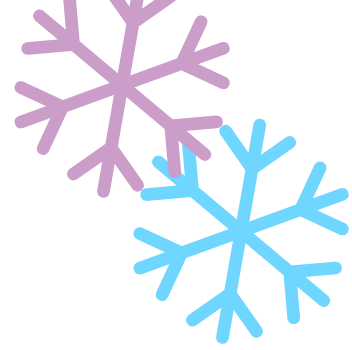




The woman lived in a tiny, stuccoed house, with green blinds, and three wooden steps leading down to the banquette. There seemed to be hundreds like it along the street. Over the house tops loomed the tall masts of ships, and the hum of the French market could be heard on a still morning. Caline was at first bewildered. She had to readjust all her preconceptions to fit the reality of it. The flagman's sister was a kind and gentle task-mistress. At the end of a week or two she wanted to know how the girl liked it all. Caline liked it very well, for it was pleasant, on Sunday afternoons, to stroll with the children under the great, solemn sugar sheds; or to sit upon the compressed cotton bales, watching the stately ateamers, the graceful boats, and noisy little tugs that plied the waters of the Mississippi. And it filled her with agreeable excitement to go to the French market, where the handsome Gascon butchers were eager to present their compliments and little Sunday bouquets to the pretty Acadian girl; and to throw fistfuls of lagniappe into her basket. When the woman asked her again after another week if she were still pleased, she was not so sure. And again when she questioned Caline the girl turned away, and went to sit behind the big, yellow cistern, to cry unobserved. For she knew now that it was not the great city and its crowds of people she had so eagerly sought; but the pleasant-faced boy, who had made her picture that day under the mulberry tree.

Source:<https://americanliterature.com/author/kate-chopin/short-story/caline>





☐☐ **Please, do this exercise during GLS activity in 10 minutes!**

- Identify the characters and settings of the story. Then, write down the characters and settings that you have found in the tables below!

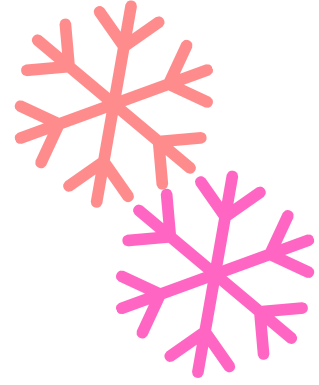
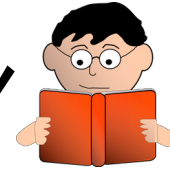
Characters

Settings





Exploring the Journey



☐☐ Please, read this story during GLS activity in 10 minutes!

Beauty and the Beast



Source : <https://www.storiestogrowby.org/story/early-reader-beauty-beast-english-story-kids/>

Once upon a time there was a very rich man who lived with his three daughters. The two older daughters laughed at anyone who did not dress as well as they did. If they were not going to a ball, they were shopping for as many fine dresses and hats as they could carry home. The youngest daughter, Beauty, liked to read most of all. "No one will want you!" her two older sisters said, and they laughed. "Look at your hair - you look like a servant girl!" Beauty did not know why they talked to her in a mean way. But she said nothing. One day, the father got some very bad news. He had spent all of his money on a ship that he sent out to sea for trade. Now he learned that the ship was gone. Everything on it was lost! All at once, the rich father became as poor as poor could be. The family could no longer stay in their big house. The house, its fine tables and chairs, and all of their fine things, had to be sold. All the father had left was a little hut deep in the woods. So that is where he and his three daughters had to move. Living in the hut in the woods was hard work. Each day a fire had to be started, meals cooked, the place cleaned up, the garden tended, and things fixed when they broke. Now that the family was poor, you might think the two older sisters would help out with the chores. Think again. "She looks like such a mess," they said, turning up their noses at Beauty. "She might as well serve us." And so Beauty did all the hard work. And then good news! The father's ship came to shore!



"Daughters," said the happy father, "I am going to town. Tell me what fine gift I can bring back for you". "Bring me the finest dress from the finest shop," said the eldest sister. "I want one just like it," said the middle sister. "And you, Beauty?" said he. "All I want, Father," said she, "is a single rose. "Can you believe her?" said the eldest sister. "What a fool!" said the middle sister. They both laughed. "Girls!" said the father. "If that is what Beauty wants, that's what I will bring back for her." The father was on his way home when he thought, "I forgot all about the rose for Beauty!" All at once, the sky turned black. "Oh, dear!" he said. "A storm is coming!" A moment later, heavy dark rains fell from the sky. Soaking wet and tired, the father saw a blink of light from far away. He went closer to the light, hoping it meant there was some place he could ask to stay the night. When he got up close, he saw a large palace with candles in all its windows. It was very odd, but the garden gate was open. And so with care, the father stepped in.

"Hello?" he said. No answer. There, before him, was a great feast over a long table. "Hello?" he said again. Still, no answer. The father sat down in front of the fire to warm himself, and he waited. But still, no one came. "I suppose it would be all right if I stay the night," said the father. He took a quick bite from the feast, found a bedroom, and fell fast asleep. The next morning the table was laid again, but this time with breakfast. Again - most odd! - no one was around. "I suppose I should leave," said the father after a while. On the way out he passed a rose garden. "I will take just one," said he. And he picked a rose for Beauty. Just then, a loud stomp came up from behind him. Roared a voice - "You took my rose!" The father spun around. There before him was an awful, huge monster. "I... I'm sorry!" he said. "I didn't know." "You will pay for this!" the Beast yelled. "You will die!" The father fell on his knees. "Please!" he begged. "Do not kill me! I only picked the rose for one of my daughters." Oh, so you have daughters?" said the Beast. "Hmm.. Well, if one of them will come and stay here in this palace, you will be free. If not, you must return yourself in three months, and take your punishment." When the father got home, Beauty could tell something was wrong. "What is it, Father?" she said. "Oh, nothing," said he. But she knew that was not true. At last, the father told his girls what the Beast had said. "This has all happened because I asked you to bring home a rose!" said Beauty. "I will go there in your place. Or else, you will die." "No, I cannot allow that!" said the father. "I am old and don't have much longer to live. You are young - you must not do this for me!" But Beauty would not change her mind. And two days later, the father took Beauty to the palace where the Beast lived. "So this is your daughter?" said the Beast, looking at Beauty. "Yes," said she. "I will stay here. And that means my father is free to go. That is what you said." "Yes," said the Beast.



The days were long and there was no one for Beauty to talk to at the palace. Every night at nine, the Beast would come for dinner. At first he would only grunt and she said nothing. After all it was not easy to be a prisoner, even if it is at a palace. Then one time at dinner, he made a little joke and she smiled. Another time, he made a comment, and she looked him in the eye. After that, he would ask her about her day, and she would tell him. Not long after that, Beauty came to a part of the palace she had not seen before. Over a door was a sign, "Beauty's Room." The door was open. Inside the room were shelves of books to the ceiling, a piano, and a cabinet of fine dresses, just her size. Now there was much to talk about at dinner! One night, at the end of dinner, Beast said, "Beauty, I love you. Will you marry me?" Beauty was shocked. "Beast, you are my best friend," she said. "But please understand, I do not want you to marry you." Still, the Beast asked her the same question after dinner, time after time. And each time Beauty said the same thing. One night, the Beast said, "Beauty, if you will not marry me, what can I do to make you happy?" "If you must know," she said, "it would be to see my father. I miss him so much."

The next night, the Beast gave Beauty two magical items - a magic mirror and a magic ring. "If you want to see your father," said he, "just ask the magic mirror to show him to you. If you are ready to go back home, turn the magic ring on your finger three times and ask the mirror to take you there. When it's time to come back here to the palace, turn the ring three more times and ask the mirror to come back. But do not be gone for more than one week. Or I will die of grief!" Beauty agreed. When she got back to her room, she looked in the magic mirror and asked to see her father. And there he was, in bed and looking so sick he could die! In fear, Beauty turned the ring on her finger three times. "Please, Magic Mirror," she said. "Take me home right now!" And she was back! Ah, such joy when her father looked up and saw Beauty! For much of why he was ill was in knowing that Beauty was stuck in the palace, all because of him. Beauty stayed by her father's bed for hours. She told him that she had all the books she could read, music to play, and fine dresses to wear. "The Beast is not so bad," she said, "once you get to know him. He's good to talk to. He's my friend."



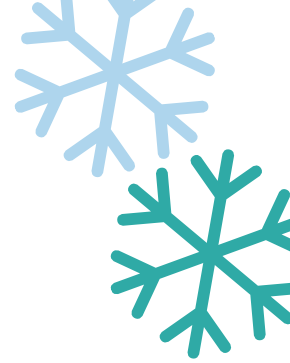


Beauty looked around. "Where are my sisters?" "They are both married," said the father. "Did they marry good men?" said she. "They had a lot of money," said the father. "But I do not know if your sisters are happy." For the eldest sister had married a handsome man so vain that he gave no thought to anything else, including his wife. And the middle sister had married a man with a sharp wit but who used it to hurt everyone around him, and most of all his wife. When the sisters came to the house and saw Beauty, dressed so well and talking about how kind and good the Beast was to her, they burned with rage. Beauty told them she must stay no more than one week. And the sisters came up with a plan. They petted Beauty and said such nice things they had never said before. When she told them she must go soon, they wept. They said she must not leave. There was still so much left they wanted to do with her! And why does just a few days matter, after all? So Beauty stayed.

One night she had a dream about the Beast. In her dream, the Beast lay sick and dying. When Beauty woke up, she asked the magic mirror to show her the Beast. There he was in the mirror, lying in the rose garden, looking so sick he would die. At once, she turned the magic ring three times. "Take me back to the Beast!" she said. In a moment she was sitting next to the poor, sick Beast, who could only gasp for air. "You have come back!" said the Beast in a thick voice. "I'm so sorry that I am late!" said Beauty. "I could not bear the idea that you may not come back to me. I am afraid it is too late for me now." His eyes closed. "No!" cried Beauty. "Do not leave me!" Just then, she knew in her heart what was true. "I love you!" she cried out. "Please come back! If you only come back, I will be your wife." Tears rolled down her cheeks. Just then, the Beast opened his eyes. "Beauty!" he said. "You did it!" In a flash, the Beast was changed to a handsome prince! Beauty did not know what to think of this change. "Ah, Beauty!" said the Beast, and he told her his story. Years ago when he was a prince, an evil fairy had put a spell on him. He must stay a beast forever, until a maiden loved him for who he really was. Now she had broken the spell! And so Beauty and the Beast were married. They lived happily ever after.

Source:<https://www.storiestogrowby.org/story/early-reader-beauty-beast-english-story-kids/>





☐☐ **Please, do this exercise during GLS activity in 10 minutes!**

- Write 3-5 sentences that represent the characteristics of "Beauty" in Beauty and the Beast story!





Finishing the Journey



□□ Please, read this story during GLS activity in 10 minutes!

The Fisher Lad and the Mermaid's Ring



Source:<https://www.storiestogrowby.org/story/fisherlad-the-mermaids-ring/>

Once in Scotland, a young lad was so smitten with a bonny lass that he did nothing but think of her night and day. At last he summoned his courage, offered her his heart and asked for hers to return. Flattered was she but alas! Her heart was already offered to another. She sweetly smiled then her eyes flit about and off she was, leaving the lad feeling cast-adrift and sunk. Well, if there was one thing the lad was sure of, he could no longer walk about the people of that town. Not with everyone knowing she had passed him over for another lad, snickering and pointing at him as he went by. Nor could he fish anymore with the lads at the shore, for the shame of it. So with a heavy heart he gathered his nets inside his boat and sailed to an uninhabited island, where he built himself a hut. Every morning, very early, he sailed to the sea, laid his nets and hauled a day's catch. He took his catch to market at a port where no one knew his face, sold his fish, bought food and other necessities, and sailed home to his island. Such was his life, day after day. And so it would have stayed but one day, the corner of his eye caught something gleaming amidst the fish in his net. Quickly, he grabbed it by one hand, though it twisted and thrashed, and he tied the net into a knot so that whatever it was, was securely fastened.



"Release me!" called a mermaid. To look at, she was just like any other girl up to the waist, but below that she flipped a long fishtail that glittered with shiny yellow-green scales. "I know better," he said. "You know as well as I do that you must grant me a wish." "Very well," she said, "I suppose you want a bag of gold coins. I happen to know of a sunken ship not far from here with such treasure." "Ay, I have no interest in a bag of coins," he said. "'Twill not give me what I want." "So it's a trunk of treasure you require?" She reared her head with pride. "I am the daughter of the king of the sea, and can have my servants deliver such a trunk to your island." "If you know enough about me to know about my island," said the lad, "you know what it is I really want." "The bonny lass?" sighed the mermaid. "Why her?" "Oh, you know why!" he said. "Her blue eyes. Her blond hair. The way she moves. She is what I want most in all the world and if I can't have her, I want naught else!" "Ah, she is not so different from the others," said the mermaid, but when the fisher lad tightened his hold on the netting, she quickly added, "Of course I can grant your wish of love, but you must realize it will take some time. Release me and I'll give you a magic ring. After one year and a day, when you go to her and offer her the ring, she will not refuse." "How do you know she won't be wedded by then?" "She'll not be," promised the mermaid.

So the fisher lad cut away the net from the mermaid, took her ring and placed it in a jar on his mantle. He decided to scratch the wood to keep track of every day that went by. As he sailed back to his island one day not long after that, he saw what looked from a distance like a heap of seaweed. More curious it was when the seaweed moved, and as he sailed to shore, he saw that it was a wee brown lass whose mangled dark hair lay in a heap around her. "What are you doing here?" he frowned. "Oh, do not send me away. I have to go somewhere! My father has a new bride not much older than myself. She's horrible and mean and I fear she's bound to do something terrible to me." "You can't stay here. Go back and make it right with her." "Don't ask me to do that! Besides, I can't go anywhere because the winds aren't right." "Tomorrow morning the winds will change." "And my raft is broken." "I'll fix it." "Please! I need to stay somewhere where I'm alone and safe!" "So do I!" thundered the lad, glowering at her. A long silence. "Then I'll jump into the sea," she cried, bursting into tears, "for there's naught else for me to do!" Tears streaked down her dirty face. "Ah..." He looked away. What else could he do? "Very well then, I suppose you can stay." "'Twill be just like living alone, with me here," said the lass quickly. "Only better. I'll cook your dinner and tend the place while you're gone, but you'll hardly know I'm here." "Good," he said. "Keep it that way."





The girl was true to her word. When the lad returned from fishing or from the market, she would present a hot meal for him and after placing it on the table she would leave. Where she went, where she slept, he knew not and he did not wonder in the least. One day he had an especially good day. The fish were plentiful and sold well at market. After the girl set his dinner before him, he said, "There now, you don't have to go so quickly. Lay yourself a plate and sit across from me. We might as well eat together." So they ate, saying little, but the next day they said a few words more, and the day after that, more still, until they got to know all about one another. He understood completely why she had to leave her house, and pounded the table with fury when she told him about her father and how he had been blind to the dangerous situation he put her in. She listened with sympathy to the tale of his bonny lass and how he planned to win her heart with the mermaid's ring after the 101 days. In fact, she posted a chart over the mantle to keep track of the days gone by and the ones left. A clever idea, he thought, since the scratches on the wood were becoming hard to tell apart.

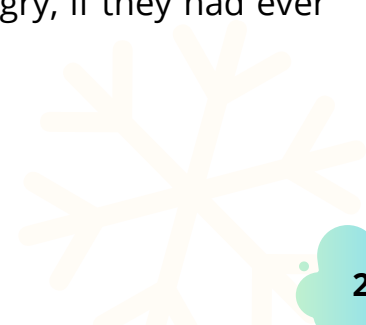
When the lad returned home from fishing one day, he saw she had moved flowers from the field and planted them in front of the hut. Another time she trained a rose vine to twine above the front door. Around that time she started to help him beach the boat and spread the nets. Though she was but a wee brown lass and nearly as small as a child and sometimes seemed to disappear completely behind the nets since her skin and hair were as dark as the wet ropes, still she was surprisingly strong and helpful to have around. One morning she said, "When you go to market, you must bring back a bit of window glass to keep the weather out." He obliged, and the next day while he was gone she placed the glass in the window holes. Indeed, the hut stayed warmer that evening. Another time she told him, "Bring me back some whitewash - these walls are far too dreary." He complied, and she washed the walls and painted them white. Though he started to grumble about precious little money being left after he fetched her this or fetched her that, he had to admit that his hut was more comfortable than it had ever been before.





In the shed one day, he noticed a pile of grass had been pushed against one wall and was pressed down in the middle, and he realized that it must be where she slept at night. A bit ashamed that he had never wondered about it before, he decided to forego fishing for a few days and started gathering wood and hammering it to the hut. "What will you be at now?" she asked. "It's not proper for a lass to sleep in a shed next to the rods and shovels," said he. "This will be a room of your own." "I don't need fussing on my account," she sniffed, but he noticed as she went about the house that evening she was humming to herself. A melody that was the same as one his mother used to sing. And so the days went quickly by. Half the year was over, then but a few days left of the year, then the year was gone and it was one day after, the last day of his waiting. When the lad entered the hut that afternoon, he saw her in front of the hearth with the magic ring on her finger, holding up her hand and looking at it from all angles. "What are you doing?" he barked, startling her. "Nothing," she said quickly, dropping the ring back into the jar and sealing it with its lid. "Just making sure all is well with the ring for tomorrow."

Then she went to her room. When she returned, she held a packet with all of her belongings. "I'm leaving now. I'm going back to my father's home." "What? Aren't you worried how they will treat you?" "I'll manage. I'm older now." "It's only been a year." "One year is enough." "But...the winds aren't right." "They will be soon." "But we never fixed your raft. I'll give you a ride in the boat." "I fixed the raft. I'd just as soon leave as I came, if that's all right with you." She walked over to the chart, took it off the wall, laid it before him and marked off the last day. "Tomorrow," she said, "you will claim your own true love." And she left. For the rest of the day, the fisher lad stayed in his chair. He stared at the walls and at the floor. He slept in the chair. Early the next morning when he woke, the first thing he saw was the chart on the table before him. He went over to the mantle where he kept the mermaid's ring and set out to claim the love of his life. Only it wasn't to the village he was born where he set his sail. It was to the land of the girl who had stayed with him at the island. She was surprised to see him enter her father's garden. "How are you? Did you find the love of your life?" "Yes, I did. I mean, now, I have." "And will she have you?" asked the girl, staring at the ring that he held in front of her. "You tell me," he said, sweeping her into his arms. And so the two were wed, and a fine wedding it was, with all the family and friends that the girl and lad thought had been cross with them but who were no longer angry, if they had ever been at all.





In the village, one day it so happened the lad chanced upon the same bonny lass who had captured his heart before. She had the same golden hair and blue eyes, and the same tall, slim frame, but there was nothing about her that seemed different or better than other girls. Later that day he took his bride back to their island, where they both wanted to be most of all. That was when they saw the mermaid sitting on a rock in the water. "Did you find your own true love?" said she. "Yes I did - and here she is!" said the lad. "But she does not have blond hair," said the mermaid. "Aye." "And she does not have blue eyes." "Aye." "Nor is she tall or slim." "This so," said he, "as you can see she's right short, and, if I can say so, perhaps a bit filled out?" His bride bopped him on the shoulder. "Yet she is your own true love?" "No doubt about it." "So our bargain is kept. You got what you asked for." The mermaid dived off the rock and into the sea, and that was the last they ever saw of her. And so the fisher lad and his wee brown lass lived happily for the rest of their days.

Source: <https://www.storiestogrowby.org/story/fisherlad-the-mermaids-ring/>

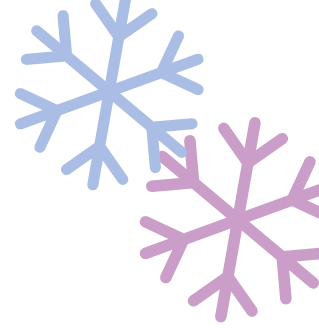




☐☐ **Please, do this exercise during GLS activity in 10 minutes!**

- Give your opinions or comments toward "The Fisher Lad" character and the theme of the story!

A large, empty grey rectangular area intended for students to write their opinions or comments.



□□ Homework

- Write a summary of the learning materials that you have learned in this chapter!

