

Name: _____

Chapter 12 Close Read

Directions: Read and annotate the following passage paying close attention to diction, imagery, details, language, and syntax, and anything else that seems significant. Then, reread the passage and respond to the questions. Remember that through annotating and responding to these questions, you should be communicating significant analysis of the text, NOT merely summary.

Checklist:

- Reread the passage and **annotate** for DIDLS
- Respond to questions

“I know you’re strong, Oppa, but they grow ‘em big up here. Like that one guy who wears the dirty frayed jeans and those T-shirts without the sleeves. He’s a monster. There’s something odd about him. He smells bad, too.”

“How do you know how he smells?” He stank something fearsome, but then we all did.

“Yuck, Chan, just walking down the hall. He has a cloud around him, you know, like Pigpen in *Peanuts*.”

“Can we talk about something else?”

“So what’re you going to do if Abogee doesn’t let you go out for football?”

My *other* favorite subject, Abogee.

“You think he doesn’t want me to go out for football?” I batted my eyes. Young rolled hers.

“*Anyone can build muscle, but building brain...*” she mimicked Abogee’s clipped Korean. “*Number one son, you must do something to make this family proud!*”

“Young-ster,” I said. “I really do want to go out for football. I mean, I used to think it was a useless sport, but I actually kind of like it.”

“I know. It shows.”

“So what should I do?”

“I’m not sure,” she admitted. “Maybe you should ride it out a little first. You know how Abogee is so touchy.”

“Touchy isn’t the word.”

I couldn’t help feeling touchy myself. Though I am willing to work hard, I’ll never be a rocket scientist. But doesn’t talent extend beyond things you do with a pencil in your hand? I worked my butt off to make the soccer team. And while Abogee drove Young all over the freaking state of California for some math tournament, he never came to one single soccer game, even when they were right in the neighborhood.

“Abogee always listens to you, Young,” I said. “Can’t you come up with some cool argument for football – like studies show that football can help you get better grades, or something like that?”

Young shrugged her thin shoulders.

“I’ll try,” she said doubtfully.

