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| **Teacher:** | **Sharon Pullen ELA 6th grade** |
| **Date:**  | **12/18/17** |
| **Standards** **I Can…** |

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|  CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.6.1 I can refer to the text to support my thoughts and draw inferences about a story.  |

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.L.6.1.A I can make sure that pronouns are used correctly in sentences (as subjects, as objects or as possessives). CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.L.6.1.D I can recognize and correct vague pronouns (those with unclear antecedents - the words they are referring to). CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.6.4 I can figure out the meanings of words and phrases in a piece of informational text by thinking about how they are used.CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.6.1 I can write arguments and use clear reasons and relevant evidence to support my claims CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.6.1.A I can introduce my argument and organize the reasons and evidence clearly.CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.6.1.B I can support my claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence. |
| **DOK Level:1** | Work through the i-ready program making no less than 80% on lessons |
| **DOK Level:2** |  |
| **DOK Level:3** | Using CSET strategy state claimUsing CSET strategy support claim with evidenceUsing CSET strategy discuss evidence |
| **DOK Level:4** |  |
| **Resources:** | CSET posterYoutube video clips i-readyMoby Max<http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm>ILX Pronouns - <https://www.ixl.com/ela/grade-6/identify-pronouns-and-their-antecedents> |

**Monday –**

 ***DGP -*** *<http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm>*

Pronoun activity

 ***Bell ringer – Using the CSET strategy write a response to this prompt.***

 ***Whole Group –*** ***Christmas Day in the Morning*** read and respond with CSET

**Tuesday -**

***DGP -*** [***http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm***](http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm)

***Bell ringer – Pronoun activity***

***Whole Group – The Little Match Girl*** read and respond CSET

**Wednesday –**

***DGP –*** [*http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm*](http://www.chompchomp.com/frag01/frag01.05.c.htm)

***Bell ringer –*** Sentence fragment

***Whole group – Read a Christmas Carol***

**Thursday -**

***Bell Ringer - Writing prompt***

***Moby Max***

12/18/2017 Bell Ringer

Medical researchers, cosmetic companies, and others often perform experiments on animals. Many people feel that experimentation on animals is wrong and should be stopped immediately because animals do feel pain, and there are other alternatives. How do you feel?

CSET

Claim – your opinion

Set-Up – use a text talker (example: For this reason, according to studies, for example, etc.)

Support/Evidence – Explain what your claim is based on, why do you think what you think (evidence, statics, expert finding setc.)

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12/19/2017 Bell Ringer

Anna decided at the beginning of Anna’s first semester of college that Anna would run for thirty minutes every day. Anna knew that Anna would be taking a literature class with a lot of reading, so instead of buying print copies of all the novels Anna’s teacher assigned, Anna bought the audiobooks. That way Anna could listen to the audiobooks as Anna ran.

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12/20/2017 Bell Ringer

**Writing prompt – Use the CSET writing strategy to answer the question below. Keep in mind that this question has two parts and both parts must be answered.**

CSET

Claim – your opinion

Set-Up – use a text talker (example: For this reason, according to studies, for example, etc.)

Support/Evidence – Explain what your claim is based on, why do you think what you think (evidence, statics, expert finding setc.)

If you had to give up one of your five senses, which would you choose to go without and why?

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Christmas Day in the Morning

 He woke suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! Fifty years ago, and his father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he waked at four o'clock in the morning. He had trained himself to turn over and go to sleep, but this morning it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

 "Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast and he needs his sleep. If you could see how he sleeps when I go in to wake him up! I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't Adam." His mother's voice as brisk, "Besides, he isn't a child anymore. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him.

" When he heard these words, something in him spoke: his father loved him! He had never thought of that before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children--they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on the farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blindly in his sleep, and pulled on his clothes, his eyes shut, but he got up.

 And then on the night before Christmas, that year when he was fifteen, he lay for a few minutes thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents and his mother and father always bought something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he saved and bought them each something, too.

 He wished, that Christmas when he was fifteen, he had a better present for his father. As usual he had gone to the ten-cent store and bought a tie. It had seemed nice enough until he lay thinking the night before Christmas. He looked out of his attic window, the stars were bright.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "What is a stable?"

"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours." Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds had come...

The thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift too, out there in the barn? He could get up early, earlier than four o'clock, and he could creep into the barn and get all the milking done. He'd do it alone, milk and clean up, and then when his fatherwent in to start the milking he'd see it all done. And he would know who had done it. He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he musn't sleep too sound.

He must have waked twenty times, scratching a match each time to look at his old watchmidnight, and half past one, and then two o'clock.

At a quarter to three he got up and put on his clothes. He crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them too.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. His father would come in and get him, saying that he would get things started while Rob was getting dressed. He'd go to the barn, open the door, and then he'd go get the two big empty milk cans. But they wouldn't be waiting or empty, they'd be standing in the milk-house, filled.

 "What the--," he could hear his father exclaiming.

 He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing into the pail, frothing and fragrant.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to go before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was something else, a gift to his father who loved him. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk-house door carefully, making sure of the latch.

 Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes in the darkness and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" His father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

 "Aw-right," he said sleepily.

 The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless--ten, fifteen, he did not know how many--and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened and he lay still.

 "Rob!"

"Yes, Dad--"

His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of laugh.

"Thought you'd fool me, did you?" His father was standing by his bed, feeling for him, pulling away the cover.

 "It's for Christmas, Dad!" He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark and they could not see each other's faces.

 "Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing--"

 "Oh, Dad, I want you to know--I do want to be good!"

 The words broke from him of their own will. He did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love. He got up and pulled on his clothes again and they went down to the Christmas tree. Oh what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother and made the younger children listen about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

 "The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son every year on Christmas morning, so long as I live."

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead, he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love.

This Christmas he wanted to write a card to his wife and tell her how much he loved her, it had been a long time since he had really told her, although he loved her in a very special way, much more than he ever had when they were young. He had been fortunate that she had loved him. Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love. Love was still alive in him, it still was.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: Love alone could awaken love. And he could give the gift again and again. This morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to his beloved wife. He I could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began his love letter to his wife: My dearest love...

Such a happy, happy, Christmas!

The Little Match Girl

by Hans Christian Andersen

Most terribly cold it was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening - the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully fast.

 One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold.

She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger - a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year’s Eve; yes, of that she thought.

 In a corner formed by two houses, of which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. “Rischt!” how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove, with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but - the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl; when - the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas tree: it was still larger, and more decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant’s house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and gaily-colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them when - the match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

 “Someone is just dead!” said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

“Grandmother!” cried the little one. “Oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!” And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden, on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy so high, so very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety - they were with God.

 But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall--frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. “She wanted to warm herself,” people said. No one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother she had entered on the joys of a new year.

**Pronouns**

**Introduction**

**LEARNING OBJECTIVES**

* identify functions of pronouns
* identify pronoun person and number
* identify pronoun case (subjects, objects, possessives)
* identify pronoun and antecedent clarity
* identify pronoun and antecedent agreement

Anna decided at the beginning of **her** first semester of college that **she** would run for thirty minutes every day. **She** knew that **she** would be taking a literature class with a lot of reading, so instead of buying hard copies of all the novels **her** teacher assigned, Anna bought the audiobooks. That way **she** could listen to **them** as **she** ran.

This second paragraph is much more natural. Instead of repeating nouns multiple times, we were able to use pronouns. You’ve likely hear the phrase “a pronoun replaces a noun”; this is *exactly*what a pronoun does.

In this outcome, you’ll learn how pronouns work, how to use pronouns in different situations, and how to select the correct pronouns.

**Function of Pronouns**

A pronoun stands in the place of a noun. Because a pronoun is replacing a noun, its meaning is dependent on the noun that it is replacing. This noun is called the **antecedent**. Let’s look at the two sentences we just read again:

Because a pronoun is replacing a noun, **its** meaning is dependent on the noun that **it** is replacing. This noun is called an **antecedent**.

There are two pronouns here: *its*and *it*. *Its* and *it* both have the same antecedent: “a pronoun.” Whenever you use a pronoun, you must also include its antecedent. Without the antecedent, your readers (or listeners) won’t be able to figure out what the pronoun is referring to. Let’s look at a couple of examples:

* Jason likes it when people look to him for leadership.
* Trini brushes her hair every morning.
* Billy often has to clean his glasses.
* Kimberly is a gymnast. She has earned several medals in different competitions.

So, what are the antecedents and pronouns in these sentences?

* *Jason* is the antecedent for the pronoun *him*.
* *Trini* is the antecedent for the pronoun *her*.
* *Billy* is the antecedent for the pronoun *his*.
* *Kimberly* is the antecedent for the pronoun *she*.

**PRACTICE**

Identify the antecedent in the following examples:

1. The bus is twenty minutes late today, like it always is.
2. I would never be caught dead wearing boot sandals. They are an affront to nature.

answer

1. **The bus** is the antecedent for the pronoun *it*.
2. **boot sandals**is the antecedent for the pronoun *they*.

There are several types of pronouns, including personal, demonstrative, and indefinite pronouns. Let’s discuss each of these types.

Personal Pronouns

**What is a personal pronoun - a pronoun in a sentence or phrase that refers to a specific person or object. I, You, He, She, It, They, We, Me, You, Him, Her, It, Us, Them**

Subject pronouns (I, You, He, She, It, They, We) replace the name of the subject in the sentence
Object pronouns (Me, You, Him, Her, It, Us, Them) take the place of the object in the sentence