Never Too Old for Picture Books!

33rd Day of Reading
Secondary Reading League
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Alpha Antics

This strategy is similar to the book Q is for Duck. It is taken from the book Revisit, Reflect, Retell by Linda Hoyt. This activity would be most appropriate if done after students have read a chapter. It would be particularly useful if done with content area reading.

1. After reading, students need to develop a list of words that reflect their understanding of the topic. For instance, students that are studying westward movement may list immigrants, Promontory Point and transcontinental railroad.

2. Students then can write a book or a page similar to the one in this packet to demonstrate their understanding of the topic using the following format:

   G is for immigrants because many of the men that worked on the transcontinental railroad came from other countries such as Germany.

   S is for Promontory Point because that is where the golden spike was hammered in to complete the transcontinental railroad.

   C is for transcontinental railroad because it ended in California.

   ___________ is for ____________________________________________

   because _______________________________________________________

   _______________________________________________________________
M is for bravery George displayed when he joined the Virginia MILITIA as a MAJOR. He fought with the British during the French and Indian War.

S is for adventure as George wanted to become a SAILOR. His mother refused to allow him go out to sea.

V is for homestead because George grew up with his brothers and sister on Ferry Farm in VIRGINIA. He later moved to Mount VERNON on the Potomac River.

Idea from Revisit, Reflect, Retell by Linda Hoyt.
Alphaboxes

Alphaboxes are a great way to reflect on a book, story or textbook chapter. After reading, students think of words that reflect the most important points in the story. They can work individually, in pairs or in small groups. This can also be done as a class with the teacher as the scribe. Students write the words into the appropriate boxes on the form. When they are done they can be compared and used as a study guide for a later test. In fact, creating an alphabox could be your final assessment for a book or unit of study! This works equally well with fiction and non-fiction. This strategy stimulates a lot of discussion about concepts, vocabulary and the topic of study! (This idea is from Linda Hoyt and appears in her book *Revisit, Reflect, Retell.*)
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Associative Letter Report

1. Choose one letter that you can associate with your famous person.
2. Create a book having each page feature your chosen letter.
3. On each page, include text explaining how the letter represents your famous person and an illustration.

Example:

I IS FOR BEN FRANKLIN

I IS FOR INVENTOR
Ben created a lightning rod to protect buildings during thunderstorms.

I IS FOR IMPORT TAXES
Ben opposed the taxation of the colonists by the King of England. He tried to have the Stamp Act repealed.

I IS FOR INTERESTS
Ben went to London on several occasions to represent the interests of the American Colonies.

I IS FOR INVESTIGATIONS
Ben wanted to spend time on scientific investigations after he retired from political life.

I IS FOR INDUSTRIOUS
Ben had many careers during his lifetime. He was a newspaper owner, writer, publisher, inventor, postmaster, and politician.

Idea from Research Reports to Knock Your Teacher's Socks Off! by Nancy Polene
ABC Books That Enhance Content Areas

A Farmer’s Alphabet by M. Azarian
A is for America by D. Scillian
A is for Antarctica by Jonathon Chester
A Prairie Alphabet by J. Bannatyne-Cugnet
A Prairie Alphabet by Y. Moore
A to Zen by R. Wells (Japan)
Alaska ABC Book by C. Kreeger and S. Cartwright
America: A Patriotic Primer by Lynne Cheney
Arizona A to Z by D.H. Weaver
Ashanti to Zulu: African Traditions by Margaret Musgrove
C is for Coyote – A Southwest Alphabet Book by A. Helman
Canada from A to Z by B. Kalman and N. Walker
Capital! Washington, DC from A to Z by Laura Krauss Melmed
Caribbean Alphabet by F. Lessae
City Seen from A to Z by Rachel Isadora
Colonial Times from A to Z by B. Kalman
Cowboy Alphabet by J. Rice
Farm Alphabet Book by J. Miller
From A to Z – A Folk Alphabet by K. Jones
Geography from A to Z – A Picture Glossary by J. Knowlton
Illuminations by J. Hunt (Middle Ages)
New Mexico A to Z by D. H. Weaver
Norman Rockwell’s Americana ABC by G. Mendoza
People to Know: A is for Abigail by Lynne Cheney
T is for Texas by A. Bustard
Texas Alphabet by J. Rice
The Desert Alphabet by Sylvester Allred
The Jungle ABC by M. Roberts
The Sailor’s Alphabet by Michael McCurdy
Turtle Island ABC by G. Hausman

The following books are published by Sleeping Bear Press and have a variety of authors. They are wonderful. There is an alphabet book for every state and many, many more covering lots of different topics. To find out more, go to their website: www.sleepingbearpress.com!
B is for Big Sky Country: A Montana Alphabet
B is for Blue Crab: A Maryland Alphabet
B is for Bluegrass: A Kentucky Alphabet
B is for Buckeye: An Ohio Alphabet
C is for Centennial: A Colorado Alphabet
C is for Cornhusker: A Nebraska Alphabet
C is for Cowboy: A Wyoming Alphabet
E is for Empire State: A New York Alphabet
E is for Enchantment: A New Mexico Alphabet
E is for Evergreen: A Washington State Alphabet
F is for First State: A Delaware Alphabet
G is for Garden State: A New Jersey Alphabet
G is for Golden: A California Alphabet
G is for Grand Canyon: An Arizona Alphabet
G is for Granite: A New Hampshire Alphabet
H is for Hawkeye: An Iowa Alphabet
H is for Honor: A Military Alphabet
H is for Hoosier: An Indiana Alphabet
K is for Keystone: A Pennsylvania Alphabet
L is for Last Frontier: An Alaska Alphabet
L is for Lincoln: An Illinois Alphabet
L is for Lobster: A Maine Alphabet
L is for Lone Star: A Texas Alphabet
M is for Magnolia: A Mississippi Alphabet
M is for Mayflower: A Massachusetts Alphabet
M is for Mitten: A Michigan Alphabet
M is for Mountain State: A West Virginia Alphabet
N is for Natural State: An Arkansas Alphabet
N is for Nutmeg: A Connecticut Alphabet
O is for Old Dominion: A Virginia Alphabet
P is for Palmetto: A South Carolina Alphabet
P is for Peach: A Georgia Alphabet
P is for Pelican: A Louisiana Alphabet
R is for Rhyme: A Book of Poetry
S is for Show Me: A Missouri Alphabet
S is for Silver: A Nevada Alphabet
S is for Sooner: An Oklahoma Alphabet
S is for Sunflower: A Kansas Alphabet
S is for Sunshine: A Florida Alphabet
T is for Tar Heel: A North Carolina Alphabet
V is for Viking: A Minnesota Alphabet
V is for Volunteer: A Tennessee Alphabet
Y is for Yellowhammer: An Alabama Alphabet
Found Poem

A “found” poem can be a very powerful learning tool. It makes the students think about which words and phrases best portray the meaning of a text.

1. Use a picture book that has a strong message.
   Examples:
   - The Memory Coat -- An immigration story of a young Jewish boy coming to America.
   - Nettie’s Trip South -- A young girl’s first experience with slavery.
   - Katie’s Trunk -- Revolutionary War from the point of view of a Tory.
   - Rose Blanche -- A young girl discovers a Nazi concentration camp and brings food to the children.

2. Type up the entire text of the book. After reading the picture book to the class, hand out the text only page.

3. Individually, have the students highlight the ten phrases (not sentences) they think are most powerful.

4. Have the students choose two phrases from the ten that they would like to include in a poem.

5. Divide the class into groups of 5 or 6. Each group member is to write his/her two chosen phrases onto strips of paper.

6. Group members are to make their poem by manipulating the strips and gluing them onto chart paper in the order that the group decides upon.

7. Have the groups share their poems with the class.
When I’d been bad all day long, hiding Hattie’s doll under the sofa and never telling where it went, Mama sighed and said, “I should sit you down to sew long seams all day and get the goodness straight inside, Katie. What is wrong with you?”

I couldn’t tell it with a name, though I felt it inside, the way a horse knows a storm is near. I could feel the itchiness in the air, the wind bringing cold, the clouds tumbling over the trees bringing rain—a sour rain. “Must be,” Mama sighed and sat down to tea, “must be all this trouble and fighting. Why, it makes me skittish as a newborn calf, all this marching and talking, these letters your Papa speaks of, that tea they dumped in the harbor.”

Mama’s hand shook. “Tea! In the Harbor! Wasting God’s good food.” Brother Walter said, “That’s not the least of it. It will get worse.” She peered at him. “How could it be worse, Walter?” Then she shut her lips on the words. Already we had lost friends, neighbors, families we had played with on the green and helped with building their new barns.

Celia Warren no longer spoke to me. Her brother, Ralph, no longer spoke to Walter. Sometimes I heard that word hissed, “Tory!” like a snake about to bite. The rebels were arming, brother told me, marching and drilling beyond the meadows.

I’ll never forget the day they came. The sun was hot on the mill pond and Walter, Hattie, and I watched the dragonflies peel their skins off on the long grass and fly away. Something like smoke rose over the road and out of it Papa came running. “Get your mother! Hide in the woods. The rebels are coming!”

We ran to the house, Mama’s face like a white handkerchief. She shoved a piece of pork pie in our hands and ran us out to the thick woods where we could hide. Crouched in the underbrush, I felt like an animal in a trap. And suddenly I was so mad I could not still myself.

I raced for the house, Mama’s fierce whisper trying to call me back. I would not let John Warren and Reuben Otis hurt our house and things. It was not right, it was not just, it was not fair.

Inside our parlor, I touched each thing I loved: Mama’s pineapple teapot, the silver tray, shining like the moon, the pictures of all our kin ranged across the wall—home. Then I heard voices by the door, Reuben Otis, John Warren, Harold Smith and others, not our neighbors. “This’ll be fine pickings!” They paused on the front step and ripped the knocker off the wood.
I ran into Mama and Papa’s room, looking for a place to hide. If they could steal, they could hurt as well. There was Mama’s wedding trunk, big and black and domed. I pulled up the trunk lid and hid under the dresses. In the shut down darkness everything was muffled and faraway. The door slamming. Their footsteps next door in the parlor.

“English goods!” someone spat and something hit the floor and broke. My breath stuck in my throat. Someone cursed. I heard Reuben say, “Mr. Gray has money here. Look hard for it.” John Warren spoke of arms they would buy. The air closed around my mouth like a black cloth.

I bit my hand and prayed, though I was never much good at that. I thought my words might go up to God like bubbles in a pond to the silver top where they would burst. “Please, God, don’t let them find me, don’t let them hurt us, let me breathe.” The footsteps came closer, someone leaned against the trunk. My breath got caught somewhere midst my stomach and chest, and I could not get it back. There wasn’t enough air. John Warren said, “Fine dresses and silver here.” He pulled up the lid and the sweet air rushed in. I sucked in a breath as a dress was snatched out. The rustlings drowned their words, another dress went, and a hand touched me. I wanted to bite it, to make him jump and shout, but I stilled myself. Maybe he didn’t know. Suddenly he shouted, “Out! The Tories are coming. Back to the road! Hurry!” He did not close the lid, and footsteps sounded out the door.

Sudden quiet. My heart beat loud as the horses galloping down the road. Quiet as quiet, I crept to the window and looked out. No one. Puffs of smoke far down on the green. A horse thudding past, riderless; someone’s hat blowing by in the gusty wind. Would I ever play with Celia again? Would I always wear this name, Tory, as if it were written on my chest?

I sat down, hugged my knees and began to cry. Walter ran inside and hugged me so tight my nose stuck to his shirt. Mama, Papa, and Hattie came next, white as the moon and as silent. Only Mama scolded, “Katie! Leaving us that way…” Her voice broke and she sat beside me and stroked my hair. Papa looked out the window. “It’s not bad, dear ones, just a skirmish. No one’s hurt that I can see.”

Walter’s mouth snapped open and then shut tight. I wiped my eyes on his sleeve. A sudden thread like a song ran through my head. When Mama asked me to sew straight seams to get the goodness straight I knew I couldn’t do it. But John Warren had. When I hid in the black stuffy trunk, when my breath got lost in Mama’s dresses, he left the trunk lid up to let me breathe and called the others away.

He’d left one seam of goodness there, and we were all tied to it: Papa, Mama, Walter, Hattie, and me.
Dear Addie, you said, "Tell me about your trip South: tell me everything..." If we sat in our apple tree and I told you all, we would be there 'til the sun set. But these are the things I remember most: and though I'm only ten, I saw the slaves, I saw the South.

Mother and Father waved goodbye, the buggy creaked. I in my new furs too excited to cry, and Sister Julia, grown-up at fourteen. Brother Lockwood shouted directions and orders, excited to be on his first newspaper story. Father said, "Go, all of you: War may come soon, and this is your chance to see the South."

I admit I jumped, I admit I screamed - a little when the train chuffed and puffed and hooted into the station, my first train ride ever. Lockwood sat back and pretended to be calm but Julia and I bounced and twittered until our lace collars scratched our chins.

Addie, I was so worried I was almost sick. Julia told me slaves are thought to be three-fifths of a person. It's in the Constitution. I'd never seen a slave and wondered, What were they missing? Was it an arm, a leg, a foot, or something inside?

I couldn't ask Lockwood, he has such a sharp tongue, and Julia was busy being grown-up, so I kept my worry to myself all the way south on the train, across Chesapeake Bay. I looked and looked at black people, but I could not see what was missing.

I stayed in my first hotel in Richmond. I asked our black maid, "Are you a slave?" She nodded and said, "Tabitha's my name - don't have no other." Like a cat or a dog, Addie, with only one name. I looked and looked, but she had a nose, two eyes, a mouth, two arms and, though I could not see her legs, I saw her feet under her skirts. I sighed then and Tabitha opened the windows: a sweet cedar smell rushed in. She sniffed and said, "That's the smell of the South, missy."

Next day, Brother took us on a buggy ride to a near plantation. Trees were like old men with tattered gray coats, and the sun pressed down on our heads. Sister Julia was thirsty and asked a boy for water. His face was so black and round and fierce, it could've been fired from a cannon in war. I saw where he got the water. There was a shack run-down with heaps of rags in the corner. I think for beds, and a grandmother with his legs every whichway lying on the rags. Everyone smiled and nodded 'cept me. Some animals live better, Addie.

The cedars didn't smell so sweet that night, and the smell got in my nose as Brother walked and talked all that week. On Saturday we went to town and stopped on a street by a green gate.
A red flag outside said, "Negro Auction Today." I didn't want to go. Addie, but Brother said he had to see it for his story, pulled us in, and sat us down.

There was a platform. There was a fat man in a tight white suit. There was a black woman on the platform. "Jump, aunt, jump!" the man shouted. Someone called out a price and she was gone. Gone, Addie, like a sack of flour pushed across a store counter.

There was a man with a face like the oak in our yard. all twisted, and he ran and jumped and was sold. And two children our age clasped hands but were bought by different men, and the man in the white hat had to tear them apart.

I threw up. Addie, right there with all the men and ladies about. They stepped aside and put their handkerchiefs to their noses. I wanted to cry, "I'm not what smells!" But Brother took us home, walked so fast I knew he was mad.

He made me lie down to rest while he and Julia packed our bags. I heard him say, "I've seen all I need to see." We left then, the sweet cedar smell still blowing in the wind, the sun like a warm hand, and Tabitha waved from the doorway and told me to wear my furs.

Addie, couldn't wear my lace collar, I felt so raw and ill. We came home to the white and the ice. Julia won't talk of what we saw but Brother makes up for that. When you come in June we will climb the apple tree to our porch and I will tell you all I saw.

Addie, I can't get this out of my thoughts: If we slipp'd into a black skin like a tight coat, everything would change. No one would call us by our last names, for we would not have them. Addie and Nettie we'd be, until we were worn out and died. When someone called, we'd jump!

We could not read in the apple tree with the sun coming through the leaves, for no one would teach us to read and no one would give us a book.

And Addie, at any time we could be sold by a fat man in a white hat in a tight white suit and we'd have to go, just like that.

Dear Addie, Write soon. I miss you, and I have bad dreams at night. Love, Nettie.
My name is Rose Blanche. I live in a small town in Germany with narrow streets, old fountains and tall houses with pigeons on the roofs. One day the first truck arrived and many men left. Winter was beginning.

Now the trucks follow each other under the school windows. They are full of soldiers we don't know, but they wink at us. They drive tanks that make sparks on the cobblestones. They are so noisy and smell like diesel oil. They hurt my ears and I have to hold my nose when they pass by.

Sometimes it seems like things haven't really changed. But my mother wants me to be careful crossing the street between all the trucks. She says soldiers won't slow down.

Lots of times I walk by the river, just looking at it. Branches float along and sometimes old, broken toys. I like the color of the river. It looks like the sky.

The trucks are fun to watch. We stand in the doorway as they pass. We don't know where they're going. But we think they're going someplace on the other side of the river.

One day one of them stopped so the soldiers could repair the engine. A little boy jumped from the back of the truck and tried to run away. But the mayor was standing there in the middle of the street. He grabbed the little boy by the collar and brought him back to the truck. Then he smiled at the soldiers without speaking. And they thanked him. The sky was gray. The soldiers climbed back into the truck; doors banged shut and it pulled away. It happened very fast.

I wanted to know where the little boy went. So I watched the truck until it disappeared around the corner. The street was crowded. Kids were playing. There were bicycles and farmer's tractors all over. But I walked on the sidewalk ignoring everyone — and no one saw me.

I walked for a long time, past the edge of town into the open fields, where I had never been. The clouds were gray. Everything was frozen. Sometimes I ran. I followed the tracks into the forest and found a clearing.

Suddenly, electric barbed wired stopped me. Behind it there were some children standing still. I didn't know any of them. The youngest said they were hungry. Since I had a piece of bread, I carefully handed it to them through the pointed wires. They all stood in front of long wooden houses. The sun was setting behind the hills. It was windy, I was cold.

Weeks passed by in the pale winter. Rose Blanche's appetite surprised her mother: she took more to school than she ate at home. All the bread and butter she could carry; even more jam and apples from the cellar.

Rose Blanche was getting thinner. In town, only the mayor was
staying fat. Everyone watched everyone else. Rose Blanche hid her food in her school bag and sneaked out of school early.

By now she knew the road by heart. There were more children by the wooden houses, and they were also getting thinner behind the barbed wire fence. Some of them had a star pinned on their shirts. It was bright yellow.

When the snow melted and the streets were very muddy, the trucks full of weary soldiers drove only at night. This time in the other direction. They were coming with no lights on from the far side of the river, and they never stopped.

One morning all the people in the town fled, carrying pots and burlap bags and chairs. There were soldiers among them. Some had torn uniforms. Some were limping. Some were in pain and asking for water.

Rose Blanche disappeared that day. She had walked into the forest again. Fog had erased the road. Rose Blanche was hopping around mud puddles to keep her shoes clean. In the middle of the woods, the clearing had changed. It was empty. Rose Blanche dropped her school bag full of food. She stood still. Shadows were moving between the trees. It was hard to see them. Soldiers see the enemy everywhere. There was a shot.

At that moment in town, some other soldiers arrived. Their trucks and their tanks were also noisy, and they smelled like diesel oil. But their uniforms were a different color. And they spoke a different language.

Rose Blanche's mother waited a long time for her little girl. The crocuses finally sprang up from the ground. The river swelled and overflowed its banks. Trees were green and full of birds. Spring sang.
The Memory Coat
By Elvira Woodruff  Illus. by Michael Dooling

Long ago, a young girl named Rachel and her cousin, Grisha, lived with their family in a small town, far away in Russia. Such a town was called a shtetl. It was where many of the Jewish people lived. There they worked as cobblers, blacksmiths, tailors and shopkeepers. Their little wooden houses and shops ran all along the cobblestone streets.

These houses were often filled with large and lively families. Rachel and Grisha had such a family. And oh, what a commotion they made! There always seemed to be a baby crying in the cradle, a cousin tapping at the door, an older sister humming at the stove, a younger sister pleading for something sweet to eat—and always, there was Rachel chattering away. And in the midst of this and that, there was their grandmother, Bubba, covering her ears and shaking them.

"Khikhna av vem?" she would say.

But quiet was something Rachel could never be, for she loved to tell stories. And her cousin Grisha loved to draw pictures to go along with them. From the first morning light to the setting of the sun, Rachel and Grisha's stories continued. They were the best of friends. And they shared all of their deepest secrets.

But it had barely been a year ago that Grisha had come to live with Rachel's family. He had been orphaned when he lost his parents in an epidemic. And there were still times when he would run to the alley behind the synagogue where he could be alone to grieve. At these times, Rachel's mother and grandmother worried about Grisha being outdoors in the cold, with only his threadbare coat to keep him warm. But whenever they offered to make him a new one, Grisha always refused.

"I like my coat the way it is," he would tell them sharply, and he'd race out into the icy wind. Then Rachel would throw on her own warm, woolen coat and fly out the door to comfort him.

Grisha always found great comfort in their storytelling game. And once they began, the game could last for hours. One day, Rachel pointed out a mouse that had run under a wagon. "Such a long tail," Grisha sighed.

"Yes, he's very fine," Rachel agreed. "And look, he's come from the Tsar's palace with a message." Rachel's voice grew low and shivery with excitement as she went on to tell the story of this enchanted mouse. "On ahead, Grisha, draw it just as I say."

With his scratched fingers curled around a frosted twig, Grisha scratched a dazzling castle in the snow. In its turret, he drew a mouse with a miniature sword in its paw and a tiny smile on his whiskered face. And so the two spent many a frosty afternoon in the alley behind the synagogue, with Rachel weaving her words for Grisha's swirling figures in the snow.

Meanwhile, from within the temple, their grandfather's chanted prayers were as comforting as a lullaby. Life was simple and bittersweet, and it seemed these times would never end.

Then one day, news spread through the marketplace that the Cossacks were coming on powerful horses and waving sharp swords. They were looking to kill anyone who was Jewish. There was great chaos as babies cried, dogs barked, and wagons scattered over cobblestones. People screamed and shouted and ran to hide in their cellars and attics and barns.

From their attic window Rachel and Grisha trembled as the Cossacks swept through their town.

"Russia is no longer a safe place for us to live," their grandfather whispered late that night, as the frightened family gathered together.

"We must not wait for our children's blood to cover the snow," Rachel's father added. "We must go to America. In America, they will be safe."

So the family set about making plans to leave. They sold most of what they owned to buy their tickets and said good-bye to, one by one, friends and neighbors packed and left. In the days that followed, Rachel's family wondered and worried about the journey they were about to make. They had heard stories about the long, hard ocean voyage and the dangers along the way.

But the tales that frightened them the most were of those immigrants who had given up so much and traveled so far, only to be turned away at a place called Ellis Island, an inspection station in New York's harbor. There, immigrants were inspected to be sure they were healthy, and had enough money, and could take care of themselves.

"We must make a good impression, so that we'll all be allowed to stay in America," their grandfather told them, as the family gathered around the table for the last time. "If we make one mistake, we could be separated forever."

Everyone shuddered at the thought. "There will be no mistakes," Rachel's father said.

"Then we'll have to do something about Grisha's coat," Bubba decided. "Look how torn and latticed it's become. If we're to make a good impression, he will have to have a new one. Come, Grisha, let me measure your arm."
“Not!” Grisha cried. He grasped the coat and ran to the attic to hide.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” his aunts and uncles chucked and shook their heads. “What can he see in such an old coat?”

“He sees the inside,” Rachel whispered. “It’s lined with the beautiful wood from his own mother’s coat. Inside, his can still find his mamma’s touch.”

“Ah.” Their grandfather’s sad sigh filled the room, as a fierce wind whistled around the windows. Everyone lowered their eyes, ashamed at having forgotten how Grisha’s dear mother had struggled to make him the little coat in the last winter of her life. Not another word was spoken about it, and Bubba took out his basket to mend the coat once more.

Early the next morning, the family packed their few belongings and said good-bye to the only place they’d ever called home. Together, they made the difficult journey — first by wagon, then by train, and finally, by the big ship that crossed the ocean to America.

The rough ocean voyage took fourteen days. To comfort themselves, Rachel and Grisha played their story game. By the time they reached New York’s harbor, they had left a trail of their stories and drawings stretching all the way back to Russia.

And so it was that this family made its way to a long line of people, to the place called Ellis Island. And so it was that Grisha’s tattered coat made its way with them. Grisha and Rachel held tight to their grandmother’s skirts as they were swept along in the crowd.

As the sea of thousands of strange voices echoed through the large hall, they couldn’t help wondering and worrying about the inspectors who watched them. Would they pass the inspection? Would they be sent back to Russia? Would the family be separated forever?

They waited in line, then another, then another. To still their fears, Rachel and Grisha continued their game. “Once there lived a magical bird with golden feathers,” Rachel began. Grisha took out a pencil and a piece of paper he’d found and leaned on a plaster pillar as he drew.

As she told her story, Rachel spread her arms and pretended to fly. But she suddenly lost her balance and fell against Grisha. The two stumbled down and knocked over Bubba’s basket beside them. Rachel was unhurt, but Grisha scratched his eye on the basket’s lid.

By the time his turn came to be examined, Grisha’s injured eye looked quite red and irritated. When the doctor lifted Grisha’s shirt with a buttonhook, Grisha cried out in pain. Taking a quick look, the doctor marked a large letter “E” in chalk on the back of Grisha’s coat. Rachel felt her Bubba’s hand tightening around her own as everyone began to talk at once. Something was wrong. Something was happening to Grisha. He hadn’t passed the inspection. He was going to be sent back to Russia.

“His eye is healthy — it was just a scratch,” Rachel’s father pleaded to the inspector. But the interpreter had stepped away. The doctor could not understand Russian or Yiddish, and Rachel’s father could not speak a word of English. So the doctor just shook his head, and the chalk “E” remained.

The children were sent to sit on a bench and wait. “Why won’t they let Grisha stay?” Rachel’s younger sister asked.

“Maybe it’s his ragged old coat,” said another sister. “You should have listened to Bubba and let her make you a new one.”

“I won’t let them send you back,” Rachel whispered to Grisha. Suddenly, Rachel had an idea. Quickly, she pulled off Grisha’s coat and turned it inside out, exposing the beautiful wood from his mother’s coat.

Now the damaged chalk mark was hidden from view, and Rachel’s father was able to walk Grisha over to another line where he was examined once more. This doctor was kinder and more patient. And he understood Yiddish. He took a closer look at Grisha’s eye and saw it was only a scratch. So he kept his chalk in his pocket and Grisha passed through with the rest of the family.

“Such a one!” Rachel’s father cried, as he lifted Rachel and kissed her cheeks. Everyone was laughing and crying at once.

Bubba hugged Rachel and Grisha tight. “You were right, Grisha,” Bubba said. “This coat of yours is very special. Your mamma’s touch will be with you for a very long time. Not only here on the outside - but here,” she said, tapping Grisha’s chest. “On the inside. The most important place of all.”

Now, so many winters later, the cousins’ whispered stories can be heard no more. But in the land far from the icy Russian winds, Grisha’s tattered coat has been passed down to his children and to his grandchildren. And here it remains to tell a bigger story. For in that worn bit of wood, held together by caring stitches, are the memories of a mother’s love, and of a family’s journey made so long ago.
POEMS FOR TWO VOICES

Resource Materials:
Fleischman, Paul. *Joyful Noise: Poems for Two Voices*
*The Phoenix*

Procedure:
1. Share some samples from Paul Fleischman's books.
2. Have students read the poems silently before reading as a group or in partners.
3. Model how the poem is read using expression and attention to punctuation.
4. Have the students read the poem aloud in partners or groups.
5. Discuss the form of a poem for two voices.
6. Working in pairs, have the students write similar poems of their own.
7. Fold a piece of notebook paper down the center.
8. Each partner will write their portion of the poem/dialogue along the same side down the paper. Words that both partners say together will be written in the center of the paper over the fold.
9. The speeches should move down the paper in the sequence in which they will be read (designated by a., b., c., under format).
10. When completed, share poems orally with the class.

Format:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VOICE ONE</th>
<th>BOTH VOICES TOGETHER</th>
<th>VOICE TWO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a. ________</td>
<td></td>
<td>b. ________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>c. ______________</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Extension:
1. Write the poem as a dialogue between two people with opposing points of view. (Revolutionary War, Civil War, Civil Rights, etc.)
2. Each voice speaks individually and then the two voices speak together commenting on something about which they agree OR disagree.
3. Partners do NOT have to come to an agreement by the end of the poem!
Escaped Slave
1780-1865

Running, running,
Travel by night, hide by day.
Dogs on my trail, men with guns,
Nowhere to rest, keep on the run!

Get away, get away,
Got to get away,
Keep on running, find a way,
Got to get away.

North Star guide me,
Don't let them find me.
Woods and marsh and twisting track,
Road so muddy, Feet all bloody,

Keep on running, Can't turn back.
Running, running, got to get away.
Travel by night, hide by day.
Dogs on my trail, men with guns,
Nowhere to rest, stay on the run!

Get away, get away
Got to get away.
Nowhere safe for me to stay.
and chains and beatings,
   Run from the whips
   Endless hours in blazing sun.
   Hunger, sorrow,
   Hopeless tomorrows,
Can take no more,
   Got to run.
   Running, running,
   got to get away.
Travel by night,
hide by day.
Dreams of freedom, liberty,
   No more bondage,
   got to be free.
It Says, I Say, And So

This is a strategy developed by Kylene Beers that helps students look critically at text and generate questions that call for inference. It also reinforces the idea that inference is based on background knowledge plus text evidence. It works well with any type of text.

Give students some background on the topic to be studied and have them generate questions about that topic. You will probably need to model how to ask good questions. Students then write the questions in their chart. Next, have the students look for text sections that could answer the questions and write them in the “It Says” column. Have students write their own interpretation of the text based on their prior knowledge in their “I Say” column. Finally, they should construct an answer to their original question in the “And So” column.

A good way to model this strategy is to generate the questions that you want the students to answer so that they only have to fill in the final 3 columns.

From When Kids Can’t Read: What Teachers Can Do by Kylene Beers
Barefoot
by Pamela Duncan Edwards

The Barefoot didn’t see the eyes watching him as he ran onto the overgrown pathway. His breath came in great gasps. In the hours since he had run from the plantation, he had traveled faster and farther than ever in his life. He was fearful of what lay before him. He was terrified of what lay behind.

The heron’s keen eyes had spotted the Barefoot moving furtively toward the pathway. The heron’s warning cry had been a signal to the other animals. They had seen many Barefeet along their pathway. And they had seen some of them being led away in ropes by the Heavy Boots.

The Barefoot stooped and leaned wearily against the trunk of a loblolly pine. He raised a bottle to his lips. It was empty, and no water flowed to his mouth. Then from a few feet away came the urgent croaking of a frog. It sang out its message into the night: “Freshwater. Freshwater.”

The Barefoot moved toward the sound and drank deeply. Looking back along the pathway, the Barefoot made a decision. He sank down in the tall marsh grass, his head on his arms. There was a rustling sound. His heart pounding, the Barefoot slowly raised his head and saw a white-footed mouse nibbling a wild berry. The white-footed mouse scurried away as the Barefoot reached for a handful of berries, stuffing them into his mouth with a frantic hunger.

From the branches of the cherry tree a mockingbird began to sing. Looking up at the tree, the Barefoot watched a squirrel disappearing into its nest of twigs and leaves. With an exhausted sigh, the Barefoot pulled a thick blanket of leaves over himself. He closed his eyes and rested. But the heron, standing sentinel, broke the silence. His warning cry echoed along the pathway.

The Heavy Boots were closing in on their prey. It was too late for the Barefoot to find safety. Loud voices and tramping feet grew nearer. “We’ll get him,” cried a voice. “He’ll soon be back where he belongs” laughed another. One of the Heavy Boots kicked at a rock in his path.

Suddenly out of the grass rose an army of mosquitoes. The Heavy Boots stopped within inches of where the Barefoot lay. Dozens of mosquitoes attacked, biting hands and faces and through clothing. The Heavy Boots moved away from the marsh grass, slapping and cursing.
Ahead of them a shape darted across the pathway. A cracking of branches brought cries of “There he is,” as the Heavy Boots crashed their way into the thick undergrowth. They cursed again and slashed at greenbrier and poison ivy as the deer led them farther and farther away from where Barefoot lay trembling.

The mosquitoes returned to their hideaways amid the grass. The mockingbird sang again. The Barefoot looked at his body in awe. Not one mosquito bite was to be seen.

Hidden along the pathway, the animals watched the Barefoot. He walked straighter than before, knowing he had eluded his pursuers. The pathway opened out to a wider area. Trees had been felled and logs stacked as if for a fire. Standing a little way off was a house. The animals heard a quick intake of the Barefoot’s breath. Did this house represent safety or danger?

The Barefoot strained to see the house, but the moon remained behind thick clouds. Then out from the trees flew firefly after firefly. Their tiny lanterns sparkled and flashed as the Barefoot moved silently forward. His eyes suddenly made out the shape of a quilt hanging in front of the house. This was the signal of welcome for which the Barefoot had been hoping.

As he reached the quilt, a door opened and a warm light flooded through. With wonder on his face, the Barefoot glanced back at the pathway he had traveled. He slipped through the door, the noises of the animals followed him. To the Barefoot’s ears, the sounds were a salute to courage.

Silence fell again along the pathway, and the animals slept. But through their dreams the heron’s cry once again screamed a warning. Another Barefoot was approaching.

What was the role of the animals in this story? Give specific examples from the text.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Barefoot by Pamela Duncan Edwards</th>
<th>It Says</th>
<th>I Say</th>
<th>And So</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Read the question.</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Who is Barefoot and why is he so afraid?</td>
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<td>2. Who are the Heavy Boots and what is their prey?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. How does Barefoot feel after being protected by the mosquitoes?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. How did Barefoot know it was safe for him to go to the house?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
<td>And So</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Why did Miss Hester ask Alan to stay with Fritz?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. How did Alan get Fritz to take a nap?</td>
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<td>3. Why did Alan believe that the duck was truly Fritz when he picked it up?</td>
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<td>4. How did Fritz end up with Alan’s hat?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
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<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. What does Walter think of the hotel on top of Mt. Everest?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<td>2. What happened to the Grand Canyon?</td>
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<td>3. What lesson did Walter learn in this book?</td>
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<td>4. Who is the man that Walter meets on the last page?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
<td>And So</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. On the first page of the book, why was the wreck of a sailboat a most unusual sight?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<td>2. How did the boy and his boat get to the strange island?</td>
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<td>3. Why do you think the sailor sang about Samuel Blue to the boy?</td>
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<td>4. Who was the old man telling the story?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. How does Bibot treat his dog?</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Why does Bibot believe the woman was crazy?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. After eating the first fig, what powers does Bibot believe the fig has given him?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. What happened when Marcel ate the second fig?</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**The Sweetest Fig** – Chris Van Allsburg

**It Says**

**I Say**

**And So**

1. Read the question.

2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.

3. Think about what you know about that information.

4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>The Polar Express by Chris Van Allsburg</th>
<th>It Says</th>
<th>I Say</th>
<th>And So</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Why were the elves gathered in the center of the town?</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Why did the boy ask for a bell from Santa?</td>
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<td>3. Why couldn’t the children leave the train to search for the bell?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. What is the author telling us about Christmas bells?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>Ben’s Dream by Chris Van Allsburg</td>
<td>I Say</td>
<td>And So</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Read the question.</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. How did Margaret feel about the rain?</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Why did Ben dream about places around the world?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Does Margaret enjoy reading her geography book?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. What is special about the stranger?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Why is the weather so peculiar?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Why are the leaves upsetting the stranger?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Why does this happen? Where has the stranger gone?</td>
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<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Why do the men and women of the neighborhood disagree about the broom?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Why was the broom able to amuse itself for hours sweeping the road?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Why did the broom hit the Spivey boys and toss their dog in the air?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. How did the widow trick Mr. Spivey?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Question</td>
<td>It Says</td>
<td>I Say</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. Why are the ants so eager to work for the queen?</td>
<td>2. Find information from the text that will help you answer the question.</td>
<td>3. Think about what you know about that information.</td>
<td>4. Combine what the text says with what you know to come up with an answer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. What is the beautiful sparkling crystal?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Where did the ants end up?</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. What did the ants learn?</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you thine = your doth = do perhap = maybe
'tis = it is canst = can didst = did pray = hope, please
sayest = says 'twas = it was crost = across e'er = ever

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

Read This Poem!
By Douglas Florian

If thou doth not read this poem real soon
I'll make thou eat a rotten prune.
And if thou stop just halfway through.
I'll pinch thou till thine face turns blue.
Don't even think to finish here
Or else I'll have to pull thine ear.
But if thou read it to the end.
I promise that I'll be thine friend.
### Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

| thou, thee = you | thine = your | doth = do | perhap = maybe |
| 'tis = it is | canst = can | didst = did | pray = hope, please |
| sayest = say | 'twas = it was | crost = across | e'er = ever |

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

**The Last Piece of Cake**  
By Douglas Florian

Whoever ate the last piece of cake,  
I pray thee gets a bellyache  
Or bit when thou sits on a poisonous snake  
Perhap all the bones in thine body will break  
When thou're crushed to mush in a giant earthquake.  
What's that thou sayest?  
'Twas me?  
ME who ate the last piece of cake?  
"Twas my mistake.
Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you  thine = your  doth = do  perhap = maybe
'tis = it is  canst = can  didst = did  pray = hope, please
sayest = say  'twas = it was  crost = across  e'er = ever

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

Blood-curdling Story
By Shel Silverstein

That story is creepy  ________________________________
'Tis waily, 'tis weepy,  ________________________________
'Tis screechy and screamey  ________________________________
Right up to the end  ________________________________
'Tis spooky, 'tis crawly,  ________________________________
'Tis grizzly, 'tis gory  ________________________________
'Tis the awfulest story  ________________________________
(Pray tell it again)  ________________________________
Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you  thine = your  doth = do  perhap = maybe
'tis = it is  canst = can  didst = did  pray = hope, please
sayest = say  'twas = it was  crost = across  e'er = ever

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

Sharing
By Shel Silverstein

I'll share thine toys,  ________________________________
I'll share thine money  ________________________________
I'll share thine toast,  ________________________________
I'll share thine honey,  ________________________________
I'll share thine milk  ________________________________
And thine cookies too  ________________________________
The hard part's  ________________________________
Sharing mine with thou.  ________________________________
translating shakespeare (canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you thine = your doth = do perhap = maybe
'tis = it is canst = can didst = did pray = hope, please
sayest = say 'twas = it was crost = across e'er = ever

read the shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard english on the right side of the page.

'tis foolish to relax
by jack Prelutsky

'tis foolish to relax
sprawled crost the railroad tracks,
thou will surely find out why
when the next express rolls by.
Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you thine = your doth = do perhap = maybe
tis = it is canst = can didst = did pray = hope, please
sayest = say twas = it was crost = across e'er = ever

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

Little Bird Outside My Window
By Jack Prelutsky

Little bird outside my window
I canst hear thou in my room
As thou sweetly serenades me
And eradicates the gloom.

Thine chirping, 'tis the sweetest
That my ears have e'er heard
It awakens me each morning
Zip thine beak up, little bird!
Translating Shakespeare (Canst thou read this poem?)

thou, thee = you
'tis = it is
sayest = say
thine = your
canst = can
'twas = it was
doth = do
didst = did
crost = across
derap = hope, please
dost = do
perhap = maybe
e'er = ever

Read the Shakespearean version of the poem and translate it to standard English on the right side of the page.

I Didst Not Eat Thine Ice Cream
By Jack Prelutsky

I didst not eat thine ice cream,
I didst not swipe thine socks,
I didst not stuff thine lunch box
With rubber bands and rocks
I didst not hide thine sweater
I didst not dent thine bike
It must have been my sister
We look a lot alike.
I want you to listen to me very carefully, Harry. You're not a bad person. You're a good person who has bad things happen to.

Mama says, “Stupid is as stupid does.”

Doth thou knowest the difference 'tween thou and me? 'Tis that I maketh this look good.

I want thee to listen to me with care, Harry. Thou art not a bad person. Thou art a good person to which bad things hath happened.

You know the difference between you and me? I make this look good.

Mama sayest, “Stupid be as stupid doth.”

Uncle Ben wouldn’t want us living with revenge in our hearts. It can take you over and turn you into something ugly.
Uncle Ben wouldst not have wanted us living with a vengeful heart. It canst take thou o’er and turn thou into an ugly thing.

I shall get thou, my pretty and thine little dog, too.

A lie keepeth growing and growing ‘till ‘tis clear as the nose on thine face.

A lie keeps growing and growing until it’s as clear as the nose on your face.

Will you tell me something? Have you come because you need my help to save a certain distressing damsel? Or... Rather a damsel in distress.
Willst thou tell me? Hast thou come because thou needst help to save this certain distressing damsel? Or . . . perchance a damsel in distress?

I shall make him an offer he canst not refuse. Hast thou e’er danced with the Devil in the pale moonlight?

I’m going to make him an offer he can’t refuse. Have you ever danced with the Devil in the pale moonlight?

They may takest away our lives, but they ne’er shall takest our freedom! They may take away our lives, but they’ll never take our freedom.
Men in Black

Wizard of Oz

Harry Potter

Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End

Spiderman III

Forrest Gump
Braveheart  The Godfather

Batman  Pinocchio

Braveheart  The Godfather

Batman  Pinocchio
Key to the Shakespeare Movie Quotes

Mama says, “Stupid is as stupid does.”
   Forrest Gump

You know the difference between you and me? I make this look good.
   Men in Black

I’ll get you, my pretty, and your little dog, too.
   Wizard of Oz

A lie keeps growing and growing until it’s as clear as the nose on your face.
   Pinocchio

I’m going to make him an offer he can’t refuse.
   The Godfather

They may take away our lives, but they’ll never take our freedom.
   Braveheart

Have you ever danced with the Devil in the pale moonlight?
   Batman

I want you to listen to me very carefully, Harry. You’re not a bad person. You’re a good person who bad things have happened to. Do you understand?
   Harry Potter

Uncle Ben wouldn’t want us living with revenge in our hearts. It can take you over and turn us into something ugly.
   Spiderman III

Will you tell me something? Have you come because you need my help to save a certain distressing damsel? Errr…. Rather a damsel in distress.
   Pirates of the Caribbean: At World’s End
You are about to become the author and illustrator of a Shakespeare children’s book! You will need to modernize the text of the play so that elementary school students understand the language in the book. Your target audience is a third grade class (nine year olds). The text must be neatly typed and grammatically correct with no spelling errors. Each page must have illustrations to help the reader further understand the play. Your book must have a minimum of 15 pages, not including the cover.

Be creative!
Books to Help Teach Language Arts

**Idioms**
A Hog on Ice and Other Curious Expressions by C.E. Funk
Amelia Bedelia books by Peggy Parish
Heavens to Betsy and Other Curious Sayings by C.E. Funk
In a Pickle and Other Funny Idioms by M. Terban
Mad as a Wet Hen! And Other Funny Idioms by M. Terban
Monkey Business by Wallace Edwards
Who Let the Cat Out of the Bag?

**Onomatopoeia**
Bam Bam Bam by Eve Merriam
Barnyard Song by Rhonda Greene
Listen to the Rain by Bill Martin Jr. and John Archambault
Welcome to the Green House by Jane Yolen

**Alliteration**
Animalia by Graeme Base
Away from Home by Anita Lobel
Dinorella by Pamela Duncan Edwards
How the Grinch Stole Christmas! by Dr. Seuss
Six Sick Sheep: 101 Tongue Twisters by J. Cole & S. Calmenson
Tongue Twisters by Charles Keller

**Personification**
Call Me Ahnighito by Pam Conrad
January Rides the Wind: A Book of Months by Charlotte F. Otten
October Smiled Back by Lisa Westberg Peters
Old Elm Speaks: Tree Poems by Kristine O'Connell
The Little House by Virginia Lee Burton

**Similes and Metaphors**
As Silly as Knees, As Busy as Bees: An Astounding Assortment of Similes by Norton Juster
Owl Moon by Jane Yolen
Quick as a Cricket by Audrey Wood
Seven Blind Mice by Ed Young
The Tale of Custard the Dragon by Ogden Nash

**Poems for Two Voices**
Big Talk by Paul Fleischman (for 4 voices)
I Am Phoenix by Paul Fleischman
Joyful Noise by Paul Fleischman

**Grammar**
Eats, Shoots & Leaves: Why, Commas Really Do Make a Difference! By Lynne Truss
The Girl's Like Spaghetti: Why You Can't Manage without Apostrophes by Lynne Truss
Twenty-odd Ducks: Why, Every Punctuation Mark Counts by Lynne Truss
Homophones/Homographs
A Chocolate Moose for Dinner by Fred Gwynne
A Little Pigeon Toad by Fred Gwynne
A Sixteen Hand Horse by Fred Gwynne
Eight Ate: A Feast of Homonym Riddles by M. Terban
Hey Hay! A Wagonful of Funny Homonym Riddles by M. Terban
The Dove Dove: Funny Homograph Riddles by M. Terban
The King Who Rained by Fred Gwynne
What’s a Frank Frank? By G. Maestro
What’s Mite Might? Homophone Riddles to Boost Your Word Power by G. Maestro

Parts of Speech
A Cache of Jewels and Other Collective Nouns by Ruth Heller
Behind the Mask: A Book About Prepositions by Ruth Heller
I Think I Thought and Other Tricky Verbs by M. Terban
Kites Sail High: A Book About Verbs by Ruth Heller
Many Luscious Lollipops: A Book About Adjectives by Ruth Heller
Merry-Go-Round: A Book About Adverbs by Ruth Heller
The Amazing Pop-up Grammar Book by Jennie Maizels and Kate Petty
Your Foot’s on My feet! And Other Tricky Nouns by M. Terban

Shakespeare Picture Books
A Midsummer Night’s Dream by William Shakespeare
All the World’s a Stage by Rebecca Davidson
Hamlet by Bruce Coville
Romeo and Juliet by Bruce Coville
Shakespeare’s Globe: An Interactive Pop-up Theatre by Toby Forward
Shakespeare’s Romeo & Juliet by Michael Rosen and Jane Ray
Tales from Shakespeare by Tina Packer
Twelfth Night by Bruce Coville
William Shakespeare’s Macbeth by Bruce Coville
Young Reader’s Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet by Adam McKeown

Miscellaneous
All Aboard Overnight: A Book of Compound Words by B. Maestro
Easy as Pie: A Guessing Game of Sayings by M. Folsom
Grand Slams, Hat Tricks, and Alley-Oops: A Sports Fan’s Book of Words by R. Hendrickson
Guppies in Tuxedoes: Funny Eponyms by M. Terban
Miss Alaineus: A Vocabulary Disaster by Debra Frasier
Once Upon a Time, the End by G. Kloske and B. Blitt (summarizing)
Superdupers: Really Funny Real Words by M. Terban
Taxi: A Book of City Words by B. Maestro
Too Hot to Hoot! Palindrome Riddles by M. Terban
Which is Witch? By J. Franklyn
Picture Books for Building Background Knowledge in Social Studies

Communities
Arthur’s Neighborhood by Marc Brown
Chief by Chris Ganci
Coming to America by Bernard Wolf
Heron Street by Ann Turner
Homes Around the World by Jackson
Houses by Fries
My House Has Stars by Megan McDonald
New Providence: A Changing Cityscape by Renata Von Tscharner and Ronald Fleming
Old Henry by Joan Blos
Old McDonald Had an Apartment House by Judi Barrett
Sing a Song of People by Lois Lenski
Somewhere in the World Right Now by Stacey Shuett
The Little House by Virginia Lee Burton
Town and Country by Alice Provensen
Town Mouse/Country Mouse by Schecter
Whale Snow by Debby Dahl Edwardsen

Government
A More Perfect Union: The Story of Our Constitution by Giulio Maestro
House Mouse Senate Mouse by Peter and Cheryl Barnes
If You Were There When They Signed the Constitution by Elizabeth Levy
Marshall the Court House Mouse by Peter and Cheryl Barnes
Voice of the People: American Democracy in Action by Betsy Maestro
Vote! by Eileen Christelow
We the Kids by David Catrow
We the People: The Constitution of the USA by Peter Spier
Woodrow, the White House Mouse by Peter and Cheryl Barnes

Citizenship
Capital by Lynn Curlee
Capital! Washington D.C from A to Z by Laura Krauss Melmed
Law and Order by Adams
Looking at Liberty by Harvey Stevenson
Stars and Stripes by Sarah L. Thomson
Stars and Stripes: Our National Flag by Leonard E. Fisher
The Flag We Love by Ryan
The Inside-Outide Book of Washington, D.C. by Roxie Munro
Uncle Sam and Old Glory: Symbols of America by Jean West
Yankee Doodle Riddles by Joan Holub
Geography – U.S. Overview
America the Beautiful by Katherine Lee Bates
Anno’s USA by Anno
Greetings from America: Postcards from Donavan and Daisy
by Ray Nelson, Jr. and Douglas Kelly
M is for Majestic by David Domenicone
Purple Mountain’s Majesties: The Story of “America the Beautiful” by Barbara Younger
Stringbean’s Trip to the Shining Sea by Vera B. Williams
The Armadillo from Amarillo by Lynn Cherry
The Journey of Oliver K. Woodman by Darcy Pattison
This Land is Your Land by Woody Guthrie

U.S. Geography – Northeast Region
Giants in the Land by Diana Applebaum
Going Lobstering by Jerry Pallotta
My Great Aunt Arizona by Cynthia Rylant
The Erie Canal by Peter Spier

U.S. Geography – Southeast Region
Appalachia: The Voices of Sleeping Birds by Cynthia Rylant
Blues Journey by Walter Dean Myers
Everglades by Jean Craighead George
Feliciana Feydra LeRoux by Tynia Thomassie
Home on the Bayou by Faras
In Coal Country by Hendershot
Keelboat Annie by Janet Johnson
My Great Aunt Arizona by Gloria Houston
When I Was Young in the Mountains by Cynthia Rylant

U.S. Geography – Middle West Region
Dakota Dugout by Ann Turner
Heartland by Diane Siebert
Hiawatha by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
I Have Heard of a Land by Joyce Carol Thomas
Mississippi River: A Journey Down the Father of Waters by Peter Lourie
My Prairie Christmas by Brett Harvey
My Prairie Year: Based on the Diary of Elenore Plaisted by Brett Harvey
The Legend of the Indian Paintbrush by Tomie DePaola
U.S. Geography – West Region (including Alaska and Hawaii)

Akiak by Robert Blake (Alaska)
Baby in a Basket by Gloria Rand (Alaska)
Brother Eagle, Sister Sky by Susan Jeffers
Cowboy Country by Ann Herbert Scott
Dear Katie, The Volcano is a Girl by Jean Craighead George (Hawaii)
Dumpling Soup by Jama Kim Rattigan (Hawaii)
Grand Canyon: Exploring a Natural Wonder by Wendell Minor
Sierra by Diane Siebert
The Island-below-the-star by James Rumford (Hawaii)
The Rough-Face Girl by Rafe Martin
Torch Fishing With the Sun by Laurie E. Williams (Hawaii)
Whale Snow by Debby Dahl Edwardsen
Where the Buffaloes Begin by Olaf Baker

U.S. Geography – Southwest Region

Annie and the Old One by Miska Miles
Bubba the Cowboy Prince: A Fractured Texas Tale by Helen Ketteman
Grand Canyon: Exploring a Natural Wonder by Wendell Minor
Lewis and Papa by Barbara Joosee
Mojave by Diane Seibert
Susanna of the Alamo by John Jakes
The Desert is Theirs by Byrd Baylor
The Legend of the Bluebonnet by Tomie DePaola

U.S. History – Exploration

Encounter by Jane Yolen
Follow the Dream: The Story of Christopher Columbus by Peter Sis
I Wish I'd Sailed With Captain Cook by Leonie Young
Marco Polo: His Notebook by Susan Roth
Prince Henry the Navigator by Leonard E. Fisher

U.S. History - Colonization

If You Sailed on the Mayflower in 1620 by Ann McGovern
Molly Bannaky by Alice McGill
Roanoke: The Lost Colony by Jane Yolen and Heidi Yolen Stemple
Stranded at Plimoth Plantation, 1626 by Gary Bowen
The New Americans: Colonial Times, 1620-1689 by Guilio Maestro
U.S. History – Revolution

Amazing Life of Benjamin Franklin by James Cross Giblin
George Washington: A Picture Book Biography by James Cross Giblin
George Washington’s Teeth by Deborah Chandra and Madeleine Comora
Heroes from the Revolution by David Adler
Homespun Saray by Verla Kay
If You Lived at the Time of the American Revolution by Kay Moore
Katie’s Trunk by Ann Turner
Paul Revere’s Ride by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
The Eve of the Revolution by Barbara Burt
The Hatmaker’s Sign Retold by Candace Fleming
This Time, Tempe Wick? By Patricia Lee Gauch
Welcome to Felicity’s World, 1774: Life in Colonial America
Published by Pleasant Company

U.S. History – Westward Expansion

A Picture Book of Lewis And Clark by David Adler
Araminta’s Paint Box by Karen Ackerman
Beardream by Will Hobbs
Best Friends by Loretta Krupinski
Boom Town by Sonia Levitin
Cassie’s Journey: Going West in the 1860’s by Brett Harvey
Coolies by Yin
Dandelions by Eve Bunting and Greg Shed
Gold Fever by Verla Kay
How We Crossed the West: the Adventures of Lewis and Clark by Rosalyn Schazer
I Have Heard of a Land by Joyce Carol Thomas
If You Lived with the Sioux Indians
If You Traveled West in a Covered Wagon by Ellen Levine
Lewis and Clark: Explorers of the American West by Steven Kroll
My Prairie Christmas by Brett Harvey
My Prairie Year by Brett Harvey
Orphan Train by Berla Kaye
Pioneer Girl by William Anderson
Red Flower Goes West by Ann Turner
The Great Expedition of Lewis and Clark by Private Reubin Field, Member of the Corps of Discovery by Judith Edwards
Train to Somewhere by Eve Bunting
U.S. History – Civil War and Slavery

* A Slave Family by Bobbie Kalman and Amanda Bishop
* Abe Lincoln Remembers by Ann Turner
* Cecil’s Story by George Ella Lyon
* Christmas in the Big House, Christmas in the Quarters by Patricia McKissack
* A Good Night For Freedom by Barbara Morrow
* Aunt Harriet’s Underground Railroad in the Sky by Faith Ringgold
* Drummer Boy by Ann Turner
* Duel of the Ironclads by Patrick O’Brien
* Follow the Drinking Gourd by Jeanette Winter
* Ghosts of the Civil War by Cheryl Harness
* Henry’s Freedom Box by Ellen Levine
* If You Lived at the Time of the Civil War by Kay Moore
* If you Traveled on the Underground Railroad by Ellen Levine
* In the Time of the Drums by Kim Siegelson
* John Brown: One Man Against Slavery by Gwen Everett
* Li’l Dan the Drummer Boy by Romare Beardon
* Liberty Street by Candice Ransom
* More Than Anything Else by Marie Bradley
* Nettie’s Trip South by Ann Turner
* Only Passing Through: the Story of Sojourner Truth by Anne Rockwell
* Pink and Say by Patricia Polacco
* Sweet Clara and the Freedom quilt by Deborah Hopkinson
* The Blue and the Gray by Eve Bunting
* The Picture Book of Harriet Beecher Stowe by David Adler
* Thunder at Gettysburg by Patricia Lee Gauch
* Under the Quilt of Night by Deborah Hopkinson
* Yankee Blue or Rebel Gray? By Kate Connell
U.S. History – Immigration

Aekyung’s Dream by Min Pack
An Ellis Island Christmas by Maxinne Leighton
Angel Child, Dragon Child by Michele Surat
Anna the Bookbinder by Andrea Cheng
Apple Pie and Onions by Judith Caseley
At Ellis Island: A History in Many Voices by Louise Peacock
Coming To America: The Story of Immigration by Betsy Maestro
Ellis Island: A New Hope in a New Land by William Jay Jacobs
Grandfather’s Journey by Allen Say
How Many Days to America by Eve Bunting
If Your Name Was Changed at Ellis Island by Ellen Levine
Immigrant Kids by Russell Freedman
Mrs. Katz and Tush by Patricia Polacco
Peppe the Lamplighter by Elise Bartone
River Boy by William Anderson (Mark Twain)
The Memory Coat by Elvira Woodruff
We Came Through Ellis Island by Gare Thompson
When I First Came to This Land Retold by Harriet Ziefert
When Jessie Came Across the Sea by Amy Hest

U.S. History – 20th Century

All Aboard! A True Train Story by Susan Kuklin
The Dust Bowl by David Booth
Girl Wonder: A Baseball Story in Nine Innings by Deborah Hopkinson
Players in Pigtails by Shana Carey (women’s baseball league)
Prairie Train by Marsha Wilson Chall
Silent Movie by Avi
Smoky Night by Eve Bunting (LA Riots)
Something Permanent by Cynthia Rylant
The Butter Battle Book by Dr. Seuss
The Flyers by Allan Drummond (Wright Brothers)
The Great Migration: An American Story by Jacob Lawrence
The Little House by Virginia Lee Burton
The Train They Call the City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman

U.S. History – WWI

In Flanders Fields: The Story of the Poem by Linda Granfield
Where Poppies Grow: A World War I Companion by Linda Granfield
U.S. History – The Holocaust/ WWII

A Knock at the Door by Eric Sonderling
Angel With a Mouth-Organ by Christobel Mattingley
Baseball Saved Us by Ken Mochizuki
Best Friends by Elisabeth Reuter
But No Candy by Gloria Houston
Child of the Warsaw Ghetto by David Adler
Faithful Elephants: A True Story of Animals, People and War by Yukio Tsuchiya
High Flight by Linda Granfield
Hilde and Eli: Children of the Holocaust by Karen Ritz
Hiroshima No Pika by Toshi Maruki
Home of the Brave and Music for Alice both by Allen Say
Let the Celebrations Begin! By Margaret Wild
Mercedes and the Chocolate Pilot by Margot Raven
My Hiroshima by Junko Morimoto
Rose Blanche by Roberto Innocenti
Sadako by Eleanaor Coerr
Sleeping Boy by Sonia Craddock
So Far From the Sea by Eve Bunting
Terrible Things: An Allegory of the Holocaust by Eve Bunting
The Bracelet by Yoshiko Uchida
The Butterfly by Patricia Polacco
The Cats in Krasinski Square by Karen Hesse
The Children We Remember by Chana B. Abells
The Harmonica by Tony Johnston
The Lily Cupboard by Shulamith Oppenheim
The Miracle Tree by Christobel Mattingley
The Number on My Grandfather’s Arm by David Adler
The Yellow Star: The Legend of King Christian X of Denmark by Carmen Deedy
Who Was the Woman Who Wore the Hat? By Nancy Patz

U.S. History – Vietnam War

Angel Child, Dragon Child by Michele Surat
Patrol: An American Soldier in Vietnam by Walter Dean Myers
The Wall by Eve Bunting

U.S. History – Civil Rights

If You Lived at the Time of Martin Luther King by Ellen Levine
Martin’s Big Words: The Life of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. by D.Rappaport
Smoky Night by Eve Bunting
Teammates by Peter Golenbock
The Story of Ruby Bridges by Robert Coles
We are the Ship by Kadir Nelson
Sociology/Psychology Topics

Fly Away Home by Eve Bunting (homelessness)
Be Good to Eddie Lee by Virginia Fleming (Down’s syndrome)

World Geography

Bringing the Rain to Kapiti Plain by Verna Aardema (Africa)
If the World Were A Village: A Book About the World’s People by D. Smith
Mandela by Floyd Cooper (Africa)
Mufaro’s Beautiful Daughters by John Steptoe (Africa)
My House Has Stars by Megan McDonald
Oh, Kojo! How Could You? by Verna Aardema (Africa)
Somewhere in the World Right Now by Stacey Shuett
The Egyptian Cinderella by Shirley Climo (Africa)
The Girl Who Loved Caterpillars by Jean Merrill (Japan)
The Treasure by Uri Shulevitz (Europe)
Thomas’s Sheep and the Great Geography Test by Steven Layne
Why the Sun and the Moon Live in the Sky by Elphinstone Dayrell (Africa)
Science Picture Books

*Lucy Long Ago: Uncovering the Mystery of Where We Came From* by Catherine Thimmesh (evolution)

*Ouch! How Your body Makes it Through a Very Bad Day* by Richard Walker (body defenses)

*Sky Tree* by Thomas Locker (trees)

*Cloud Dance* by Thomas Locker (clouds)

*Everybody Needs a Rock* by Byrd Baylor (geology)

*Sierra* by Diane Seibert (geology)

*Mojave* by Diane Seibert (geology)

*Heartland* by Diane Seibert (geology)

*The Magic School Bus Inside the Earth* by Joanna Cole (geology)

*The Pebble in My Pocket* by Meredith Hooper (geology)

*Volcano* by Seymour Simon (geology)

*If You Are a Hunter of Fossils* by Byrd Baylor (geology)

*Oceans* by Seymour Simon (oceans)

*The Magic School Bus on the Ocean Floor* by Joanna Cole (oceans)

*Weather* by Seymour Simon (weather)

*Hurricanes* by Seymour Simon (weather)

*Tornadoes* by Seymour Simon (weather)

*Lightning* by Seymour Simon (weather)

*Storms* by Seymour Simon (weather)

*A Drop of Water* by Walter Wick (weather)

*Eye of the Storm: Chasing Storms with Warren Faidley* by Stephen Kramer (weather)

*Snowflake Bentley* by J. B. Martin (weather)

*A River Ran Wild* by Lynn Cherry (rivers)

*The World That Jack Built* by Ruth Brown (pollution)

*Farewell to Shady Glade* by Bill Peet (environmental problems)

*The Wump World* by Bill Peet (environmental problems)

*The Lorax* by Dr. Seuss (environment problems)
Bibliography of Resources

_Beyond Words: Picture Books for Older Readers and Writers_ by Susan Benedict and Lenore Carlisle

_Classroom Strategies for Interactive Learning_ by Doug Buehl

_Making the Match: the Right book for the Right Reader at the Right Time, Grades 4-12_ by Teri Lesesne

_Research Reports To Knock Your Teacher’s Socks Off_ by Nancy Polette

_Revisit, Reflect, Retell_ by Linda Hoyt

_Seeing the Whole Through Social Studies_ by Tarry Lindquist

_Snapshots: Literacy Minilessons Up Close_ by Linda Hoyt

_Young Adult Literature in the Classroom_ by Joan Elliott and Mary Dupuis

_Book Links_ magazine, published by American Library Association