

Welcome!

What's on today?

- Reading a text & understanding it
- Developing reading strategies
- Relating the text with a notion

+ You will be able to download this slideshow on France4.fr after the show 😊

Anticipate

From the source

The title of the book

The author

From an image

From the first sentence

Today, you are going to anticipate from... this!

Anticipate

Dear Judy Garland,

What I Know	What I Want to Know	What I Learned

Anticipate

Dear Judy Garland,

What I know	What I Want to Know	What I Learned
<ul style="list-style-type: none">- document = must be a letter- addressed to “Judy Garland”	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- Who is Judy Garland?- Who is the narrator?- Is the narrator close to Judy Garland? Maybe because the narrator says “dear”.- Yet, the narrator uses Judy Garland’s full name. So she might not know her personally, but likes her?	

Read & check

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

Read & check

Who is Judy Garland?

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to **you**, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and **you** would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

What do we learn about the narrator?

Note down what you discover

What I know	What I Want to Know	What I Learned
<ul style="list-style-type: none">- document = must be a letter- addressed to "Judy Garland"	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- Who is Judy Garland?- Who is the narrator?- Is the narrator close to Judy Garland? Maybe because the narrator says "dear".- Yet, the narrator uses Judy Garland's full name. So she might not know her personally.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- Judy Garland must be an actress or a singer.- She must have played in <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> ("singing").- She must be old enough for the narrator to have seen her movies as a little girl.- The narrator is writing to Judy Garland because she has always liked her movie ("still").- The narrator is telling about a childhood memory involving her mother.- This memory seems to be nice.

Read & check

Always pay attention to the repetitions...

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because The Wizard of Oz is still my favorite movie. My mom **would** always **put** it on when I stay**ed** home sick from school. She **would** **give** me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you **would** **be** singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

You may be familiar with the modal auxiliary **WOULD** when it is used to express a **hypothesis** (e.g. *They would buy a new car if they could afford it*).

But here, the auxiliary **WOULD** does not have the same value. As you can see with the verb “**stay**ed****”, the scene is set in the **past**, so **WOULD** is used to refer to a **habit that used to be, and is no longer**.

The fact that it was a habit is reinforced by the **presence of the adverb “always”**.

RÉSUMONS



Pour faciliter la lecture d'un texte, il peut être utile d'**anticiper** sur son contenu, à partir de :

- sa source / son auteur
- sa forme
- la première phrase ou les premières lignes de l'extrait
- une image qui l'accompagne...

Que puis-je **imaginer** à propos du texte à suivre à partir de ces éléments?

À quelles **questions** aimerais-je que le texte réponde?

RÉSUMONS



Mes points d'appui pour comprendre

- ✓ Je peux faire attention à la **typographie**.
- ✓ Je peux faire attention aux **pronoms** et aux personnes ou choses auxquelles ils renvoient.
- ✓ Je peux faire attention aux **répétitions** et commencer à m'interroger sur leur sens.

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you would be singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

Continue reading & checking, & *ask yourselves questions*

What I know	What I Want to Know	What I Learned
<ul style="list-style-type: none">- document = is a letter<ul style="list-style-type: none">- addressed to “Judy Garland”- Judy Garland is an artist, a singer and maybe an actress.- The narrator is writing to her because she loves her movie <i>The Wizard of Oz</i>, which she associates with a pleasant childhood memory.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- What does the narrator want to say to Judy Garland?- Who is the narrator?- Why does she feel the need to write to an artist?	

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

I realize now that everyone knows your face. Everyone knows your voice. But not everyone knows where you were really from, when you weren’t from the movies.

I can imagine you as a little girl on a December day in the town where you grew up on the edge of Mojave Desert, tap-tap-tap-dancing onstage in your daddy’s movie theater. Singing your jingle bells. You learned right away that applause sounds like love.

I can imagine you on summer nights, when everyone would come to the theater to get out of the heat. Under the refrigerated air, you would be up onstage, making the audience forget for the moment that there was anything to be afraid of. Your mom and dad would smile up at you. They looked the happiest when you were singing.

Afterward, the movie would pass by in a blur of black and white, and you would get suddenly very sleepy. Your daddy would carry you outside, and it was time to drive home in his big car, like a boat swimming over the dark asphalt surface of the earth.

You never wanted anyone to be sad, so you kept singing. You’d sing yourself to sleep when your parents were fighting. And when they weren’t fighting, you’d sing to make them laugh. You used your voice like glue to keep your family together. And then to keep yourself from coming undone.

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, “*all bound for morning town...*” She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me. [...]

I wish you could tell me where you are now. I mean, I know you’re dead, but I think there must be something in a human being that can’t just disappear. It’s dark out. You’re out there. Somewhere, somewhere. I’d like to let you in.

Yours,
Laurel

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

I realize now that everyone knows your face. Everyone knows your voice. But not everyone knows where you were really from, when you weren’t from the movies.

I can imagine you as a little girl on a December day in the town where you grew up on the edge of Mojave Desert, tap-tap-tap-dancing onstage in your daddy’s movie theater. Singing your jingle bells. You learned right away that applause sounds like love.

I can imagine you on summer nights, when everyone would come to the theater to get out of the heat. Under the refrigerated air, you would be up onstage, making the audience forget for the moment that there was anything to be afraid of. Your mom and dad would smile up at you. They looked the happiest when you were singing.

Afterward, the movie would pass by in a blur of black and white, and you would get suddenly very sleepy. Your daddy would carry you outside, and it was time to drive home in his big car, like a boat swimming over the dark asphalt surface of the earth.

You never wanted anyone to be sad, so you kept singing. You’d sing yourself to sleep when your parents were fighting. And when they weren’t fighting, you’d sing to make them laugh. You used your voice like glue to keep your family together. And then to keep yourself from coming undone.

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, “*all bound for morning town...*” She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me. [...]

I wish you could tell me where you are now. I mean, I know you’re dead, but I think there must be something in a human being that can’t just disappear. It’s dark out. You’re out there. Somewhere, somewhere. I’d like to let you in.

Yours,
Laurel

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to you, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still my favorite movie. My mom would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. She would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and you would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

I realize now that everyone knows your face. Everyone knows your voice. But not everyone knows where you were really from, when you weren’t from the movies.

I can imagine you as a little girl on a December day in the town where you grew up on the edge of Mojave Desert, tap-tap-tap-dancing onstage in your daddy’s movie theater. Singing your jingle bells. You learned right away that applause sounds like love.

I can imagine you on summer nights, when everyone would come to the theater to get out of the heat. Under the refrigerated air, you would be up onstage, making the audience forget for the moment that there was anything to be afraid of. Your mom and dad would smile up at you. They looked the happiest when you were singing.

Afterward, the movie would pass by in a blur of black and white, and you would get suddenly very sleepy. Your daddy would carry you outside, and it was time to drive home in his big car, like a boat swimming over the dark asphalt surface of the earth.

You never wanted anyone to be sad, so you kept singing. You’d sing yourself to sleep when your parents were fighting. And when they weren’t fighting, you’d sing to make them laugh. You used your voice like glue to keep your family together. And then to keep yourself from coming undone.

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, “*all bound for morning town...*” She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me. [...]

I wish you could tell me where you are now. I mean, I know you’re dead, but I think there must be something in a human being that can’t just disappear. It’s dark out. You’re out there. Somewhere, somewhere. I’d like to let you in.

Yours,
Laurel

What I know	What I Want to Know	What I Learned
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - document = is a letter - addressed to “Judy Garland” - Judy Garland is an artist, a singer and maybe an actress. - The narrator is writing to her because she loves her movie <i>The Wizard of Oz</i>, which she associates with a pleasant childhood memory. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - What else do we learn about the narrator? - ... about Judy Garland? - What does the narrator want to say to Judy Garland? - Why does she feel the need to write to an artist? 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - The narrator is Laurel. - We learn about a relative of hers: May. She may be her sister. - She is imagining Judy Garland’s real life, her life and identity as a little girl on and off stage with her parents. - She is establishing parallels between her own childhood and Judy Garland’s. - Important: the narrator uses the auxiliary “would” all along the text, to fabricate Judy Garland's childhood memories and to think back to her own childhood.

So what about unknown words?

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, “*all bound for morning town...*” She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me.

So what about unknown words?

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a [REDACTED] Her voice would [REDACTED], “all [REDACTED] for morning town...” She would [REDACTED] my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the [REDACTED] water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me.

So what about unknown words?

My mom used to **sing** me and May to sleep with a **lullaby**. Her **voice** would **croon**, *“all bound for morning town...”* She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, **listening** to the **waves**. I would **look** down at the **shimmering** water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me.

RÉSUMONS



Mes points d'appui pour comprendre

- ✓ La **forme** du texte et sa **source**.
- ✓ La **structure du texte**, notamment la première phrase de chaque paragraphe.
- ✓ **Ce que je comprends**. Je peux alors laisser temporairement de côté ce que je ne comprends pas – sauf si cela me gêne pour comprendre le sens du texte (*bubble*).
- ✓ **Le contexte** : il peut me permettre d'inférer **le sens des mots inconnus**.
- ✓ **La structure du mot ou sa transparence** : je peux décomposer certains mots (*undone*) ou m'appuyer sur leur transparence.
- ✓ **Les champs lexicaux** : remarquer la présence de différents mots appartenant au même champ peut aider à comprendre ce qui importe au narrateur.
- ✓ **Les mots « grammaticaux »** (comme l'auxiliaire *WOULD*) transmettent des informations, tout autant que les mots lexicaux.

Dear Judy Garland,
I thought of writing to you, because ...

.....

Yours,
Laurel

Ava DELLAIRA, *Love Letters to the Dead*, 2014

How do we relate the text with a notion?

Première

When you are given the documents, you are also told what notion* they are related with.

Here, we can think of...

FICTIONS & RÉALITÉS

ESPACE PRIVÉ & ESPACE PUBLIC

IMAGINAIRES (LLCER)

Terminale

You, however, are not told what notion the text(s) could illustrate, but the questions you will be given will encourage you to make links between the text and a notion.

Here, we can think of...

MYTHES & HÉROS

L'IMAGINAIRE (LELE)

*axe (FR)

How do we relate the text with a notion?

FICTIONS & RÉALITÉS

What is the link between fiction and reality?

Is fiction always based on reality?

Is reality always what it seems?

Can fiction be an escape from reality?

Etc.

Bonus:
understanding
what is implicit!

- The narrator seems to be projecting her own desires and needs on the icon that Judy Garland is for her.
- She is using fiction (*The Wizard of Oz*) to imagine a reality for the Judy Garland that she does not know.
- But she is also relating fiction (*The Wizard of Oz*) with her own life: she is making parallels between her own childhood memories and Judy Garland's childhood memories (as she imagines and recreates them).

Dear Judy Garland,

I thought of writing to **you**, because *The Wizard of Oz* is still **my** favorite movie. **My mom** would always put it on when I stayed home sick from school. **She** would give me ginger ale with pink plastic ice cubes and cinnamon toast, and **you** would be singing “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

I realize now that everyone knows **your** face. Everyone knows **your** voice. But not everyone knows where **you** were really from, when **you** weren’t from the movies.

I can imagine **you** as a little girl on a December day in the town where **you** grew up on the edge of Mojave Desert, tap-tap-tap-dancing onstage in **your** daddy’s movie theater. Singing **your** jingle bells. **You** learned right away that applause sounds like love.

I can imagine **you** on summer nights, when everyone would come to the theater to get out of the heat. Under the refrigerated air, **you** would be up onstage, making the audience forget for the moment that there was anything to be afraid of. **Your** mom and dad would smile up at **you**. They looked the happiest when **you** were singing.

Afterward, the movie would pass by in a blur of black and white, and **you** would get suddenly very sleepy. **Your** daddy would carry **you** outside, and it was time to drive home in his big car, like a boat swimming over the dark asphalt surface of the earth.

You never wanted anyone to be sad, so **you** kept singing. **You’d** sing yourself to sleep when **your** parents were fighting. And when they weren’t fighting, **you’d** sing to make them laugh. **You** used your voice like glue to keep **your** family together. And then to keep **yourself** from coming undone.

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, “*all bound for morning town...*” **She** would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn’t sleep, **she** would tell me to imagine **myself** in a bubble over the sea. I would close **my** eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear **her** voice, making a new bubble to catch **me**. [...]

I wish you could tell **me** where **you** are now. I mean, I know **you’re** dead, but I think there must be something in a human being that can’t just disappear. It’s dark out. **You’re** out there. Somewhere, somewhere. I’d like to let **you** in.

Yours,
Laurel

There is a parallel between the narrator's mother and Judy Garland, centered around the singing. In both cases, the singing acts as a safety net (as the glue that keeps everyone together or as the bubble that protects Laurel and helps her fall asleep).

You never wanted anyone to be sad, so you kept singing. **You'd sing yourself to sleep when your parents were fighting.** And when they weren't fighting, you'd sing to make them laugh. **You used your voice like glue to keep your family together.** And then to keep **yourself** from coming undone.

My mom used to sing me and May to sleep with a lullaby. Her voice would croon, "all bound for morning town..." She would stroke my hair and stay until I slept. When I couldn't sleep, she would tell me to imagine myself in a bubble over the sea. I would close my eyes and float there, listening to the waves. I would look down at the shimmering water. When the bubble broke, I would hear her voice, making a new bubble to catch me. [...]

I wish you could tell me where you are now. I mean, I know you're dead, but I think there must be something in a human being that can't just disappear. It's dark out. You're out there. **Somewhere, somewhere.** I'd like to let you in.

Yours,
Laurel

Reference to "Somewhere Over the Rainbow", i.e. the fantasy world of the Land of Oz.

This may indicate that the narrator is longing to escape, dreaming of going to a fantasy world as well. Since she cannot physically go, she writes a letter to someone that is the gateway to this world and dreams about it, escapes through fiction and imagination.

Judy Garland, 1922-1969

In figures

34 movies

150 songs

Numerous TV shows

9 awards

The Wizard of Oz

The Wizard of Oz, directed by Victor Fleming in 1939, was adapted from Frank Baum's famous children's novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

The beginning of the movie was shot in black and white while the rest, which takes place in the Land of Oz, was shot in Technicolor.

"the movie would pass by in a blur of black and white"

"Somewhere Over the Rainbow"

How do we relate the text with a notion?

MYTHES ET HÉROS

What is a myth?

What is a hero?

Do all heroes become myths?

What do the myths and heroes of a society reveal about it?

Etc.

**Bonus:
understanding
what is implicit!**

“I realize now that everyone knows your face. Everyone knows your voice. But not everyone knows where you were really from, when you weren’t from the movies.”

- Both myths and heroes are social constructions, they are built, created by society at a certain point, when society needs them. Judy Garland was seen as a child prodigy, and may have been encouraged to use her talent beyond reason – as the comments from the narrator may lead us to believe.
- In the case of Judy Garland, we can imagine from the text that if no one knew much about her outside of her movies, her image, her public figure was the canvas on which everyone could project whatever they wanted (just as Laurel is doing).

RÉSUMONS



Relier le texte à une notion

Faire le lien avec une notion permet de se concentrer sur certains aspects du texte, cela donne un angle d'approche et aide à s'intéresser aux informations implicites contenues dans le texte.

Il peut être efficace de:

- **se poser des questions sur les termes de l'axe ou de la notion**, et sur les liens entre chaque terme ;
- **s'interroger sur les liens entre le contenu du texte et ces notions** : *comment le texte répond-t-il aux questions que je me suis posées ? Comment le texte illustre-t-il la notion ?*

Organize your notes

Don't hesitate to:

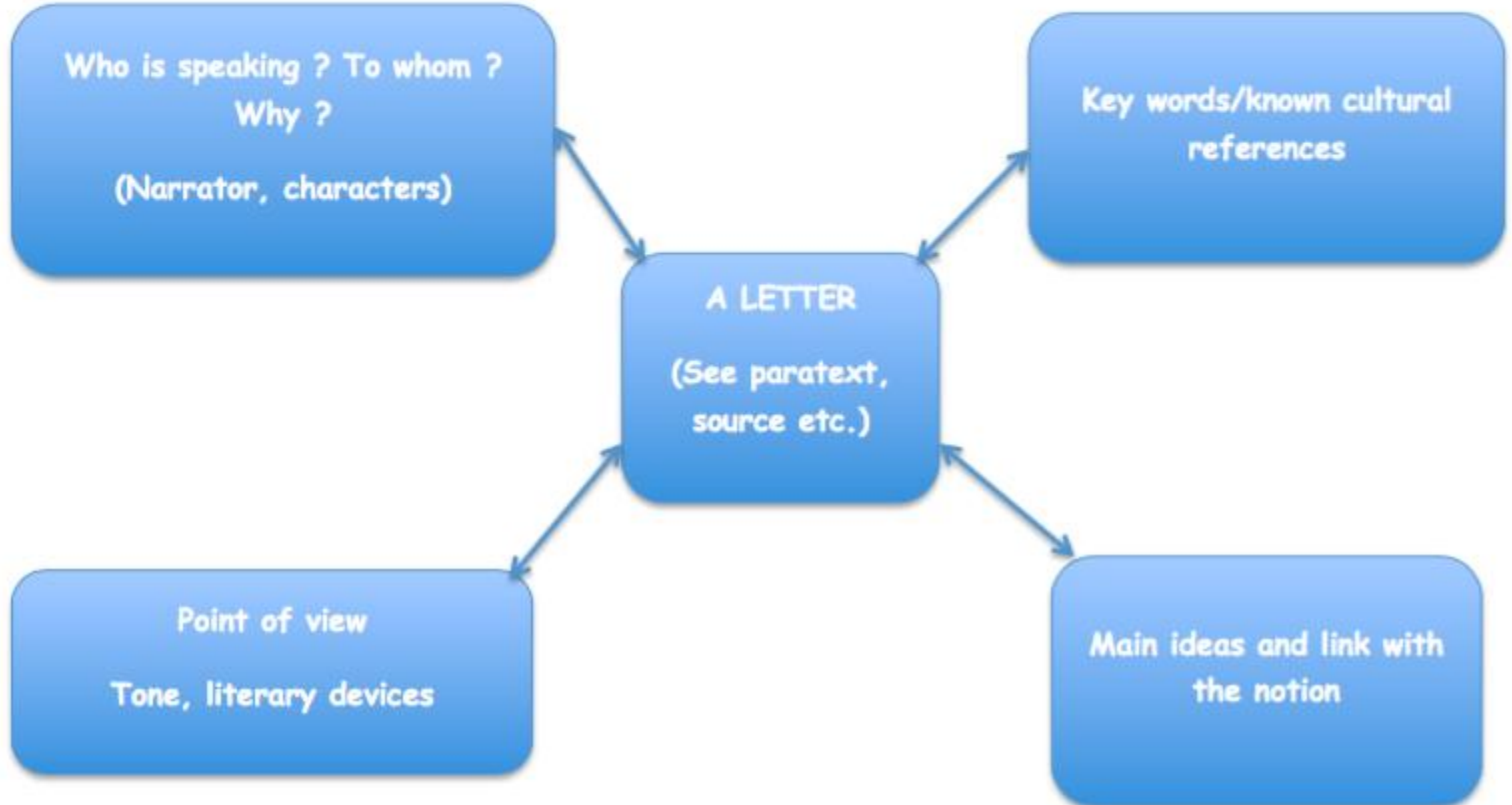
- ✓ use a highlighter, bullet points, arrows, etc.
- ✓ find your own ways to connect your ideas and grasp the meaning of the text.

In a
chart

TITLE+ type of text :			
Main subject/ who is speaking ?	Narrator, other characters	Dates and figures/Places	Purpose of the text? Author's goal?
Key words/words you recognize	Ideas developed / link with the notion	Tone: (sad? serious? funny? ironic?) Literary devices (repetitions, metaphors etc.)	Extra information

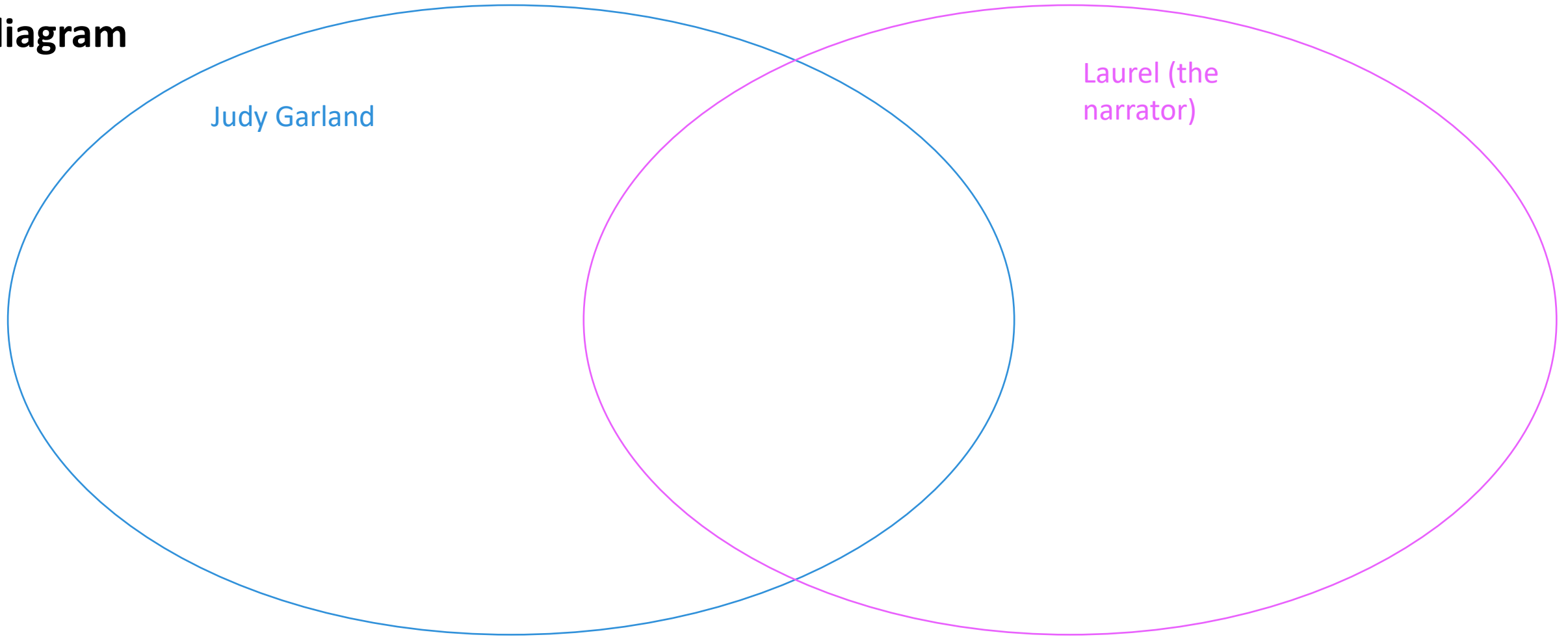
Organize your notes

In a
spidergram



Organize your notes

In a Venn diagram



Reacting and drawing conclusions

I Read	I think
Therefore....	

Gather your ideas

Check all the ideas on the text



Organize your thoughts

- Mention the type of text

This letter is extracted from a collection of letters entitled...

- The key ideas

The narrator is addressing Judy Garland and praises her heroine...

- The author's intentions

In fact, in this fictional letter, the author probably wants readers to think about...

- The link with the notion

The narrative can be linked to the notion myths and heroes/imagination/ fiction and reality as...

Thanks for your attention!

- Keep calm and practise your English!
- Don't hesitate to practise with your friends.
- Stay home and stay safe.