



“BEST CLASS EVER!”

THE TOP 10 ACTIVITIES FOR THE ENGLISH/LANGUAGE ARTS CLASSROOM

Gathered, collected, honed, and refined over the course of two decades in secondary and postsecondary education, the activities presented in this workshop are guaranteed to have your students coming up to you afterwards and saying, “Best class ever!” Whether it’s an activity based on a popular game show that brings out our passion for literature, a unit on World Mythologies that uses the framework of reality TV, or a hilarious poetry activity that sees students marry human emotions with mundane objects, participants will get a first-hand look at some phenomenal classroom activities by getting right in there and having a blast doing them! Participants looking for a fun, activities-based workshop that can be taken directly back to the classroom need look no further.

© GLEN DOWNEY, Ph.D.

READING FOR THE LOVE OF IT, 2016

8. DECONSTRUCTING AESOP

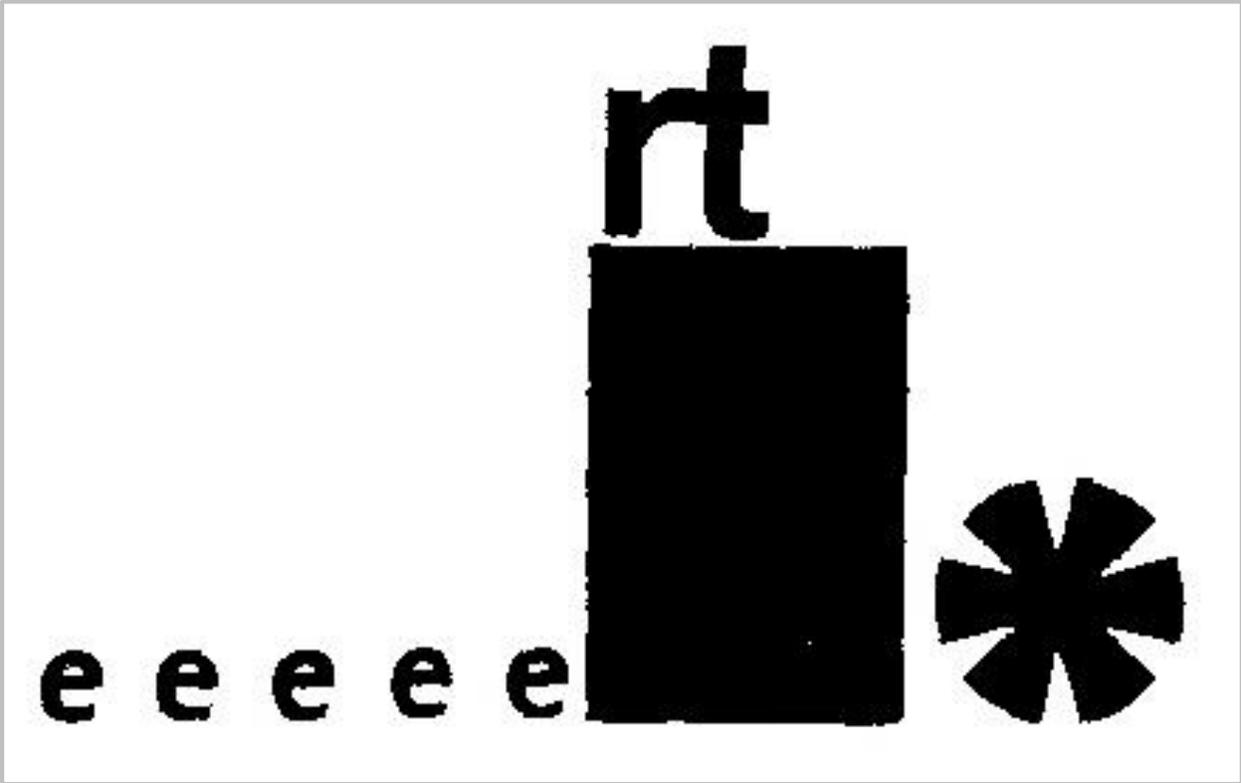
The Crow and the Pitcher

A Crow perishing with thirst saw a pitcher, and hoping to find water, flew to it with delight. When he reached it, he discovered to his grief that it contained so little water that he could not possibly get at it. He tried everything he could think of to reach the water, but all his efforts were in vain. At last he collected as many stones as he could carry and dropped them one by one with his beak into the pitcher, until he brought the water within his reach and thus saved his life.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

Use this space to provide an alternative moral

6. TEACHING POETRY, BOTH ABSTRACT & CONCRETE



Use this space to work out your interpretation

2. USING POETRY AS A PSYCH EXPERIMENT

POEM 1

You fit into me
Like a hook into an eye.

A fish hook
An open eye.

POEM 2

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripener should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

POEM 3

One foot down, then hop! It's hot.
Good things for the ones that's got.
Another jump, now to the left.
Everybody for hisself.

In the air, now both feet down.
Since you black, don't stick around.
Food is gone, the rent is due,
Curse and cry and then jump two.

All the people out of work,
Hold for three, then twist and jerk.
Cross the line, they count you out.
That's what hopping's all about.

Both feet flat, the game is done.
They think I lost. I think I won.

POEM 4

The apparition of these faces in a crowd
Petals on a wet, black bough.

POEM 5

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfum'd sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.
On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the beauty of fair Greece,
And the grandeur of old Rome.
Lo! in that little window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The folded scroll within thy hand —
A Psyche from the regions which
Are Holy land!

POEM 6

in September, when
the s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n-g autumn wind
(silently) bl o w s the leaves
into
a
pile
of colours
olive,crimson,gold

