

Close Reading

A close-up photograph of a person's hands holding an open book. The person is wearing a dark brown jacket over a red sweater. The background is dark and out of focus.

Background from Douglas Fisher

Close Reading is....

Close Reading – an intensive analysis of a text in order to come to terms with what it says, how it says it, and what it means.”

Tim Shanahan

Close Reading is....

focused, sustained reading and rereading of a text for the **purpose** of understanding key points, gathering evidence, and building knowledge.

Pearson, page 48

How To Do A Close Read

- Read with a pencil in hand – annotate the text
 1. Number the paragraphs
 2. Chunk the paragraphs by idea or purpose
 3. Underline main ideas
 4. Left Margin – What is it saying? (Summarize)
 5. Right Margin – Dig deeper...what does it mean? (Analysis)
 6. Language - Notice any literary devices? Persuasive techniques? Circle them.

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a pencil, writing on a book. The background is blurred, showing the pages of the book and the hand's fingers. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Annotation is a note of
any form made while
reading text.

“Reading with a pencil.”

Annotation slows
down the
reader in order to
deepen
understanding.



People have been annotating texts since there have been texts to annotate.

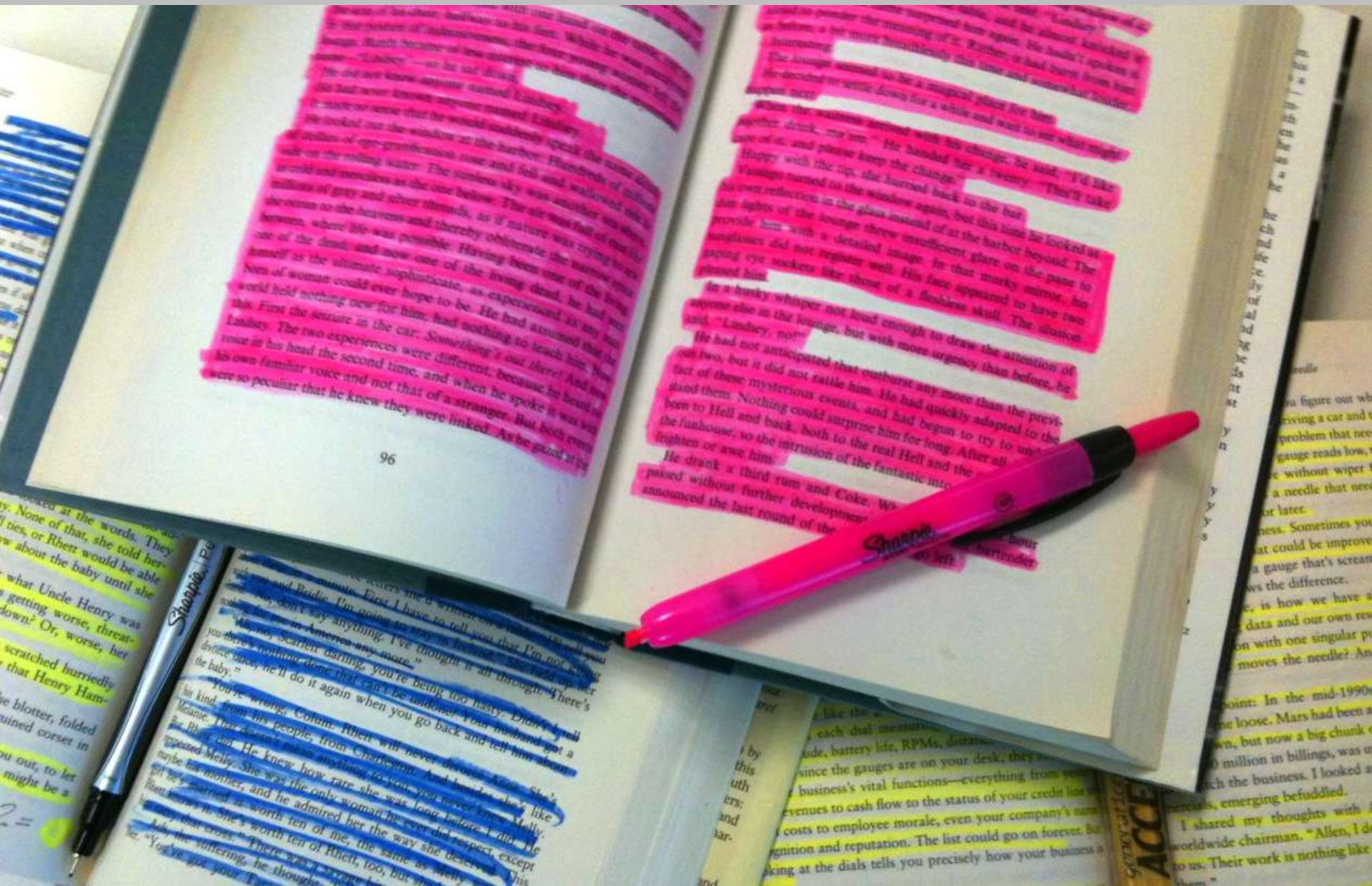
et pro vobis peccatis vba supbie blasphemasti:
 et impleuisti mala rogitatione tua et ostendisti
 conuersionem fortitudinis tuae. **Et** possi facere quod **sermo** tractasti
 mee tu es. **Numquid** irasceris in perpetuum:
 aut pleuerabis in finem? **Ecce** locuta es et fecisti mala:
 et potuisti. **Et** dixit dominus ad me in diebus iustie regis.
Numquid vidisti que fecerit auerlatix israel?
Abijt sibi met super omnem montem excelsum
 et sub omni ligno frondoso: et fornicata est ibi.
Et dixit dominus fecisset hec omnia ad me reuertere:
 et non est reuerta. **Et** vidit puarica

ultra. **Et** te
 salē soli
 omnes
 rusalē:
 tem cord
 ibit dou
 veniet si
 quā tedi
 Quom
 hi terti

... et ad 4; quamquam verum
 Vim Refringentem Aquar, posse
 pone esse nonnihil immutatam. In tertia
 la Crassitudo, qui quivis unus color in
 liquitatibus exhibeatur, exprimitur talibus
 quarum decem tum constituentur crassitudines
 exhibendo aptam, cum radii incidant ad perpendicu
 Observavi aliquando, Colores, qui oriuntur
 lybe polito, cum is calefiat; vel in Aere Camerato
 Metalis, cum liquefiat & in Terram effusa
 aperto Aere refrigerant; mutatos fuisse
 Colores Bullarum Aquar, quum in diversis
 bus inspicerentur; Et speciatim ceruleum
 violaceum, cum valde ex obliquo inspectum
 vertisse se in colorem rubeum saturum. Vnde
 vero horum Colorum Mutationes, multo
 quam Colorum Aqua exhibitorem. Etenim
 pars Metallī vitrificata, quam plerq; Meta
 licorum dicitur vitrificata, quum per
 Arithmetici medii proportionali
 Inventionis & Refractionis; incipiendo a
 a Linea Refractionis, quando Refractio sit
 a Linea Inventionis.

minis Nubium Reti videretur; nubes co
 Bullam Transpente, cuitu exhibebant: h
 Lumine carulea vid
 Cum Lapidis Sp
 utiq; Tenuitas tant
 aquar exhibent, n
 liores continuo lamp
 mellas ea sui facie,
 cerem: Atqui Grad
 lorum, quod quide
 batur: Itaq; id, q
 colorem producens
 ex sua lamella ip
 Medii circumjacent
 vatissimum decimo a
 ta Crassitudine su
 Specularis, vel ali
 certum quemvis co

Annotation is not highlighting.



...with one hand on the door
...the system of indifference, the star
...Linsley — he had not
...he had never known anyone named Linsley
...he would suddenly speak the name
...thousands of egg-granulation case and fall and wallowed
...side on the rolling water. The sunless sky was another
...billions of gray and silver threads. The air was full of
...the ocean to the heavens and thereby obliterate the narrow
...between, where life was possible. Having been one of the
...one of the dead, and now one of the living dead, he had
...himself as the ultimate sophisticate, as experienced as any
...Non of woman could ever hope to be. He had assumed that
...this. First the seizure in the car. *Something's out there!* And then
...Linsley. The two experiences were different, because he heard
...voice in his head the second time, and when he spoke it was
...his own familiar voice and not that of a stranger. But both events
...were so peculiar that he knew they were linked. As he gazed at the

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...Linsley
...before a bit more hesitantly this time and somewhat
...The average seemed to be a magical place for him
...to decide to write down for a while and wait to see what might
...together, drink, no am. He handed her a twenty. "I'd like
...Happy with the tip, die hurried back to the bar. "This'll take
...Vassago turned to the window again, but this time he looked at
...his own reflection in the glass instead of at the harbor beyond. The
...the lights of the lounge threw insufficient glare on the pane to
...provide him with a detailed image. In that murky mirror, his
...sunglasses did not register well. His face appeared to have two
...popping eye sockets like those of a fleshless skull. The situation
...In a husky whisper not loud enough to draw the attention of
...anyone else in the lounge, but with more urgency than before, he
...said, "Linsley, no!"
...He had not anticipated that outburst any more than the previ-
...ous two, but it did not rattle him. He had quickly adapted to the
...fact of these mysterious events, and had begun to try to un-
...derstand them. Nothing could surprise him for long. After all,
...been to Hell and back, both to the real Hell and the
...the lunhouse, so the intrusion of the fantastic into
...frighten or awe him.
...He drank a third rum and Coke. W-
...passed without further developmen-
...announced the last round of the

...at the words. They
...lines, or Rhett would be able
...about the baby until she
...what Uncle Henry was
...getting worse, threat-
...down? Or, worse, her
...scratched hurriedly
...that Henry Ham-
...blotter, folded
...ruined corset in
...out, to let
...might be a

...the letters me to write on
...and Beale. I'm going to stay in
...they don't say anything. I've thought it all through. There's
...in America any more."
...Scarlett during, you're being too hasty. Didn't I tell
...you there's nothing done that can be undone? Your husband got a
...the baby."
...You're wrong, Colum. Rhett will never divorce Anne. She's
...his kind, from his people, from Charleston. And besides, she's like
...Melanie. That doesn't mean anything to you, you never know. I did
...the Bluffs. He knew how rare she was, long before I did. He
...pected Melly. She was the only woman he ever did respect except
...maybe his mother, and he admired her the way she deserves. This
...got her married in worth ten of me, the same as Melly. This
...Rhett knows he she's worth ten of me, the same as Melly. This
...that cross. There was a
...the suffering, he thought
...You're got your

...bertender
...go left

...the
...en
...as a
...he
...the
...ch
...nd
...life
...ce.
...ity
...of al
...ad
...ing
...be
...ds
...nt
...st
...y
...n
...y
...y
...y
...s
...figure out wh
...driving a car and
...problem that nee
...gauge reads low,
...e without wiper f
...a needle that nee
...or later.
...ness. Sometimes yo
...at could be improv
...a gauge that's screa
...s the difference.
...is how we have a
...data and our own res
...on with one singular p
...moves the needle? An
...point: In the mid-1990
...the loose. Mars had been a
...own, but now a big chunk
...0 million in billings, was u
...atch the business. I looked a
...ereals, emerging befuddled.
...I shared my thoughts with
...worldwide chairman. "Allen, I d
...to us. Their work is nothing like
...them."

1. Before Breakfast

alliteration

WHERE'S Papa going with that ax?" said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast.

"Out to the hoghouse," replied Mrs. Arable "Some pigs were born last night."

"I don't see why he needs an ax," continued Fern, who was only eight.

"Well," said her mother, "one of the pigs is a runt. It's very small and weak, and it will never amount to anything. So your father has decided to do away with it."

"Do away with it?" shrieked Fern. "You mean kill it? Just because it's smaller than the others?"

Mrs. Arable put a pitcher of cream on the table. "Don't yell, Fern!" she said. "Your father is right. The pig would probably die anyway."

Fern pushed a chair out of the way and ran outdoors. The grass was wet and the earth smelled of springtime. Fern's sneakers were sopping by the time she caught up with her father.

plowable

nature

death

plant

killing

goes with

eating in

a farm

sense

Student's annotation of connotative meanings in *Charlotte's Web*

Modeled annotation in Seventh Grade

I Spy

Charlie Stowe waited until he heard his mother snore before he got out of bed. Even then he moved with caution and tiptoed to the window. The front of the house was irregular, so that it was possible to see a light burning in his mother's room. But now all the windows were dark. A searchlight passed across the sky, lighting the banks of cloud and probing the dark deep spaces between, seeking enemy airships. The wind blew from the sea, and Charlie Stowe could hear behind his mother's snore the beating of the waves. A draught through the cracks in the window-frame stirred his nightshirt. Charlie Stowe was frightened.

But the thought of the tobacconist's shop which his father kept down a dozen wooden stairs drew him on. He was twelve years old, and already boys at the County School mocked him because he had never smoked a cigarette. The packets were piled twelve deep below, Gold Flake and Players, De Reszke, Abdulla, Woodbines, and the little shop lay under a thin haze of stale smoke which would completely disguise his crime. That it was a crime to steal some of his father's stock Charlie Stowe had no doubt, but he did not love his father; his father was unreal to him, a wraith, pale, thin, indefinite, who noticed him only spasmodically and left even punishment to his mother. For his mother he felt a passionate demonstrative love; her large boisterous presence and her noisy charity filled the world for him; from her speech he judged her the friend of everyone, from the rector's wife to the 'dear Queen', except the 'Huns', the monsters who lurked in Zeppelins in the clouds. But his father's affection and dislike were as indefinite as his movements. Tonight he had said he would be in Norwich, and yet you never knew. Charlie Stowe had no sense of safety as he crept down the wooden stairs. When they creaked he clenched his fingers on the collar of his nightshirt.

At the bottom of the stairs he came out quite suddenly into the little shop. It was too dark to see his way, and he did not dare touch the switch. For half a minute he sat in despair on the bottom step with

Sense of secrecy

Searchlight
- airships
- wartime

1st World War

Cold - out of bed!
- darkness emphasized

Not modern

'Manly' to smoke
- grown up

Brands of cigarettes

Why?

Father does not seem to bother with him - different to mum

Zeppelins
- bombing raids

Sense of mystery, menace, potential danger, etc

Sleeping mother - repetition of snore

What is Charlie up to?

Mention of father

More info about Charlie

Pressure from peers

A 'crime' stealing, guilty conscience

What does all this mean?

Contrast with father

Something mysterious about father

A sense almost of surprise

What to do next!

Tone = Whistful?
Nostalgic?



Who is the speaker?
Why not taken?

The Road Not Taken

Where does the road go?

↓ Is it autumn?

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both **regretful**
And be one traveler, long I stood

Hmm...

And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

shows takes time to think!

Can't know
What's down there

So, are the roads the same?

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

at that point — but still, similar.

↕ not so different

No to one show the way

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.

? means stepped on

That won't happen

Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads onto to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

He knows once he picks, he'll never get the chance again

TRUE — ONCE HE PICKS, IT'S DONE

I shall be telling this with a sigh

will always wonder what might have been

Literal Level:

A person is walking in the woods. + comes to a fork in the road. Tries to look down one road, but can't see where it leads. Both roads same — picks one but knows he'll never know what was down the other road. Thinks he will always wonder.

- Figurative -

In life, there are choices where neither one is so great that it jumps at you.

You have to pick, so you do.

And then that choice leads to people, experiences and you don't get to

Modeling in 9th Grade English

Student annotation in 11th grade English

Tone: Celebratory
Admiration

Form: Heerform
Broken down resembles Sonnet

Language: technical
Colloquial
Conversational
monosyllables
Pen fat with what?

Digging
Opening - coming to terms with self? home
Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; as snug as a gun.

Memory #1
his window - ownership threshold to his heritage
Under my window a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down - remembering / to look down on has negative con. but the poem is positive + celebratory

In rhythm =
In touch with
In agreement with
Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

Symbol: peat
living roots
digging
squat pen
Why squat? crouching ownership

Survival
↑ nourishment
↑ potatoes

Connections with the past, former generations, traditions

homely
The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

in control, precise

skill, pride, dignity

Transition
Admiration colloquial language
By God, the old man could handle a spade,
Just like his old man.

Memory #2
My grandfather could cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, digging down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

worked hard - work ethics
Strength - technique

Turning Point heritage
The cold smell of potato mold, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

an awakening of what?
negative images traditions / livelihoods destroyed
No longer available

Follow in what way?

Closure - Acceptance
Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

weapon - tool

Follows tradition of fathers using the tools available to him.

Reminders of home + hearth
rests, snug, nestled

Seamus Heaney

2 separate memories:
Father digging potatoes
Grandfather digging turf - peat bogs

Onomatopoeia
rasping gratefully
squelch
slap

The pen is mightier than the sword.