

Unit 1

Personal

Narratives

Lesson 10: Similes and Metaphors



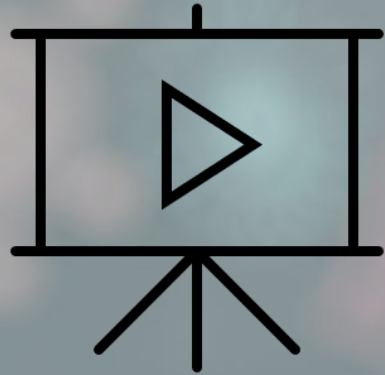
Similes and Metaphors

Literary Vocabulary

simile, n. a literary device that compares things using *like* or *as*

metaphor, n. a literary device that compares things like a simile, but without using *like* or *as*

Similes and Metaphors



Similes and Metaphors

Similes

- The flower is pretty as a picture.
- The carpenter is strong as an ox.
- The bed is hard as a rock.
- The baker works like a dog.
- My brother and I fight like cats and dogs.
- When I'm sick, I eat like a bird.
- The puppy sleeps like a log.
- The teacher is sharp as a tack.



Similes and Metaphors

Metaphors

- The responsibility for keeping track of the money was a weight on her shoulders.
- The toddler was a hurricane in the playroom.
- The sound of the rain was footsteps on the roof.

Similes and Metaphors

Activity 10.1

Simile or metaphor	What is being compared?	What does the simile or metaphor mean?
1. the laundry piles were a mountain around my bed	<i>laundry and a mountain</i>	<i>the laundry piles were tall, like mountains</i>
2. the kitten's fur was like velvet		
3. the chocolate and peanut butter were a party in my mouth		
4. "my blue skirt popped up and down as if jumping beans lived in my leg" (from <i>Small Steps</i> , Ch. 1)		

Similes and Metaphors

Activity 10.1

Simile or metaphor	What is being compared?	What does the simile or metaphor mean?
5. the rocket is fast as ____ _____ _____		
6. the process is slow as _____ _____		
7. the cheese is hot as ____ _____ _____		
8. the snow is cold as ____ _____ _____		
9. the concert is as crowded as _____ _____ _____		
10. the cheese on top of pizza and _____ _____ _____		
11. the cafeteria at lunch time and _____ _____ _____		

Vocabulary

VOCABULARY

Core Vocabulary

jubilantly, adv. joyfully

heralded, n. announced



Small Steps: The Year I Got Polio

Chapter 7: Star Patient Surprises Everyone (Part 1)

by Peg Kehret

After successfully swallowing the milkshake Peg starts to improve. She has an easier time eating, her pain lessens, and breathing is easier. Eventually she is transferred to another room, where her roommate is an eight year old boy named Tommy, who is also paralyzed with polio, and needs the help of an iron lung to breathe. Peg and Tommy enjoy listening to the Lone Ranger radio program together. Peg also begins intense physical therapy, in the hopes that it will eventually relieve her paralysis.

On October first, I lay in bed with my eyes closed, rehearsing a new joke. As I imagined Dr. Bevis's laughter, my leg itched. Without thinking, I scratched the itch. Then, as I realized what I had done, my eyes sprang open.

Had I really used my hand? After three weeks of **paralysis**, I was almost afraid to believe it, for fear I had dreamed or imagined the movement. Holding my breath, I tried again. The fingers on my left hand moved back and forth.

"I CAN MOVE MY HAND!!" I yelled.

Two nurses rushed into the room.

"Look! I can move my left hand!" I wiggled my fingers **jubilantly**.

"Get Dr. Bevis," said one of the nurses. She smiled at me as the other nurse hurried out of the room.

"Can she really do it?" asked Tommy. "Can she move her hand?"

"Yes," said the nurse. "Her fingers are moving."

"Hooray!" shrieked Tommy. "The Lone Ranger rides again!"

Dr. Bevis came bounding in. "What is all this shouting about?"

Feeling triumphant, I moved my fingers.

"Try to turn your hand over," he said.

I tried. The hand didn't go all the way, but it moved. It definitely moved. It was Christmas and my birthday and the Fourth of July, all at the same time. I could move my hand!

Dr. Bevis turned my hand palm up. "Try to bend your arm," he said.

My hand lifted an inch or so off the bed before it dropped back down.

"What about the other hand?" he asked. "Is there any movement in your right hand?"

To my complete astonishment, my right hand moved, too. Bending at the elbow, my lower arm raised several inches and I waved my fingers at Dr. Bevis.

By then, I was so excited I felt as if I could jump from that bed and run laps around the hospital.

"This is wonderful," Dr. Bevis said. "This is terrific!"

I agreed.

"When your mother makes her daily phone call," Dr. Bevis said, "she is going to be thrilled."

In the next few days, I improved rapidly. Soon I could use both hands, then my arms. I was able to sit up, starting with two minutes and working up to half an hour. Movement returned to my legs, too. My arms were still extremely weak, but I learned to feed myself again, which did wonders for both my attitude and my appetite. I was no longer totally helpless.

With my bed cranked up, I could balance a book on my stomach and turn the pages myself. I had always liked to read, and now books provided hours of entertainment. The hospital had a small library; day after day, I lost myself in books.



I began reading aloud to Tommy. I quit only when my voice got hoarse, but even then he always begged me to read just one more page. I preferred reading silently because it was faster, but I felt sorry for Tommy who was still stuck in the iron lung, unable to hold a book. I was clearly getting better; he was not. Each day, I read to him until my voice gave out.

Dr. Bevis continued to praise and encourage me. Mrs. Crab bragged about my progress. The nurses called me their star patient. I realized that no one had thought I would ever regain the use of my arms and legs.

A week after I first moved my hand, Dr. Bevis said he wanted to see if I could stand by myself. First, he helped me sit on the edge of the bed. Then, with a nurse on each side, I was eased off the bed until my feet touched the floor. Each nurse had a hand firmly under one of my armpits, holding me up.

"Lock your knees," Dr. Bevis instructed. "Stand up straight."

I tried to do as he said.

"We're going to let go," he said, "but we won't let you fall. When the nurses drop their arms, see if you can stand by yourself."

Tommy, my iron lung cheerleader, hollered, "Do it, kemo sabe! Do it!"

It was wonderful to feel myself in an upright position again. I was sure I would be able to stand alone. I even imagined taking a step or two.

"All right," Dr. Bevis said to the nurses. "Let go."

As soon as they released me, I toppled. Without support, my legs were like cooked spaghetti. The nurses and Dr. Bevis all grabbed me to keep me from crashing to the floor.

Disappointment filled me, and I could tell the others were disappointed, too. The strength had returned so quickly to my arms and hands that everyone expected my legs to be better also.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I tried.”

“It will happen,” Dr. Bevis said.

They helped me back into bed, and I was grateful to lie down again. Standing for that short time, even with help, had exhausted me and made my backache.

The twice-daily hot packs and stretching continued, and so did my progress. Each small achievement, such as being able to wiggle the toes on one foot, was **heralded** with great joy. I had to keep my feet flat against a board at the foot of my bed to prevent them from drooping forward permanently, and I longed to lie in bed without that board.



Similes and Metaphors in “Small Steps”

Activity 10.2

1. A. Identify a simile in the reading.

B. What is being compared?

C. Explain the simile.



Similes and Metaphors in “Small Steps”

Activity 10.2

2. A. Identify a metaphor in the reading.

B. What is being compared?

C. Explain the metaphor.



Small Steps Reading Questions

Activity 10.3

1. What is the main event of the first half of “Star Patient Surprises Everyone (Part 1)”?

2. How do the characters react to this event?

3. What are some of the details that help you imagine the main event and understand the reactions to it? Include the quote, the kind of detail it is, and what it tells you.

detail: _____

kind of detail: _____

tells me: _____

detail: _____

kind of detail: _____

tells me: _____

detail: _____

kind of detail: _____

tells me: _____

Writing - Similes and Metaphors

Activity 10.4

- **Think of your own narrative!**
- **You will write 5 similes or metaphors about your own memory.**
- **What can you describe using similes and metaphors?**
 - **The weather**
 - **The people**
 - **The food**
 - **The place**



Writing - Introduction

- **Use your organizer from lesson 8 and your planning page on 9.3 to type an introductory paragraph!**
- **Remember to press *tab* to indent the first line!**

