

He Said, She Said

SUGGESTED LEARNING STRATEGIES: Discussion Groups, Graphic Organizer, Quickwrite, Marking the Text, Rereading, Revisiting Prior Work

GRAMMAR & USAGE

A **pronoun** takes the place of a noun or another pronoun. The personal pronouns are listed below:

First person:

I (singular)
we, us (plural)

Second person:

you (singular and plural)

Third person:

he, she, it (singular)
they, them (plural)

Remember that writers tell their stories from a particular *point of view*. Most stories are told from either a *first-person* or *third-person* point of view. “Eleven” is told in first-person. “Anne of Green Gables” is told in third-person; the narrator is outside the story and uses third-person pronouns such as *he*, *she*, *him*, and *her*.

In *Flipped*, Wendelin Van Draanen tells a story from two alternating first-person points of view. In the first chapter, Bryce Loski narrates his version of his first meeting with Juli Baker. In the second chapter, we hear the same event from Juli’s perspective. Bryce and Juli, as you will see, disagree about nearly everything.

Before Reading

1. **Quickwrite:** Choose one of the following prompts and write about it on your own paper.
 - Think of someone who seems to disagree with you about many things. Explain the situation.
 - Describe how you felt when you experienced your first big crush.

During Reading

2. As you are reading the two chapters from *Flipped*, highlight what each character thinks about the other. Use one color for Bryce’s chapter, “Diving Under,” and a second color for Juli’s chapter, “Flipped.”

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My Notes

GRAMMAR & USAGE

Regular verbs form the past tense and past participle by adding *-d* or *-ed*; for example: *look, looked, have looked*.

Irregular verbs, however, do not follow this pattern; these verbs form the past tense and past participle in different ways; for example, *know, knew, have known*.

A number of irregular verbs appear on this page, such as *run, put, make, wind, meet, and do*. It is important to know the forms of irregular verbs so that you use them correctly. Review the forms of these and other irregular verbs.

This was the beginning of my soon-to-become-acute awareness that the girl cannot take a hint. Of any kind. Does she zip on home like a kid should when they've been invited to leave? No. She says, "Oh, my mom knows where I am. She said it was fine." Then she points across the street and says, "We just live right over there."

My father looks to where she's pointing and mutters, "Oh boy." Then he looks at me and winks as he says, "Bryce, isn't it time for you to go inside and help your mother?"

I knew right off that this was a ditch play. And I didn't think about it until later, but ditch wasn't a play I'd run with my dad before. Face it, pulling a ditch is not something discussed with dads. It's like, against parental law to tell your kid it's okay to ditch someone, no matter how annoying or *muddy* they might be.

But there he was, putting the play in motion, and man, he didn't have to wink twice. I smiled and said, "Sure thing!" then jumped off the liftgate and headed for my new front door.

I heard her coming after me but I couldn't believe it. Maybe it just sounded like she was chasing me; maybe she was really going the other way. But before I got up the nerve to look, she blasted right past me, grabbing my arm yanking me along.

This was too much. I planted myself and was about to tell her to get lost when the weirdest thing happened. I was making this big windmill motion to break away from her, but somehow on the downswing my hand wound up tangling into hers. I couldn't believe it. There I was, holding the mud monkey's hand!

I tried to shake her off, but she just clamped on tight and yanked me along, saying, "C'mon!"

My mom came out of the house and immediately got the world's sappiest look on her face. "Well, hello," she says to Juli.

"Hi!"

I'm still trying to pull free, but the girl's got me in a death grip. My mom's grinning, looking at our hands and my fiery red face. "And what's your name, honey?"

"Julianna Baker. I live right over there," she says, pointing with her unoccupied hand.

"Well, I see you've met my son," she says, still grinning away.

"Uh-huh!"

Finally I break free and do the only manly thing available when you're seven years old—I dive behind my mother.

Mom puts her arm around me and says, “Bryce, honey, why don’t you show Julianna around the house?”

I flash her help and warning signals with every part of my body, but she’s not receiving. Then *she* shakes *me* off and says, “Go on.”

Juli would’ve tramped right in if my mother hadn’t noticed her shoes and told her to take them off. And after those were off, my mom told her that her dirty socks had to go, too. Juli wasn’t embarrassed. Not a bit. She just peeled them off and left them in a crusty heap on our porch.

I didn’t exactly give her a tour. I locked myself in the bathroom instead. And after about ten minutes of yelling back at her that no, I wasn’t coming out anytime soon, things got quiet out in the hall. Another ten minutes went by before I got the nerve to peek out the door.

No Juli.

I snuck out and looked around, and yes! She was gone.

Not a very sophisticated ditch, but hey, I was only seven.

My troubles were far from over, though. Every day she came back, over and over again. “Can Bryce play?” I could hear her asking from my hiding place behind the couch. “Is he ready yet?” One time she even cut across the yard and looked through my window. I spotted her in the nick of time and dove under my bed, but man, that right there tells you something about Juli Baker. She’s got no concept of personal space. No respect for privacy. The world is her playground, and watch out below—Juli’s on the slide!

FLIPPED

The first day I met Bryce Loski, I flipped. Honestly, one look at him and I became a lunatic. It’s his eyes. Something in his eyes. They’re blue, and framed in the blackness of his lashes, they’re dazzling. Absolutely breathtaking.

It’s been over six years now, and I learned long ago to hide my feelings, but oh, those first days. Those first years! I thought I would die for wanting to be with him.

Two days before the second grade is when it started, although the anticipation began weeks before—ever since my mother had told me that there was a family with a boy my age moving into the new house right across the street.

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Using the Grammar Handbook, look up and copy the correct forms of the following irregular verbs:

- do
- ride
- speak
- sing
- know

Write a sentence for each word, using the past participle form.

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Soccer camp had ended, and I'd been so bored because there was nobody, absolutely nobody, in the neighborhood to play with. Oh, there were kids, but every one of them was older. That was dandy for my brothers, but what it left *me* was home alone.

My mother was there, but she had better things to do than kick a soccer ball around. So she said, anyway. At the time I didn't think there was anything better than kicking a soccer ball around, especially not the likes of laundry or dishes or vacuuming, but my mother didn't agree. And the danger of being home alone with her was that she'd recruit me to help her wash or dust or vacuum, and she wouldn't tolerate the dribbling of a soccer ball around the house as I moved from chore to chore.

To play it safe, I waited outside for weeks, just in case the new neighbors moved in early. Literally, it was *weeks*. I entertained myself by playing soccer with our dog, Champ. Mostly he'd just block because a dog can't exactly kick and score, but once in a while he'd dribble with his nose. The scent of a ball must overwhelm a dog, though, because Champ would eventually try to chomp it, then lose the ball to me.

When the Loskis' moving van finally arrived, everyone in my family was happy. "Little Julianna" was finally going to have a playmate.

My mother, being the truly sensible adult that she is, made me wait more than an *hour* before going over to meet him. "Give them a chance to stretch their legs, Julianna," she said. "They'll want some time to adjust." She wouldn't even let me watch from the yard. "I know you, sweetheart. Somehow that ball will wind up in their yard and you'll just *have* to go retrieve it."

So I watched from the window, and every few minutes I'd ask, "Now?" and she'd say, "Give them a little while longer, would you?"

Then the phone rang. And the minute I was sure she was good and preoccupied, I tugged on her sleeve and asked, "Now?"

She nodded and whispered, "Okay, but take it easy! I'll be over there in a minute."

I was too excited not to charge across the street, but I did try very hard to be civilized once I got to the moving van. I stood outside looking in for a record-breaking length of time, which was hard because there he was! About halfway back! My new sure-to-be best friend, Bryce Loski.

Bryce wasn't really doing much of anything. He was more hanging back, watching his father move boxes onto the liftgate. I remember

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teasing Bryce something fierce. “Hey, baby brother!” she called through the door. “There’s a hot chick out here waiting for you! Whatsa matter? Afraid she’s got cooties?”

It was so embarrassing! I yanked on her arm and told her to stop it, but she wouldn’t, so finally I just left.

I found my mother outside talking to Mrs. Loski. Mom had given her the beautiful lemon Bundt cake that was supposed to be our dessert that night. The powdered sugar looked soft and white, and the cake was still warm, sending sweet lemon smells into the air.

My mouth was watering just looking at it! But it was in Mrs. Loski’s hands, and I knew there was no getting it back. All I could do was try to eat up the smells while I listened to the two of them discuss grocery stores and the weather forecast.

After that Mom and I went home. It was very strange. I hadn’t gotten to play with Bryce at all. All I knew was that his eyes were a dizzying blue, that he had a sister who was not to be trusted, and that he’d almost kissed me.

I fell asleep that night thinking about the kiss that might have been. What did a kiss feel like, anyway? Somehow I knew it wouldn’t be like the one I got from Mom or Dad at bedtime. The same species, maybe, but a radically different beast, to be sure. Like a wolf and a whippet—only science would put them on the same tree.

Looking back on the second grade, I like to think it was at least partly scientific curiosity that made me chase after that kiss, but to be honest, it was probably more those blue eyes. All through the second and third grades I couldn’t seem to stop myself from following him, from sitting by him, from just wanting to be near him.

By the fourth grade I’d learned to control myself. The sight of him—the thought of him—still sent my heart humming, but my legs didn’t actually chase after him anymore. I just watched and thought and dreamed.



After Reading

3. After you have read both chapters, write examples of the two characters’ conflicting viewpoints and explain your examples. A sample is shown in the first row.

Bryce Says...	Juli Says...	Conflicting Viewpoints
<p>“All I’ve ever wanted is for Juli Baker to leave me alone. For her to back off — you know, just give me some <i>space</i>.”</p>	<p>“It’s been over six years now, and I learned long ago to hide my feelings, but oh, those first days.”</p>	<p>Bryce thinks Juli is still always pushing herself on him, but she thinks she has learned to hide her feelings.</p>
		<p>Bryce is trying to break away from Juli when his hand accidentally gets tangled up with hers, but Juli thinks Bryce holds her hand on purpose and had even intended to kiss her.</p>

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Story Starter Writing Prompt: One of the essential questions in this unit is “How are people influenced by changes in their worlds?” Look back at Activity 2.3, “Changes in My World.” In that activity, you chose a change in your own life that involved some kind of conflict and wrote about it.

Think about that change or any other change in your life. Now think about someone else who was involved in or witnessed the change. It does not necessarily have to be someone with whom you had a disagreement. How would that person’s viewpoint about the change be different from yours? In the space below, write how the story would differ if it were told from your perspective and from the other person’s perspective.

Save your story starter in your Working Folder. You may use it for ideas when you write your short story later.

I Say...	_____ Says...