

# Unit #4: Small Yet Powerful Writing

10<sup>th</sup> Grade World Literature

Mr. Coia

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_

## Tues 12/1

- SOTW #8: Quotation Marks, part 2
- Read/mark/discuss "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon
- Brainstorming

HW: Prepare for notebook check #4; find a digital photo of yourself from the age of 4-8. Save in Google Drive. If you cannot log in to school computers/Google, you MUST get this fixed by next class. See Mr. Thompson in the IC

## Thurs 12/3

- **Notebook check #4**
- "Where I'm From" poetry work
- Read student examples
- Work on your own

HW: Find a digital photo of yourself from the age of 4-8. Save in Google Drive; your poem should be complete. Save in Google Drive

## Mon 12/7

- SOTW #9: Apostrophe Problems
- Final assembly of poem and picture
- Print in COLOR and turn in
- Zen parables: assign groups
- Pick one to analyze (What does it mean? Why is it effective? What meaning does it have for modern day?)

HW: Read and thoroughly mark your parable. Include three applications we in 2015 can make from this

## Wed 12/9

- Zen parable groups: discuss parable analysis
- Create a short, 3-min play illustrating the parable
- Skit practice

HW: Practice skit with costume/props

## Fri 12/11

- Perform a short, 3-min play illustrating the parable.
- Watch film clips from *Les Miserables* (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oBROS-plkzM>) and *The Karate Kid* (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8aYI7NOJPWs>)
- Haiku poetry: 5-7-5 syllables observing nature

HW: Type three of your best haikus; print three and cut for display (Use color and creative fonts). This is your last homework assignment of 2015!

## Tues 12/15

- Share haikus
- SOTW #10: Indefinite Pronouns
- Read/mark/discuss "The Gift of the Magi"
- Irony!

HW: None

## Thurs 12/17

- Christmas Song Mash-Up Creative Writing activity
- Short film: [The Butterfly Circus](#) (23 mins)
- How does this film address concepts discussed this year? Examples of irony? "Where I'm From" connections?
- Discussion on film's themes

HW: No homework over break; We'll begin the new year with *Candide*.

# Assignments for this Unit

## Where I'm From Poetry

We will work on our first full-length poem this unit recording sights, sounds, and smells of your childhood.

## Zen Parable Analysis and Acting Groups

We'll read and analyze one of the zen parables. Then, in groups, you'll bring one to life through acting. Here is the grading rubric:

Quality of performance	1	2	3	4	5
Clearly displays parable	1	2	3	4	5
All members have active role	1	2	3		
Shows planning	1	2	3		
			Total	_____/16	

## Notebook and Supply Check

You'll need the following for our notebook check **Thursday, 12/3**. Remember, we'll add to this throughout the year to provide you with an orderly notebook. Therefore, you need ALL the pieces to receive credit. No partial credit offered on this.

You need two tabs with the following:

### LA Handouts:

- Unit guide #4 (on top)
- Unit guide #3
- Technology marked articles (unit guide 1, p. 9-13)
- Passages on Reading and Thinking Handout (unit 1, p 14)
- 6 Traits Overview sheet
- 6 Traits grading rubric
- "How Do I Format My Paper?" handout (unit 1, p. 7-8)
- Class Rules sheet, initialed

### LA Classwork:

Notes from lectures, presentations, mini-lessons. Remember you should be taking notes each class period. You will also have at least 25 sheets of loose-leaf paper in your binder, and your pens, pencils, highlighter, etc.

## **Standards for This Unit, or, Why We are Learning This!**

### Reading

- 10E1c.1:** Identify different types (*genres*) of fiction and describe the major characteristics of each form.
- 10E1c.2:** Analyze the purposes and the characteristics of different forms of dramatic literature to include comedy, tragedy, and dramatic monologue.
- 10E1c.4:** Evaluate interactions among characters in a literary text and explain how those interactions affect the plot.
- 10E1c.5:** Analyze characters' traits by what the characters say about themselves in narration, dialogue, and soliloquy.
- 10E1c.6:** Compare works that express a universal theme and provide evidence to support the views expressed in each work.

### Writing

- 10E2a.1:** Discuss ideas for writing with classmates, teachers, and other writers and develop drafts alone and collaboratively.
- 10E2a.2:** Establish a coherent thesis that conveys a clear perspective on the subject and maintains a consistent tone and focus throughout the piece of writing.
- 10E2a.3:** Use precise language, action verbs, sensory details, and appropriate modifiers, and the active ("I will always remember my first trip to the city") rather than the passive voice ("My first trip to the city will always be remembered").

### Speaking

- 10E3a17:** Deliver oral responses to literature that:
- a. Advance a judgment demonstrating a comprehensive understanding of the significant ideas of works or passages.
  - b. Support important ideas and viewpoints through accurate and detailed references to the text and to other works.
  - c. Demonstrate awareness of the author's writing style and an appreciation of the effects created.
  - d. Identify and assess the impact of ambiguities, nuances, and complexities within the text.

## Where I'm From Poetry Assignment

Mr. Coia

Assignment: Do you ever get annoyed when people ask, "Where are you from?" For you, this may have a variety of answers. This assignment will answer that question not with places, but with moments and memories. Following the George Ella Lyons's published poem and examples from former students, you will create your own poem to explain where you are from.

### Part I: Creating a List

- Read "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon; underline vivid images.
- Read student examples.
- Brainstorm a list of your own childhood memories.
- Put in a list of the five senses.
- Next, go beyond places. Describe colors, people, and objects.
- Then, try to remember sayings from others.
- Be as specific as possible.
- Try a rough draft of your own poem.

Prompts to help spark your memory and creativity:

- ⇒ items from around the house
- ⇒ items from the yard
- ⇒ items found in the neighborhood
- ⇒ names of relatives
- ⇒ sayings by parents/friends
- ⇒ names of foods, dishes that recalls family gatherings
- ⇒ names of specific places

### Part II: Converting into a Final Copy

- Find the lines that you find particularly **interesting** and **creative**.
- String them together in any order you'd like, remembering to have **stanza breaks** throughout.
- **Vary the length** of your lines. This creates a powerful effect in writing.
- Include the line "**I am from those moments**" somewhere near the end of your work.
- Type up your work to include:
  - An original title (*Where I'm From* is not original!)
  - Your name, period, and date (See usual class header)
  - A digital picture of you inserted from age 4-8.
  - Your final poem will be about 25-35 lines
  - Always see examples for assistance

Due Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Where I'm From** by George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins,  
from Clorox and carbon tetrachloride.  
I am from the dirt under the back porch.  
(Black, glistening  
it tasted like beets.)  
I am from the forsythia bush,  
the Dutch elm  
whose long gone limbs I remember  
as if they were my own.

I'm from fudge and eyeglasses,  
from Imogene and Alafair.  
I'm from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons,  
from perk up and pipe down.  
I'm from He restoreth my soul with a  
cottonball lamb  
and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,  
fried corn and strong coffee.  
From the finger my grandfather lost to the auger  
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.  
Under my bed was a dress box  
spilling old pictures,  
a sift of lost faces  
to drift beneath my dreams.

I am from those moments—  
snapped before I budded—  
leaf-fall from the family tree

## Student Examples

### **What My Dad Built**

Where I'm From  
Amber L.

I am from warm rain and salty air  
from "Because I said so" and "Comb your hair"

I am from the torment of grasshoppers, a small earthquake in my fist.  
From the hidden strawberry bushes,  
holding hands, my first kiss.

I am from the classic Goofy Movie, raccoons, Chucky and "please help me!"  
I am from climbing on the roof, three brothers, rug burns, and scraped knees.  
From the cold hard wood floors, my friend Tessa that no one else had ever seen.  
I am from the smell of wood chips, the heavenly taste of homemade clam dip

I am from the tire swing hung at the church, with my little brother screaming, "Superman!!"  
From my dad saying, "I'll be fine."  
But with the blood, I didn't understand.  
I am from the hand-built deck by my dad, fresh paint glistening in the sun.

From the now peeling and worn look,  
the way it used to be is now gone and done.

### **The Mexico Not on the Travel Brochures**

Where I'm From  
Alicia G.

I'm from a green house that my grandmother use to live in, in Mexico  
From where my knees were always skinned  
I'm from mango trees behind my house  
From seeing my brother getting bit by our neighbors dog  
From being poor  
I'm from a broken down roof

From a lady giving us free food, but my mom would find ways to pay her back  
I'm from an uncle who would always come home drunk with no money to feed us

From taking cold showers and heating the water on a gas stove  
I'm from the stairs that scratched my face, arms and legs when I fell  
From the tile floors that were always cold  
I'm from learning to ride my bike for the first time on gravel

I'm from a mother who did anything to have food on the table  
From a sister who would always rebel

I'm from a stove that rat was hiding behind and my brother and I would try to catch it.  
From watching my mother wash clothes by hand in a concrete sink outside and then hanging them up  
on a rope out side.

I'm from having birthday parties and having everyone come that we knew  
From being grateful for what you have that is what my mother use to say in Spanish to all of us

I'm from those moments  
In Vera Cruz, Mexico a country that offers so little to their people

### **Wisconsin's Breezes**

Lauren N.

I'm from baths in the kitchen sink,  
From Downy and Mom's perfume  
I am from flowers by the fence (yellow and springy  
they tasted like crayons).  
I am from the ivy crawling up the house,  
The baby tree whose sturdy trunk shot from the ground  
A mirror image of my planted feet.

I'm from sprinkles and plastic table donut shops  
From Bert and Ernie  
I'm from stupid heads and dot dot I got my cootie shot  
From "don't touch this" and "don't touch that."  
I'm from Hymn No. 96 and why is this piece of bread so small?  
And Bible crafts made from neon pipe cleaners.

I'm from Bill and Darlene's branch  
From hot soup and freshly baked corn bread  
From the "Well, when I was little"s and the snowy games  
Told to me by Green Bay Packer season ticket holders  
In the storage room are boxes  
Overflowing with shiny, color-coated memories  
Bundles of dreams kept alive  
To ask my mother about.

I am from those moments  
A leaf changing color with the weather  
Time only strengthens the branch that holds me.

## **Springfield Street**

Mr. Coia

I'm from Springfield Street, walking distance to the projects  
from where Richard and Terri lived down the road  
Richard with a burnt face that I never dared to ask what happened  
from where the forbidden Fantasia brothers lived, Ricky and Mario  
We were secret friends until I punched Mario in the eye

from stealing toys from Zayre, from sitting in the security office waiting for Dad  
from the orange Pinto that my sister was ashamed to ride in  
and I was too young to realize that I should be, too  
from Catrina, my Portuguese girlfriend  
I talked to her three times

I'm from a \$21,000 fixer-upper  
later foreclosed  
shag carpeting and paneling  
a carpeted pool turned into a coffee table

from Hailing Mary to bowing before Our Father in Holy Cross  
from the frightening confessional  
pleading with God over a stolen art room eraser  
Glory Be

from Lucky, the untrained labrador  
Dad said we were lucky to have her

from a field infested with rats and one in the dryer  
a basement that floods from a leaky bulkhead  
a bar that Dad never quite finished

I'm from "Take your brother with you"  
and "Buy me a pack of Old Golds"

I'm from The Greatest American Hero, A-Team  
and Three's Company  
Suzanne Somers, my first kiss  
Sorry, Catrina

from a plastic, blue skateboard and a ten-speed  
no hands!  
a green, metallic jeep that we fought over  
the Star Wars guys fit snugly in

I'm from those moments  
from Rhode Island  
a small state with a tight grip

# Zen Parables

from *Shaseki-shu (Collection of Stone and Sand)* by Muju

## 14. Muddy Road

Tanzan and Ekido were once traveling together down a muddy road. A heavy rain was still falling. Coming around a bend, they met a lovely girl in a silk **kimono** and sash, unable to cross the intersection.

“Come on, girl!” said Tanzan at once. Lifting her in his arms, he carried her over the mud. Ekido did not speak again until that night when they reached a lodging temple. Then he no longer could restrain himself. “We monks don’t go near females,” he told Tanzan, “especially not young and lovely ones. It is dangerous. Why did you do that?”

“I left the girl there,” said Tanzan. “Are you still carrying her?”

## 18. A Parable

Buddha told a **parable** in sutra:

A man traveling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a **precipice**, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted!

## 37. Publishing the Sutras

Tetsugen, a devotee of Zen in Japan, decided to publish the sutras, which at that time were available only in Chinese. The books were to be printed with wood blocks in an edition of seven thousand copies, a tremendous undertaking.

Tetsugen began by traveling and collecting donations for this purpose. A few sympathizers would give him a hundred pieces of gold, but most of the time he received only small coins. He thanked each donor with equal gratitude. After ten years Tetsugen had enough money to begin his task.

It happened that at that time the Uji Rive overflowed. Famine followed. Tetsugen took the funds he had collected for the books and spent them to save others from starvation. Then he began again his work of collecting.

Several years afterwards an epidemic spread over the country. Tetsugen again gave away what he had collected, to help his people. For a third time he started his work, and after twenty years his wish was fulfilled. The printing blocks which produced the first edition of sutras can be seen today in the Obaku monastery in Kyoto.

The Japanese tell their children that Tetsugen made three sets of sutras, and that the first two invisible sets surpass even the last.

#### **44. The Thief Who Became a Disciple**

One evening as Shichiri Kojun was reciting sutras a thief with a sharp sword entered, demanding wither his money or his life. Shichiri told him: "Do not disturb me. You can find the money in that drawer." Then he resumed his recitation.

A little while afterwards he stopped and called: "Don't take it all. I need some to pay taxes with tomorrow." The intruder gathered up most of the money and started to leave. "Thank a person when you receive a gift," Shichiri added. The man thanked him and made off.

A few days afterwards the fellow was caught and confessed, among others, the offense against Shichiri. When Shichiri was called as a witness he said: "This man is no thief, at least as far as I am concerned. I gave him the money and he thanked me for it."

After he had finished his prison term, the man went to Shichiri and became his disciple.

#### **91. The Taste of Banzo's Sword**

Matajuro Yagyu was the son of a famous swordsman. His father, believing that his son's work was too mediocre to anticipate mastership, disowned him. So Matajuro went to Mount Futara and there found the famous swordsman Banzo. But Banzo confirmed the father's judgment. "You wish to learn swordsmanship under my guidance?" asked Banzo. "You cannot fulfill the requirements."

"But if I work hard, how many years will it take me to become a master?" persisted the youth.

"The rest of your life," replied Banzo.

"I cannot wait that long," explained Matajuro. "I am willing to pass through any hardship if only you will teach me. If I become your devoted servant, how long might it be?"

"Oh, maybe ten years," Banzo relented.

"My father is getting old, and soon I must take care of him," continued Matajuro. "If I work far more intensively, how long would it take me?"

"Oh, maybe thirty years," said Banzo.

"Why is that?" asked Matajuro. "First you say ten and now thirty years. I will undergo any hardship to master this art in the shortest time!"

"Well," said Banzo, "in that case you will have to remain with me for seventy years. A man in such a hurry as you are to get results seldom learns quickly."

"Very well," declared the youth, understanding at last that he was being rebuked for impatience, "I agree."

Matajuro was told never to speak of fencing and never to touch a sword. He cooked for his master, washed the dishes, made his bed, cleaned the yard, cared for the garden, all without a word of swordsmanship.

Three years passed. Still Matajuro labored on. Thinking of his future, he was sad. He had not even begun to learn the art to which he had devoted his life. But one day Banzo crept up behind him and gave him a terrific blow with a wooden sword.

The following day, when Matajuro was cooking rice, Banzo again sprang upon him unexpectedly. After that, day and night, Matajuro had to defend himself from unexpected thrusts. Not a moment passed in any day that he did not have to think of the taste of Banzo's sword.

He learned so rapidly he brought smiles to the face of his master. Matajuro became the greatest swordsman in the land.

## Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow  
On a one-horse open sleigh,  
Over the fields we go,  
Laughing all the way;  
Bells on bob-tail ring,  
Making spirits bright,  
What fun it is to ride and sing  
A sleighing song tonight  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
O what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh

A day or two ago,  
I thought I'd take a ride,  
And soon Miss Fanny Bright  
Was seated by my side;  
The horse was lean and lank;  
Misfortune seemed his lot;  
He got into a drifted bank,  
And we, we got upsot.  
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
What fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Now the ground is white  
Go it while you're young,  
Take the girls tonight  
And sing this sleighing song;  
Just get a bob-tailed bay  
Two-forty as his speed  
Hitch him to an open sleigh  
And crack! you'll take the lead.  
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,  
Jingle all the way!  
What fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open sleigh.

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## Frosty The Snowman

Frosty the snowman was a jolly happy soul,  
With a corn-cob pipe and a button nose  
And two eyes made out of coal.  
Frosty the snowman is a fairy tale, they say,  
He was made of snow but the children  
Know how he came to life one day.  
There must have been some magic in that  
Old silk hat they found.  
For when they placed it on his head  
He began to dance around.  
O, Frosty the snowman  
Was alive as he could be,  
And the children say he could laugh  
And play just the same as you and me.  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Look at Frosty go.  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Over the hills of snow.

Frosty the snowman knew  
The sun was hot that day,  
So he said, "Let's run and  
We'll have some fun  
Now before I melt away."  
Down to the village,  
With a broomstick in his hand,  
Running here and there all  
Around the square saying,  
Catch me if you can.  
He led them down the streets of town  
Right to the traffic cop.  
And he only paused a moment when  
He heard him holler "Stop!"  
For Frosty the snow man  
Had to hurry on his way,  
But he waved goodbye saying,  
"Don't you cry,  
I'll be back again some day."  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Look at Frosty go.  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Thumpetty thump thump,  
Over the hills of snow.

## **Santa Claus Is Coming To Town**

You better watch out  
You better not cry  
Better not pout  
I'm telling you why  
Santa Claus is coming to town

He's making a list,  
And checking it twice;  
Gonna find out Who's naughty and nice.  
Santa Claus is coming to town

He sees you when you're sleeping  
He knows when you're awake  
He knows if you've been bad or good  
So be good for goodness sake!

O! You better watch out!  
You better not cry.  
Better not pout, I'm telling you why.  
Santa Claus is coming to town.  
Santa Claus is coming to town.

## **Winter Wonderland**

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening,  
In the lane, snow is glistening  
A beautiful sight,  
We're happy tonight,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Gone away is the bluebird,  
Here to stay is a new bird  
He sings a love song,  
As we go along,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,  
Then pretend that he is Parson Brown  
He'll say: Are you married?  
We'll say: No man,  
But you can do the job  
When you're in town.

Later on, we'll conspire,  
As we dream by the fire  
To face unafraid,  
The plans that we've made,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

In the meadow we can build a snowman,  
And pretend that he's a circus clown  
We'll have lots of fun with mister snowman,  
Until the other kids knock him down.

When it snows, ain't it thrilling,  
Though your nose gets a chilling  
We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Walking in a winter wonderland,  
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_

### Christmas Song Mash-Up

Your role in this assignment is to create an original poem from the pieces of four traditional Christmas songs. When you select lines from each of the poems and include a few original lines, the end result is an original poem. **Include three lines from each of the four songs.**

\_\_\_\_\_ insert original title

\_\_\_\_\_ insert original line

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ insert original line

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ insert original line

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ (.....)

\_\_\_\_\_ insert original line

In the spaces marked (.....), add one of following abbreviations:

**JB:** "Jingle Bells"

**F:** "Frosty the Snowman"

**SC:** "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

**WW:** "Winter Wonderland"