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| **Summary** | ***from* *The Westing Game*, Chapter 4** | **Author's Purpose:** |
| |  | | --- | | *Circle* words that add to the **mood** of this selection. |   Based on the context, "**flask**" most nearly means what?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  |   Highlight in yellow any examples of onomatopoeia on **BOTH PAGES.**  **Definition:** Word whose sounds suggest the meaning  What can be **inferred** about Turtle from the way she thinks and acts in this selection?   |  | | --- | |  | |  | |  | |  | |  |   Highlight in pink personification that appears in **BOTH** PARAGRAPHS on this page.  **Definition:** Giving human qualities to inanimate objects. | Turtle squinted into the blackness that lay within the open French doors. Open, as though someone or some *Thing* was expecting her. There's no such thing as a ghost; besides, all you had to do was speak friendly-like to them. (Ghosts, like dogs, know when a person's scared.) Ghosts or worse, Otis Amber had said. Well, not even the "worse" could hurt Turtle Wexler. She was pure of heart and deed; she only kicked shins in self-defense, so that couldn't count against her. She wasn't scared; she was not scared.  "Hurry up!" That was Doug from behind the tree.  At two dollars a minute, twenty-five minutes would pay for a subscription to *The Wall Street Journal.* She could stay all night. She was prepared. Turtle checked her pockets: two sandwiches, Sandy's **flask** filled with orange pop, a flashlight, her mother's silver cross to ward off vampires. The putty wart on her nose (soaked in Angela's perfume in the event she was locked up with the stinking corpse) was clogging her nostrils with sticky sweetness. Turtle took a deep breath of chill night air and flinched with pain. She was afraid of dentists, not ghosts or . . . don't think about purple waves, think about two dollars a minute. Now, one—two—three—three and a half—GO!  Doug checked his stopwatch. Nine minutes.  Ten minutes.  Eleven minutes.  Suddenly a terrified scream—a young girl's scream—pierced the night. Should he go in, or was this one of the brat's tricks? Another scream, closer.  "E-E-E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!" Clutching the bunched cape around her waist, Turtle came hurtling out of the Westing house. "E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!''  Turtle had seen the corpse in the Westing house, but it was not rotting and it was not sprawled on an Oriental rug. The dead man was tucked in a four-poster bed.  A throbbing whisper, "Pur-ple, pur-ple" (or was it "Turtle, Tur-tle"—whatever it was, it was scary), had beckoned her to the master bedroom on the second floor, and . . .  Maybe it was a dream. No, it couldn't be; she ached all over from the tumble down the stairs.  The moon was down, the window dark. Turtle lay in the narrow bed in her narrow room, waiting (dark, still dark), waiting. At last slow morning crept up the cliff and raised the Westing house, the house of whispers, the house of death. Two dollars times twelve minutes equals twenty-four dollars.  Thud! The morning newspaper was flung against the front door. Turtle tiptoed through the sleeping apartment to retrieve it and climbed back into bed, the dead man staring at her from the front page. The face was younger; the short beard, darker; but it was he, all right.  **CONNECT:** How do you think turtle felt when she was opening the newspaper that morning?  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | Why do you think the word ***Thing*** is capitalized and italicized in the first paragraph of the text?  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  What effect do the dashes and ellipses have on the first lines in the grey box?  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  In the grey box, why do you think the author chose to space the text in this way? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  What effect does it have on the reader?  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ |