1. Introduction: *Write down a complete sentence in the space below. It could be about anything, any topic—but make sure it is complete!*
2. Discussion: *Reflect on your sentence: What did you do? How do we know your sentence is complete? Explain…*
3. Mentor Text: *Read the excerpt from The Book Thief by Markus Zusak (pages 119-121). While reading, highlight or underline* ***short sentences (1-3 words long)*** *that stand out to you in the reading…*

Perhaps they were damp. Perhaps the fire didn’t burn long enough to fully reach the depth where they sat. Whatever the reason, they were huddled among the ashes, shaken. Survivors.

“Three books.” Liesel spoke softly and she looked at the backs of the men.

“Come on,” said one of them. “Hurry up, will you, I’m starving.”

They moved toward the truck.

The threesome of books poked their noses out.

Liesel moved in.

The heat was still strong enough to warm her when she stood at the foot of the ash heap. When she reached her hand in, she was bitten, but on the second attempt, she made sure she was fast enough. She latched onto the closest of the books. It was hot, but it was also wet, burned only at the edges, but otherwise unhurt.

It was blue.

The cover felt like it was woven with hundreds of tightly drawn strings and clamped down. Red letters were pressed into those fibers. The only word Liesel had time to read was *Shoulder*. There wasn’t enough time for the rest, and there was a problem. The smoke.

Smoke lifted from the cover as she juggled it and hurried away. Her head was pulled down, and the sick beauty of nerves proved more ghastly with each stride. There were fourteen steps till the voice.

It propped itself up behind her.

“Hey!”

That was when she nearly ran back and tossed the book onto the mound, but she was unable. The only movement at her disposal was the act of turning.

“There are some things here that didn’t burn!” It was one of the cleanup men. He was not facing the girl, but rather, the people standing by the town hall.

“Well, burn them again!” came the reply. “And *watch* them burn.”

“I think they’re wet!”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, do I have to do everything myself?” The sound of footsteps passed by. It was the mayor, wearing a black coat over his Nazi uniform. He didn’t notice the girl who stood absolutely still only a short distance away.

**\*\*\*A REALIZATION \*\*\***

**A statue of the book thief stood in the courtyard…**

**It’s very rare, don’t you think, for a statue to appear**

**before its subject has become famous.**

She sank.

The thrill of being ignored!

The book felt cool enough now to slip inside her uniform. At first, it was nice and warm against her chest. As she began walking, though, it began to heat up again.

By the time she made it back to Papa and Wolfgang Edel, the book was starting to burn her. It seemed to be igniting.

Both men looked at her.

She smiled.

Immediately, when the smile shrank from her lips, she could feel something else. Or more to the point, *someone* else. There was no mistaking the watched feeling. It was all over her, and it was confirmed when she dared to face the shadows over at the town hall. To the side of the collection of silhouettes, another one stood, a few meters removed, and Liesel realized two things.

**\*\*\*A FEW SMALL PIECES\*\*\***

**OF RECOGNITION**

1. **The shadow’s identity and**
2. **The fact it had seen everything**
3. Discussion: *What did you highlight? Why? What do these sentences do for you as a reader? How does it impact syntax/sentence structure? Just down your notes below…*
4. Application: *Look through your “this I believe” drafts and try adding in some short, simple sentences. Remember, there should be enough context so that they flow and make sense!*