

Four Corners Predictions

The Mystery of Old Rosie | Grade 5 ELA | Teacher notes | 45 to 50 min



BC English Language Arts 5

Comprehend and connect: Use a variety of comprehension strategies before, during, and after reading, listening, or viewing to guide inquiry and deepen understanding of texts.

Create and communicate: Exchange ideas and perspectives to build shared understanding.

Content: strategies: Reading strategies (predicting, making inferences) and oral language strategies (listening for specifics).

Set up

- Post the 4 Corner Signs (A, B, C, D).
- 1 Prediction Log per student, plus a pencil.
- Project the Stop Cards, or read the options aloud.

Words to know

- **orchard:** a farm full of fruit trees
- **suspect:** someone who might have done it
- **evidence:** clues that help prove something
- **stakeout:** hiding and watching to catch someone

How each stop runs (about 6 min)

1. **Read** to the red STOP box. Show the Stop Card. Read all four options.
2. **Write** (1 min): circle a corner. "I predict ___ because the story said ___."
3. **Move and talk** (2 min): agree on the corner's best clue. One reporter shares it.
4. **Switch** (15 sec): anyone convinced by another corner's evidence may move. Then read on.

Big message: a wrong prediction with good evidence is still a strong prediction. Celebrate the best clue, not just the right corner.

The odd corner **Odd one**

Each stop has one option the story rules out. Only listeners who missed a key detail will pick it. Treat it as a listening check, not a mistake: ask "What did the story say about ___?" and let them switch.

Key at a glance (each corner is right once and odd once)

Stop	Question	Happens	Odd one
1	What will Maya do to catch the apple thief?	B	C
2	Who is the apple thief?	D	A
3	Why has Sam been taking the apples?	A	D
4	What will Grandpa do?	C	B

Look-fors

- Names a specific clue from the text
- Revises a prediction when new evidence appears
- Disagrees respectfully in corner talk

After reading: writing (10 min, pick one)

- Which clue fooled you the most? Explain in 3 to 5 sentences.
- Write the first paragraph of Maya's next case.
- Write a new Stop 5 for this story: 3 predictions with evidence and 1 odd one.

The Mystery of Old Rosie

Read-aloud script. Read slowly and clearly: every clue matters. Teacher-only notes are in the coloured boxes.

PART 1

Maya Singh never went anywhere without her notebook. It had a green cover, a pencil tucked into the spiral, and two words printed on the front in black marker: CASE FILES.

So far, Maya had solved three cases. The Missing Library Book (under the couch). The Missing Sandwich (eaten by the neighbour's dog). The Missing TV Remote (in the freezer, beside the frozen peas. Nobody ever confessed.)

This long weekend, Maya was staying at Grandpa Dev's apple orchard in East Kelowna. She thought it would be a quiet few days. She was wrong.

"Somebody," said Grandpa, setting down two mugs of hot apple cider, "is stealing from Old Rosie."

Maya's pencil was out before he finished the sentence.

Old Rosie was the oldest tree on the farm. Grandpa's father had planted her seventy years ago, long before the gravel road was built. When the road came through, Grandpa put a fence around the rest of the orchard, but Old Rosie ended up on the outside, standing all alone right beside the road. Every October, her twisty branches hung heavy with red Spartan apples. Spartan apples were first grown in Summerland, just down the lake, and Grandpa said Old Rosie's were the sweetest in the whole Okanagan Valley.

They were also the secret to Grandpa's famous apple pie. The recipe came from Grandpa's father, the same man who planted Old Rosie. "A recipe is only worth something if you pass it on," Grandpa always said. He had tried to teach Maya more than once, but Maya liked mysteries, not measuring cups. The last time she helped, she used salt instead of sugar.

This Saturday, Grandpa was entering his pie in the Harvest Fair. He had won first prize three years in a row. "And nobody picks from Old Rosie but family," he said, tapping the table. "That's the rule."

"How many apples are missing?" Maya asked.

"About a dozen a day, ever since last weekend," said Grandpa. "But only from the bottom branches. The top of the tree is still full."

Bottom branches only. Thief is short? Or can't climb?

"Could it be a bear?" Maya asked. Bears sometimes wandered down from the hills in the fall, looking for apples.

Grandpa shook his head. "A bear is a messy eater. It snaps branches and leaves chewed apples everywhere. Whoever this is picks the apples neatly, one at a time, and doesn't leave a single core behind."

After supper, Maya went out to look at Old Rosie. In the soft dirt under the tree, she found footprints. They were small sneaker prints with a zigzag pattern, not much bigger than her own.

On her way back, she passed Grandpa's old trail camera, still strapped to a fence post. In the summer, Grandpa had used it to take pictures of the deer that wandered through at night. "The batteries died in July," he told her. "I never got around to replacing them." Maya thought about the pack of spare batteries she had brought for her flashlight.

Over the fence, Grandpa's neighbour, Mrs. Lindqvist, was waving. Mrs. Lindqvist was so small that she had to stand on a stool to reach her own kitchen cupboards, but her voice was enormous.

"Dev!" she called. "Better watch out on Saturday! My granddaughter is staying with me to help, and this year my pie will be unbeatable!"

Grandpa chuckled and waved back. "She's come second three years in a row," he whispered. "She really, really wants to win."

Maya's pencil went scritch, scritch, scritch.

That night, Grandpa's dog, Pepper, curled up on her blanket by the woodstove. Pepper was fourteen years old and almost completely deaf. She slept by that stove from supper until breakfast every single night. "She wouldn't wake up for a marching band," said Grandpa, scratching her grey ears.

Maya climbed the creaky stairs to the little bedroom at the top of the house. From her window, she could see the whole road, and right beside it, the dark, twisty shape of Old Rosie.

She opened her notebook to a fresh page and wrote THE MYSTERY OF OLD ROSIE across the top. Then she started to make a plan.

STOP 1 What will Maya do to catch the apple thief?

Show Stop Card 1. Read all four. 1 min to write on the log, then move to corners.

A

Stay up all night and watch Old Rosie from her bedroom window.

EVIDENCE IN THE STORY

Her window looks right out at the road and Old Rosie. She is a determined detective.

B

Put new batteries in Grandpa's trail camera and point it at Old Rosie.

EVIDENCE IN THE STORY

The camera takes pictures at night, but its batteries died. Maya brought spare batteries.

Happens

C

Leave Pepper outside to guard the tree and bark at the thief.

RULE-OUT CLUE

Pepper is almost deaf and sleeps by the woodstove from supper to breakfast. "She wouldn't wake up for a marching band."

Odd one

D

Go next door and question Mrs. Lindqvist.

EVIDENCE IN THE STORY

She really wants to win and bragged that her pie will be "unbeatable" this year.

PART 2

Reveal from Stop 1: B happens. A partly happens too: Maya keeps watch, but falls asleep at 10:37 p.m.

Maya tiptoed downstairs with her flashlight. She popped the dead batteries out of the trail camera and clicked in fresh ones. A tiny red light blinked on. She turned the camera so it pointed straight at Old Rosie's bottom branches.

Then she went back up to her window to keep watch, just in case. She lasted until 10:37 p.m. After that, her eyes closed all by themselves.

In the morning, Grandpa was standing under Old Rosie with his hands on his hips. "Eleven more," he said. "Gone."

Maya raced to the camera. Her fingers shook as she clicked through the pictures on its tiny screen. The night pictures were all black and white, which made everything look spooky.



11:14 p.m. A deer, nibbling apples that had fallen on the ground.



2:31 a.m. A raccoon, staring at the camera with glowing eyes.



5:52 a.m. A person.

Maya held her breath. The person was small. They wore a jacket with the hood pulled up and a backpack on their back, and they were reaching into Old Rosie's bottom branches. Their face was hidden in the shadow of the hood.

"Well," said Grandpa, peering over her shoulder. "That's no bear."

That afternoon, Maya and Grandpa walked down the road to get the mail. Grandpa waved an arm at the long rows of trees. "Harvest time," he said. "An orchard always needs another pair of hands." Maya kept her eyes open and her notebook ready.

Mrs. Lindqvist was already at the mailboxes in her hooded raincoat. "I walk this road every morning before the sun comes up," she told Maya proudly. "Rain or shine!" Beside her stood a girl about Maya's age, wearing a purple backpack.

"This is my granddaughter, Ruby," said Mrs. Lindqvist. "She got here last Friday, and she's been a huge help. Haven't you, dear?"

Ruby smiled, but she didn't say a word.

Then Maya noticed someone else. A boy was standing by the mailbox post, reading a poster. His hood was up, his hands were stuffed in his pockets, and a backpack hung off one shoulder. White, powdery dust was smeared down one sleeve of his hoodie.

"That's Sam," Grandpa said quietly. "His family just moved into the yellow house, all the way from Winnipeg. I keep meaning to go over and say hello."

Before Grandpa could, Mrs. Lindqvist bustled over and handed Sam a round metal tin. Sam mumbled, "Thanks," shoved the tin into his backpack, and hurried up the road without looking at anyone.

Maya walked over to read the poster.



On the walk home, they passed the bottom of the hill. Someone had nailed a brand-new, hand-painted sign to a post: FRESH APPLES, 50 CENTS.

That night, Maya read through her notes again and again. She had a photo. She had suspects. And she had one last chance before the fair.

She set her alarm for 5:00 a.m. In the cold, grey morning, she pulled on her warmest sweater and crept past Pepper, who was snoring by the woodstove. Then she crouched behind the woodpile, ten steps from Old Rosie, and waited.

5:30. Nothing. 5:45. Nothing. Her toes were going numb.

5:51. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch. Footsteps on the gravel road.

A small figure with a hood and a backpack stepped out of the fog and reached up into Old Rosie's branches.

STOP 2 Who is the apple thief?

Show Stop Card 2. Read all four. 1 min to write on the log, then move to corners.

A A hungry bear.	RULE-OUT CLUE Grandpa said a bear snaps branches and leaves a mess. The camera showed a person with a backpack.	Odd one
B Mrs. Lindqvist.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY She is tiny, walks the road every morning before sunrise in a hooded raincoat, and wants an "unbeatable" pie.	
C Ruby.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY She is kid-sized like the sneaker prints, has a backpack, and arrived last Friday, right when the apples started disappearing.	
D Sam.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY He is kid-sized, wears his hood up, carries a backpack, and was reading the Harvest Fair poster.	Happens

PART 3

Reveal from Stop 2: D: it is Sam. Ask the B and C corners which clue made their suspect look guilty. Their evidence was real.

"HEY!" Maya shouted, jumping up from behind the woodpile.

The figure spun around so fast that the hood fell back. It was Sam.

He was so startled that his backpack slid off his shoulder and landed in the dirt. The zipper burst open. Out tumbled a striped tea towel, and out of the tea towel rolled six shiny red apples, the very best ones, without a single bruise. Mrs. Lindqvist's metal tin clattered out after them.

Sam's face turned as red as the apples.

For a moment, nobody said anything. Maya had imagined this moment all night. In her head, she always said something clever, like a detective on TV. Instead, all that came out was, "Why?"

STOP 3 Why has Sam been taking the apples?

Show Stop Card 3. Read all four. 1 min to write on the log, then move to corners.

A	To bake pies for the Junior Baker Pie Contest.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY He was reading the poster about the new Junior Baker contest. White powder (flour?) on his sleeve. He wraps the best apples so they won't bruise.	Happens
B	To help Mrs. Lindqvist win the Adult Pie Contest.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY She handed Sam a tin and he hid it in his backpack. She really wants to win.	
C	To sell them at the "FRESH APPLES, 50 CENTS" stand.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY The sign is brand new, and someone is taking about a dozen apples a day.	
D	Because Grandpa asked him to pick them.	RULE-OUT CLUE Grandpa has never met Sam ("I keep meaning to go over and say hello"), and Grandpa is upset that apples are missing.	Odd one

PART 4

Reveal from Stop 3: A: Sam is practising for the Junior Baker contest. The tin was welcome cookies, not a secret deal.

Sam stared at his shoes. "I didn't know it was anybody's tree," he said quietly. "It's outside the fence, right next to the road. Back in Winnipeg, there were crabapple trees in the park, and anyone could pick them. I thought this was like that."

"But why so many?" asked Maya.

Sam took a deep breath. "My grandma still lives in Winnipeg. Every Sunday, we used to bake a pie together. She always let me do the crust." He swallowed. "When I saw the poster for the Junior Baker contest, I thought, if I win, I can send her a picture of my ribbon. So I've been practising her recipe every morning this week."

He brushed at his sleeve, and a little puff of flour floated into the air.

"But my pies keep coming out wrong," he said. "The first one was too sour. The second one burned. The last four were so runny you could drink them with a straw."

Maya almost laughed. Then she thought about how it would feel to move to a brand-new town where you didn't know anybody, with your grandma two whole days' drive away. She closed her notebook.

"And the tin?" she asked.

"Ginger cookies," said Sam. "Mrs. Lindqvist brought them for my family, to say welcome to the neighbourhood." He held out the tin. "Want one?"

Just then, the back door banged open. Grandpa stepped out in his slippers and his plaid housecoat, holding a flashlight. (Behind him, Pepper was still fast asleep.)

"What's all the shouting?" Grandpa asked. Then he saw Sam, the open backpack, and the apples in the dirt. He looked up at Old Rosie. Even after a whole week of picking, her top branches were still loaded with apples, far above where anyone Sam's size could reach.

Maya explained everything: the trail camera, the stakeout, the Junior Baker contest, the runny pies, and Sam's grandma in Winnipeg. Grandpa listened without saying a single word. Then he looked at Sam for a long, long time.

STOP 4 What will Grandpa do?

Show Stop Card 4. Read all four. 1 min to write on the log, then move to corners.

A	Make Sam work in the orchard to pay back the apples.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY Old Rosie is Grandpa's tree and Sam took a lot of apples. "An orchard always needs another pair of hands."	
B	Give up on the Harvest Fair, because there are no Old Rosie apples left.	RULE-OUT CLUE Old Rosie's top branches are still loaded with apples. Sam could only reach the bottom ones.	Odd one
C	Teach Sam the family pie recipe.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY "A recipe is only worth something if you pass it on." Maya does not like baking. Grandpa wanted to welcome the new family. Sam's pies keep going wrong.	Happens
D	Tell Sam to stay away from Old Rosie and bake his own pie alone.	EVIDENCE IN THE STORY "Nobody picks from Old Rosie but family." Grandpa has won first prize three years in a row.	

PART 5 (ENDING)

Reveal from Stop 4: C: Grandpa teaches Sam the recipe. A partly happens too: Sam will help pick the top branches after the fair.

Finally, Grandpa cleared his throat. "Sam," he said, "there's one rule on this farm. Nobody picks from Old Rosie but family."

Sam's shoulders drooped.

"So," Grandpa went on, and the corners of his moustache began to twitch, "I suppose we'd better make you family. Neighbours count." He held the door open. "Come inside. Let's find

out what's wrong with that pie."

In the warm kitchen, Grandpa tied an apron around Sam and showed him the secret his own father had taught him. "Slice the apples, toss them with sugar, and let them sit for half an hour," he said. "Then pour off the extra juice before they go into the crust. No more pie you can drink through a straw."

Sam rolled the crust, just the way his grandma had taught him. Grandpa did the apples. Maya, who was not allowed anywhere near the sugar, sat on a stool and took notes.

"After the fair," Grandpa added, "you can help me pick the top branches. An orchard always needs another pair of hands."

At one o'clock, the judges at the Harvest Fair tasted every pie. Sam's Old Rosie Spartan Pie won first prize in the Junior Baker contest. Maya snapped a picture of him holding up his blue ribbon, and Sam sent it to Winnipeg right away. His grandma called back in less than a minute.

In the Adult Pie Contest, for the first time in four years, Grandpa came second. (He had spent his whole morning helping Sam, after all.) The winner was Mrs. Lindqvist. She was so excited that she climbed up on a chair to wave her ribbon. Ruby, it turned out, really had been a huge help. She was the one who told her grandma to add a pinch of cardamom.

Grandpa clapped louder than anyone.

That night, Maya opened her notebook one last time. Under THE MYSTERY OF OLD ROSIE, she wrote:

CASE CLOSED. The thief was not a bear, not Mrs. Lindqvist, and not Ruby. It was a new kid who missed his grandma. Lesson learned: clues tell you WHAT happened. Asking tells you WHY.

Then, at the very bottom of the page, she added one more line: New friend: Sam.

THE END

Wrap-up talk (5 min)

- Which corner had the best evidence at each stop, even when it was not what happened?
- Maya writes, "Clues tell you WHAT happened. Asking tells you WHY." What does she mean?
- Which character did you misjudge? What made you suspect them?

Then students finish the "After the story" box on page 2 of their Prediction Log.