

TABLE 12.2. QtA Queries by Category

Category	Queries
To figure out what the segment is about	“What’s this all about?”
	“What’s going on in this section?”
	“What’s the author talking about?”
	“What did we learn in this part?”
To make connections	“How does this connect with what I already read about this?”
	“How does this new information fit with what we already know?”
	“How does this new information help me better understand X?”
	“Does this make sense with what happened before?”

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TABLE 12.3. Rescue Routine

What to do when I don't understand:

- Read the text again.
 - Read a few sentences in the paragraph that follows the confusing segment. Does it help you understand the first part?
 - Get help from . . . [a classmate/the teacher]
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Appendix

Lesson Texts from Chapters 4 and 6

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The Bridge on the River Clarinette

by Pierre Gamarra

Translated from the French by Paulette Henderson

The inhabitants of the little town of Framboisy-sur-Clarinette were worried. The bridge that spanned the River Clarinette was about to collapse. And if the bridge did collapse, the citizens of Framboisy would lose touch with the rest of France. There would be no more trade, no more traffic, no more tourists.

It was therefore necessary to reconstruct the bridge. But Framboisy was poor, and the town council was deeply troubled.

Just the other morning—on Framboisy’s large central plaza—Monsieur Leopold, the owner of the Green Swan Inn, greeted Madame Barbette, the grocer. “How are things with you this morning, Madame Barbette?”

“Very bad, Monsieur Leopold. Business is falling off. I did not sell more than one package of macaroni last week. People just don’t have money anymore.”

Monsieur Leopold sighed. “As for me, I don’t have customers either. The tourists don’t dare cross the bridge nowadays.”

“Did it split last night?”

“Yes, it did; I heard it. It’s a disgrace. It could cave in at any moment.”

“What’s to become of us? What we need is a new bridge.”

At that moment Monsieur Leopold and Madame Barbette saw the mayor and the teacher coming out of the town hall.

“Well, well, gentlemen,” said Monsieur Leopold, “how are town matters going? Are we going to rebuild the bridge?”

The mayor shook his head with infinite sadness. “The council has examined various bridge plans. But it’s an outrageously expensive undertaking. We’ll never be able to pay for it.”

“Nevertheless, you must make a decision,” insisted Madame Barbette, nearly stabbing the mayor with her long, pointed nose. “Without a bridge we’re ruined. No one dares to venture across our dilapidated old bridge.”

The teacher shaded his eyes and gazed in the direction of the bridge. “Someone is coming!” he called.

“Stranger! Impossible! He wasn’t afraid to cross,” cried Monsieur Leopold.

“Amazing!” agreed the teacher. “But what an odd sort of person, all dressed in red and black and hopping from side to side. Look at his strange, uncanny smile, and the glint in his eyes.”

The stranger approached the group and bowed to each of the citizens with great respect. His eyes glowed like deep red rubies. “I am very honored,” he said, “to be visiting the distinguished inhabitants of Framboisy-sur-Clarinette.”

“Monsieur is travelling?” the innkeeper asked politely.

“I’m going about the land on business.”

“Monsieur is a businessman, then?” queried the teacher.

“Yes, I buy and I sell.”

“And what is it that you sell?”

“Anything and everything.”

“Anything and everything?”

“Yes, anything at all. Sausages, cars, houses, shirts, bridges . . .”

The mayor stepped forward. “Did you say bridges? You sell bridges?”

“But of course. Bridges. All sorts of bridges. Big ones, small ones, medium-sized ones. Made of wood, iron, even concrete.”

The mayor scratched his head. “It just so happens that, at this time, we are in need of a bridge. A solid bridge with two or three arches.”

“Easy!” said the stranger with a soft little laugh.

“And what is the price of a bridge?” demanded Madame Barbette defiantly.

“Nothing at all.”

The four inhabitants of Framboisy jumped for joy, but the teacher said, “that can’t be true. If you build us a new bridge, certainly you will ask us for something in exchange.”

“Almost nothing,” said the stranger.

“What would you ask of us?”

“Your words.”

To the astonishment of his audience, the stranger explained, “You give me your words, and I will build you a beautiful bridge in five seconds. Note that I am not asking for all your words; I will leave you a few for your daily needs . . . drink, eat, sleep, bread, butter, coffee . . .”

“I don’t understand,” murmured the teacher. “What are you going to do with our words?”

“That’s my business,” said the stranger. “Promise that you will give me your words, and I will build you a bridge—a magnificent concrete and steel bridge, guaranteed for ten centuries!”

“It’s a bad joke,” muttered the mayor. “And furthermore, if you take our words, we shall find it very difficult to converse.”

“No, no, no. I will leave you enough to satisfy you. Do you really have to talk so much? I’ll leave you the most important words. And you shall have an extraordinary bridge in five seconds.”

“So you’re a magician, then?” asked the innkeeper.

“I have a very advanced technique at my disposal,” the stranger replied modestly.

“We could at least give it a try,” said Monsieur Leopold.

“All right,” said Madame Barbette. “Let him have our words, and we shall have our bridge.”

“I object!” cried the teacher. “We should never give up our words. At any rate, it’s a crazy joke. Do you really think that a bridge can be built in five seconds?”

“Let us try, anyway,” said the innkeeper.

“You agree, then?” concluded the stranger with a somewhat malicious swiftness.

“I leave you a few words—as I said before: bread, milk, eat, drink, sleep, house, chair—and I build you an extraordinary bridge?”

“Agreed,” said the mayor, the innkeeper, and the grocer.

The teacher shook his head in refusal. Too late. The stranger was already turning toward the dilapidated bridge, pointing his index finger. And all of a sudden there arose a beautiful three-arched bridge, silhouetted against the sky.

The mayor nudged the innkeeper and said, “Bread, butter, eat, drink.”

The innkeeper looked at him and replied, “Drink, sleep, house, chair.”

Polar Bears, the Giants of the Arctic

by Nancy Curry

Polar bears, the most powerful carnivores on land, live in the Arctic portions of Norway, Greenland, Russia, the United States (Alaska), and Canada (Manitoba). They can be as tall as 10 feet and weigh over a ton (1,400 pounds). That is equivalent to about ten men. Polar bears are exceedingly dangerous animals as they are predators who are not prey to any other animal. Moreover they have no fear of human beings.

For many thousands of years, polar bears have been important to the indigenous peoples around the Arctic. Most of those people have been called Eskimos, but the term Eskimo includes six groupings of people, each of which has its own culture and language, and they prefer to be known by their own names, such as Inuit and Yupak. Indigenous people still hunt polar bears as they are essential to living at a subsistence level. And, much of a polar bear's remains are used. For example the hide is made into clothing, the meat is eaten, the bones are carved into tools and used to make crafts.

Seals are as important to polar bears as polar bears are to the indigenous people. The bears hunt their favorite food by remaining on sea ice floes for long periods. These huge bears have three characteristics—stealth, patience, and excellent sense of smell—that they put to good use to hunt seals. And seals “help” to the extent that they need to carve out breathing holes in the thick polar ice. A polar bear with its outstanding sense of smell locates a breathing hole and stealthily moves on the ice floe as close to the hole as possible, biding its time until a seal raises its head through the hole for a breath. POW! The bear zooms to the hole and catches his favorite prey. Well, not all the time. Seals are fast and many get away, so the polar bear will have to use its patience and await another opportunity.

When the sea ice melts in the spring, some polar bears go north to find hardened ice, but others go onto land. On land they do not hibernate like other bears, but they do rest and are not very active. During that time, polar bears live off the blubber that their bodies have accumulated from their fat rich diet of seals, and they will scavenge for food. These great animals will eat any vegetation they can find and anything else—including human garbage. They have been seen eating tin cans, broken furniture, batteries and other such debris, as well as left over human garbage.

In late fall before the ice has hardened, in Manitoba, Canada, polar bears begin to congregate near the small town of Churchill, waiting for the sea ice to harden. It has been said that about 1,000 bears may congregate in October and November. It is at that time when visitors go to Churchill to see the bears. Tourist agencies in Churchill, and countries other than Canada that are near the Arctic Ocean, have the expertise and equipment to get tourists close to the bears safely.

The fall is also the time when the hungry bears—whose diet is very reduced during the summer—may wander close to where people live. In the early 2000s Churchill had serious invasions of bears that with their excellent sense of smell found feasts at

the town dump. Since people dump garbage close to where they live, the bears wandered near to residential housing. Churchill tried scaring the bears with lights and trucks and noisemakers, but they came back to their feasts.

Eventually officials in Churchill rounded up troublemaker bears and put them in “polar bear jail” until the ice had hardened. To get them back to the ice or far away from town, they tranquilized them and helicoptered them out. But that was only a short-term solution. They tried to secure the dumps by installing fences and light fires to burn the trash, but the bears were stubborn and there are images from videos that show fires burning behind polar bears eating. In 2005, the town opened what became known as the “Alcatraz of garbage,” a secure building with concrete floors and bars on windows, where garbage could be securely stored until taken to a place where it could be buried deeply. The following year, there were fewer reports of bears near the town.

On the other side of the Arctic Ocean, some 15 years later, in 2019, several small towns in the Arctic area of Russia declared states of emergency because polar bears had “invaded” their communities. Tass, a Russian news agency, reported that about 50 polar bears, had visited the small town of Belushya Guba. In fact, at any one time there were from six to ten bears partaking of what the dump had to offer. The people in Belushya Guba were on edge, and who wouldn’t be. Not only had the bears come near to where people lived, some had actually entered houses and other buildings. There is a photo from a video of a bear walking down a hall in an apartment building and another of a female bear and her two cubs sauntering in the courtyard of a residential area.

Polar bears have come closer to human communities to solve a problem that has arisen because of rapidly melting ice in the Arctic caused by global warming. Melting ice means that there are fewer ice floes near shore where the bears can hunt their food. The bears need to go further out from the shore to find breathing holes or attack seals in the open sea. That can be dangerous for the bears. Although they are mighty swimmers, they are not as fast as their favorite prey. Instead of going out further on the ice floes, some bears have chosen to find food by migrating north where the ice is still hard. That means they have to be on land longer than in the past, but on land they cannot find the prey that are so important for their well-being. This makes for hungry polar bears. So when they encounter the attractive odors from human garbage dumps, they go off to the banquet.

It has been estimated that these magnificent animals have been on this planet from about 400,000 to 600,000 years. Now with global warming, many people are worried that if the ice continues to melt at the present rate, polar bears will become extinct. The hope is that scientists who study global warming and those who study polar bear behavior will provide solutions that the people of the earth will embrace.

A Donkey for Fifty Cents

Puerto Rican folktale adapted by Jean Acosta

This is the story of a boy named Pablo who lived in a small village in Puerto Rico. Is it a true story? Who knows! But the people in Puerto Rico have told this tale for many years. Pablo wanted a donkey. He told his parents that if he had a donkey of his own, he could help them out by carrying things from the store and back and forth from his family's fields. They told him he could get a donkey if he paid for it himself.

Since he was just a boy, Pablo did not have much money. He scraped together the few coins he had and went out to look for a donkey. After walking a little ways, Pablo ran into an old man who was leading three donkeys. He called to him, "Kind sir, are you interested in selling one of your donkeys?" The man looked at Pablo and smiled, for he was quite surprised to have a young boy wanting to buy a donkey.

"Now, what are you going to do with a donkey, son?" the man said, with kindness in his eyes.

"I want to have something of my own to take care of," replied Pablo. "And if I have a donkey then I can be of more help to my parents. With a donkey I can carry things so my mother and father don't need to make so many trips to the store and in and out from their fields."

The man was very pleased with Pablo's answer. He liked the idea that a young boy wanted to take care of another creature. And he was very impressed that Pablo wanted to help his parents. So he said to the boy, "Yes, I will sell you a donkey."

Pablo smiled broadly. Then his face changed and he said, "Sir, I have only fifty cents."

The man said, "Well, what luck! That is exactly the price of this donkey" as he pointed to the smallest animal.

Pablo was so excited! He dug the fifty cents out of his pocket, handed it to the man, and took the reins of the donkey. As he walked back home with his donkey, a man called to him from the side of the road, "How much did you pay for that donkey?"

"Fifty cents," he called.

Before he got home, three more people stopped him to ask about the cost of the donkey. "Fifty cents," he said each time.

The next day Pablo was so excited to go out with his new donkey. He asked his mother if he could get anything from the store and she gave him a list. He set out, proudly leading his donkey. And it began to happen again. Everyone kept asking him how much he paid for the donkey. "Fifty cents," he would say, again and again.

Day after day as he walked about with his donkey people kept asking him how much he paid for it. "Fifty cents," he would say, again and again. But he got very tired of this. Then one night an idea crept into his mind.

The next day Pablo ran into the old Town Hall. In the back of the hall stood a marble statue of the town's first mayor, Mateo Bonilla, who everyone in town said had magical powers. Pablo went behind the statue and called out, "Go and tell all the

people of the town to gather here.” The town clerk came out of his office when he heard the voice. He thought that it was the voice of the magical Mayor Bonilla with an important message for the town!

The town clerk did what he was told. He ran and got everyone to come to the town hall and stand in front of the statue. The clerk said to the statue, “I have done what you have asked. All are gathered here now.” Then the boy came out from behind the statue. He said, “I’m glad that you are all here. Now let me tell you all—the donkey cost fifty cents. Please do not ask me again.”

Let's Explore Caves

by Chloe Davis

On days when it was rainy or too cold to go outside, my mother let my sister and me build a little hiding place under the kitchen table. We would put a long tablecloth over the table and pull in the chairs. It felt like a secret place where we could play and hide. We used to call it our home cave. It probably felt like a cave to us because we felt cozy and protected where no one could see us. But what is a cave?

Real caves are big openings in the ground. They can extend deep underground, even for miles. Or they can look like big hollow places on the side of a rocky cliff.

Caves are created when water begins to drip onto rock. Natural chemicals that are in the water dissolve, or wear away, the rock. Over time so much rock dissolves that only large hollow places are left. These large hollow places are caves.

Caves have been useful to people for a very long time. People who lived long, long ago used them for shelter from bad weather or to store food. Sometimes people even used caves as their homes or as a special place for ceremonies.

Caves have always seemed kind of mysterious. Maybe that is because caves are dark inside and when you go into one, you don't know how deep it is. And you never know what you are going to find inside.

There are many, many caves of all different types around the world. And because humans are curious, they like to explore caves. There is a special name for that activity—exploring caves is called spelunking. Would you want to be a spelunker?

We can do some pretend spelunking and find out about interesting caves all over the world!

The largest cave in the world is five and a half miles long! It would take a normal adult nearly 2 hours to walk that distance. This cave is underneath a forest in the country of Vietnam. The cave is called Son Doong Cave, which means “cave of the mountain river” in the Vietnamese language. It is so big that it has a jungle and a river inside it! It is so big that it could hold a 40-story skyscraper inside it!

But this cave was a secret of Nature until 6 years ago. A man who lives near the cave discovered it. Maybe the most surprising thing about Son Doong Cave is that scientists say that it is still growing!

Another amazing cave is Waitomo Glowworm Cave in New Zealand. New Zealand is a country all the way on the other side of the world, near Australia. Tiny glowworms, just a quarter-inch long, hang from the cave ceiling. Glowworms are bioluminescent, which means they are a type of living thing that gives off its own light. The glowworms in Waitomo Cave give off a blue light. There are so many of them along the ceiling that the whole cave looks blue!

Let's talk about one more cave. This one is called Spruce Tree House. It is in the state of Colorado in a park called Mesa Verde. What is special about this cave is that there are ruins of a village where ancient people lived, centuries ago. It has 130 rooms that were built into a cliff in the hillside, and the remains of them are still there

for everyone to see. Scientists have figured out that groups of 60 to 80 people lived in the cave and farmed corn, beans, and squash. The cave got its name because it was discovered behind a giant spruce tree. Two ranchers discovered the cave when they were looking for stray cattle.

So we have a cave that has a jungle and a river in it, a cave that has glowworms hanging from the ceiling, and a cave that has ruins of long-ago cliff dwellers. Which cave would you want to go spelunking in?