 Extracts

Extract One: ‘Stories of School Life’

In Golden Days for Boys and Girls Vol XIII, number 1, November 28, 1891.

Retrieved from [Golden Days for Boys and Girls](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/16638/16638-h/16638-h.htm#school): https://www.gutenberg.org/files/16638/16638-h/16638-h.htm#school.

It is somewhat remarkable that schoolboys, who are always playing smart tricks, do not quit trying, since they are almost invariably found out; and this is not astonishing, since all teachers have been students and cannot have wholly forgotten the tricks they tried on. In a certain Ohio academy it was announced that a new teacher of mathematics was coming the next day, and the boys prepared to initiate him. They went to a narrow lane, up which he would probably come, and rigged up a complicated apparatus to trip him up and shower him with flour. While thus engaged, a young, dandified fellow came along and surprised them. He was a stranger, and they imagined he came from a more advanced college nearby, which impression was heightened when he volunteered his services and suggested many improvements in the "trap." When completed, the boys and their new friend moved away some distance, to await the result of the "initiation." Two hours passed in uncomfortable silence, and then one of the leaders said, "I don't believe he'll come to-night." "Oh, yes," said the stranger, pleasantly; "the truth is, he has come." "What!" cried the boys. "In fact," continued the young man, "I am Professor Cheltenham, and I hope our relations will continue to be agreeable. I am sorry to have disappointed you by coming by an earlier train; but I am glad, because it has made us acquainted in a very effective way!" You may imagine that the boys were amazed, and you will believe that they tried no more tricks on the professor of mathematics.

Extract Two: ‘Riders to the Sea’ by J M Synge

Retrieved from [Riders to the Sea](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/994/994-h/994-h.htm): https://www.gutenberg.org/files/994/994-h/994-h.htm.

An Island off the West of Ireland. (Cottage kitchen, with nets, oil-skins, spinning wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc. Cathleen, a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel. NORA, a young girl, puts her head in at the door.)

Nora: [In a low voice.]

Where is she?

Cathleen: She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she's able.

[Nora comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.]

Cathleen: [Spinning the wheel rapidly.]

What is it you have?

Nora: The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[Cathleen stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen.]

Nora: We're to find out if it's Michael's they are, some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

Cathleen: How would they be Michael's, Nora. How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

Nora: The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[The door which Nora half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.]

Cathleen: [Looking out anxiously.]

Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

Nora: "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

Cathleen: Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

Nora: Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind.

[She goes over to the table with the bundle.]

Shall I open it now?

Cathleen: Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done.

[Coming to the table.]

It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

Nora: [Goes to the inner door and listens.]

She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

Cathleen: Give me the ladder, and i'll put them up in the turf-loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

Extract Three: ‘The Great Displaced’ by Omar Musa

Retrieved from: [The Great Displaced](https://redroomcompany.org/poem/omar-musa/great-displaced/): https://redroomcompany.org/poem/omar-musa/great-displaced/

Students are to access the website above using the hyperlink.

The class will then read the first 15 lines of the poem for this extract.

Extract Four: Image by Ms S S Mary

Retrieved from [Flickr Image](https://www.flickr.com/photos/msssmary/4854146680/): https://www.flickr.com/photos/msssmary/4854146680/

Students are to access the image online.

Extract Five: Ban the Bag petition

Retrieved from [Ban the Bag](https://www.change.org/p/ban-plastic-bags-across-nsw-victoria-and-wa): https://www.change.org/p/ban-plastic-bags-across-nsw-victoria-and-wa

Students are to access the website using the hyperlink above.

Extract Six – Equal Rights Poster

Find a suitable image on google focusing on equal human rights.

Search “equal rights for others does not mean less rights for you. It’s not pie.”

Choose the image that you think is the most suitable in this activity.