



Recall: What happened in Part 1?

1. What was the girl's name in the story?
2. Why did her parents call her a spitfire?
3. Where did she live?
4. Why were they going to Washington, D.C.?
5. When did Janie stand up for what was right?

Prediction -What do you think will happen next?

Vocabulary Development

- **Revision**

- Lurch
- Startle
- Human Rights
- Routing
- Podium

Revision:

Screen
Spitfire
Mischief
Washington
Indianapolis
Preacher

To **lurch** is to suddenly move — usually forward.



To **startle** is to jump, like when you're surprised.



A **Human Right** is, (law) any basic right or freedom to which all human beings are entitled to.



A **podium** is a raised platform like the kind Olympians stand on when they win a medal.



Rooting for a team is, to give audible encouragement for a contestant or team.



Use this card after each paragraph.

<p>Stop-and-Think Card</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Do I understand what that was about?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Were there any parts I did not understand?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Could I explain what I have just read to someone else?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> What might the next part be about?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Are there any questions I need to have answered?</p> <p>Congratulations! Read ON!</p>

Syllabification

- Lurch
- Star-tle
- Root-ing
- Po-di-um
- Hu-man rights

Riding to Washington (Part 2)

We drove across farm fields and through cities, over rivers and mountains. The roll of the wheels put me to sleep until we **lurched** to a stop. We were at a gas station. Daddy's watch said it was nearly midnight.



Mrs. Taylor walked to the front of the bus to ask the driver a question. I only heard his answer. "No, Ma'am," he told her. "I can't let you off here."

She stared at the sign over the restroom door. "No Coloureds" it read. She sniffed in disgust. "I'm going," she said.

Her voice made me rise to my feet. Suddenly I needed to go, too.

"Sir," I told the driver, "I got to go."

"You could be getting yourself into trouble, young lady," the driver warned.

"I got to go!" I said.

Mrs. Taylor and I walked arm in arm into a station, where a skinny boy not much older than me was trying to stay awake behind the counter. "Young man," Mrs. Taylor said, "we would like the key to the lady's room, please."

Her voice was so strong and clear it woke the boy right up. He looked at one of us, then the other.

"I... I can't let you in there." He told Mrs. Taylor. Her arm stiffened in mine.

"Yes you can," I said. They both looked down at me **startled**.

"Sure," I went on. "It's like my mama and daddy always say, 'You got the choice to do the right thing or not.'" (I didn't say that they usually told me that right after I'd gotten in trouble.)

The boy blinked, confused.

I kept on, like I was talking to a friend. "Mama says I make a lot of wrong choices, but I think letting us in would be the right one now."

The boy's cheeks flushed red. He coughed. Then he looked the other way and shoved the key across the counter, like he'd mislaid it - right in plain sight.

When we took the key back, our thank you's overlapped. The boy tried to look busy. He didn't have a "your welcome" to spare for us.

Mrs. Taylor was singing as we pulled back onto the road:

Get on board, children, children!

Get on board, children, children!

Get on board, children, children!

*Let's fight for **human rights!***

This time the words made sense and I sang along.

It was just getting bright when we finally parked in a field.



Never in my life had I ever seen so many buses. It was like the biggest basketball game you could imagine, only we were all **rooting** for the same team.

"Morning!" Mrs. Taylor called to me as we left the bus. "Fine weather," Daddy said to no one in particular. None of us looked like we'd been riding on a bus for a day and a night. We all look as if we'd just woken up to a day we'd been dreaming about.

Later, when Dr. King was speaking, we all stood together in a group. We were miles away from the **podium**, but would you believe it? I was sure he was looking right at me!

Dr. King's speech sounded fine. The way he spoke, it was just like music. But I wondered to myself: why is he telling me about his dream? What's it got to do with me?

Then I felt a hand resting softly on my shoulder. Mrs. Taylor gazed at me, tears streaming down her face. And that's when I knew it: the dream belonged not just to Dr. King and Mrs. Taylor and her husband, but me too and Daddy, and maybe even that boy at the gas station too.



Riding to Washington

1. What caused Janie to lurch forward? _____

2. What question do you think Ms. Taylor asked the bus driver? _____

3. How does Janie describe the boy working inside the counter? _____

4. Why do you think the boy said to Ms. Taylor "I can't give you the key"? _____

5. How do we know the young boy inside the counter was worried about being caught giving Ms. Taylor the key? _____

6. Why do you think the boy looked away when he gave Janie the key? _____

Who do you think Dr. King is? What dream do you think he is talking about?

Can you name at least 4 human rights? Use the internet if you need it!
