**Before we begin…**

Take 5 minutes to write down as many **questions** as you can about Text-Dependent Analysis Questions.

Take 10 minutes to discuss your understanding with your table group to gain additional understanding. Share your discussion with the entire group.

**Guide to Creating Text-Dependent Analysis Lessons and Questions**

**Adapted from *Achieve the Core* (achievethecore.org)**

**Text-Dependent Questions: What Are They?**

The PA Core Standards for reading strongly focus on students gathering evidence, knowledge, and insight from what they read. Indeed, nearly all of the Reading Standards in each grade *require* text-dependent analysis; accordingly, aligned curriculum materials should have a similar percentage of text-dependent analysis questions.

As the name suggests, a text-dependent analysis question specifically asks a question that can only be answered by referring explicitly back to the text being read. It does not rely on any particular background information extraneous to the text nor depend on students having other experiences or knowledge; instead it privileges the text itself and what students can extract from what is before them.

For example, in a close analytic reading of Lincoln’s “Gettysburg Address,” the following would **not** be text-dependent questions:

* *Why did the North fight the Civil War?*
* *Have you ever been to a funeral or grave site?*
* *Lincoln says that the nation is dedicated to the proposition that “all men are created equal.” Why is equality an important value to promote?*

The overarching problem with these questions is that they require no familiarity at all with Lincoln’s speech in order to answer them. Responding to these sorts of questions instead requires students to go outside the text. Such questions can be tempting to ask because they are likely to get students talking, but they take students away from considering the actual point Lincoln is making. They seek to elicit a personal or general response that relies on individual experience and opinion, and answering them will not move students closer to understanding the text of the “Gettysburg Address.”

Good text-specific questions will often **linger over specific phrases and sentences** to ensure careful comprehension of the text—they help students see something worthwhile that they would not have seen on a more cursory reading. Typical text-dependent analysis questions ask students to perform one or more of the following tasks:

* Analyze paragraphs on a sentence-by-sentence basis and sentences on a word-by-word basis to determine the role played by individual paragraphs, sentences, phrases, or words
* Investigate how meaning can be altered by changing key words and why an author may have chosen one word over another
* Probe each argument in persuasive text, each idea in informational text, each key detail in literary text, and observe how these build to a whole
* Examine how shifts in the direction of an argument or explanation are achieved and the impact of those shifts
* Question why authors choose to begin and end when they do
* Note and assess patterns of writing and what they achieve
* Consider what the text leaves uncertain or unstated

**Approaching the Design of Text-Dependent Analysis Questions**

**Step 1:** Read and annotate the text. Search for vocabulary, text structure, syntax, essential understandings that students will need to “linger over” or may be the focus of the text-dependent discussions. Consider:

* Writing style (e.g., repetition of sentence structure, phrases, particular words)
* Passages that are ripe for making inferences, difficult to read because of syntax, make a significant point or need interpretation, complicated because of figurative language
* Consider tone, flashbacks, foreshadowing, dialect, bias, irony, imagery, allusion, metaphor, simile

**Step 2:** Identify the essential understandings and key supporting details from the text (what is noteworthy and what supports this). **Essential Understandings**:

* + are constructed in complete sentences
  + focus on at least two concepts
  + form a relationship between the concepts using strong verbs
  + have transfer value and prime students to make connections so no proper nouns or past tense verbs are used
  + represent what you really want students to understand about the text; answers the question “why is this important?” or “how”?

Examples:

1. People search for a place to call home and a sense of family to foster security.
2. Sometimes the truth needs to remain a secret to protect people from harm.
3. Effective leaders can help unite the disparate groups to achieve a unified goal by using compromise and strategy.
4. The structures and behaviors of living organisms help them adapt to their environments so they can survive.
5. Artifacts from diverse world cultures reveal information and insight about the daily life, beliefs, and customs of a civilization.

**Concepts** represent mental images, constructs, or word pictures that help people to arrange and classify fragmented and isolated facts and information *(“Social Studies Overview” from The NY State Educational Department, Albany, NY)*

**Step 3:** Locate and identify academic vocabulary and key text structures that are connected to the essential understandings and key ideas.

* **Tier One –** everyday speech
* **Tier Two –** general academic words: often represent subtle or precise ways to say relatively simple things
* **Tier Three –** domain-specific words

**Step 4:** Propose a culminating text-dependent analysis question

* Revisit essential understandings, key details, and review grade level standards.
* Determine how students can best demonstrate understanding of the text passage.

**Step 5:** Identify the expected proficient-level response

**Step 6:** Identify the standards associated with the text-dependent analysis question

**Excerpt from “Because of Winn-Dixie” by Kate DiCamillo**

I spent a lot of time that summer at the Herman W. Block Memorial Library. The Herman W. Block Memorial Library sounds like it would be a big fancy place, but it’s not. It’s just a little old house full of books, and Miss Franny Block is in charge of them all. She is a very small, very old woman with short gray hair, and she was the first friend I made in Naomi.

It all started with Winn-Dixie not liking it when I went into the library, because he couldn’t go inside, too. But I showed him how he could stand up on his hind legs and look in the window and see me in there, selecting my books; and he was okay, as long as he could see me. But the thing was, the first time Miss Franny Block saw Winn-Dixie standing up on his hind legs like that, looking in the window, she didn’t think he was a dog. She thought he was a bear.

This is what happened: I was picking out my books and kind of humming to myself, and all of a sudden, there was a loud and scary scream. I went running up to the front of the library, and there was Miss Franny Block, sitting on the floor behind her desk.

Miss Franny sat there trembling and shaking.

“Come on,” I said. “Let me help you up. It’s okay.” I stuck out my hand and Miss Franny took hold of it, and I pulled her up off the floor. She didn’t weigh hardly anything at all. Once she was standing on her feet, she started acting all embarrassed, saying how I must think she was a silly old lady, mistaking a dog for a bear, but that she had a bad experience with a bear coming into the Herman W. Block Memorial Library a long time ago, and she never had quite gotten over it.

“When did it happen?” I asked her.

“Well,” said Miss Franny, “it is a very long story.”

“That’s okay,” I told her. “I am like my mama in that I like to be told stories. But before you start telling it, can Winn-Dixie come in and listen, too? He gets lonely without me.”

“Well, I don’t know,” said Miss Franny. “Dogs are not allowed in the Herman W. Block Memorial Library.”

“He’ll be good,” I told her. “He’s a dog who goes to church.” And before she could say yes or no, I went outside and got Winn-Dixie, and he came in and lay down with a “huummmppff” and a sigh, right at Miss Franny’s feet.

She looked down at him and said, “He most certainly is a large dog.”

“Yes ma’am,” I told her. “He has a large heart, too.”

“Well,” Miss Franny said. She bent over and gave Winn-Dixie a pat on the head, and Winn-Dixie wagged his tail back and forth and snuffled his nose on her little old-lady feet. “Let me get a chair and sit down so I can tell this story properly.”

“Back when Florida was wild, when it consisted of nothing but palmetto trees and mosquitoes so big they could fly away with you,” Miss Franny Block started in, “and I was just a little girl no bigger than you, my father, Herman W. Block, told me that I could have anything I wanted for my birthday. Anything at all.”

Miss Franny looked around the library. She leaned in close to me. “I don’t want to appear prideful,” she said, “but my daddy was a very rich man. A very rich man.” She nodded and then leaned back and said, “And I was a little girl who loved to read. So I told him, I said, ‘Daddy, I would most certainly love to have a library for my birthday, a small little library would be wonderful.’”

“You asked for a whole library?”

“A small one,” Miss Franny nodded. “I wanted a little house full of nothing but books and I wanted to share them, too. And I got my wish. My father built me this house, the very one we are sitting in now. And at a very young age, I became a librarian. Yes ma’am.”

“What about the bear?” I said.

“Did I mention that Florida was wild in those days?” Miss Franny Block said.

“Uh-huh, you did.”

“It was wild. There were wild men and wild women and wild animals.”

“Like bears!”

“Yes ma’am. That’s right. Now, I have to tell you. I was a little-miss-know-it-all. I was a miss-smarty-pants with my library full of books. Oh, yes ma’am, I thought I knew the answers to everything. Well, one hot Thursday, I was sitting in my library with all the doors and windows open and my nose stuck in a book, when a shadow crossed the desk. And without looking up, yes ma’am, without even looking up, I said, ‘Is there a book I can help you find?’

“Well, there was no answer. And I thought it might have been a wild man or a wild woman, scared of all these books and afraid to speak up. But then I became aware of a very peculiar smell, a very strong smell. I raised my eyes slowly. And standing right in front of me was a bear. Yes ma’am. A very large bear.”

“How big?” I asked.

“Oh, well,” said Miss Franny, “perhaps three times the size of your dog.”

“Then what happened?” I asked her.

“Well,” said Miss Franny, “I looked at him and he looked at me. He put his big nose up in the air and sniffed and sniffed as if he was trying to decide if a little-miss-know-it-all librarian was what he was in the mood to eat. And I sat there. And then I thought, ‘Well, if this bear intends to eat me, I am not going to let it happen without a fight. No ma’am.’ So very slowly and carefully, I raised up the book I was reading.”

“What book was that?” I asked.

“Why, it was War and Peace, a very large book. I raised it up slowly and then I aimed it carefully and I threw it right at that bear and screamed, ‘Be gone!’ And do you know what?”

No ma’am,” I said.

“He went. But this is what I will never forget. He took the book with him.”

“Nu-uh,” I said.

“Yes ma’am,” said Miss Franny. “He snatched it up and ran.”

“Did he come back?” I asked.

“No, I never saw him again. Well, the men in town used to tease me about it. They used to say, ‘Miss Franny, we saw that bear of yours out in the woods today. He was reading that book and he said it sure was good and would it be all right if he kept it for just another week.’ Yes ma’am. They did tease me about it.” She said. “I imagine I’m the only one left from those days. I imagine I’m the only one that even recalls that bear. All my friends, everyone I knew when I was young, they are all dead and gone.”

She sighed again. She looked sad and old and wrinkled. It was the same way I felt sometimes, being friendless in a new town and not having a mama to comfort me. I sighed, too.

Winn-Dixie raised his head off his paws and looked back and forth between me and Miss Franny. He sat up then and showed Miss Franny his teeth.

“Well now, look at that,” she said. “That dog is smiling at me.”

“It’s a talent of his,” I told her.

“It’s a fine talent,” Miss Franny said. “A very fine talent.” And she smiled back at Winn

“We could be friends,” I said to Miss Franny. “I mean you and me and Winn-Dixie, we could all be friends.”

Miss Franny smiled even bigger. “Why, that would be grand,” she said, “just grand.”

And right at that minute, right when the three of us had decided to be friends, who should come marching into the Herman W. Block Memorial Library but old pinch-faced Amanda Wilkinson. She walked right up to Miss Franny’s desk and said, “I finished Johnny Tremain and I enjoyed it very much. I would like something even more difficult to read now, because I am an advanced reader.”

“Yes dear, I know,” said Miss Franny. She got up out of her chair.

Amanda pretended like I wasn’t there. She stared right past me. “Are dogs allowed in the library?” she asked Miss Franny as they walked away.

“Certain ones,” said Miss Franny, “a select few.” And then she turned around and winked at me. I smiled back. I had just made my first friend in Naomi, and nobody was going to mess that up for me, not even old pinch-faced Amanda Wilkinson.

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