

**ELL Virtual Learning**

# **9-12 LEP Emerging**

**Story: Building Bridges**

**April 14, 2020**

Lesson: 4/14/2020

**Objective/Learning Target:**

Reading: I can Identify detailed descriptions, procedures, and information in a story.

Writing: I can summarize and answer questions related to the text.

# Quick Write

What does an “Engineer do?

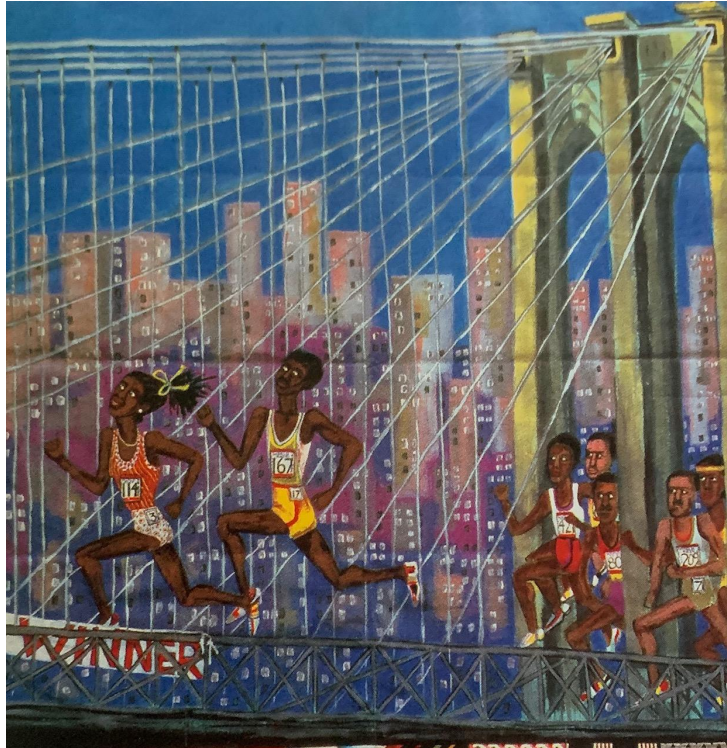
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Think about the shapes, lines, colors, and textures in this painting.

**Why do you think the artist arranged them that way?**



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# Quick Facts

## Brooklyn Bridge



# Let's Read Building Bridges!

[<-Click to Read->](#)

At first, Mama Lil said it plain and simple: "No." Then, like always, she spoke her full mind. "Bebe, get that backward idea out your head. That grit-work **ain't** no place for you. And besides, I **ain't** never heard of no girls to be doing *that*. You need to be getting yourself a real summer job, something civilized." ❶

Mama Lil pushed her breakfast plate aside and took a final drag on her cigarette. "And don't ask me again about signing that permission paper," she said. "I ain't gonna be the one who allows you to take part in such foolishness."

I leaned back in my kitchen chair, my arms folded tight. The chair's vinyl stuck to my skin, taping itself to the place where my T-shirt scooped down in back. It was as if, like Mama Lil, that chair wanted to hold me in its clutches. ❷

I'd been living with Mama Lil since I was six, when my own mama and daddy were killed in an apartment building fire. Lillian Jones was my mom's mother. Everybody on our street called my grandmother Mama Lil, and that's what I called her, too. Mama Lil and I had been **butting heads** ever since I could remember. And the older I got, the more **at odds** we were.

She thought I weighed too much and dressed badly. I thought she smoked too much and overdid it with her fake gold chains. Time after time, she'd asked me, "How you ever gonna land a decent man with them chunky arms and those T-shirts that put your navel on parade? No self-respecting seventeen-year-old should be letting it all hang out like *that*."

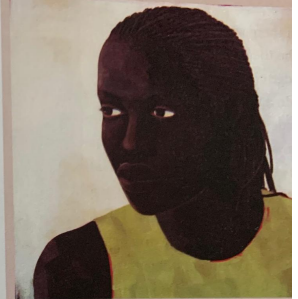
But then, too, I had a sister-to-sister connection to Mama Lil that not many kids had with their grandmas. I was Mama Lil's only true family, and she was the only real parent I had. If I ever left her, she'd have nobody. And if she passed on, I'd be alone in the world.

For weeks I'd been asking Mama Lil to let me join the youth renovation team. It was a group of kids that had been chosen by city officials to work with **engineers** to help repair the Brooklyn Bridge. The **project** would last the summer and pay good money. It would help me get to college, where I wanted to study engineering.

But Mama Lil wasn't having it. To her, I was "stooping to do a bunch of low-down mess-work." Truth be told, Mama Lil was scared of something she didn't know. She hardly ever left our neighborhood in Brooklyn. To her, the Brooklyn Bridge was a mystery.

And I think that deep down Mama Lil was afraid something bad would happen to me, the same way it happened to my mama and daddy. ❸ Also, Mama Lil couldn't read or write very well. I read most of her mail to her and helped her sign her checks. The two-page **consent** form she had to sign, giving me permission to work on the bridge project, was a challenge to her pride.

Untitled (Head #2), 2005, Greg Breda. Acrylic on canvas, Tifford Art Group, Los Angeles.



❸ **Critical Viewing: Character** What can you tell about this girl's personality from her face? How is she like Bebe?

# Test your Comprehension

After reading part of the story “Building Bridges” it is obvious Bebe and Mama Lil are not getting along.

**Complete the google form below.**



[Building Bridges Questions "click here"](#)