

Pirate/Walking the Plank

MAIN EVENT 8 - Pirate/Walking the Plank

Using the questioning techniques highlighted on p. 256 generate and chart something like this based on student responses.

I trembled as the brutish pirate captain looked at me through narrowed eyes. "What are you doing on my ship?" he bellowed. I stepped back, my knees feeling like jelly. "Nnnothing," I whispered. How did I get myself into this, I wondered. The towering buccaneer hobbled closer on his pegleg. I gulped at the sight of the huge silver sword hanging at his side. I wondered what happened to stowaways, and before I knew it, I had my answer. "Walk the plank!" shouted the brute. In the blink of an eye he'd pulled out the sword and waved it just inches from my nose. I inched back, slowly, slowly, never taking my eyes off the sparkling blade. "Ppplease," I begged, but he gave me a shove. I found myself on a long piece of rotting wood that ran from the deck, up over the rail and ended...in midair. "Up!" he yelled. I heard the rest of the pirate crew cheering and laughing. I jumped up onto the plank and the captain twirled his long pointy moustache in delight. He poked me with the tip of the sword and I inched along the plank. The waves splashed wildly below me. What could I do, I wondered. Finally I took a deep breath, held my nose, and jumped. SPLASH! I hit the water, cannonballed under and bobbed back to the surface. That's when I started to swim for all I was worth. My muscles ached, and the salt water stung my eyes, but I kept going. When I got tired I floated on my back until I rallied my strength again. Then I swam on, and on, and on. Then...was it a mirage? A dream? No - it was a sandy beach! I dragged myself to shore and took one last look at the pirate ship on the horizon.