



# ELL Virtual Learning

## 9-12 LEP Emerging

Story: Building Bridges Pgs. 39-42

**April 29, 2020**

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### **Objective/Learning Target:**

I can determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text.

I can Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning

# Quick Write- Social Interactions

As we read “Building Bridges” think about “your” prior knowledge you bring to the table. Meaning social interactions with adults. Use that to answer the following questions...

In your experience, do teenagers and adults often disagree about teenagers’ choices? Why do you think this is so?

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Have you ever needed an adult’s permission to participate on something?  
How did you persuade the adult to let you participate?

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# Building Bridges Pgs. 39 & 40

Mama Lil opened her eyes. They looked weary, and her expression looked pained. She sighed. "Bebe, I'm an old woman. I don't have many of my own dreams to go after." Her voice trailed off to silence. Then her face softened. For the first time ever, I saw Mama Lil's eyes fill with regret. "What little bit of dreaming I got left in me," she said, "I'm putting to you." 7

Mama Lil let out a heavy breath. Then she admitted what we'd both known all

along. "Your dreams are the kind that'll take you away from here, Bebe. They'll take you away from your Mama Lil."

I shrugged.

Mama Lil said, "That's an upsetting truth, Bebe. It makes **my heart hurt** every time I think on it."

"Mama Lil, I got to find *my* way," I said slowly. "If that bridge renovation wasn't **tapping on my soul**, I'd go ahead and sweep hair down at Rimley's."

For once, Mama Lil was looking into my face, hearing my words. 8

"Let me go, Mama Lil. Let me dream," I **pleaded** softly.

Mama Lil sat as still as a statue. I reached into my pocket to find the bridge project consent form. I unfolded it and set it on the coffee table, next to the application from Rimley's. "Mama Lil," I said carefully, "if you don't sign this—if you *won't* sign it—I'll sign it myself. I been helping you sign checks and letters for years now. I can sign your name on this consent form. Nobody will know the difference."

**I don't have many of my own dreams to go after.**

<--- Click  
Here to  
Listen  
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The next morning, I awoke to the smell of ham coming from the kitchen. My clock said 5:36, and the bridge renovation crew was scheduled to meet at 7:00. I threw on my T-shirt and jeans and grabbed my sketchbook.

"Hey, Mama Lil," I said, entering the kitchen.

Mama Lil peered at me over the top of her narrow glasses, glasses she wore only for reading. "Sit, Bebe, your ham's ready," she said. I shrugged and slid into my chair. The hands on the kitchen clock were settling on 6:00.

Mama Lil served both our plates. She sat down across from me and started eating. She was acting like it was any other morning. She chatted on about her late-night comedy show and the pigeons that nested on the ledge of her bedroom window. 9 I was certain she'd **done away with** the consent form for the bridge project, and was doing her best to ignore the whole thing.

I ate in silence. I was wondering if the bridge crew leader would let me onto the project without signed permission. I'd have to leave for the site soon, if I wanted to get there on time. I finished my last bite of ham. Then I said firmly, "Mama Lil, I'm going to the bridge."

"I know, Bebe," she said.

That's when Mama Lil reached into the pocket of her **housedress** and pulled out the consent form. "You gonna need this," she said, sliding the papers across the table.

I unfolded the form, which had become worn and crumpled. But Mama Lil hadn't signed it. It was the same as it had always been.

# Building Bridges: Pgs 41 & 42

Mama Lil could see the upset pinching at my face. <sup>10</sup> “Now hold it, Bebe,” she said. “Don’t be so quick to put on that **down-in-the-mouth** expression.”

“But you didn’t sign the form, Mama Lil!”

“Calm down, child.” Mama Lil’s tone was solid. She said, “You’re **jumping out the gate too fast.**”

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“The project’s gonna start without me!” I snapped.

Mama Lil’s eyes looked red-tired. “I been up most the night, Bebe,” she said. “I been thinking, praying, and trying my best to read that permission paper. They sure got a whole bunch of words on that thing, just to say I’m gonna let you help fix a bridge.”

I could feel my whole body fill with relief. Mama Lil said, “I may not know how to read that good. But I *do* know I ain’t supposed to sign something I ain’t fully read.”

**The project’s  
gonna start  
without me!**

Mama Lil pushed her glasses up on her nose. They were speckled with dots of grease that had sprung from the hot ham skillet. <sup>11</sup> “Will you help me read the permission paper, Bebe?” she asked. “Will you help me understand what it’s saying to me?”

I slid my chair to Mama Lil’s side of the table. Together, we read the consent form. When we were done, Mama Lil took a pen from her housedress pocket. She held it awkwardly and signed the form with her crooked handwriting. She gave her signature a good looking-over. Then she folded the form and pressed it into my hand. “Bebe, that bridge is lucky to have you,” she said. <sup>12</sup>

I hugged Mama Lil good and hard, then I got up to go. I smiled big, right at her. “Yeah, it is,” I said. ♦

# Personal Connection to the Text

In the story we found out Mama Lil more than denying Bebe to work on the bridge, was the fact she was afraid of losing Bebe her only family left. Bebe would have to leave Mama Lil to pursue her dream of becoming an engineer. Go to flipgrid to record your response on the following questions;

What do you dream of becoming one day?

Would you have trouble leaving your family to follow your dreams?

What would you do, if like Bebe, your mom or dad would not let you go?

"Record Your Answer Here"