

NEED TO EDIT FOR 2020!!!



Practice Makes Practice:

a collaborative exercise in literacy and digital assessment

Suppose you are a student in an English class. You have been learning about symbolism, simile, metaphor & repetition. You have studied authors' biographies and how those biographies influence their work. You know that no text is without context because your teachers have been working in cross-disciplinary ways to integrate literature, art, science, math & history in your classes. Some teachers might ask you to write a paper about a poem to show all that you have learned in the poetry unit. Others might give you a test to show what you know. But your teacher wants you to demonstrate your knowledge in a digital format, to be the digital native that you are as you produce knowledge with your peers.

Knowing all that you know (and more because you are really adults), you will work with a partner/group *for approximately 75 minutes* to create a 2-minute digital text to show us how you understand this poem. Some ideas include: shooting a video with your phone, creating a Sparkol whiteboard video, creating a GoogleSlide presentation or prezzi, creating an Animoto video with voiceover/music online or in the iphone app, creating a Pixton online comic strip, designing a blog, creating a set of memes, building a fake Facebook Profile, playing with pinterest somehow... In whatever you choose, I recommend you use the internet for images, ideas, context, etc. **Spend at least 20 minutes analyzing the poem first**, then work together to brainstorm and storyboard your ideas before you move into the creative process!! Have fun with it!! Take a risk, even if it bombs... we will reward you with our ooohs and aahhhs!

- ☐ Must include the actual text of the poem in some way (can be abbreviated, can use visual or audio format)
- ☐ ***Must include analysis of the theme, meaning or message of the text (Don't lose sight of this content!)***
- ☐ Must include some historical context
- ☐ Must use a visual media element to illustrate the meaning

❑ Must be under 2 minutes long

Messy Room

By Shel Silverstein

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.
His workbook is wedged in the window,
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.
His books are all jammed in the closet,
His vest has been left in the hall.
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.
Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
Donald or Robert or Willie or—
Huh? You say it's mine?
Oh, dear, I knew it looked familiar!

What About Us

by Pink

We are searchlights, we can see in the dark
We are rockets, pointed up at the stars
We are billions of beautiful hearts
And you sold us down the river too far

What about us?
What about all the times you said you had the answers?
What about us?
What about all the broken happy ever afters?
What about us?
What about all the plans that ended in disaster?
What about love? What about trust?
What about us?

We are problems that want to be solved
We are children that need to be loved
We were willin', we came when you called
But, man, you fooled us, enough is enough, oh

A Dream Deferred

By Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore-- And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over-- like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Still I Rise

by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.

The History Teacher

By Billy Collins

Trying to protect his students' innocence
he told them the Ice Age was really just
the Chilly Age, a period of a million years
when everyone had to wear sweaters.

And the Stone Age became the Gravel Age,
named after the long driveways of the time.

The Spanish Inquisition was nothing more
than an outbreak of questions such as
"How far is it from here to Madrid?"
"What do you call the matador's hat?"

The War of the Roses took place in a garden,
and the Enola Gay dropped one tiny atom on Japan.

The children would leave his classroom
for the playground to torment the weak
and the smart,
mussing up their hair and breaking their glasses,

while he gathered up his notes and walked home
past flower beds and white picket fences,
wondering if they would believe that soldiers
in the Boer War told long, rambling stories
designed to make the enemy nod off.

The New Colossus,

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"