

312 Graphic Summary

You can use a digital platform, paper and makers, etc., to create your graphic and a short blurb accompanying it.

Some suggestions:

You can hand draw your Graphic summary

Google docs or slides

[Piktochart](#)

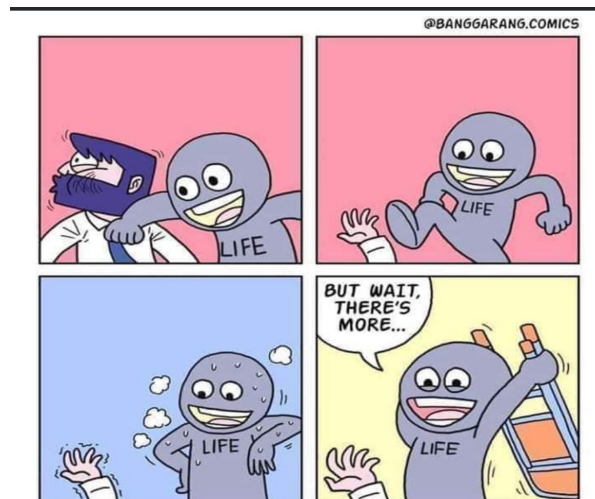
<https://www.storyboardthat.com/>

<https://www.canva.com/>

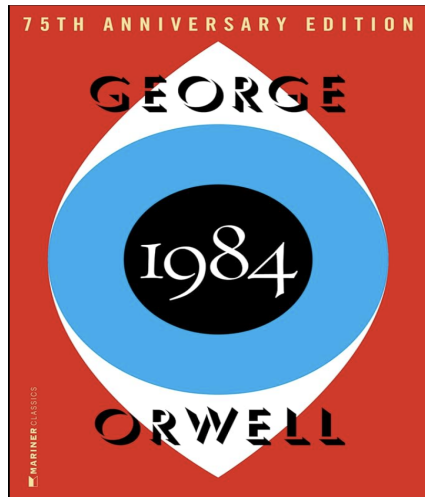
[Adobe](#)

1. In 2 or more Graphics with a short blurb/text that relates to the following:
 - a. Think about the challenges of online teaching and learning.
 - b. What is one DI strategy you would recommend to an online preschool teacher to include to ensure they are meeting all their learner's needs?
 - c. Why would you recommend this strategy?
2. In 2 or more, What is one DI strategy you would recommend to your professors this semester based on your needs, cognitive need, ability, readiness, and interest? Explain how this strategy meets your needs.

Your graphics need to convey the meaning with little writing. see the examples below:



Written version of the following passage in the book:



Winston could not definitely remember a time when his country had not been at war, but it was evident that there had been a fairly long interval of peace during his childhood, because one of his early memories was of an air raid which appeared to take everyone by surprise. Perhaps it was the time when the atomic bomb had fallen on Colchester. He did not remember the raid itself, but he did remember his father's hand clutching his own as they hurried down, down, down into some place deep in the earth, round and round a spiral staircase which rang under his feet and which finally so wearied his legs that he began whimpering and they had to stop and rest. His mother, in her slow, dreamy way, was following a long way behind them. She was carrying his baby sister—or perhaps it was only a bundle of blankets that she was carrying: he was not certain whether his sister had been born then. Finally they had emerged into a noisy, crowded place which he had realized to be a Tube station.

There were people sitting all over the stone-flagged floor, and other people, packed tightly together, were sitting on metal bunks, one above the other. Winston and his mother and father found themselves a place on the floor, and near them an old man and an old woman were sitting side by side on a bunk. The old man had on a decent dark suit and a black cloth cap pushed back from very white hair: his face was scarlet and his eyes were blue and full of tears. He reeked of gin. It seemed to breathe out of his skin in place of sweat, and one could have fancied that the tears welling from his eyes were pure gin. But though slightly drunk he was also suffering under some grief that was genuine and unbearable. In his childish way Winston grasped that some terrible thing, something that was beyond forgiveness and could never be remedied, had just happened. It also seemed to him that he knew what it was. Someone whom the old man loved—a little granddaughter, perhaps—had been killed. Every few minutes the old man kept repeating:

'We didn't ought to 'ave trusted 'em. I said so, Ma, didn't I? at's what comes of trusting 'em. I said so all along. We didn't ought to 'ave trusted the buggers.'

Graphic version of the following passage in the book:

