

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

Below are possible traits for the main character in the story.

Step 1: Predict the main character's traits before reading. Then Read the story.

- 3 = lots of evidence for this trait in the story
- 2 = some evidence for this in the story
- 1 = very little evidence for this in the story
- 0 = no evidence for this in the story

Step 2: Score the character traits again after close reading

Character : _____ Character: trait/ adjective	Definition	Synonyms	Score before and after reading	
extroverted 外放 Wài fang / extravertida	Having confidence enjoying the company of other people	outgoing, sociable		
gullible 轻信 qīngxìn / crédulo	too ready to believe what other people tell you, so that you are easily tricked	unsuspecting, simple, green		

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

Character : _____ Character: trait/ adjective	Definition	Synonyms	Score before and after reading	
Loyal 忠诚 Zhōngchéng/leal	always <u>supporting</u> your friends, family, <u>principles</u> , or country	devoted, faithful, steadfast		
weak-willed 耳根软的 ěrgēn ruǎn de/ suggestionable	someone who does not do something difficult that they had <u>intended</u> to do	cowardly, timid, impressionable		

The character ... in ... can best be described as ...

This is evident when ...

... also shows this trait when he/she...

Further, his/her...is evident when ...

Thus, ... is a good way to describe ...

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

Character : _____ Character: trait/ adjective	Definition	Synonyms	Score before and after reading	
manipulative 操控 cāokòng/ manipulative	clever at controlling or deceiving people to get what you want	devious, sneaky, scheming		
charming 迷人, Mírén / encantador	A nice personality, people like talking to you, very pleasing or attractive	charismatic, appealing, magnetic		

1. The main character is: _____
2. How best would you describe (main character) ? Use text evidence to support your reason.
3. Did the main character change? Put a * on the sentences in the story that show how and when the character changed. There can be more than one place.
4. Use the text structures below to help you write about the characters.

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

Fox by Margaret Wild And Ron Brooks

Through the charred forest, over hot ash, runs Dog, with a bird clamped in his big, gentle mouth. He takes her to his cave above the river and there he tries to **tend** her burnt wing.

Commented [RC1]: Tend means to fix or give first aid

But Magpie does not want his help.

“I will never again be able to fly,” she whispers.

“I know,” says Dog. He is silent for a moment, then he says, “I am blind in one eye, but life is still good.”

“An eye is nothing!” says Magpie. “How would you feel if you couldn’t run?”

Dog does not answer. Magpie drags her body into the shadow of the rocks, until she feels **herself melting into blackness**.

Commented [RC2]: Figurative or literal meaning

Days, perhaps a week later, she wakes with a rush of grief. Dog is waiting. He persuades her to go with him to the **riverbank**.

Commented [RC3]: The side of the river, the beach.

“Hop on my back,” he says. “Look into the water and tell me what you see.”

Sighing, Magpie does as he asks. Reflected in the water are clouds and sky and trees—and something else.

“I see a strange new creature!” she says. “That is us,” says Dog. “Now hold on tight!”

With Magpie clinging to his back, he races through the scrub, past the stringy barks, past the clumps of yellow box trees, and into blueness. He runs so swiftly it is almost as if he were flying.

Magpie feels the wind streaming through her feathers, and she rejoices. “FLY, Dog, FLY! I will be your missing eye, and you will be my wings.”

And so Dog runs, with Magpie on his pack, every, through Summer, through Winter.

After the rains, when **saplings** are springing up everywhere, a fox comes into the **bush**. Fox with his haunted eyes and rich red coat. He flickers through the trees **like a tongue of fire**, and Magpie trembles.

Commented [RC4]: Young, new trees

Commented [RC5]: bushes

Commented [RC6]: why is he compared to fire?

But Dog says, “Welcome. We can offer you food and shelter.”

“Thank you,” says Fox. “I saw you running this morning. You looked extraordinary.”

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

Dog beams, but Magpie shrinks away. She can feel Fox staring at her burnt wing.

In the evenings, when the air **is creamy with blossom**, Dog and Magpie relax at the mouth of the cave, enjoying each other's company.

Commented [RC7]: Lots of flowers in the air

Now and again Fox joins in the conversation, but Magpie can feel him watching, always watching her. And at night his smell seems to fill the cave—a smell of rage and envy and loneliness.

Magpie tries to warn Dog about Fox. “He belongs nowhere,” she says. “He loves no one.”

But Dog says, “He’s all right. Let him be.”

That night, when Dog is asleep, Fox whispers to Magpie, “I can run faster than Dog.” Faster than the wind. Leave Dog and come with me.”

Magpie says, “I will never leave Dog. I am his missing eye and he is my wings.”

Fox says no more that night, but the next day when Dog is at the river, he whispers to Magpie, “Do you remember what it is like to fly? Truly fly?”

Again Magpie says, “I will never leave Dog. I am his missing eye and he is my wings.”

But later that day, as Dog runs through the scrub with Magpie on his back, she thinks, “This is nothing like flying. Nothing!”

And when at dawn Fox whispers to her for the third time, she whispers back, “I am ready.”

While Dog sleeps, Magpie and Fox **streak** past coolibah trees, **rip** through long grass, **pelt** over rocks. Fox runs so fast that his feet scarcely touch the ground, and Magpie exults, “At last I am flying. Really flying!”

Commented [RC8]: Streak, rip, pelt : running quickly

Fox scorches through woodlands, through dusty plains, through salt pans, and out into the hot red desert. He stops, scarcely panting. There is silence between them. Neither moves, neither speaks. Then Fox shakes Magpie off his back as he would a flea, and pads away.

He turns and looks at Magpie, and says, “Now you and Dog will know what it is like to be truly alone.” Then he is gone.

Fox
By Margaret Wild and Ron Brooks

In the stillness, Magpie hears a faraway scream. She cannot tell if it is a scream of triumph or despair.

Magpie huddles, a scruff of feathers adrift in heat. She can feel herself burning into nothingness. It would be so easy just to die here in the desert.

But then she thinks of Dog waking to find her gone. Slowly, jiggety-hop, she begins the long journey home.

The End