

Lesson Plan

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Date: 10/17/07

Class: Honors English 11

Grade Level: 11

Unit: Poetry

Lesson: Evaluating
Character

PA Academic Standards

- 1.6.11.B.3 Summarize and reflect on what has been heard.
- 1.3.11.A Read and understand works of literature.
- 1.1.11.D Identify, describe, evaluate and synthesize the essential ideas in text.
- 1.6.11.A.2 Synthesize information, ideas, and opinions to determine relevancy

Goal of the Lesson: Students will interpret, and formulate opinions on the characters of T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by creating their own character in a hands-on activity. The students will also have to use the poem to defend their assumptions, and thus have a better understanding of how to rely on context clues to formulate those opinions in both poetry and reading in general.

Materials:

- Xeroxed copies of T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"
- Blank sheets of white paper
- Body part cut-outs (pre-cut)
- Glue sticks
- Small magnets, one per student

Clerical/Administrative Tasks:

- Buy glue sticks and gather magazines
- Cut out several body parts for each student and place in baggies
- Arrange desks in a "U" shape so all students will be able to hear and see each other's work.
- Make and hand out Xeroxed copies of the poem
- Place a sheet of paper, glue stick, and baggie of pre-cut body-parts on each desk

Instructional Objectives:

1. TSWBAT distinguish key elements of character in the context of the poem given to them (Cognitive: Analysis)
2. TSWBAT glue together body parts of any character in “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” (Psychomotor: Creating)
3. TSWBAT defend each choice of body part with evidence from the text, citing at least two lines/passages from the poem (Affective: Valuing)
4. TSWBAT organize information in a poem into relevant or irrelevant facts to understand a certain character (Affective: Organizing)

Introduction:

Engage: How many of you are fans of detective shows like CSI? How many of you can tell me what kind of things detectives do to identify a victim? (if no one answers correctly, tell them that they collect evidence to make a picture of the character or crime)

Key Question: How might we collect evidence on character while reading a poem?

Key Question: What types of context clues are important to understanding a character?

Transition: Tell students they are part of a detective agency and that someone has murdered one of the characters in the poem I’m about to read, and it is their job to take the “bagged evidence” to re-create a picture of the victim. It can be the main character, or a secondary character, but they must support their pictures with evidence from the poem.

Developmental Activities:

Explore: Students open baggies and rummage through body parts. Their Xeroxed copies of the poem should be handy, and they will be encouraged to underline any text that gives clues about what the character looks/acts like. I will read the poem aloud to the class while students begin to piece together their character and glue down the body parts. **(10-15 min)**

(see teaching notes for examples of context clues to help students who are stuck)

Transition: Have students get out a clean sheet of paper and mark places where they refer to in the poem

Elaborate: Students will write a short paragraph (3 to 5 sentences) explaining why they created the picture like they did based on evidence they listened for or marked. They will be encouraged to cite specific passages and told these will be collected for points and to use as much detail as possible. **(10-15 min)**

Explain: After students have completed their pictures, students wishing to show the class their creation will display their paper and summarize the paragraph they just wrote, explaining what context clues gave them the idea to use specific body parts. **(7-10 min)**

Assessment/ Evaluation

Evaluate: Formally assess by having students hand in their paragraphs.

Informally assess by having them place their pictures on the board with small magnets and encouraged them to look at each other's creations

Formally assess by telling each student to take a picture that is not their own home with them for homework and write a short paragraph telling what evidence the "mystery student" used to make his/her picture. **(5-7 min)**

Transition: When about 5 minutes remain in the period and all students have taken another picture, have students take their seats and place all unused materials back into baggies.

Conclusion:

Key Question: For the next poem we read, what would be a good way to "bag and tag" your own evidence? How are you going to do it? **(1-3 min)**

Time Permits:

Have students begin their homework, specifically: begin to comb through the poem looking for evidence the "mystery student" used.

Accommodations/Adaptations for Students with Special Needs

- For the child with ADHD, desks will be arranged into a “U” shape, placing this student in the middle of the “U” so that the whole class will be visible and take on an informal feel to better hold this student’s attention.
- The student will be given chances to exercise psychomotor skills, for example manipulating magazine cut-outs, and also the chance to get out of the desk and walk around, both of which provide transition, variety, and thus hold attention better.

Reflective Notes

Did students enjoy the lesson?

Did I enjoy the lesson?

Were my timing estimates accurate?

Did the student with ADHD get as much out of the lesson as the other students?

Are there any other/better accommodations I can make for this student?

Was the hands-on activity too tedious or messy?

Is there a better way I can have students create a character? Different materials, perhaps?

Did students feel enthused about the homework assignment?

Were there any instructions that need to be added to the Teaching Notes?

Where there any areas of confusion that I didn’t anticipate?

Are there any materials that need to be replaced or replenished?

TEACHING NOTES
FOR EVALUATING CHARACTER IN
“The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”

Creating Pictures:

Each student will have a baggie of body parts (ex. hair, face, body, shoes) that I will cut-out of magazines prior to class. They are expected to listen and read carefully to find context clues to describe a character from the poem, either Prufrock or “The New Woman.”

Some examples of pictures elements for each:

Prufrock:

- A business suit reflecting on his proper, reserved attitude
- Gray or balding hair to show anxiety (¶ 6)
- A sad or worried face expression showing that he is pessimistic (¶9)
- An overall plain look to show his dull, repetitive life (¶ 8)
- Signs of intelligence (glasses?) alluding to his active imagination in literature (Hamlet) (¶ 16)

The “New Woman”:

- classy clothing to suggest that she’s upper-class (¶ 2)
- a smug expression to show that she is though to judge Prufrock (¶ 6)

Students will write paragraphs explaining and citing ideas that inspired them to create their characters like they did.

Volunteers will show their pictures and summarize their paragraphs to the class.

All students will hand in their paragraphs and place their pictures on the board with magnets for all to examine.

Homework:

Students will choose and take home another “mystery student's” picture and find the passages he/she used to make his/her picture, citing them in an explanatory paragraph like they ones they completed in class.

T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient [etherized \(2\)](#) upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And [sawdust \(3\)](#) restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of [Michelangelo. \(4\)](#)

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--
[They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"]
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:--
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all--
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all--
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
[But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!]
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

.....
Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.
And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and [cakes and ices, \(5\)](#)
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] [brought in upon a platter,](#)
[\(6\)](#)
I am no prophet--and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am [Lazarus, \(7\)](#) come from the dead
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the
floor--
And this, and so much more?--
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a [magic lantern \(8\)](#) threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

.....

No! I am not [Prince Hamlet, \(9\)](#) nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.