

Bat Loves the Night

Sequence of Events

As you read **Bat Loves the Night**, note the sequence of events as Bat wakes up and goes out to hunt in the night. Look for signal words such as *now*, *then*, and *soon* to help you understand the connection between sentences and paragraphs.

Use details from the story to record five steps Bat takes from the time she wakes up till the time she goes to sleep. Record the events in order on the following sequence chart.

Bat is waking, upside down as usual, hanging by her toenails. Her beady eyes open. Her pixie ears **twitch**. She shakes her thistledown fur. She unfurls her wings, made of skin so fine the finger bones inside show through.

Out under the broken tile into the nighttime garden. Over bushes, under trees, between fence posts, through the tangled hedge she **swoops** untouched.

Bat is at home in the darkness as a fish is in the water. She doesn't need to see—she can hear where she is going.

Bat shouts as she flies, louder than a hammer blow, higher than a **squeak**. She beams her voice around her like a flashlight, and the **echoes** come singing back. They carry a sound picture of all her voice has touched. Listening hard, Bat can hear every **detail**, the smallest twigs, the shape of leaves.

Gliding and fluttering back and forth, she shouts her torch of sound among the trees, listening for her supper. All is still. . . .

Then a fat moth takes flight below her. Bat plunges, fast as blinking, and grabs it in her open mouth.

But the moth's pearly scales are moon-dust slippery. It **slithers** from between her teeth. Bat dives, nets it with a wing tip, scoops it to her mouth. This time she bites hard. Its wings fall away, like the wrapper from a candy. In a moment the moth is eaten. Bat sneezes. The dusty scales got up her nose.

Hunting time has run out. The dark will soon be gone. In the east, the sky is getting light. It's past Bat's bedtime. She flies to the roof in the last shadows and swoops in under the broken tile. Inside, there are squeakings. Fifty hungry batlings hang in a huddle, hooked to a rafter by oversized feet. Bat lands and pushes in among them, toes first, upside down again. Bat knows her baby's voice, and calls to it. The velvet scrap batling climbs aboard and clings to Bat's fur by its coat-hanger feet. Wrapped in her leathery wings, the baby snuggles to sleep.

Sequence Chart

