

Geography Bee Schedule

7:20 - 7:48 1st

7:51 - 8:19 - 2nd

8:22 - 8:50 - 3rd

8:53 - 9:20 - 4th

9:30 - 10:15 - Geography Bee Assembly

10:18 - 10:55 - 5th

10:58 - 11:25 - Study Hall

11:28 - 11:58 - Lunch

12:01 - 12:41 - 6th

12:41 - 12:54 - Channel 1

12:57 - 1:37 - 7th

1:40 - 2:20 - 8th

Thursday, January 18, 2007

Gail Meinke's birthday - my sister who teaches 9th grade at Lakewood H.S.)

Open your journal and date the page:

What was your favorite or most memorable birthday so far?

Poetry Wars - vote on C/D finalists AND look at this week's contest, first one of Bracket E/F.

SSR/Library Journal #10 due next Tuesday!

Work Day for Crest/Shield

1. On computer paper
2. At least 4 symbols/pictures representing your family's heritage and/or story
3. At least 4 colors, each of which has a particular meaning
4. All symbols and colors used will be identified, and significance explained, in research paper and in presentation

Name _____ Class Period _____

Library Journal #10 - Due January 23

M.L.A. Citation for your book

Write 6 questions you could ask other people that would make it clear they had read the book

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

Write an original poem that expresses the plot and conflict in your book.

O Captain! My Captain!

by Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather'd every rack,
the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for
you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.