

## B is for Bear

### Assignment 26

- *picture*. The winners of a drawing contest that I gave a few years ago are featured on this week's assignment page. The drawings were inspired by Emily Dickinson's poem "In the Garden." This week I would like students to choose a poem that they will *later* illustrate.
- *reading*. Complete Lesson 26 in your *B is for Bear* textbook, volume 2.
- *handwriting*. Complete Lesson 26 of your handwriting book.
- *dictation*. There is no dictation this week.
- *book suggestion*. Here is another book recommendation: Beatrice de Regniers. Beni Montresor, illustrator. *May I Bring a Friend?* 1964. Reprint. Atheneum, 1971. A charming, simple and imaginative storyline carries themes of friendship and hospitality.
- *speech night*. Continue working on the poem for [Speech Night at 6:30 on Friday, April 17](#). Students will be given a very short introduction to memorize as well. Below is a list of students with the poem that each will be reciting.



- Ethan House. "Playgrounds" by Laurence Alma-Tadema  
*Introduction*: Many children want to be adults and enjoy all their privileges, while many adults want to go back to their childhood and relive its pleasures. There are both good things and bad things about being a child and being an adult. Listen to the poem "Playgrounds" and find out some of them.
- Ben Wallacavage, "The Bells" by Edgar Allan Poe  
*Introduction*: Bells sound happy, sad, or angry to us according to our circumstances and season of our life. How merry they sound when we are young!

- Lucas Maximo, “Weariness” by Alfred Tennyson  
*Introduction:* Through his word choice and rhyme, Tennyson pictures what it is to be really, really tired in his poem “The Lotos-eaters.” After listening to the beginning lines, you may want to go home and fall asleep!
- Abigail Humbert, “The Violet” by Jane Taylor  
*Introduction:* Yes, the rose has movie star good looks, but there is a plain beauty to other flowers, like the violet. Listen to Jane Taylor’s poem, which teaches that there is a beauty in humility.
- Bridget Peterkin, “Bitter for Sweet” by Christina Rossetti  
*Introduction:* Don’t you wish that the beauty of sweet summer would last forever? But it doesn’t. Chilly autumn comes and then bitterly cold winter. Christina Rossetti talks about the swift passing of the seasons in her poem “Bitter for Sweet.”
- Abel Rorer, “The Sun Has Long Been Set” by William Wordsworth  
*Introduction:* William Wordsworth wrote “The Sun Has Long Been Set” right as he was enjoying a beautiful evening in June. He did not sit down at a desk and work at the poem; it just came out as he was talking to a friend.
- Elizabeth Yurek, “The Voice of Spring” by Mary Howitt  
*Introduction:* Spring is here. Do you hear it? The poet Mary Howitt does—in the humming of bees and the bleating of new-born lambs.
- Valentina Griman, “The Arrow and the Song”  
*Introduction:* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s poem “The Arrow and the Song” expresses the power of our words, represented by the arrow. Although we cannot see what effect our words will have on people at the moment, we may have a chance to see where “the arrow lands” many years later.

The Arrow and the Song  
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

□ I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

□ I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

□ Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

### Playgrounds

By Laurence Alma-Tadema

In summer I am very glad  
We children are so small,  
For we can see a thousand things  
That men can’t see at all.

They don’t know much about the moss  
And all the stones they pass:  
They never lie and play among  
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;  
And, when we’re at the sea,  
Let father stoop as best he can  
He can’t find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground  
And all the puddles freeze,  
I wish that I were very tall,  
High up above the trees.