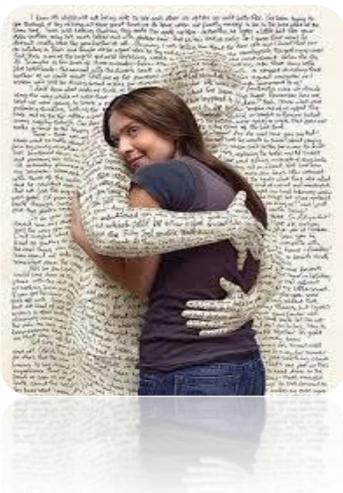




## Connector



STORY: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

### The task of the Connector is...

- to read the story twice and make the connection between the story and the outside world  
and note at least two parallels from his own experience, his friends' or family experience
- to inform the group about his notes ask the group members for their comments
- to ask the group for their matches with the real world

### Questions to help make connections while reading

**Events :** *Has anything similar happened to me or to the person I know (birthday party, school awards...)? Does something from the story remind me of the events from the real world? For example, the events we read about or learn from the media?*

**Characters:** *Do the characters from this story remind me of the people I know? In what way? Why? Have I ever felt or thought like the character from the story? Do I know someone who thinks,*



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*feels or behaves like the the character from the story? Can I imagine or describe the main character to be my close friend?*

**MY CONNECTIONS:** \_\_\_\_\_

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# WORD WIZZARD



STORY: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

## The task of WORD WIZZARD

Read the extract and find unknown words or phrases or the words that seem important for the story. Choose 5 key words for the story and use your own words to explain to the group their importance to be able to understand the whole story ( especially the ones with symbolic meaning)

Ask the group members to read aloud the sentences where these words appear.

Support the communication using questions such as: *What do you think, why did the author use the words „differences“, „we“, „they“, „white(s)“ use various times on the first pages? Or What do you think is the real meaning of these words? Which word is completely unknown or strange to you? Which words give the story interesting and strong „„„„? Can you understand and describe different speaking characteristics of the characters (typical words for some character)?*

Tell the group the meanings of these words and their importance for understanding the story.

MY WORDS (page and line):

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MEANING: \_\_\_\_\_

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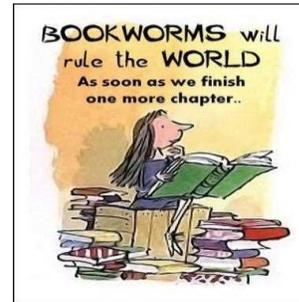
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## Culture Collector

STORY: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

### The Culture collector task is:

- Read the extract, and look for the differences and similarities between your own culture and the culture found in the story.
- Make notes about 4-5 examples which show these differences.
- Read these extracts or ask a group member to read it.
- Ask the group to comment cultural points in the story.

### Here are some questions to help you think about cultural differences

**Theme:** What is the theme of this story (for example, birthday celebration, going to school, growing up, relationship grownups and children, education, reading, unhappy childhood, honesty...). Are these themes important for your culture as well? Do people think about this theme in the same way, or differently?

**Characters:** Do characters in this story say or do things the same way as people in your culture?

How does their language characterize them?

### MY CULTURAL COLLECTION (differences and similarities)

PAGE \_\_\_\_\_ : \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



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**PAGE** \_\_\_\_\_ :

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**PAGE** \_\_\_\_\_ :

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**MY QUESTIONS** \_\_\_\_\_

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## DISCUSSION LEADER



STORY: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

### The task of DISCUSSION LEADER:

- Read the extract two times and prepare at least 3 - 4 general questions about the story  
(about characters, events and ideas, key points)
- Ask each member of your group 1 - 2 questions in order to start the discussion.
- Give each member a chance to take part in the discussion
- Ask each group member to present the prepared information about the story according to his role.
- Lead and keep the discussion encouraging the group members to ask the questions

Usually, the best discussion questions come up in the very process of story reading and they are the result of your thoughts, feelings and your reflections while reading the story.

For example: *What surprises me in the story? Which event has made me sad and which one has made me cheerful? Can I connect the first and the last word in the extract as key words and define the connection? What makes the main character extraordinary and different from other characters? Can I recognize author's attitude towards him? Does the end of the chapter open a new perspective and can I imagine what follows?*

Put down your questions immediately after reading. The best thing is to use your own questions, but if you lack inspiration you can use the questions from the bottom of this page.



**MY QUESTIONS:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Possible questions:**

- Questions about the characters ( do I like them or not; realistic / unusual / palstic - alive, realistic /persuasive...)
- Questions about the story ( birthday celebration / growing up / child perspective /reading as a breakthrough...)
- Questions about the ending ( surprising / expected / open / closed / dissapointing...)
- Questions about the possible follow-up of the story



In our story about Sandokan, a Roma boy, in the extract from Croatian novel written by Kristian Novak *Gypsy, but the most handsome guy*, there is the key word **BUT**.

Read the comics, think about it and write one word that could also be used instead of the word RACIST. \_\_\_\_\_

Explain the meaning of the message : „Nothing good...“ in a short sentence.

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*If it bothers your father*

*If he says you ar wrong*

*You just tell him, my love,*

*He is Gypsy, but the most handsome one!*

*(I am Gypsy, but the most handsome one, popular folk song)*



## KRISTIAN NOVAK: The Gypsy, But the Most Beautiful (excerpt)

### 4. Tripofobia, fear of holes

#### 1. S / Nazmes

(...)

The difference between us and the white children was neither hair, nor the skin, not even the clothes we put on. They were slightly larger and fatter than us in the lower grades, yes, but that is not important. Revision, that is the difference. We do not have it.

They revise their poems before school, they read the same little books. So they remember what happens next in a story or a poem or life. They know where to go, always somewhere where is good, over the obstacles. When the Croats do not know what to do, they remember the knight who was brave or someone who has succeeded in life.

We can only remember the story about how someone was good, and he had a lot of bad luck, but remained good. For Croats the Snow White is Snow White, the one, there is no other. Tompo once told the story in school how Snow White's father who was picked up the truck, so she went to Italy, then another time a hunter came from another story and married her. They had many children, but he drank, and he was taken by Substation.

They all know their kings and wars. And with us no one remembers further than the memories of the oldest person in the village, can you imagine it. And this one perhaps remembers what his grandmother was telling him, but it may not have happened. Every time the oldest one in the village dies, the village remembers less. Sometimes it's good, it's easier to forgive. But sometimes it seems you study the same thing a hundred times and you do not learn.

The teacher defended us when the whites would make fool of us. We remain silent, then we pay back during the break. There is one more difference. The whites think that argument solves problems, for us the argument is a game. We solve the problems in fights.



In the argument someone can always say something else after you. When you have someone on the floor, that one does not comment.

I was not allowed to fight because of Gianni. And I was not bad at school. I boasted to him how well I was doing at this or that and he was mad with joy. I was second in speed reading of all the first classes, and the award I received was a book „1000 whies, 1000 therefores“, and another one about Croatian kings, how they were brave and always won. We were lined up in front of the whole school, all of them clapped, wow, my heart grew . At the event there were also some parents, for example, the parents of the boy who was first, Michael Pintaric was his name.

His mother came to me after the event and told me that some children go to their house to the party because Michael has a birthday tomorrow, so I was invited, too. I told her that after school I had to go home. She went away, but Michael's Dad caught me by my shoulder and said: I take you home, I'll ask your mom and dad if you can come to the party.

I was afraid that Đani would be angry, like when I had eaten beans at Tompa's. I asked Michael 's dad to stop at the entrance to the village. I ran into the house and showed the books, and in one sentence I said that Michael invited me to his birthday, and that his dad was waiting for me.

You have to know that in Đinjac nobody trusts a word written. And the one who knows the letters he can't read. That would mean either that he has been caught by some grief, or that there's something wrong with him. The book can hold anything, anything can be written there. One can write a complete lie in the book, and no harm done. Who thinks seriously, says it aloud, no book , that's what my folks think. Đani looks at my two books as if they were made of pure gold, and puts them on TV, then again he takes them in hand, shows them to Albina:

- Holy shit, look at this, Albina. Sandi has won books.

He put another shirt on me, pulled a wrist watch out of a cabinet from a box looking like a carpet. He got the watch when he was in the army a long time ago, because he was a good driver. He never used it.

He told me to say hello when I get there , to answer when someone older asks something, to follow what others are doing and say only nice things about Michael because it is his



birthday. And that he will break my legs if he hears that I got into a fight. And not to let anyone tease me. He escorted me to the road and waved towards Michael's Dad.

/.../

You'll untie the knot in Vugrinovac, right next to the church, to the right, a house with a reddish facade, cypresses in front of it. What a strange day. You expect one thing, you get everything upside down. I thought, Mihael would sit at the table, in the main place, receive gifts while others were having fun. And I found him in that yard full of kids I could barely catch him and hand him in a gift. He thanked me and took it to his mom. I wanted to tell her that it was a special watch so I ran after her to the kitchen. I stood in front of the door. She opened the box in front of other parents. Everyone was watching seriously, only one man laughed loudly. My heart was full because I thought everyone knew what kind of watch it was, it was the most valuable thing that Đani ever had.

We had juice, sandwiches, played the game when one turns the rope, and others are skipping over it. And I was given a task to turn the rope. Michael showed me how he feeds fish in a glass cube. Daddy, it was so nice I felt great. Children are running, just like ours, but every five minutes they return to their father, mother, take something sweet from the table. With us, older children tease younger ones to make them tougher. The Whites teach their children how to score a goal, how to do better this or that. They, too, yell at their children but no one hit anyone, I only heard the threat that they would get it when they come home. We played football, in the dark, probably thirty of us. My mouth is full of grass, my throat is wet and I'm happy. Some of the fathers were playing and one mother, too. She had short black hair, she was small and round and was wearing a scarf around her neck. She laughed a lot and rough. She played for my team, remembered my name and told me to add. I never saw her again, but not a day, Daddy, not one day has passed that I did not remember her - the woman whose name I do not know, but she knows mine.

When you live like them, you live in peace, without troubles, you have the right to cry for the dead, to die old. You have the right to justice. And when you live like we do in Đinjac, from one argument to another, from one debt to another, to the bottom, always towards the bottom. If it is damned, nothing is completely yours, people die, they get dragged to prison. Never justice for you.

They do not argue, they do not beat up one another, they take care not to suck hard feelings, they go to bed and get up. They all come to agreement about stuff and they do not break their heads with an ax. They do not owe to anyone. They are clean, we are



cursed, that's what I thought, and I knew I should not. They know what the next morning looks like. They are litter, we are spawn.

I was a child, Daddy, but I already knew I do not belong in Đinjc.

I could not fall asleep that night, I felt hard in my heart. Đani was smoking on the window. I was asking him about the Whites, a hundred questions. He was grim.

- Someone said something nasty to you ?

- No.

- Good for them..

I tell him that the older played football with us, I tell him about what we ate, drank, what Michael got for his birthday. Đani is silent, then he speaks briefly, just to say something. He says, the Whites are not that bad as people say in Đinjac.

- ... you just have to be careful. To them, you're always less worthy.

- Why we cannot be like them?

- Come on, Tash ! 'll slap you! – he cries. Albina opens her eyes. - Your head is full now. They are the same like us.

- They are not.

- Well, they are.

- They do not break their heads. They do not steal.

- *Ljagu ljimbe!* Shut up! They steal too. Only less of them do it They do not have to, they live well. When they steal, they steal a lot. And our guys, they take a little a lot of times , little by little ... So it seems that only ours steal.

- They live better, Đani. – that was my last and was ready to get the bump on the head.

- Well, you're right there. – he said gently, though. – But so can you. It's harder for you than for any of theirs, but you can. You must be good, you hear me, you have to listen, go to school and read quickly for a start. Let these fools from the village, don't be like them. If I hear that you stole, I'll hit in the river, you hear me? I'll kill you. If you need something, I'm here to give it you. Watch yourself if I hear something. *Ray fišori* build their happiness



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on the misfortune, it is a rotten foundation. Collectors, it is also wrong, you build from the bottom, and can not get off the ground. These who rule, they build on all the others. It is not good either. You look for a clean place, make it yours and build there. And remember you can always do things differently, but it is difficult.

That what he said and I thought that day that Ðani perhaps used to be this or that, perhaps borrowed money but did not give it back, I do not know, but he is now a great man, he deserved it definitely. And he was a great man until he dissappeared one day, just one meter away from happiness.