

Realistic
Fiction

Hooked

by Diana Noonan
illustrated by Gervasio Benitez



Mc
Graw
Hill

PAIRED
READ

Poetry

STRATEGIES & SKILLS

Comprehension

Strategy: Reread

Skill: Theme

Vocabulary

gobble, individuality,

mist, roots

Vocabulary Strategy

Metaphors

Word Count: 1,853



Genre

Realistic Fiction



Essential Question

What shapes a person’s identity?

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READ**

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“Here goes,” Cristina said. “The first cast is always the luckiest.” She flicked her fishing line and sent the bronze lure whizzing through the air. The bait made a satisfying plop as it entered the water.

Her dad whistled his approval. “Great cast,” he said.

“Not so great, actually,” Cristina groaned. She began winding in the line. “I’ve caught a snag, and I’m using Granddad Thomas’s lure. What if I can’t get it back?”

“You will if you work at it,” her dad said.

Cristina flicked her fishing line this way and that. It was no use asking her father for help. He always said she had to do things for herself. Cristina sometimes wondered if he would be easier on her if she weren’t blind. It seemed like he was always trying to teach her to be more independent than everyone else.



“You know,” her dad began, “I didn’t like fishing when I was your age.”

“You didn’t like fishing! That’s impossible!” Cristina said. She gave her line an extra-hard tug.

Cristina was crazy about fishing. She loved coming to the family cabin at Lake Tahoe. Her dad joked that she would probably become a fishing guide one day.

“I went fishing once a year,” he said. “And only because your granddad made me. He liked fishing because it took him back to his roots! It reminded him of his father, your great-granddad.”

“Great-Granddad went fishing all the time, didn’t he?” Cristina asked.

Her dad reeled in his line and cast out again. “He sure did. He made his own lures too. They were so good he became famous for them.”

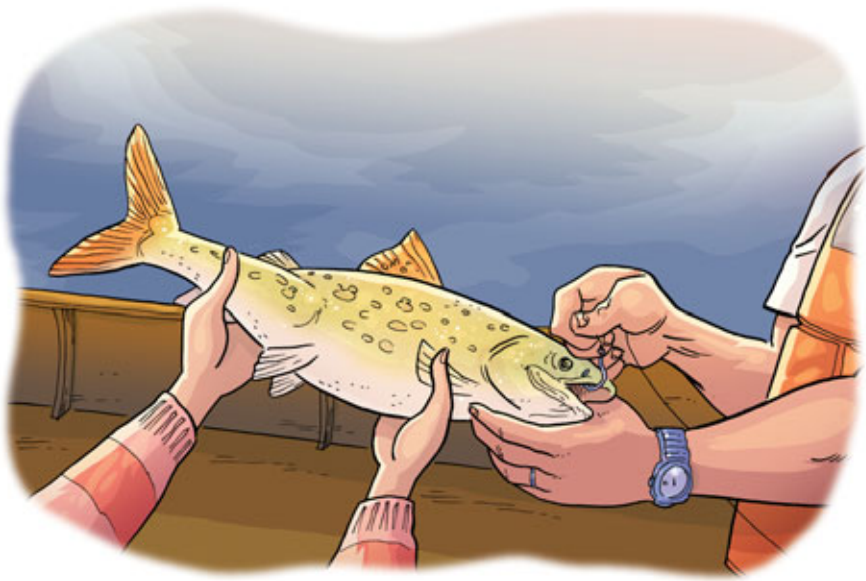
“My lure is still stuck!” Cristina grumbled. “What if I can’t get it back? It’s the most important one in my collection.”

“Be patient and just keep working at it,” her dad replied.



Cristina tried to keep calm, but it was hard when her dad wasn't helping her. She flicked her line up and down. "So why didn't you like fishing?" she asked, trying not to let him see how annoyed she was with the snagged line.

Her dad laughed. "Oh, I didn't like to sit around in the mist all morning. I didn't like to row a boat or get my feet wet either. I was more interested in making things. One time I made a canoe out of cardboard and duct tape and tried to float it on the lake!"



Cristina twanged the fishing line with her finger. The line had become a vibrating guitar string. “So why did you change your mind about fishing?”

Her father started to explain, but suddenly Cristina heard a loud thrashing noise. “You’ve got one!” she shouted. “Pull it in, Dad.”

“It’s a beauty,” her father said when the fish was flapping in the bottom of the boat.

Cristina caught the muddy, weedy scent of the animal.

“Once I’ve taken the hook out of its mouth, do you want to hold it?” her dad asked.

Cristina ran her fingers gently over the smooth fish. “It’s pretty big,” she said.

“Around 3 pounds, I think,” her dad replied. “I’ll put it back in the water now.”

“This is hopeless,” Cristina complained as she heard the fish splash into the lake. “You’ve already caught a fish, and I’m still trying to get my line back. Please, can you help, Dad?”

“Come on, Cristina, you can do it if you use your imagination. Think about what might be happening under the water. Then figure out how to solve the problem.”

“I don’t have an imagination!” Cristina said grumpily. “I just have a special lure that I’m going to lose.”

“You have plenty of imagination,” her dad replied. “It runs in the family.”

“Does it?” Cristina asked.

“Sure,” Dad said. “I’ll tell you about it.”

STOP AND CHECK

Why is Cristina grumpy?

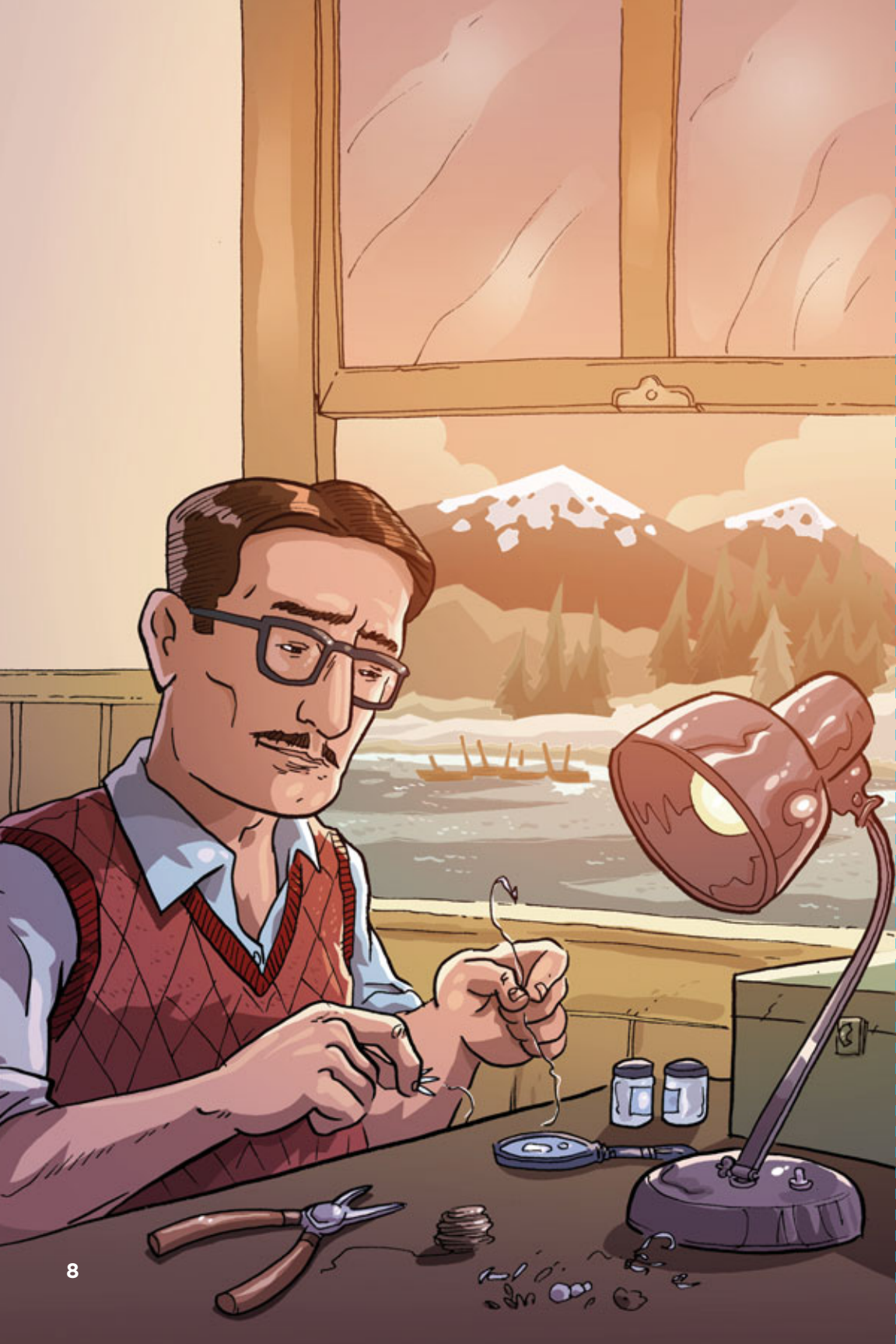
“Great-Granddad had lots of imagination. *And* patience. He spent hours making lures out of things like old spoons, coins, and door handles. One time he even made a lure out of Great-Grandma’s earrings!”

“I bet he wasn’t very popular with her after that!” said Cristina.

She suddenly squealed. “The line! It’s free!” She started winding, but a moment later, the lure snagged again. She felt like bursting into tears, especially because her dad *still* wouldn’t help.

“In a way, Great-Granddad was an artist,” her father continued. “His lures were beautiful. But they were practical as well, and people caught lots of fish with them. They were so successful that people from all around California asked him to make lures for them.”

“He started a workshop, didn’t he?” Cristina said, tugging hard on the line.



“He certainly did. He had 15 people working for him,” her dad said proudly.

“Why didn’t your father take over the workshop?” Cristina asked.

“Great-Granddad really wanted him to, but your granddad was only interested in painting.” Her father shrugged. “He loved painting with watercolors.”

Cristina growled in frustration. “I’m wasting my whole day with this snag. And I can’t cut the line because I’ll lose my most special lure!”

“Think, imagine, solve, and you’ll do it,” her dad advised her patiently.

Cristina was about to say that she didn’t think his advice was very helpful, but her dad was enjoying telling the story, and he continued talking.

“Your granddad didn’t like to catch fish, but he ended up painting them! I guess living by a lake, he’d seen a lot of fish. One day he was asked to do the illustrations for a book about different kinds of fish.”

“The book that became famous,” Cristina said with a smile.



“That’s right,” her dad said, nodding. “Your granddad was successful, too. When he was painting, he had patience *and* imagination. Which reminds me, how are you doing with that snag?”

Cristina sighed. “I’m *not*,” she told him. “My lure is a sunken treasure that’s lost forever.” She rested the line in her lap. Maybe if she relaxed, she’d figure out how to free the lure. “So how did you get interested in fishing, Dad?” she asked. “You said that you didn’t even like it when you were my age.”

STOP AND CHECK

What did Cristina’s granddad like to do instead of making fishing lures?

“Great-Granddad wanted my father to make lures, just like he did,” Cristina’s father said. “But your granddad ended up painting fish instead. He hoped I’d be a painter like him, but I became a marine ecologist.”

“That doesn’t explain how you came to like fishing,” Cristina said, laughing.

“I was in college,” her father said. “I was learning about seabirds and how they kept getting caught on the long lines used for fishing tuna.”

Cristina suddenly had an idea. She picked up her line again.

“The seabirds liked to dive down for the squid bait on the tuna hooks. But they would grab the hooks as well as the bait. Then they’d get caught on the hooks and dragged along behind the boat until they drowned.”





“That’s horrible,” Cristina said. Her rod was on her lap, and she was using her hands to pull the line tighter and tighter.

“I knew right then that I wanted to help save the birds,” her dad continued. “I thought about my fishing trips with your granddad and the lures we’d used—the ones Great-Granddad

had made. I figured out why his lures were so good at catching fish.”

He smiled. “I started designing lures of my own—special ones with hooks that wouldn’t catch seabirds! Of course, I had to try out every lure I made, and by the time I’d developed one that worked, I was completely hooked on fishing!”

“But only catch-and-release fishing—you’d put the live fish back in the water,” Cristina said. Then she added, “Watch this, Dad.”

She released the tight coil of line that she was holding. It pinged through the air, and she began winding. She felt the lure sliding through the water toward her. “As long as it doesn’t snag again before I wind it right in, it’ll be okay.”

Cristina held her breath until she heard the lure rattle against the edge of the boat. She couldn’t stop grinning. “I used my imagination, just like you said. I put a lot of tension on the line, then I released it quickly. I figured that the hook might spring back off the snag, and it did!”

“Well done!” her dad said.



Cristina felt for the lure. She carefully pulled off the weed that was tangled around the hook. “Should I cast again?” she asked.

“Of course,” her dad answered.

Cristina flicked her line back, then sharply forward. She laughed. “I’ve been thinking that it’s strange that Great-Granddad, Granddad, and you, *and* I are all connected by fishing in some way. Great-Granddad made lures, Granddad painted fish, you make lures that are safe for birds, and me—I just plain love to catch fish!”

Her father smiled. “People talk a lot about individuality, but when it comes to families, I think relatives are often similar to each other. You could say that we’ve got fishing in our blood. Not to mention patience and imagination.”

“If I have all those things in *my* blood, maybe I *will* be a famous fishing guide one day and take other blind people fishing with me,” Cristina said, laughing.



Cristina paused to check her line. Could she feel another snag, or was it something else?

“Because with fishing,” she continued, “you use your hearing and sense of smell as much as your eyes.”

Her dad was about to reply when Cristina let out a whoop of surprise.

“Yes!” she shouted. “I don’t just have fish in my blood, I’ve got one on my line right now! And I’ll tell you what,” she said as she struggled to land the fish, “I’m not going to paint it or release it. This one is for the frying pan. I’m going to gobble it up for dinner!”

STOP AND CHECK

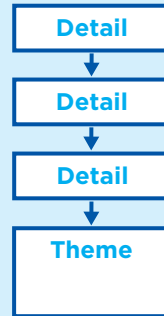
What does Cristina realize about fishing and her family?

Respond to Reading

Summarize

Summarize how fishing is important to Cristina's identity in *Hooked*.

Details from your graphic organizer may help.



Text Evidence

1. What features of this story tell you it's realistic fiction? **GENRE**
2. How are Cristina, her father, her grandfather, and her great-grandfather all involved in fishing? **THEME**
3. Cristina's fishing line "had become a vibrating guitar string" on page 5. What does this metaphor mean? **METAPHORS**
4. Write about the things from the story that shape Cristina's identity. Use details from the story in your answer. **WRITE ABOUT READING**

Compare Texts

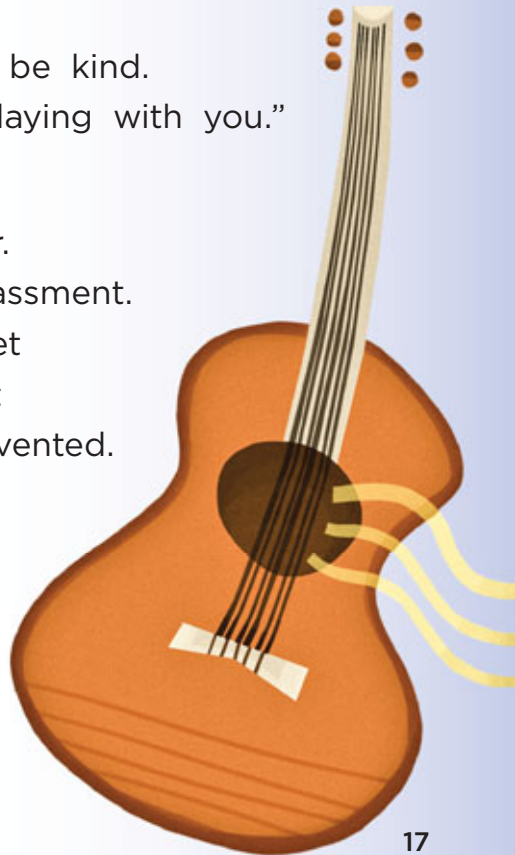
Read a poem about a girl whose family loves music.

Let's Make Music

Don't Make Me Play

Mom says family reunions are fun.
Not when I have to play my ukulele
to relatives I've never met,
to cousins only clapping to be kind.
"Relax," says Dad, "I'll be playing with you."

On the seat beside me,
his guitar laughs at my fear.
My face burns with embarrassment.
I wish our car were a rocket
heading for a distant planet
where music hasn't been invented.



All Together Now!

Walking into the room
is like entering a lion's cage,
but there's no terrifying roar,
only the sweetest singing
and instruments everywhere!

“Meet my daughter, Destiny,” says Dad.

“She plays the ukulele!”

There's no time to shrink,
no time to say hello.

But it doesn't matter because
music is the introduction.



Music in the Blood

Dad strums a tune I know, and I strum back.
Drums pick up the rhythm,
a violin duels with a double bass.
I've just stepped in the door,
and I'm in a sea of music.

We play until my fingers tingle,
until night peeks in the window.
At supper when we stop to eat,
Mom laughs and whispers in my ear,
"You're all Robinsons,
and there's music in your blood!"



Make Connections

What does it mean to have "music in your blood"?

ESSENTIAL QUESTION

How are Cristina in *Hooked* and the narrator in *Let's Make Music* similar? **TEXT TO TEXT**

Focus on Literary Elements

Alliteration People often think of alliteration as the opposite of rhyme. Rhyming words have the same ending sound, but alliterative words have the same beginning sound. Alliteration isn't just for poetry. Authors use alliteration in stories to help words flow. Alliteration is also fun to use in dialogue when characters are being funny or playful.

Read and Find On page 2, Cristina “flicked her fishing line.” The author could have said that she *touched* or *poked at* her fishing line, but *flicked* links it to the word *fishing* in a way that sounds pleasing to the reader. Alliterative words don't have to begin with the same letter as long as the beginning sound is the same. On page 4, Cristina tries to “keep calm” when her line gets caught. The author could have written *stay calm*, but the author connects the words using alliteration instead.

Your Turn

Write a menu for a picnic using alliteration. For example, you might bring “pleasing peanut butter sandwiches” or “lickable lollipops” for a final treat. Be creative with your menu. Share your marvelous menu with the class.

Literature Circles

Fiction

Thinkmark

Characters

Who are the main characters in *Hooked*?

Setting

Where does *Hooked* take place?

Sequence of Events

What happened first, then, next, and finally in *Hooked*?

Conclusions

What conclusions can you draw about the things that shape a person's identity?

Make Connections

What connections can you make to the poem?
Is there an interest or a talent that runs in your family?