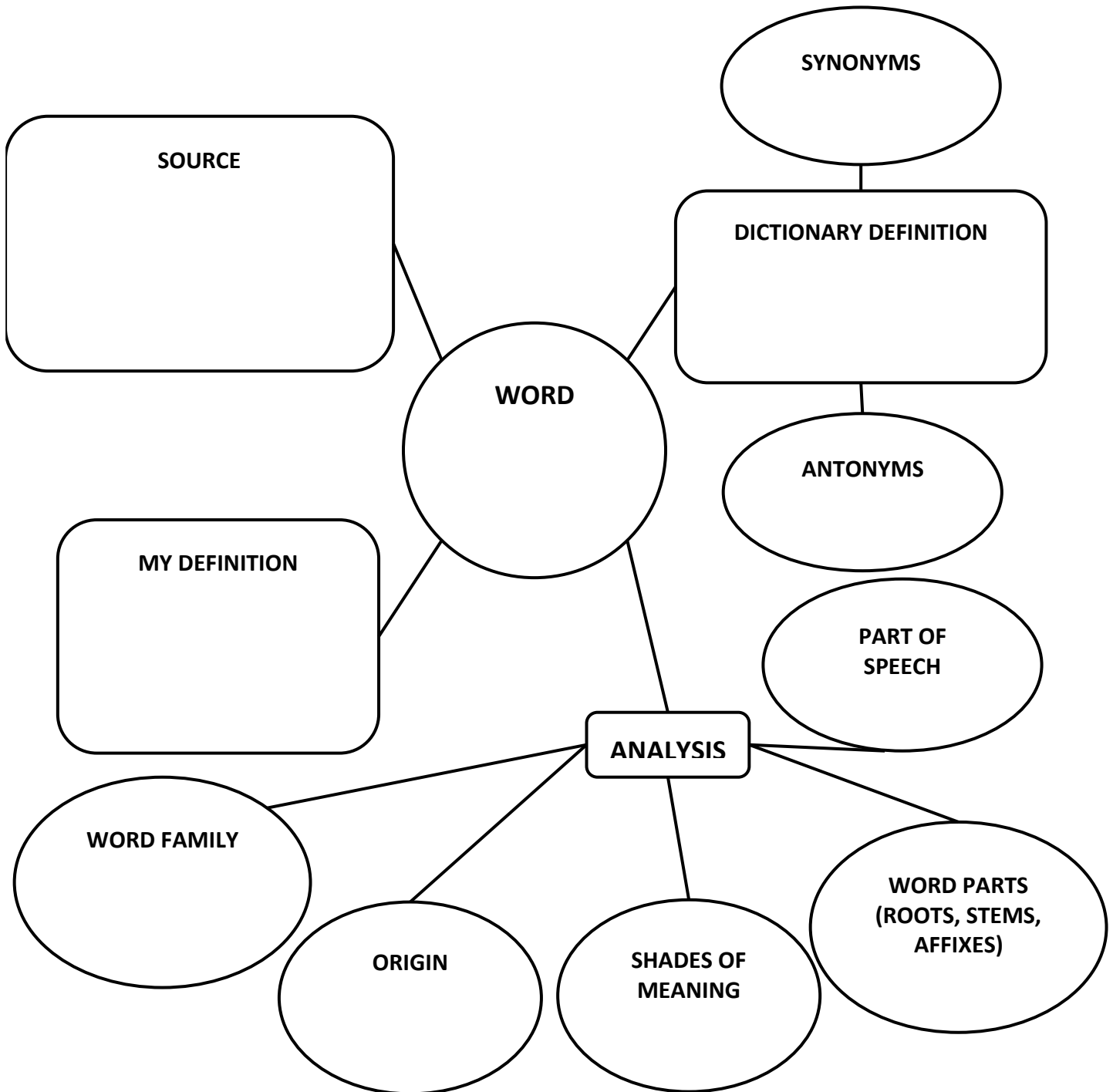


### The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe Unit Resources

Student Resource	Location
<b>Section 1: Lessons 1-7</b>	
Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Text: "Chapter I: Down the Rabbit-Hole" from <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> by Lewis Carroll	Pages 3 – 6
Lesson handouts	Pages 2, 7 – 9
<b>Section 2: Lessons 8-12</b>	
Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Poem: "Adventures of Isabel" by Ogden Nash	<a href="#">Digital access</a>
Lesson handouts	Pages 10 – 12
<b>Section 3: Lessons 13-16</b>	
Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Text: "The Robin Who Showed the Way" from <i>The Secret Garden</i> by Francis Hodgson Burnett	Pages 13 – 14
<b>Section 4: Lessons 17-18 Practice Cold Read Task</b>	
<b>Section 5: Lessons 19-22</b>	
Text: Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Lesson handouts	Pages 15 – 16
<b>Section 6: Lessons 23-29</b>	
Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Text: "Chapter XII: Alice's Evidence" from <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> by Lewis Carroll	Pages 19 – 24
Lesson handouts	Pages 17 – 18, 25
<b>Section 7: Culminating Writing Task</b>	
Text: <i>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</i> by C. S. Lewis	<a href="#">Purchased text</a>
Lesson handouts	Pages 26 – 28
<b>Section 8: Extension Task</b>	
Text: "Chapter I: Down the Rabbit-Hole" from <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> by Lewis Carroll	Pages 3 – 6
Text: "Chapter XII: Alice's Evidence" from <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> by Lewis Carroll	Pages 19 – 24
Lesson handouts	Pages 29 – 36
<b>Section 9: Cold-Read Task</b>	

**Semantic Map**



**Down the Rabbit-Hole from *Alice's Adventures in*  
*Wonderland*  
Lewis Carroll**

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice 'without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so VERY remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so VERY much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAISTCOAT-POCKET, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled 'ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

'Well!' thought Alice to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall NEVER come to an end! 'I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. 'I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a VERY good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) '—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. 'I wonder if I shall fall right THROUGH the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think—' (she was rather glad there WAS no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) '—but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy CURTSEYING as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) 'And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. 'Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) 'I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, 'Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, 'Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, 'Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, 'Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the

corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; 'and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, 'it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ('which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words 'DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say 'Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. 'No, I'll look first,' she said, 'and see whether it's marked "poison" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was NOT marked 'poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry–tart, custard, pine–apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

'What a curious feeling!' said Alice; 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; 'for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, 'in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

'Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said Alice to herself, rather sharply; 'I advise you to leave off this minute!' She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. 'But it's no use now,' thought poor Alice, 'to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make ONE respectable person!'

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words 'EAT ME' were beautifully marked in currants. 'Well, I'll eat it,' said Alice, 'and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, 'Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out–

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of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

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**Compare and Contrast Lucy and Alice**

	<b>Lucy</b>	<b>Alice</b>
How did the character's adventure begin?		
Describe the character's personality.		
How many siblings does the character have?		
How did the character find her way into an unknown land?		
How did the character feel about being in an unknown land?		
Describe the choices that the character makes during her journey. Is she making good choices? Bad choices?		
Note a similarity.		
Note a difference.		



### Chart for Analyzing Three Texts

Compare and contrast the three texts you are reading. You may refer to your notes from class discussions.

	<i><b>The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe</b></i>	<i><b>“Down the Rabbit Hole”</b></i>	<i><b>“The Robin Who Showed the Way”</b></i>
<i>Character Interactions</i>			
<i>Settings</i>			
<i>Conflicts (Problems)</i>			
<i>How the Characters Respond to Challenges</i>			

### **What Makes a Narrative a Fantasy?**

Work with your partner to read, discuss, and write answers to the following questions in your reading log.

1. Consider Lucy and Alice's behavior.
  - How do they behave the same?
  - How do they behave differently?
2. Consider the journey of each character.
  - How are their journeys alike?
  - How are their journeys different?
3. Consider their interaction with their siblings.
  - How does Lucy interact with each of her siblings?
  - How does Alice interact with her sister?
4. How are their interactions with fantastical creatures alike? How are their interactions different?
5. How do the rabbit and the faun play a similar role in each text?
6. What characteristics do both the rabbit and the faun possess?
7. Describe the challenges that Alice and Lucy face because of their inquisitive behavior.

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TP-CASTT Poetry Analysis: "The Adventures of Isabel"

**Title:**

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**Paraphrase:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Connotation:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Attitude/ Tone:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Shifts:**

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**Title:**

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**Theme:**

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**Edmund's Choices**

Statement	Text Evidence
Edmund is confused.	
Edmund is afraid.	
Edmund is physically uncomfortable.	
Edmund acts as if he may have been drugged.	
Edmund wants more Turkish Delight.	
The White Witch knows something about Turkish Delight that Edmund doesn't.	
Edmund lies to Lucy.	
Edmund is leaning toward being on the side of the White Witch rather than the Fauns and the animals.	

## **“The Robin Who Showed the Way”**

### **an excerpt from *The Secret Garden***

Francis Hodgson Burnett

Mistress Mary felt a little awkward as she went out of the room. Yorkshire people seemed strange, and Martha was always rather a puzzle to her. At first she had disliked her very much, but now she did not. The skipping-rope was a wonderful thing. She counted and skipped, and skipped and counted, until her cheeks were quite red, and she was more interested than she had ever been since she was born. The sun was shining and a little wind was blowing—not a rough wind, but one which came in delightful little gusts and brought a fresh scent of newly turned earth with it. She skipped round the fountain garden, and up one walk and down another. She skipped at last into the kitchen-garden and saw Ben Weatherstaff digging and talking to his robin, which was hopping about him. She skipped down the walk toward him and he lifted his head and looked at her with a curious expression. She had wondered if he would notice her. She wanted him to see her skip.

“Well!” he exclaimed. “Upon my word. P’raps tha’ art a young ‘un, after all, an’ p’raps tha’s got child’s blood in thy veins instead of sour buttermilk. Tha’s skipped red into thy cheeks as sure as my name’s Ben Weatherstaff. I wouldn’t have believed tha’ could do it.”

“I never skipped before,” Mary said. “I’m just beginning. I can only go up to twenty.”

“Tha’ keep on,” said Ben. “Tha’ shapes well enough at it for a young ‘un that’s lived with heathen. Just see how he’s watchin’ thee,” jerking his head toward the robin. “He followed after thee yesterday. He’ll be at it again today. He’ll be bound to find out what th’ skippin’-rope is. He’s never seen one. Eh!” shaking his head at the bird, “tha’ curiosity will be th’ death of thee sometime if tha’ doesn’t look sharp.”

Mary skipped round all the gardens and round the orchard, resting every few minutes. At length she went to her own special walk and made up her mind to try if she could skip the whole length of it. It was a good long skip and she began slowly, but before she had gone half-way down the path she was so hot and breathless that she was obliged to stop. She did not mind much, because she had already counted up to thirty. She stopped with a little laugh of pleasure, and there, lo and behold, was the robin swaying on a long branch of ivy. He had followed her and he greeted her with a chirp. As Mary had skipped toward him she felt something heavy in her pocket strike against her at each jump, and when she saw the robin she laughed again.

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“You showed me where the key was yesterday,” she said. “You ought to show me the door today; but I don’t believe you know!”

The robin flew from his swinging spray of ivy on to the top of the wall and he opened his beak and sang a loud, lovely trill, merely to show off. Nothing in the world is quite as adorably lovely as a robin when he shows off—and they are nearly always doing it.

Mary Lennox had heard a great deal about Magic in her Ayah’s stories, and she always said that what happened almost at that moment was Magic.

One of the nice little gusts of wind rushed down the walk, and it was a stronger one than the rest. It was strong enough to wave the branches of the trees, and it was more than strong enough to sway the trailing sprays of untrimmed ivy hanging from the wall. Mary had stepped close to the robin, and suddenly the gust of wind swung aside some loose ivy trails, and more suddenly still she jumped toward it and caught it in her hand. This she did because she had seen something under it—a round knob which had been covered by the leaves hanging over it. It was the knob of a door.

She put her hands under the leaves and began to pull and push them aside. Thick as the ivy hung, it nearly all was a loose and swinging curtain, though some had crept over wood and iron. Mary’s heart began to thump and her hands to shake a little in her delight and excitement. The robin kept singing and twittering away and tilting his head on one side, as if he were as excited as she was. What was this under her hands which was square and made of iron and which her fingers found a hole in?

It was the lock of the door which had been closed ten years and she put her hand in her pocket, drew out the key and found it fitted the keyhole. She put the key in and turned it. It took two hands to do it, but it did turn.

And then she took a long breath and looked behind her up the long walk to see if anyone was coming. No one was coming. No one ever did come, it seemed, and she took another long breath, because she could not help it, and she held back the swinging curtain of ivy and pushed back the door which opened slowly—slowly.

Then she slipped through it, and shut it behind her, and stood with her back against it, looking about her and breathing quite fast with excitement, and wonder, and delight. She was standing inside the secret garden.

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### Text Evidence Chart

Write down a statement. It could be an answer to a question. Then find words in the text that support, or help to prove, your statement. Write down the exact words in the form of direct quotations. Lastly, describe how the quotation(s) help to prove the statement is true.

Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

Page no. _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____	Page no. _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____	Page no. _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____  _____
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How these quotations help to prove my statement is true:



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**T-chart**

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**Character Treatment T-chart**

Who is the evil character? How did they mistreat another character?	Who was mistreated? How did the character respond to being mistreated?

**Evidence Chart:** As a prewriting activity, complete this chart to organize your thoughts.

Evidence: Quote or Paraphrase	Page Number	Explanation of How This Evidence Support the Theme

## **“Chapter XII: Alice’s Evidence”**

### **from *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland***

Lewis Carroll

'Here!' cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accidentally upset the week before.

'Oh, I BEG your pardon!' she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

'The trial cannot proceed,' said the King in a very grave voice, 'until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—ALL,' he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said do.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; 'not that it signifies much,' she said to herself; 'I should think it would be QUITE as much use in the trial one way up as the other.'

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

'What do you know about this business?' the King said to Alice.

'Nothing,' said Alice.

'Nothing WHATEVER?' persisted the King.

'Nothing whatever,' said Alice.

'That's very important,' the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: 'UNimportant, your Majesty means, of course,' he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

'UNimportant, of course, I meant,' the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone,

'important—unimportant—unimportant—important—' as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down 'important,' and some 'unimportant.' Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; 'but it doesn't matter a bit,' she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, cackled out 'Silence!' and read out from his book, 'Rule Forty-two. ALL PERSONS MORE THAN A MILE HIGH TO LEAVE THE COURT.'

Everybody looked at Alice.

'I'M not a mile high,' said Alice.

'You are,' said the King.

'Nearly two miles high,' added the Queen.

'Well, I shan't go, at any rate,' said Alice: 'besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now.'

'It's the oldest rule in the book,' said the King.

'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. 'Consider your verdict,' he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

'There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty,' said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; 'this paper has just been picked up.'

'What's in it?' said the Queen.

'I haven't opened it yet,' said the White Rabbit, 'but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.'

'It must have been that,' said the King, 'unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.'

'Who is it directed to?' said one of the jurymen.

'It isn't directed at all,' said the White Rabbit; 'in fact, there's nothing written on the OUTSIDE.' He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added 'It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.'

'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen.

'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.)

'He must have imitated somebody else's hand,' said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

'Please your Majesty,' said the Knave, 'I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end.'

'If you didn't sign it,' said the King, 'that only makes the matter worse. You **MUST** have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.'

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

'That **PROVES** his guilt,' said the Queen.

'It proves nothing of the sort!' said Alice. 'Why, you don't even know what they're about!'

'Read them,' said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked.

'Begin at the beginning,' the King said gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end: then stop.'

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

'They told me you had been to her,  
And mentioned me to him:  
She gave me a good character,  
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone  
(We know it to be true):  
If she should push the matter on,  
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
You gave us three or more;  
They all returned from him to you,  
Though they were mine before. If I or she should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been  
(Before she had this fit)  
An obstacle that came between  
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,  
For this must ever be  
A secret, kept from all the rest,  
Between yourself and me.'

'That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet,' said the King, rubbing his hands; 'so now let the jury—'

'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) 'I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.'

The jury all wrote down on their slates, 'SHE doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,' but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

'If there's no meaning in it,' said the King, 'that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,' he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; 'I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. "—SAID I COULD NOT SWIM—" you can't swim, can you?' he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. 'Do I look like it?' he said. (Which he certainly did NOT, being made entirely of cardboard.)

'All right, so far,' said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'WE KNOW IT TO BE TRUE—" that's the jury, of course—"I GAVE HER ONE, THEY GAVE HIM TWO—" why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—'

'But, it goes on "THEY ALL RETURNED FROM HIM TO YOU,"' said Alice.

'Why, there they are!' said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. 'Nothing can be clearer than THAT. Then again—"BEFORE SHE HAD THIS FIT—" you never had fits, my dear, I think?' he said to the Queen.

'Never!' said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

'Then the words don't FIT you,' said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

'It's a pun!' the King added in an offended tone, and everybody laughed, 'Let the jury consider their verdict,' the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

'No, no!' said the Queen. 'Sentence first—verdict afterwards.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Alice loudly. 'The idea of having the sentence first!'

'Hold your tongue!' said the Queen, turning purple.

'I won't!' said Alice.

'Off with her head!' the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

'Who cares for you?' said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.) 'You're nothing but a pack of cards!'

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

'Wake up, Alice dear!' said her sister; 'Why, what a long sleep you've had!'

'Oh, I've had such a curious dream!' said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, 'It WAS a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run in to your tea; it's getting late.' So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—



First, she dreamed of little Alice herself, and once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers—she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that WOULD always get into her eyes—and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds—the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy—and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard—while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make THEIR eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

*This text is in the public domain.*

### Theme Chart

Compare *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* to “Alice’s Evidence” on their similar themes.

Theme	Provide evidence of the theme in both stories.
Good vs. Evil	
Stand Up for What You Believe To Be Right	
Sacrificing Yourself for the Well-being of Others	

### Culminating Writing Task Directions

Consider how the narrator’s point of view influences how events are described in *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. How would descriptions change if told from a different point of view?

Choose one of the scenes below, and rewrite it from the first person point of view of the identified character.

Scene	Point of View and Theme
<b>Chapter 9: Edmund goes to the white witch.</b> Begin your story with “It was pretty bad when he reached the far side...” End your narrative with “Edmund began to be afraid of the House.”	Rewrite the scene from Edmund’s point of view and describe his journey to the White Witch’s home.
<b>Chapter 11: Aslan is near.</b> Begin your story with with “Now they were steadily racing along again.” End your narrative at the end of the chapter.	Rewrite the scene from the White Witch’s point of view and describe her thoughts and feelings as she realizes that the spell is breaking and Winter is coming to an end.
<b>Chapter 14: Aslan sacrifices himself for Edmund.</b> Begin your story with “ <i>At last the rabble had had enough of this.</i> ” End your narrative with “ <i>They couldn’t bear to look and covered their eyes.</i> ”	Rewrite the scene from Aslan’s point of view and describe his thoughts and feelings as he is being prepared for sacrifice.

To complete this task:

- Select a scene from the chart above and reread the scene. As you read, consider how the description of events might change if told from the point of view of the identified character.
- Summarize the events of the scene, being sure to include the main events, key character interactions, and important conversations.
- Rewrite the scene from the perspective of the new narrator, using the first person point of view. Include thoughts, feelings, and descriptions to develop the new narrator’s point of view.
- Be sure that the rewritten scene maintains the themes of the novel.
- Be sure to use proper grammar, conventions, spelling, and grade-appropriate words and phrases.

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**Culminating Writing Task Brainstorming Handout**

1. Choose one of the scenes from the Culminating Writing Task handout.
2. Find the scene in the text and reread it.
3. Summarize the main events of the scene.

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4. What theme is evidenced in this scene? (Hint: Use the themes from your Theme Chart or information in your reading log to determine a theme.)

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5. What information does the new narrator share about his or her own thoughts, feelings, and actions?

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6. How might the scene change if told from the new narrator's point of view?

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7. What information is missing from the current scene that the new narrator might want us to know?

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## Culminating Writing Task Checklist Handout

### Does your scene...

- Introduce the characters in a way that makes sense in the scene?
- Include a beginning, middle, and end?
- Include the main events of the scene?
- Include the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the new narrator?
  - Remember to remove the inner thoughts of another character. We won't know what they are thinking since the outside narrator is no longer telling the story.
- Contain correct punctuation?
- Include quotation marks to set apart when someone is speaking?
  - Think back to the scene of Mr. Tumnus and Lucy that was modeled. Find the scene in your reading log, if needed.
  - An example of using quotation marks looks like this:  
*Lucy said, "Oh, Mr. Tumnus—I'm so sorry to stop you, and I do love that tune—but really, I must go home. I only meant to stay for a few minutes."*
- Include transitional words and phrases?
  - Here are some ideas for transitional words and phrases you might choose to use in your writing:

before	in fact
besides	of course
beyond	without a doubt
however	for that reason
in the meantime	likewise

### Images - A Brief History of Special Effects

Use these guiding questions to take notes on each slide.

Guiding Questions	
Describe the image. What is different about this image from the last one? What technology was used to make this image?	
Slide Notes	
1:	
2:	
3:	
4:	
5:	
6:	
7:	
8:	
9:	
10:	
11:	
12:	
13:	
14:	
15:	

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***Extension Task***  
***Student Prompt***

In small groups, evaluate how the illustrations and images contribute to the meaning, tone, and beauty of the text. Consider the following questions as you examine the illustrations and images:

- How do the different visual representations affect the experience of the reader?
- How do the visual representations affect the way the reader thinks of the characters and settings?
- How do the visual representations contribute to the meaning, tone, or beauty of the text?

As a group, record your analysis of the images and illustrations on a graphic organizer or through a written explanation. Provide specific evidence to support your ideas.

Then, as a group, create an original visual representation of a scene that you selected from your assigned text. The visual representation can be print or nonprint, recorded or live action. Once the visual representation is complete, write an essay that describes your visual representation and the process you used to create it. Your essay should include a description of the process used to create the visual representation; an explanation of how the visual representation enhances the meaning, beauty, or tone of the original text; and a reflection on your success as a group to complete the given task.

Trade your group's essay with that of another group, and use a student-developed rubric to evaluate whether the evidence supports the original visual representation and whether the explanation of the evidence is logical.

Lastly, prepare a presentation for the class in which you present the text and visual representation and explain in detail how the representation enhances the original text.

*The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* Extension Task Rubric

	3	2	1	0
<b>Visual Representation of the Scene</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>full understanding</b> of ideas presented in original scene</li> <li>Contributes to the meaning, tone or beauty of the scene</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>understanding</b> of ideas presented in original scene</li> <li>Contributes to the meaning, tone or beauty of the scene</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>limited understanding</b> of ideas presented in original scene</li> <li>Is related to the scene, but does not support the meaning, tone, or beauty of the scene</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>no understanding</b> of ideas presented in original scene</li> <li>Is not related to the scene</li> </ul>
<b>Reading and Understanding Text</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>full comprehension</b> of ideas both explicit and inferential indicated by grade-level reading standards</li> <li><b>Accurate</b> reasoning is demonstrated through <b>ample</b> textual evidence</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>comprehension</b> of ideas indicated by grade-level reading standards</li> <li><b>Mostly accurate</b> reasoning is demonstrated through <b>adequate</b> textual evidence</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>limited comprehension</b> of ideas indicated by grade-level reading standards</li> <li><b>Minimally accurate</b> reasoning is demonstrated through <b>minimal</b> textual evidence</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows <b>no comprehension</b> of ideas indicated by grade-level reading standards</li> <li><b>Inaccurate or no</b> reasoning is demonstrated with <b>little or no</b> textual evidence</li> </ul>
<b>Writing about Text</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Addresses the prompt and <b>clearly</b> introduces and states an opinion or topic</li> <li>Development is cohesive and <b>logically</b> organized with <b>clear</b> support<sup>1</sup></li> <li>Language links ideas and <b>consistently</b> demonstrates awareness of purpose and audience</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Addresses the prompt and states an opinion or topic</li> <li>Development is organized with <b>some</b> support and cohesion</li> <li>Language links ideas and demonstrates awareness of purpose and audience</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Addresses the prompt and has an introduction</li> <li>Development and support are <b>minimal</b></li> <li>Response has <b>limited</b> coherence and/or cohesion</li> <li>Language demonstrates <b>limited</b> awareness of purpose or audience</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Does not address the prompt</li> <li><b>Lacks</b> organization, is <b>undeveloped</b>, and <b>does not</b> provide support</li> <li>Language demonstrates <b>no</b> awareness of purpose or audience</li> </ul>
<b>Language Conventions</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Full command</b> of conventions indicated by grade-level standards</li> <li><b>Few minor errors</b> do not interfere with meaning</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Some command</b> of conventions indicated by grade-level standards</li> <li><b>May have errors</b> that occasionally interfere with meaning</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Limited command</b> of conventions indicated by grade-level standards</li> <li><b>Errors</b> often interfere with meaning</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>No command</b> of conventions indicated by grade-level standards</li> <li><b>Frequent and varied errors</b> interfere with meaning</li> </ul>

<sup>1</sup> Support includes facts, details, quotations.



Viewing Guide: "[Alice in Wonderland - Visual Effects Highlights](#)," YouTube (video)

0:00 - 0:49	0:50 - 1:09	1:10 - 2:22
How was the live action performance captured?	How do special effects contribute to the beauty of Alice falling down the rabbit-hole?	Explain how computer generated (CG) images make the text “come to life” through the film.
How was animation incorporated into the film?		

What was the challenge that filmmakers faced?

How do the special effects change the way that the reader imagines the scene?

2:23 - 3:55	3:56 - 5:00	Discuss
<p>What special effects were used to enhance the character of the queen?</p>	<p>How do the special effects contribute to the mood that the viewer feels?</p>	<p>How does learning about the special effects change your thinking about the film?</p>

How did these special effects create a more intimidating character?

How do the special effects of the film help the reader to make meaning of the text?