

SOLAR LESSON PLAN FORMAT

Age Level: 3

Subject(s) Area: Reading Literature

Materials Needed:

- Shel Silverstien's "Where the Sidewalk Ends"
- 4-5 Copies of each poem for each group
- copies
- whiteboard
- marker

Standards:

Code and description:

3. RL.6 Distinguish their own point of view from that of the narrator or those of the characters.

Objectives:

What will the students know or be able to do? At what Bloom's Taxonomy Level? To what accuracy?

Action verb (bloom's taxonomy) + primary learning focus + *accuracy level*

The learner will **compare** pieces of literature and determine the point of view in which the pieces are written with *90% accuracy*.

Learning Activities:

Technology:

Required Vocabulary:

- Pre-taught vocabulary: point of view, narrator
- New Vocabulary:
 - **First person**-told from the point of view of the main character (uses "I" statements")
 - **Second Person**- point of view directly addressing the reader (uses "you" statements)
 - **Third person**- told from the point of view of a narrator

Opening Element:

(5 minutes)

1. **Class, I know you have learned about points of view in a story, can anybody tell me some points of view that a story can be told in?**
2. **(When students answer, record on white board) Nice job, now here are the three points of view we will be reviewing today (tell students the three points of view and write them on the whiteboard)**

3. Does anybody know what clues are in a piece of literature that we can use to determine the point of view? (after responses write down the corresponding words- "I", "you", "he, she, him, her, it, they etc...")
4. Read aloud the poem "Helping" by Shel Silverstein to the class, and ask them to determine the point of view.

Instructional Methods:

1. **2 minutes:** Assign students to groups of 4 or five each using the student's popsicle sticks, and instruct students to sit in a designated area with students of the same colored card. To each group give the students an assigned poem from the book "Where the Sidewalk Ends" by Shel Silverstein – *Doubletail Dog, Me-Stew, The Dirtiest Man in the World, Hector the Collector, and The Crocodile's Toothache* (each group is reading a different poem)
2. **8 minutes:** Ask each group to read the poem to themselves, and then discuss together to determine the point of view of the poem together, and encourage students to underline key words that give away the point of view. (encourage students to underline key hints such as "I" and "you")

Wrap-Up: (Bring attention to front) Today each group read a poem written in a different point of view, now we are going to ask our friends what they decided was the point of view, then I will read their poem aloud and we will decide we as a class agree or disagree with them, and why.

- **5 minutes:** Choose 3 poems from "Where the Sidewalk Ends" by Shel Silverstein (1 of each point of view) to read aloud to students and ask them to silently record which of the points of view it reflects, and why they think so.

Assessment:

- **Clear Connection to Objective**

Formative: How does your assessment show individual measurability?

1. Students will share as a group what their findings were, and explain why they chose that specific point of view (informal assessment)
2. Students will silently and individually complete an "exit slip" stating the point of view of the three poems that you choose to read them out of "Where the Sidewalk Ends" by Shel Silverstein. (formal)

Summative: Include examples of what you would assess at the end of learning

1. At the end of the unit the students will define first, second, and third person points of view.

Reflection:

This lesson was extremely successful, because it gave students an opportunity to explore point of view for themselves. The students seemed to enjoy reading Shel Silverstein's poetry and were able to use their context clues to deduce the point of view of the story. One thing I really liked about this activity was that the

students worked well together and were excited to read the poems. One thing that I would change the next time would be that I would have the students choose their poem, because some of the groups were given more complex poetry while others were given easier reads. That way students would be able to choose based upon their reading levels.

Double-Tail Dog

Would you like to buy a dog with a tail at either end?
He is quite the strangest dog there is in town.
Though he's not too good at knowing
just exactly where he's going,
He is very very good at sitting down.
He doesn't have a place to put a collar,
And I'll admit it's rather hard to lead him,
And he cannot hear you call
For he has no ears at all,
But it doesn't cost a single cent to feed him.
He cannot bite, he'll never bark or growl,
Just scratch him on his tails, he'll find it pleasing.
But you'll have to take him out
For twice as many walks,
And I'll bet that you can quickly guess the reason.

-Shel Silverstein



ME-STEWE

I have nothing to put in my stew, you see,
Not a bone or a bean or a black-eyed pea,
So I'll just climb in the pot to see
If I can make a stew out of me.
I'll put in some pepper and salt and I'll sit
In the bubbling water—I won't scream a bit.
I'll sing while I simmer, I'll smile while I'm stewing,
I'll taste myself often to see how I'm doing.
I'll stir me around with this big wooden spoon
And serve myself up at a quarter to noon.
So bring out your stew bowls,
You gobblers and snackers.
Farewell—and I hope you enjoy me with crackers!



The Dirtiest Man In The World

Oh, I'm Dirty Dan, the world's dirtiest man,
I never have taken a shower.
I can't see my shirt--it's so covered with dirt,
And my ears have enough to grow flowers.

But the water is either a little too hot,
Or else it's a little too cold.
I'm musty and dusty and patchy and scratchy
And mangy and covered with mold.
But the water is always a little too hot,
Or else it's a little too cold.

I live in a pen with five hogs and a hen
And three squizzly lizards who creep in
My bed, and they itch as I squirm, and I twitch
In the cruddy old sheets that I sleep in.

In you looked down my throat with a flashlight, you'd note
That my insides are coated with rust.
I creak when I walk and I squeak when I talk,
And each time I sneeze I blow dust.

The thought of a towel and soap makes me howl,
And when people have something to tell me
They don't come and tell it--they stand back and yell it.
I think they're afraid they might smell me.

The bedbugs that leap on me sing me to sleep,
And the garbage flies buzz me awake.
They're the best friends I've found and I fear they might drown
So I never go too near a lake.

Each evening at nine I sit down to dine
With the termites who live in my chair,
And I joke with the bats and have intimate chats
With the cooties who crawl in my hair.

I'd brighten my life if I just found a wife,
But I fear that will never be
Until I can find a girl, gentle and kind,
With a beautiful face and a sensitive mind,

Who sparkles and twinkles and glistens and shines--
And who's almost as dirty as me.

“Hector the Collector” by Shel Silverstein

Hector the Collector

Collected bits of string,
Collected dolls with broken heads
And rusty bells that would not ring.
Pieces out of picture puzzles,
Bent-up nails and ice-cream sticks,
Twists of wires, worn-out tires,
Paper bags and broken bricks.
Old chipped vases, half shoelaces,
Gatlin' guns that wouldn't shoot,
Leaky boats that wouldn't float
And stopped-up horns that wouldn't
toot.
Butter knives that had no handles,
Copper keys that fit no locks,
Rings that were too small for fingers,
Dried-up leaves and patched-up socks.

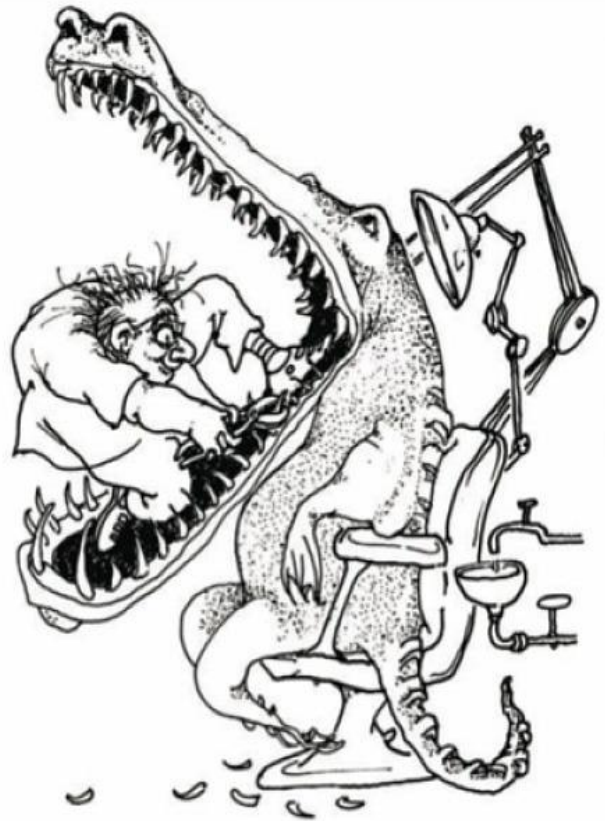
Worn-out belts that had no buckles,
'Lectric trains that had no tracks,
Airplane models, broken bottles,
Three-legged chairs and cups with cracks.

Hector the Collector

Loved these things with all his soul
Loved them more than shining diamonds,
Loved them more than glistenin' gold.
Hector called to all the people,
"Come and share my treasure trunk!"
And all the silly sightless people
Came and looked...and called it junk.

The Crocodile's Toothache

The Crocodile
Went to the dentist
And sat down in the chair,
And the dentist said, "Now tell me, sir,
Why does it hurt and where?"
And the Crocodile said, "I'll tell you the truth,
I have a terrible ache in my tooth,"
And he opened his jaws so wide, so wide,
The the dentist, he climbed right inside,
And the dentist laughed, "Oh isn't this fun?"
As he pulled the teeth out, one by one.
And the Crocodile cried, "You're hurting me so!
Please put down your pliers and let me go."
But the dentist laughed with a Ho Ho Ho,
And he said, "I still have twelve to go-
Oops, that's the wrong one, I confess,
But what's one crocodile's tooth more or less?"
Then suddenly, the jaws went SNAP,
And the dentist was gone, right off the map,
And where he went one could only guess...
To North or South or East or West...
He left no forwarding address.
But what's one dentist, more or less?



-Shel Silverstein