



# ELL Virtual Learning

## 9-12 LEP Emerging

### Story: Building Bridges

**April 27, 2020**



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Lesson: April 27, 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



Mama Lil and Bebe still can't agree. What do you think will happen next?

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# Let's Read: Building Bridges Pg. 36 and 37

Then there was the fact that I would be the only girl working with the bridge crew. "If God had meant you to do a man's work, he would have made you a man," she said.

All these **strikes** stood against me ever getting to work on that bridge. But the biggest **obstacle** of all, the thing that made Mama Lil the most **stubborn**, was my dream of becoming an engineer. Mama Lil didn't fully understand what an engineer was. I'd tried to explain it to her. I'd shown her my sketchbook full of drawings of city structures and machines. But Mama Lil didn't *know* any engineers. She'd never seen one at work.

And to make matters worse, she'd asked her friends down at Rimley's Beauty Parlor about engineering. They'd convinced her that I was **headed down the wrong path**. "Ain't no black woman doing no engine-ing," she'd said.

"Engineering," I'd corrected.

In some respects, Mama Lil was right. It was true that there weren't many black women engineers. I knew from the **get-go** that if I hoped to become an engineer, my road ahead would be lonely and hard. But I wanted to build bridges more than anything. **4**

Ms. "Tude, 2004, William Pajaud. Oil pastel, private collection, courtesy of M. Hanks Gallery, Santa Monica, California.



**▲ Critical Viewing: Character** Does this picture match the image of Mama Lil that you have in your imagination? Explain.

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A week passed. A week of Mama Lil and I not speaking about the bridge project, or the permission form. It was due—signed by her—in four days. That's when the renovation was supposed to begin.

On the Saturday night before the project was to start, Mama Lil did something that got me real mad. She brought home a summer job application from Rimley's Beauty Parlor. "Bebe, I went and done you a big favor," she said. **5** "Vernice Rimley needs somebody to sweep hair and clean her sinks. She can't pay you nothing to start, but you'd get a **heap** of training. By next summer you'd be doing perms and manicures, and getting tips on top of a regular salary. And you could even bring your paper tablet. You could draw during your breaks."

Mama Lil put the application down on the coffee table. "Bebe, if you **put your mind to it**, you could be awfully good at doing hair. Give it a chance, child," she urged.

My forehead and upper lip grew moist with the sweat that anger brings on. "Mama Lil," I began, "look at me."

But Mama Lil lit a cigarette. She inhaled, then closed her eyes to release a stream of smoke. "I'm enjoying my cig, Bebe," she said. "It tastes better with my eyes closed."

I leaned in the doorway, my anger rising. "Mama Lil, your eyes are *always* closed. *Closed* to seeing me," **6** I said. "I don't want to spend my summer sweeping hair. The bridge is **where my heart's at**, Mama Lil."

She was doing her best to tune me out. "Yeah, that's right," I said, my voice strained with frustration. "Try to make me and my dreams disappear, like your puffs of smoke!"

# Record Your Response

After reading pages 36 and 37 from the story “Building Bridges” Go to Flipgrid to record your answers from the reading.

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