

"The Dinner Bell"

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"Here I make energy from food," he'd tell.
"Being part of a cell is a job for which I'm proud,
And inside the liver we form quite a crowd,
Especially at the dinner bell."

"The Shrub"

An old shrub enjoyed bragging about its leaves, stems, and roots.
"My vessels," he suggests, "are my finest attributes."
Xylem and phloem are tubes for transport,
And cell walls I use for support.
Being a vascular plant is a fact no one refutes.

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"You're a whole number!" he barked, "Now act that way."
But he would sneak out at night and head due north,
And meet up with his pal six and one fourth.
Why does the son of a rational integer disobey?

"Flower Power"

"Flowers can be both girls and boys," I heard a child report.
Birds, insects, and wind may be used for pollen transport.
The pollen grains from the stamen begin their crusade,
To the pistil where new seeds are made
Making new plants by themselves is a trick to which they may resort."

"The Bike"

There once was a kid who adored a decrepit bike he found,
In spite of dad's warning about it forming new chemical compound.
He advised that when it rains outside,
Iron reacts with oxygen to form iron oxide,
And as owner of the rustiest bike you'll be world renowned.

"Making Meals"

There once was a plant who flourished in the sun.
It gloated about making its own food while plants make none.
Every day there wasn't a meal it'd miss,
Making its own food through photosynthesis.
Because after all, it can't it can't jump, swim, or run.

"The Forecaster"

An entertaining meteorologist often spoke of the weather.
Words like, "Today a warm and cold air mass will come together."

It's referred to as a front in the old weather biz',
Clouds, rain, and wind is all it really is.
And you'll need to bring an umbrella for sure.

"The Hemoglobin"

There once lived a humble red blood cell known as Ben.
Whose sole task was to transport oxygen.
He met a brawling white blood cell along the way.
Who boasted, "With me no disease will stay,
And you're nothing but a two-bit protein-packin' hemoglobin!"

"Under Pressure"

There once was a shiny new barometer,
That worked like a charm measuring air pressure.
When air was heated it would detect,
A drop in atmospheric pressure as an effect.
And a change in weather would occur.

"The Guard"

"What's stomata?" a potassium ion harassed a plant guard cell.

"What's the big deal if the plant's pores swell?"

"My job," it retorted, "Is to halt water loss for the plant,

So if you're asking to open the pore, I can't.

It hasn't rained for months as far as I can tell."

"Gone Fission"

There once lived a physicist both brilliant and wild-haired,

Who presented to the world the equation $E=mc^2$.

From the tiniest bit of matter he surmised,

A great deal of energy could be realized.

And now that the world has gone fission should we all be scared?

"No Manners"

There once lived a lively warm air molecule known as Willie,

Who rather enjoyed moving about and being free.

But cold air bullies met him head-on one day,

And rudely pushed him and his warm air buddies away,

Never once pausing to say "pardon me."

"The Seed Maker"

There once lived a legendary apple tree known for its sweet, crisp fruit.

For its scented flowers pollinators paid a tasty tribute.

"I'm an angiosperm," it would endlessly rant.

"I produce flowers while gymnosperms can't.

Birds and bees will confess they are my finest attribute."

"The Protector"

There was a membrane that prevailed protecting its cell,
Controlling substances coming and going it worked noticeably well.

For its permeability it was quite proud,

Only helpful organic materials were allowed,

Disease-causing toxins it would readily expel.

"Digestion"

There once lived tiny hair like fingers called villi,

On which tiny blood vessels learned to rely.

They send nutrients throughout your bloodstream,

And the pancreas and liver work as a team

To try to digest that piece of banana cream pie.

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"The Special Rule"

A struggling problem solver often botched his equations.
Rarely arriving at correct answers spawned endless frustrations.

"Add, subtract, multiply, divide," his tutor replied.

"And the special rule must always be applied,
So make sure you always use the order of operations!"

"The Ordered Pair"

There once lived an ordered pair known as (Three, Four)

Who resided on a coordinate plane forevermore.

When asked about their location they'd reply,

"X is horizontal and Y is vertical, and that you can verify.

Now finding us won't be such a daunting chore."

"The Time Saver"

"Use the distributive property," I heard the teacher present.

"It will save you time right here and now you won't resent."

So the product of eighty-four and seven I now calculate in my head,

All because of what the teacher said,

The distributive property has made me cool and relevant.

"The Warm Air Particle"

There was an air particle that cherished wide open space,
Rising temperature is a condition it will gladly embrace.

With fewer gas particles in the way,
It can enjoy a light weight low pressure day.
Until a mass of cold, dense air hits it in the face.

"The Table"

There lives inside an atom an ol' nucleus,
Over which chemists and inventors all appear to make a big fuss.
With electron microscopes they now take a peek,
And see each atom of each element is quit unique.
Alas Mendeleev's periodic table to guide us.

"What's Stomata?"

There once lived a plant that made its own food,
To the sun it owed sincere gratitude.
Carbon dioxide from the air graciously participates,
Turning light energy into carbohydrates,
And through stomata oxygen will now exude.

"The Genetic Code"

My old biology mentor muttered the words, "deoxyribonucleic acid,"

Most agreed these words are too complex for a kid.

"A molecule carrying genetic code," he replied "is one of its tricks,

And you can see it in the form of a double helix."

Does that mean I will resemble my brother, God forbid?

"Equilateral Eddie"

There lived an equilateral triangle named Eddie,

Who gloated about his congruent angles, all three.

"I also have three equal sides,"

A fact from which he never hides,

"And I'll deliver three, sixty degree angles, that's a guarantee."

"The Smart-Mouthed Raindrop"

A smart-mouthed raindrop told of his life as a gas,

And how the sun evaporated him while resting on some grass.

"As I began to rise," he said with a smirk,

"The cold air began to do its condensing work,

Now I'm part of the puddle on the overpass.

"The Wind Maker"

Little Jenny was astonished Earth was shaped like a big meatball,
And she wondered about the seasons- spring, winter, summer, and fall.

"Earth rotates" she was told, "like a chef stirring a pot.

Some parts are cold and others are hot.

That's how the winds get there after all."

"Equation Expert"

A math professor had a passion for equations she couldn't hide.
She blabbed incessantly about how they balanced on each side.

"If on one side you change a value," she'd admit,

"The equation will die lickety split.

And your variables must now be modified."

"Mystery Number"

Inside an expression dwelled a mystery number.

Known simply as "y" it caused quite a stir.

What's a variable surrounded by operations to do

When they try to make an expression out of you?

And here I thought "y" was really just a letter...

"Carbon Compound Café"

There was a well-versed foodie who dined at the Carbon Compound Café.
Its menu offered carbohydrates, fats, and proteins served every which way.

The waitress recited specials of meat, cheeses, and bread,
Emphasizing the carbon compounds right off the top of her head.
Now what kind of carbon goodies await us on the dessert tray?

"The Decomposer"

I once heard a mycologist speak of the role of fungi.
He told of how mushrooms decompose things that die.
"Most of fungal life," he added, "live underground.
It's here stringy tendrils called mycelium are found.
And balancing life and death is a job for which they qualify."

"A Popular Number"

There once lived a composite number named Twenty-Four,
Who boasted about her having friends and followers galore.

"My prime factorization is a sight to see,
That being three times two to the power of three.
But it is really my multiple factors fans adore."

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Being a vascular plant is a fact no one refutes.

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"Son, you're an integer," I heard his dad say,

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But he would sneak out at night and head due north,

And meet up with his pal six and one fourth.

Why does the son of a rational integer disobey?

"The Scab"

A young lad once took a nose dive in the parking lot,

All his pals inquired about the scab he got.

"Platelets in my body work great,

For they help my blood to coagulate.

You can't get a scab if your blood won't clot."

"The Multiplier"

There once lived a student who embraced the need to multiply,

Laboriously he'd add up numbers until he'd cry.

While counting chairs in rows at a special event,

He finally understood what multiplication meant.

Now counting on his fingers he'd no longer rely.

"The Bully"

There once was a digit that complained about its place value.

To his left he heard, "I'm ten times greater than you."

"The neighbor to the right, he added "set me free

By revealing he's one-tenth of me.

So now I'm a bully too."

"Circulation"

The old heart has valves that open and close,
Pumping blood throughout the body from head to toes.

Arteries feed oxygen to cells along the way

And a feast of nutrients like vitamin A.

It's an endless job as my body grows.

"Respiration"

"Inhale, Exhale!" I heard my P.E. teacher say.

"We're going to feed our cells oxygen today."

Through capillaries this gas is diffused,

And carbon dioxide-rich blood is reused.

It is your lungs and respiration at play.

"Excretion"

There once lived cuplike capsules named nephron,
That resided in kidneys where liquid wastes had gone.

Filtering out good from bad,

Was the only job they had,

And now the urinary system is called upon.

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From the tiniest bit of matter he surmised,

A great deal of energy could be realized.

So now is nuclear fission something of which we should be scared?

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The Lost Farmer
By Peter Burke

Cotton was the King;
Agriculture was the Thing!
But after a while,
Merchants thought,
"Textile..."
And all the changes
It would bring.

Fulton was the man,
His steamship
Shrunk our land.
By speeding up delivery,
Many ports would come to be.
Now supply
Could match demand.

Wealth and Inequality,
By-products of our
New Economy.
Farmers moved to cities,
And OUT OF PLACE

THEY
SOON
WOULD
BE!!!!

The Document
By Peter Burke

An Infant Nation,
Orphaned on its own accord.
No longer facing humiliation,
It was Mother Freedom
To now be adored.

Uncertainty was hovering,
The Colonists cried for more.
Our Forefathers failed to bring,
A recipe for rule ashore.

Tyranny and revolution,
Remnants of a tumultuous past.
Seeking rules
For an Individual and Nation,
A document that would last.

Through sweltering heat,
Fifty-five delegates did unite.
With Washington in the Presiding Seat,
These warriors' words would fight.

This Battle of Words
Waged for weeks-on-end,
Safeguarding Liberty.
Democratic wisdom would depend
On these warriors' unity.

Thirty-nine would sign therein,
Four months of heated debate.
Hamilton, Madison and Franklin-
A Living Document
They did create.

Three branches of government
Would now rule the land.
For tyranny and revolution
We no longer could stand!!!



“A Bailout For Santa”

Santa needs a bailout.
Can't seem to pay his elves...
Tis' a season for kiddies to do without,
As dust gathers on merchant's shelves.

Santa's workshop is now rather lifeless,
His elves still there of course...
They've taken to the bottle nonetheless,
Toy making they'd now outsource.

Word made it to the North Pole
Toys have been laced with lead.
Santa couldn't accept this new role,
And vowed to make the toys instead.

So off to Capitol Hill
His coursers quickly flew.
A plan to restructure Santa would fulfill
Fifty billion would kindly do.

“Congress, don't let the kiddies down,”
Santa blurted with a smirk.
“We've got to resurrect old Christmas town,
And put my displaced elves back to work.”

So money started pouring in,
Freshly minted coin and all...
“We made it here through thick and thin!”
Elves proclaimed while standing tall.

Elves' rights would now reign supreme,
In a land so grand and free...
Now united by Santa as a team
Making toys for you and me.

Struggle To Freedom
By Peter Burke

The British wanted to dominate the Earth,
And back in the early 1700's
They tried desperately to increase their worth.

Against the French they would take a stand
And attempt to take control of North America's
resources and land.

A Seven Years' War would soon take its toll,
On British and French soldiers alike,
Even the Natives would soon play a roll.

The Iroquois learned about politics
And called both sides their friend,
But in reality it was neither side
That they would defend.

The war became expensive for Britain,
As they paid their many soldiers a fee.
It was a debt that would soon
Change the course of history.

But the lesson the Colonists learned,
Proved to be more valuable than gold,
"THEIR PRIDE AND SPIRIT IS IMMEASURABLE,"
It would later be told...

The Colonists' new army could fight with the best,
And in the Revolutionary War,
The Redcoats would soon
Put them to the test.

Their new Army fought fiercely and bravely,
For their dreams were at stake.
Their hard earned wages
The King would no longer take!!!!

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"Freeways"

"Your blood vessels are like freeways," I heard my cardiologist exclaim.

Arteries and veins are both blood vessels but not quite the same.

Gaseous gifts of oxygen move through arteries to each cell,
While carbon dioxide flows through veins for the lungs to dispel."

Now I wonder when the freeways are clogged what is to blame.

"Average Joe"

"Find the sum of the numbers," I heard Professor Joseph chide,

"Now take your total and vigilantly divide.

Dividing by what is the step most forget,

So just remember it's the amount of numbers in the set.

Now the average will be quantified."

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“No! No! King George...”

“King George, King George,
We must face the facts...
Parliament must raise money!
In our American Colonies,
We must raise the tax.”

A series of Acts,
Would soon come to be;
And make their mark on merchants
Throughout each colony.

Sons and Daughters of Liberty
Would now take a stand.
They wouldn't permit
Taxation Without Representation
In their new land.

“Repeal these taxes,
And boycott British goods!”
Colonists would time and again protest.
With goods unsold and taxes unpaid,
Colonists and British relations
Would soon be put to the test.

The failure to tax paper
And end Colonial trade,
Would soon cause the British to stir.
The Colonists' anger and resentment
They could no longer deter...

Propaganda in the newspapers
Would now make history.
As angered Bostonians
Tossed into their harbor,
The precious British East Indian Tea.

The British closed Boston Harbor
With the Intolerable Acts.
But this move backfired,
As more angered Colonists
Refused to pay their tax.

All the trade ended.
The Colonists would unite.
Those things that divided them
Now made them strong.
And for their freedom
They would bravely fight.

"No! No! King George..."

Areas of Study

Language Arts, Social Studies

Title of Shared Reading

"No! No! King George..."

By Peter Burke

Text Structure

Poetry

Primary Purpose

To enhance a unit of study on the Revolutionary War

To review poetry format

Lessons

First Reading Focus:

To Develop Understanding

- Display the title of the poem and read it aloud to the students. Note the quotation marks and ask the students to think about whom this poem might be addressing and what the content might include.
- Display the rest of the text and read it aloud with the students. Ask them to check their initial predictions against the text.
- Reread the text and encourage a discussion that clarifies its meaning.

Additional Readings:

To Develop Strategies and Skills

Strategies

- Reread the text. Choose multi-syllabic words and demonstrate how to decode them by first breaking the word into smaller parts and then using onset and rime patterns.
- Reread the first stanza of the text. Demonstrate the comprehension strategy of questioning by modeling a question the reading has created in your mind. Continue reading through the next stanzas, pausing to model questions and encouraging the students to contribute their own questions.

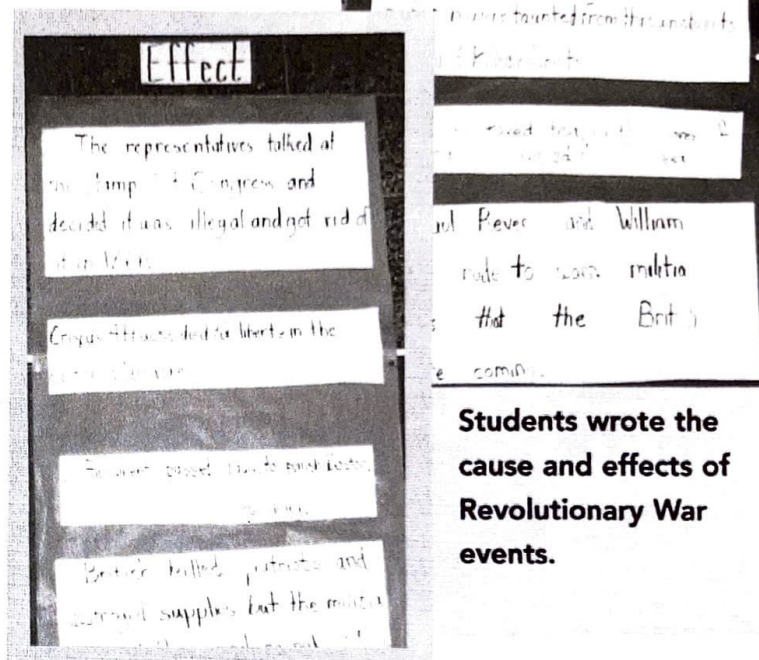
Skills

- Reread the text and locate words with common prefixes and suffixes. List these words on word cards. Sort the cards and define the meaning of each prefix and suffix. Post the definitions in the classroom as a resource, along with the list of words from the poem.

Future Readings:

Other Possible Teaching Points

- Reread the text and look at the quotes used. Talk about how quotes affect the meaning and strength of a written piece.



Students wrote the cause and effects of Revolutionary War events.

- Reread each stanza of the text. Locate and highlight key phrases and words that are the most important in understanding the text. Use those key words and phrases to restate the content of the text.

Classroom Extensions

- Create a class mural depicting the events described in the poem. Encourage the students to add appropriate speech bubbles to the mural, using the quotes from the characters in the poem. Display the mural, along with the text, throughout the unit of study.
- Use interactive editing to change the format of the text from a poem to a paragraph or timeline.

Additional Resources

DePaola, T. *Can't You Make Them Behave, King George?* Coward McCann, 1977. ISBN 0698114027

Draper, A. *Boston Tea Party: Angry Colonists Dump British Tea.* Rosen Publishing Co., 2000. ISBN 0823945717

Knight, J. *Sailing to America: Colonists at Sea.* Troll Communications, 1998. ISBN 0816745552

Kroll, S. *The Boston Tea Party.* Holiday House, 1998. ISBN 0823413160

Moss, M. *Emma's Journal.* Harcourt Brace, 1998. ISBN 0152163255