

# *Unit 1*

# *Personal*

# *Narratives*

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Lesson 9: Action!



# Vocabulary

## VOCABULARY

### Core Vocabulary

**paralysis, n.** being unable to move

**phlegm, n.** mucus manufactured in the respiratory passages, especially the lungs and the throat

**mucus, n.** thick, slimy liquid manufactured in the respiratory passages, especially the lungs and the throat

**bulbar polio, n.** polio that affects the brain

**coaxed, v.** persuaded, asked nicely

**iron lung, n.** machine that helps polio patients breathe

**nourishment, n.** food and other substances that help the body grow, heal, and thrive



# ***Review Character Traits***

➤ **What is a character trait?**



# ***Review Character Traits***

- **What is a character trait?**
  - **A description of someone's personality**





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- **What are some of the ways you can identify a character trait when you are reading?**



# ***Review Character Traits***

- **What is a character trait?**
  - **A description of someone's personality**
- **What are some of the ways you can identify a character trait when you are reading?**
  - **Through things the characters say and do; sometimes the narrator tells you**





# ***Review Character Traits***

- **How are character traits different from the feelings you found evidence for in the previous lesson?**



# ***Review Character Traits***

- **How are character traits different from the feelings you found evidence for in the previous lesson?**
  - **Feelings often happen in a moment while character traits often stick with a person for a long time**





# Small Steps: The Year I Got Polio

## Chapter 3: An Oxygen Tent and a Chocolate Milkshake

by Peg Kehret

*After Peg is rushed to the hospital at the end of “The Diagnosis,” she grows sicker and her **paralysis** continues. She is placed in an oxygen tent to help her breathe, and has trouble eating and drinking, until her parents take a risk and take things into their own hands.*

Because of my fever, it was important for me to drink lots of liquid. I tried to drink some ice water each time my parents and the nurses held the glass for me. I was also given apple juice, grape juice, and 7-Up, but they were no easier to swallow than water. I was not offered milk even though I drank milk at home. Because milk creates **phlegm**, or **mucus**, in the throat, patients with **bulbar polio** were not allowed any milk or ice cream for fear it would make them choke.

One evening, a particularly patient nurse **coaxed** me to drink some 7-Up. She put one hand behind my head and lifted it gently, to make it easier for me to swallow. “Just take little sips,” she said.

I wanted to drink the 7-Up, to please her and because I was thirsty. I sucked a mouthful through the straw, but when I tried to swallow, my throat didn’t work and all the 7-Up came out my nose. As the fizzy liquid stung the inside of my nose, I sputtered and choked.

The choking made it hard to get my breath, and that frightened me. If I couldn’t breathe, I would be put in the **iron lung**.

After that, I didn’t want to drink. I was afraid it would come out my nose again; I was afraid of choking. Only the constant urging of my parents and the nurses got enough fluids into me.

Eight days after my polio was **diagnosed**, my fever still stayed at one hundred two degrees. My breathing was shallow, the painful muscle spasms continued, and every inch of my body hurt. It was like having a bad case of the flu that never ended. My only bits of pleasure in the long hours of pain were the brief visits from my parents and looking at the little teddy bear that Art had sent.

On the afternoon of the eighth day, Mother said, “We can’t go on like this. You need more **nourishment**. You’ll never get well if you don’t swallow something besides water and juice. Isn’t there anything that sounds good? Think hard. If you could have anything you wanted to eat or drink, what would it be?”

“A chocolate milkshake,” I said.

NO MILK, my chart stated. NO ICE CREAM.

Mother told a nurse, “Peg would like a chocolate milkshake.”

“We can’t let her have a milkshake,” the nurse replied. “I’m sorry.”

“She needs nourishment,” Mother declared, “especially liquid. She thinks she can drink a milkshake.”

“She could choke on it,” the nurse said. “It’s absolutely against the doctor’s orders.” She left the room, muttering about interfering parents.

“You rest for a bit,” Mother told me. “We’ll be back soon.” She and Dad went out.



They returned in less than an hour, carrying a white paper bag. The nurse followed them into my room.

"I won't be responsible for this," she said, as she watched Dad take a milkshake container out of the bag. "Milk and ice cream are the worst things you could give her."

Dad took the lid off the container while Mother unwrapped a paper straw.

"We know you have to follow the rules," Dad said, "but we don't. This is our daughter, and she has had nothing to eat for over a week. If a chocolate milkshake is what she wants, and she thinks she can drink it, then a chocolate milkshake is what she is going to have."

He handed the milkshake to Mother, who put the straw in it.

"What if she chokes to death?" the nurse demanded. "How are you going to feel if you lose her because of a milkshake?"

"If something doesn't change soon," Dad replied, "we're going to lose her anyway. At least this way, we'll know we tried everything we could."

Mother thrust the milkshake under the oxygen tent and guided the straw between my lips.

I sucked the cold, thick chocolate shake into my mouth, held it there for a second, and swallowed. It slipped smoothly down my throat. For the first time since I got sick, something tasted good.

I took another mouthful and swallowed it. I had to work at swallowing, but the milkshake went down. The next mouthful went down, too, and the one after that. I drank the whole milkshake and never choked once, even though I was lying flat on my back the whole time.

When I made a loud slurping sound with my straw because the container was empty, my parents clapped and cheered. The relieved nurse cheered with them.

Within an hour, my temperature dropped. That chocolate milkshake may have saved my life.





# ***Character Traits “An Oxygen Tent and a Milkshake”***

## ***Activity 9.1***

Character	Trait	Evidence
First Nurse		
Second Nurse		
Mother		
Dad		



# ***Speaking and Listening***

## ***Sharing Organizers***

- **Share your organizer with a partner!**
- **When you are done, ask your partner the questions on 9.2 - Question Bank A.**
- **Add details to your organizer using your partner's feedback!**
- **Then swap! The other partner will share their organizer, ask the questions, and add details!**



**Question Bank A**—to ask your partner about your essay:

- A. What events were confusing or unclear?
- B. What words didn't you understand?
- C. Were there any details or settings you could not picture?
- D. What was the most interesting event?
- E. What was your favorite detail?
- F. What character did you want to know more about?



# ***Writing - Introduction***

## ***Activity 9.3***

- **In your introduction, you should set up the situation and provide any information your readers will need, such as:**
  - **Where and when the story takes place**
  - **Who was there**
  - **Anything important that happened before the story took place**
  - **What were you thinking and feeling**

### **1. Planning Your Introduction**

A. Where and when does the narrative take place?

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B. Who was there?

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C. What were you thinking and feeling?

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# ***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!**

