

DOWNLOAD PDF THOUGHTS, TROUBLES, AND THINGS ABOUT READING FROM THE CRADLE THROUGH GRADE THREE

Chapter 1 : children and childhood | Brain, Child Magazine | Page 2

Getting ready to read: creating readers from birth through six / Susan Mandel Glazer. LB R4 G55 Thoughts, troubles, and things about reading from the cradle through grade three / by Carolyn T. Gracenin.

Take, for instance, the name Brian, which happens to be the name of the man your mother was originally engaged to until he gave her a black eye. There is no way you could be named Brian, even if it was, as Brian claimed, a terrible accident. Or Thomas, the name of your paternal grandfather, who is the reason your father will have to bite his lip when he helps you struggle through your math homework or watches you flinch away from ground balls while you play second base. These are only some of the names that must be discarded for reasons of negative association. Creepy neighbors and obnoxious co-workers must also be eliminated, along with names like Benedict and Osama. Indeed, we find it easier to brainstorm a list of names not to give you. We diffuse the tension by suggesting names like Roscoe, Hyman, Dooley, or Yakov. Yet after all these rejects, there are a plethora of candidates that are not readily dismissed. So we repeat the name, using different tones for calling you in for dinner, congratulating you for some random accomplishment, scolding your disobedience, or screaming at you to get out of the way of an oncoming car in a hypothetical future that is itself pregnant with expectancy and nauseating pressures. But we can imagine. Perhaps your name will be given to another child who grows up to be a mass-murdering cannibal, or your name will be given to a Category 5 hurricane that wipes out an entire city, and although you have never knowingly eaten human flesh or breached any levees, people will metaphorically associate youâ€™your neediness, your intrusivenessâ€™with these things. Perhaps unseen linguistic forces will cause your name to become a pejorative. The safe route would be to give you a very common name so there will be several of you in the same class. You will likely be of marginal popularity, both statistically speaking and what with having such a regular name. Of course someone with your name will be the guy whose name all the girls write on their notebooks, but this will only remind you of your own anonymity and cause you to lose touch with reality as you try to live vicariously through him. Alfred Prufrock himself nominally challenged. The obvious alternative is to give you a wildly original or unique name or at least a new take on a familiar name, something like Joscu. At first it will be novelty. People will comment favorably about its uniqueness, and this will become a part of your personality. You will be your own man and forge your own way in the world. You will not care what others think. But then you will grow tired of people asking how to spell your name. You might even become resentful of us and stop coming home for Thanksgiving. We will certainly call, pleading you to see us, even if not for the holidays, but the independence we instilled in you when we named you now comes back to haunt us when you slam the phone down and stop answering. Several Thanksgivings pass, and while we are devastated, you live a successful and carefree life, marry a beautiful woman, and have a son of your own; such interdependence, however, chafes your individualist nature so you remain aloof in your other pursuits, one of which includes your secretary, who falls in love with you, or at least the idea of you, until she is downsized in a round of layoffs and is forgotten. That will not be your concern; there will be other secretaries. Meanwhile, something must be happening back at home with your wife and child, who are themselves learning how to live without you. You die alone with scar tissue in the places where your connections to both the past and the future once were. We will also be careful not to name you Butch or Biff, names that would be difficult to live up to, but your father will try convincing your mother to name you after some sports figure. She will resist but eventually compromise, and in the end you become a Junior. This will make your father proud in a way that surprises him, although he tells people at the hospital that he wants you to be your own manâ€™although seeing his name many years later on report cards filled with mostly Bs and Cs and on the back of a clean sports uniform hunched over on the bench causes him to feel slightly nuanced pangs of disappointment. After one game where you do play much of the fourth quarter, you run up to him excitedly. Although he smiles weakly, he is not looking at you, and no matter how much you strain you cannot meet his eyes. A few days

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later you go into your room and find your father sitting on the edge of your bed, slouching so that his head almost rests in his lap. He leaves without saying anything, and although neither of you grasps the symbolism of the moment, you are so disturbed that for the next few nights you sleep on the floor until it becomes too uncomfortable, and sometime in the middle of the fourth night you crawl back under the covers where you warm quickly and fall asleep. Oh, we struggle mightily with this responsibility. It leads to disagreements, even arguments. Paralyzed by the opacity of uncertainty, we put you out of our minds or distract ourselves from the obligation of naming you by focusing on the mundane details of your imminent arrival. That is, until someone asks us about your name and we smile coyly, hoping to evade the question; later, however, we resolutely bring out the baby name books, but the names will not have changed and the uncertainty will remain. You are born, and still we have not decided. You are devoid of identity, like an undiscovered atomic element. Those who are even vaguely aware of your existence speak of you as the son of your father or in a similarly indirect manner. We will try to protect you from a world that chews up and spits out people without a name for themselves. We pad your existence with toys and treats and encourage you to stay with us where we can lovingly and guiltily provide, and you never seem to grow up. In fact you seem to get smaller each year while these things increase, filling up every part of the house, until one day you disappear altogether, never to be found, even by yourself. Despite our fixation, your name will not determine the course of your existence. After all, a rose by any other name is still a rose. Neither fate nor the Divine has conspired against you or your name in deciding your fate; you will have some control over the person you will become with whatever name you are given. Despite all our efforts and good intentions in assigning you a name, this obligation is fraught with so much inherent danger and affected by so many factors outside our influence that you really cannot blame us for anything but the one thing we ultimately did have control over, which was the decision to bring you into a broken world full of overbearing fathers and abusive ex-boyfriends and earwax eaters, traitors and terrorists, name callers and potheads, serial killers and love-struck, downsized secretaries, all of whom, including your parents, are just trying to make sense of their own names. For the record, my wife had no abusive boyfriends, and it was my grandpa who was named Marinus, a wonderful man with an unfortunate name. Also for the record: Greg Schreur writes and teaches in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Brain, Child Fall

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Chapter 2 : Holdings : Growing up with literature / | York University Libraries

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Sorry this took so long! I made a lot of changes to this chapter As wuteva4eva suggested thank you so much! I also revealed a little more about Chris in this chapter. Anyway, hope you enjoy. I am eager for your feedback! Thank you so much! Oh, and to Layla: Thank you so much for your kind words! D It means sooooo much, really. Thanks so much again! My name is Meredith Cable. He should be expecting me. Meredith had practically been counting down the seconds until this moment, and no matter how desperately she tried, she simply could not hide the giddy excitement pulsating inside her, electric with its energy. Have a good evening, sir. Standard procedure, you see. She handed the clipboard back to him, grinning brightly. You may go on up now. She pushed the button gingerly, watching in awe as the digital number over the top of the door reading "40" began decreasing. Noting her confusion, he repeated himself. The one who hurt her ankle that Mr. Shumway had to carry up. So he did remember her and Paige. Finally, with a resounding "ding" that echoed loudly through the cavernous lobby, the elevator arrived. The doors slid soundlessly open, smooth as butter, and Meredith stepped inside, quickly pressing the "35" button. She stood there, rocking back and forth nervously on her heels, clutching her textbook and notebook so hard her knuckles were turning white, her eyes fixated on the steadily increasing numbers over her head. Clearing her throat, she reached up and self-consciously began patting her hair and straightening out her dress as she examined her reflection in the brass walls of the elevator. Gulping, Meredith stepped out into the dimly-lit hallway and began making her way slowly down the corridor. As the large oak door reading "A" appeared in her line of vision, she could feel all of the usual Chris symptoms flaring up: She closed her eyes for a moment, desperately trying to calm the butterflies fluttering around in her stomach. Finally, taking a deep breath, she reached out and knocked briskly on the door. Finally, after what seemed like ages, the door opened. There was Chris, looking as handsome as ever in a white polo and khaki pants. His lips curled upwards into his usual adorable smile, and she felt her heart skip a beat. He opened the door wider, standing aside and gesturing for her to enter. My train got in earlier than expected," she explained, "but, yes, I actually am starving. Make yourself at home. She took a moment to take another look around the apartment. It was just as large and open and minimalist as she remembered, but it was decidedly more furnished than last time: Dozens of cardboard boxes were stacked around the whole main floor, obscuring the beautiful view from the floor-to-ceiling glass windows. Chris noticed her wandering eyes, and chuckled. It was as though the man had three arms; a well-rehearsed, almost rhythmic dance in the kitchen. He glanced up from his whirring hands and shrugged modestly. Ah, I think our steaks are done I like mine medium rare too. She eagerly began downing her food, cutting, chewing, and swallowing over and over in rapid-fire succession, closing her eyes as the delicious flavors overtook her mouth and tantalized her taste buds. She looked up at her host from across the table, eyes wide in amazement. Where did you learn to cook like this? My grandma got me into cooking when I was younger I dunno, been into it ever since, I guess. I was totally fascinated. Finally, one day, she offered to show me a thing or two. She gave him a tender smile. Well, she certainly taught you well, because this food is amazing. He looked genuinely touched by her sincerity, and when he spoke, the softness in his voice gave him away. You just made my day. Thank you so much again for that fantastic dinner! I can eat a ton," she said proudly, smiling with triumph. Good food is so worth the extra calories, in my opinion," He nodded. And can I just say how refreshing it is to see a girl eat some real food? You take most girls out to eat and they order a salad and just You just keep on surprising me. Something about the way he was looking at her We can do it together, then. Meredith let out a happy sigh; she was completely and utterly content, standing there, allowing the warm water to wash over her hands and basking in the feeling of standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Chris. As usual, all of her initial nervousness had completely dissipated Who are you calling old? He glared at her in mock anger. You better shape up or else. Meredith gasped, blinking back the water droplets in her eyes. Chris held

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up his hands in surrender as he caught sight of the threatening ketchup bottle aimed right at him. He stood there for a moment, frozen in shock, the red goop dripping all down his face as Meredith laughed and laughed and laughed. Finally, his lips twisted into a wide grin. The two darted around the kitchen like a cat and mouse for several minutes, Meredith screaming the entire time. Finally, Chris managed to corner her between the open dishwasher and the counter. All she did was stick out her tongue at him tauntingly in response. Meredith screamed, reaching up and wiping the mess from her head, her brown eyes ignited with competitive fire. And the two were at it again, frantically grabbing any food and condiments they could find, chasing each other around the kitchen and through the dining room, dousing each other with mayonnaise, ranch dressing, jam, peanut butter and marinara sauce. He managed to dump an entire container of leftover mashed potatoes on her head. She threw half of a lemon meringue pie in his face. They ran and ran and ran for what seemed like hours, the sound of their loud trash talking and shrieks of hysterical laughter ringing through the spacious apartment, having more fun than either of them had had in a very, very long time. Meredith and Chris were sitting on the tile floor of the kitchen, leaning back against the wooden cabinets, still covered from head to toe in various condiments and chunks of leftovers. Their food war had finally died down, coming to a close when they had both been too out of breath to go continue. The epic battle had ended with a tie, an outcome that they both would have to live with, each having resigned themselves to a truce. The two looked over at each other, and broke into peals of laughter again. She grinned, her eyes sparkling at his touch, nodding in agreement. The blonde shrugged, reaching over and affectionately ruffling his ketchup-covered hair. Every kind of condiment and food imaginable was splattered the floor, stuck to the walls, and covering the counter tops. Some of their weapons of choice had even accidentally escaped the boundaries of the kitchen; there was a smashed tomato slowly but surely sliding down the living room wall and a squirt of mayo splattered across the table. But only because you look so cute with all that mustard all over your face. She giggled awkwardly before averting her gaze. There was a moment of comfortable silence as the two gathered their own thoughts. And so much for that delicious house-warming pie my new neighbor baked for me. That was so good. You really are quite the cook. I wish everyone felt that way. It came out before she could stop herself: She glanced over at him nervously, waiting to gauge his reaction. The last thing she wanted to do was insult his darling fiancée

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Chapter 3 : Children Poems - Poems About Children Growing Up

*Thoughts, Troubles, and Things About Reading from the Cradle Through Grade Three [Carolyn T. Gracenin] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Biography[edit] Family and early life[edit] Kurt Vonnegut Jr. He was the youngest of three children of Kurt Vonnegut Sr. His older siblings were Bernard born and Alice born Vonnegut was descended from German immigrants who settled in the United States in the midth century; his patrilineal great-grandfather, Clemens Vonnegut of Westphalia , Germany, settled in Indianapolis and founded the Vonnegut Hardware Company. Thus, they did not teach their youngest son German or introduce him to German literature and tradition, leaving him feeling "ignorant and rootless. So she was as great an influence on me as anybody. When the Great Depression hit, few people could afford to build, causing clients at Kurt Sr. His father withdrew from normal life and became what Vonnegut called a "dreamy artist". While there, he played clarinet in the school band and became a co-editor along with Madelyn Pugh for the Tuesday edition of the school newspaper, The Shortridge Echo. Vonnegut said his tenure with the Echo allowed him to write for a large audienceâ€”his fellow studentsâ€”rather than for a teacher, an experience he said was "fun and easy". He wanted to study the humanities or become an architect like his father, but his father [b] and brother, a scientist, urged him to study a "useful" discipline. He later penned a piece, "Well All Right", focusing on pacifism , a cause he strongly supported, [8] arguing against U. Army uniform between and The attack on Pearl Harbor brought the U. He was placed on academic probation in May and dropped out the following January. No longer eligible for a student deferment , he faced likely conscription into the United States Army. Instead of waiting to be drafted, he enlisted in the army and in March reported to Fort Bragg , North Carolina, for basic training. She was inebriated at the time and under the influence of prescription drugs. In December , he fought in the Battle of the Bulge , the final German offensive of the war. Over members of the division were killed and over 6, were captured. On December 22, Vonnegut was captured with about 50 other American soldiers. During the journey, the Royal Air Force bombed the prisoner trains and killed about men. He lived in a slaughterhouse when he got to the city, and worked in a factory that made malt syrup for pregnant women. Vonnegut recalled the sirens going off whenever another city was bombed. The Germans did not expect Dresden to get bombed, Vonnegut said. On February 13, , Dresden became the target of Allied forces. In the hours and days that followed, the Allies engaged in a fierce firebombing of the city. Vonnegut marveled at the level of both the destruction in Dresden and the secrecy that attended it. He had survived by taking refuge in a meat locker three stories underground. They burnt the whole damn town down. With the captives abandoned by their guards, Vonnegut reached a prisoner-of-war repatriation camp in Le Havre , France, before the end of May , with the aid of the Soviets. Army and returned to Indianapolis. He augmented his income by working as a reporter for the City News Bureau of Chicago at night. Jane accepted a scholarship from the university to study Russian literature as a graduate student. His brother Bernard had worked at GE since , contributing significantly to an iodine -based cloud seeding project. In , Kurt and Jane had a daughter named Edith. Burger suggested he quit GE, a course he had contemplated before. He also did a stint as an English teacher, wrote copy for an advertising agency, and opened the first USA Saab dealership, which eventually failed. The novel has a post-Third World War setting, in which factory workers have been replaced by machines. He satirizes the drive to climb the corporate ladder, one that in Player Piano is rapidly disappearing as automation increases, putting even executives out of work. His central character, Paul Proteus, has an ambitious wife, a backstabbing assistant, and a feeling of empathy for the poor. Sent by his boss, Kroner, as a double agent among the poor who have all the material goods they want, but little sense of purpose , he leads them in a machine-smashing, museum-burning revolution. The comic, heavy-drinking Shah of Bratpuhr, an outsider to this dystopian corporate United States, is able to ask many questions that an insider would not think to ask, or would cause offense by doing so. Speaking for Vonnegut, he dismisses it as a "false god". Hicks called

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Vonnegut a "sharp-eyed satirist". None of the reviewers considered the novel particularly important. Several editions were printed—one by Bantam with the title *Utopia 14*, and another by the Doubleday Science Fiction Book Club—whereby Vonnegut gained the repute of a science fiction writer, a genre held in disdain by writers at that time. He defended the genre, and deplored a perceived sentiment that "no one can simultaneously be a respectable writer and understand how a refrigerator works. In the couple had a third child, Nanette. In , his sister, Alice, died of cancer two days after her husband, James Carmalt Adams, was killed in a train accident. The *Sirens of Titan* features a Martian invasion of Earth, as experienced by a bored billionaire, Malachi Constant. He meets Winston Rumfoord, an aristocratic space traveler, who is virtually omniscient but stuck in a time warp that allows him to appear on Earth every 59 days. The billionaire learns that his actions and the events of all of history are determined by a race of robotic aliens from the planet Tralfamadore , who need a replacement part that can only be produced by an advanced civilization in order to repair their spaceship and return home—human history has been manipulated to produce it. Some human structures, such as the Kremlin , are coded signals from the aliens to their ship as to how long it may expect to wait for the repair to take place. Roosevelt , also physically resembles the former president. Rumfoord is described, "he put a cigarette in a long, bone cigarette holder, lighted it. He thrust out his jaw. The cigarette holder pointed straight up. After the war, the spy agency refuses to clear his name and he is eventually imprisoned by the Israelis in the same cell block as Adolf Eichmann , and later commits suicide. Vonnegut wrote in a foreword to a later edition, "we are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be". Fourteen-year-old Harrison is a genius and athlete forced to wear record-level "handicaps" and imprisoned for attempting to overthrow the government. He escapes to a television studio, tears away his handicaps, and frees a ballerina from her lead weights. In his biography of Vonnegut, Stanley Schatt suggested that the short story shows "in any leveling process, what really is lost, according to Vonnegut, is beauty, grace, and wisdom". Hoenikker, in addition to the bomb, has developed another threat to mankind, ice-9, solid water stable at room temperature, and if a particle of it is dropped in water, all of it becomes ice Much of the second half of the book is spent on the fictional Caribbean island of San Lorenzo, where John explores a religion called Bokononism , whose holy books excerpts from which are quoted , give the novel the moral core science does not supply. After the oceans are converted to ice-9, wiping out most of humankind, John wanders the frozen surface, seeking to have himself and his story survive. Rosewater , on an accountant he knew on Cape Cod, who specialized in clients in trouble and often had to comfort them. Eliot Rosewater, the wealthy son of a Republican senator, seeks to atone for his wartime killing of noncombatant firefighters by serving in a volunteer fire department , and by giving away money to those in trouble or need. Stress from a battle for control of his charitable foundation pushes him over the edge, and he is placed in a mental hospital. He recovers, and ends the financial battle by declaring the children of his county to be his heirs. By the time he won it, in March , he was becoming a well-known writer. He used the funds to travel in Eastern Europe, including to Dresden, where he found many prominent buildings still in ruins. At the time of the bombing, Vonnegut had not appreciated the sheer scale of destruction in Dresden; his enlightenment came only slowly as information dribbled out, and based on early figures he came to believe that , had died there. His novels have attacked our deepest fears of automation and the bomb, our deepest political guilts, our fiercest hatreds and loves. No one else writes books on these subjects; they are inaccessible to normal novelists. He later stated that the loss of confidence in government that Vietnam caused finally allowed for an honest conversation regarding events like Dresden. He was hailed as a hero of the burgeoning anti-war movement in the United States, was invited to speak at numerous rallies, and gave college commencement addresses around the country. Receiving mixed reviews, it closed on March 14, In , Universal Pictures adapted *Slaughterhouse-Five* into a film which the author said was "flawless". Vonnegut called the disagreements "painful", and said the resulting split was a "terrible, unavoidable accident that we were ill-equipped to understand. When he stopped taking the drug in the mids, he began to see a psychologist weekly.

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Chapter 4 : Orson Welles - Wikipedia

Nothing is more unequal (Spurious Quotation) when equality is given to unequal things, Troubles, and Things About Reading from the Cradle Through Grade.

This chapter is actually not that different from the original one Just did a lot of prose editing. Opening her eyes a crack, she took a quick glance over at the clock sitting on her bedside table, shielding her sensitive eyes from the sun filtering in through the closed blinds. Gritting her teeth, she barely managed to suppress a scream of horror. What on earth were schools thinking, making their poor students get up this early? Lying there bundled up in her nice, warm comforter, Meredith would have given anything to have just snuggled back into her fluffy pillows and returned to dreamland. She let out a soft sigh, allowing her eyelids to leisurely slip shut once more, her entire body instantly going limp. Are you up yet? Finally, she sat up slowly, rubbing her eyes and yawning and stretching. She paused to examine herself in her full-length mirror, and recoiled in disgust at her haggard reflection. There she was, dressed in a white tank top and gray sweatpants, her long blonde hair haphazardly piled up on top of her head in a messy bun, her dark brown eyes puffy from sleep and struggling to stay open. With a sigh, she shuffled into her bathroom and turned on the shower, dragging her feet the whole way. It was going to be a long year. Tapping her foot in impatience, Meredith glanced down and checked her watch. A soft grunt of frustration escaped her lips. Where on earth was Paige? Meredith sighed in annoyance, brushing a stray strand of golden hair from her eyes. This was so typical of a girl like Paige Gerard. Poor little Meredith had been crying because an older girl had stolen her red rubber ball. Paige, ever the champion of those more passive than she, had seen, confronted the older girl, and promptly punched her in the face. Ever since then, the two had been inseparable. She was extremely outgoing, infectiously energetic, totally unreliable, and, obviously, never punctual. She never gave a thought to the future or the consequences of her actions; she completely lived for the moment, a trait both refreshing and mind-numbingly frustrating. In short, Paige Gerard was a small girl with a very, very big personality. An all-or-nothing type to the core in almost every aspect of her life, the girl was in turn extremely abrasive, opinionated, brash, passionate, competitive, and above all, fiercely loyal to those she cared about. The sweet-faced, petite, pretty Paige was a rough-and-tumble, no-bullshit kind of girl at heart. She was sweet as pie to those who first met her, but inside The two best friends were opposites in almost every regard. While Meredith was a fairly good student, Paige was a slacker. While Meredith could at times be almost painfully shy, Paige could easily strike up a conversation with just about anyone. While Meredith possessed a certain almost endearing naivete that caused her to trust too easily and believe too firmly in the inherent good in human nature, the wary, skeptical, guarded Paige was the grounding force in that aspect of their relationship, always there to check the sometimes undeserved optimism her friend tended to lavish on people. Their contrariness knew no bounds. But somehow, it just worked. Meredith and Paige were complete opposites They were two halves of a whole. Yet another frustrated sigh escaping her lips, she checked her watch yet again. Of course, she had expected Paige to be a little late But this was too much. First day of senior year, and they were already going to have an ugly black "TARDY" mark scrawled on their attendance record. And right as the phone began to ring, an only-too-familiar black Mustang convertible screeched into the large circular driveway at full speed, swerving before finally stopping abruptly as it reached the front step, taking out several neatly-trimmed rose bushes along the way. There was Paige, sitting in the front seat, chestnut brown hair streaked blonde from the summer sun blowing in the wind, smiling her usual bright smile. Now get your ass in the car! She finally reached the car, opened the door, and hopped into the passenger seat. Squealing with excitement, the two girls exchanged a tight hug. Slamming her foot onto the break, the car screeched to a halt. A small smile creeping on her lips, Meredith followed, stepping out of the car and slamming the door behind her, her long, shining blonde hair blowing in the breeze. Then, side by side with Paige, the two girls entered the courtyard, ready to start their last year of high school. Squealing in a rather juvenile fashion, she and Paige headed over to the rest of the

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varsity field hockey team, exchanging hugs and comparing tans and sharing stories about their crazy summers. The year was starting out perfectly normal. Meredith was at field hockey practice. Her father was sitting comfortably in his favorite armchair, reading the paper after another exhausting day at the firm. His wife was absorbed in the novel she was reading for book club. The only sound was the quiet panting of their dog Princess, who appeared to be chasing a squirrel in her dream. The phone rang, disturbing the comfortable silence. Andrea let out a slight sigh of annoyance, putting her book down. She picked up the phone and held it up to her ear. The voice sounded like that of a younger man. This is Chris Shumway. This was Christopher Shumway? Christopher Shumway, the tall, scrawny, clumsy teenager with huge glasses? I used to babysit for your two youngest daughters when I was a teenager," Chris continued. How could I forget you? A soft, pleasant chuckle on the other end of the line. Andrea kept struggling to find something to say, but was drawing a complete blank, overcome with shock. She tried to picture the skinny teenager she had known all those years ago, all bones and too-long limbs and over-sized hands and feet. Could it be true what the women at the country club had been saying? That he had blossomed into a handsome, charming, debonair young man? It seemed impossible, but the deep, self-assured, decidedly manly voice on the other end of the phone seemed to suggest otherwise. In spite of herself, Andrea felt a thrill course down her spine. It was deep and throaty and pleasant. And you heard correctly," Chris replied. I think they want to stay forever. Frankly, part of the reason I called is because my mom wants me to be her emissary. And tell your mom I miss her too. It really has been way too long. News travels fast in this town, if you remember correctly. You know how much everyone loves to gossip. No need to stay in a hotel. Please, come and stay with us! We have an extra guest bedroom you could stay in. Oh, it will be lovely. We can all have some time to catch up. Now, when are you going to get here? I want to hear all about your exciting adventures in Los Angeles. Thank you so much, Mrs. Cable," he replied gratefully. Old habits die hard. It was great talking to you again. Andrea replaced the phone back on its cradle, an excited, yet tentative smile lighting up her lovely features. So Christopher Shumway was coming to stay with them for a couple of days. Though the voice on the other end of the line had been decidedly different from the one she remembered, his mannerisms had appeared to stay the same; warm, friendly, engaging, incredibly polite and respectful. So now the question was: How exactly had he changed after all these years? But you could never really be sure with that bunch; information passed along by word of mouth tended to end up being so twisted that it was impossible to separate the truth from their gossip. She was eager to see this new, older, hopefully improved Chris Shumway for herself. Just the thought of it made her giggle with anticipation. He looked up from his paper, staring at her expectantly over his glasses. Both of them turned to look at her. Meredith, her tanned, tan body still glistening with sweat, looked up at them and smiled tiredly as she slowly made her way into the living room.

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Chapter 5 : Readings from Howard Zinn's "Voices of a People's History of the United States"

From Cradle to College from early childhood through grade school Colleg Pages 5 Resources â€¢ Reading to your baby to help develop language and sound skills.

It was created as a relief measure to employ artists, writers, directors and theater workers. Under national director Hallie Flanagan it was shaped into a true national theatre that created relevant art, encouraged experimentation and innovation, and made it possible for millions of Americans to see live theatre for the first time. Its purpose was employment, so he was able to hire any number of artists, craftsmen and technicians, and he filled the stage with performers. At 20, Welles was hailed as a prodigy. Presented at the Henry Street Settlement Music School in New York for the benefit of high school students, the production opened April 21, 1935, and ran its scheduled three performances. The theater was locked and guarded to prevent any government-purchased materials from being used for a commercial production of the work. In a last-minute move, Welles announced to waiting ticket-holders that the show was being transferred to the Venice Theatre, 20 blocks away. Some cast, and some crew and audience, walked the distance on foot. The union musicians refused to perform in a commercial theater for lower non-union government wages. Lacking the participation of the union members, *The Cradle Will Rock* began with Blitzstein introducing the show and playing the piano accompaniment on stage with some cast members performing from the audience. This impromptu performance was well received by its audience. The name was inspired by the title of the iconoclastic magazine, *The American Mercury*. We had not had such a man in our theater. He was the first and remains the greatest. Scene changes were achieved by lighting alone. Simultaneously with his work in the theatre, Welles worked extensively in radio as an actor, writer, director and producer, often without credit. While he was directing the *Voodoo Macbeth* Welles was dashing between Harlem and midtown Manhattan three times a day to meet his radio commitments. It was his first job as a writer-director for radio, [17]: He performed the role anonymously through mid-September. The series began July 11, 1935, initially titled *First Person Singular*, with the formula that Welles would play the lead in each show. Some months later the show was called *The Mercury Theatre on the Air*. Wells October 30, 1935, brought Welles instant fame. The combination of the news bulletin form of the performance with the between-breaks dial spinning habits of listeners was later reported to have created widespread confusion among listeners who failed to hear the introduction, although the extent of this confusion has come into question. The myth of the result created by the combination was reported as fact around the world and disparagingly mentioned by Adolf Hitler in a public speech. *The Mercury Theatre on the Air*, which had been a sustaining show without sponsorship was picked up by Campbell Soup and renamed *The Campbell Playhouse*. As his contract with Campbell came to an end, Welles chose not to sign on for another season. After the broadcast of March 31, 1936, Welles and Campbell parted amicably.

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Chapter 6 : Nothing is more unequal(Spurious Quotation) | Thomas Jefferson's Monticello

From the Cradle to the Grave. By NiteSkyStar. Author's Notes: Hey everyone! This chapter is actually not that different from the original one no new scenes or anything, other than that I moved the beginning scene from Ch. 4 to the end.

From babyhood on he was simply on the move, doing his own things. He crawled early, walked early, and seemed determined to get around on his own with no help from anyone. He wiggled, he stretched, and if you would hold his arms he would brace himself against you and try to stand. His well-informed parents would place him down to sleep on his back and return only to be amazed by the fact that their infant son had turned himself over. From the very beginning, keeping him safe was a pressing issue in their daily life. From the time he could crawl on his own, hugs and kisses were just downtime for him. He had places to go and things to do! Not surprisingly his parents found him to be the most untidy of their three children. He had an older sister, and eventually a little brother, just two years younger. By the time Carlos was five and off to kindergarten, he and Juan were already arguing over their room. Juan loved everything to be tidy, even lining up his shoes in the closet, just for the fun of it. Often, before one of their arguments was over, Juan would be in tears and their mom would be totally out of patience with Carlos. More tears, more trouble. Finding effective ways to discipline him was extremely difficult. They were much too kind and thoughtful to spank him, but sending him to his room was worse than useless. He would go in, find something interesting to do, and completely forget that he was being punished. His major rebuttal was that Juan brought it all on himself by being such a fusspot about the room some truth there, of course. Secondly, he would say repeatedly that it was stupid to get all teary-eyed over getting your feelings hurt. First grade was a downhill slide, though. Because he was tall for his age and very advanced in his physical skills, his parents hated to do that. It is tough to fail first grade, but he just barely escaped that fate. This was just one more area in which his family seemed deeply disappointed in him. Although he was not one to complain about his feelings, let alone to cry about them, Carlos had begun to feel like the family reject. It made him angry, and this, in turn, increased his natural tendency to spend time alone, and to keep his feelings in the background. That summer, his parents, who were financially pretty comfortable, decided to install a swimming pool, in the hope that water fun might reduce family tensions. They also enrolled both boys in a beginning swim program in their neighborhood. Carlos took to swimming with remarkable grace and enthusiasm. It was the first good thing that had happened to him in a long time. This was not so for Juan, who initially liked the water about as much as Carlos liked reading. By the end of summer Juan had warmed up to it a little, but was far from waterproof. Carlos, on the other hand, was spending hours a day in the family pool. He competed in an age-graded swim competition at the end of his summer swim program and won top honors. Things were looking up for him just a little. Then something else happened that turned him into a minor hero. It was just before the start of school again in September, and the family was enjoying a backyard barbeque. Carlos was trying simple dives, while his brother was having nothing to do with swimming, but was running in circles around the pool. His dad was cooking and keeping one eye on the pool, and his mom was fetching some food from the kitchen. Just then Juan slipped. He banged his head on the edge of the pool and fell in at the deep end. By the time his dad had jumped in, clothes and all, Carlos had already reached the shallows and was holding Juan up. He was dazed, but awake and shaking from his ordeal. Except for a lumpy bruise forming over one eyebrow, he was fine. For the first time in his young history, Carlos had been the only one in the family who was in the right place at the right time and had done exactly the right thing. The family was amazed at his presence of mind. Everyone wondered how he had known how to swim back with Juan, keeping his head up out of the water. Carlos could only say that he had seen a lifeguard pull someone out that way at swim class. As was always true for him, what he had seen and experienced went straight into his memory banks. As a peace offering, Juan offered to let the room be just as messy as Carlos wanted it. He even pulled his shoes out of the closet and tossed them around to add to the ambience. And with his newfound awe of his brother, Juan allowed Carlos to give him swimming lessons, and

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made more progress in a month with Carlos than he had made all summer in class. School, of course, started again in the fall, and Carlos was once more on a slippery slope to nowhere. This time, though, his parents found a lever to supply some motivation. Winter would soon put the family pool out of use for months, but there was an indoor swim club a costly one, that they could join. Not long after that a swimming coach from the summer program saw how much progress he had made on his own, and recommended him for a serious training program. The family agreed, and Carlos found that he both loved and hated it. He turned out to be even more talented at diving than he was at swimming, and he found that diving, with its concentration on bringing everything together for one great moment, fit his natural disposition wonderfully. On the negative side, all athletic training involves many, many repetitive practice sessions. On his own, and in his own time, Carlos loved to do this, but when commanded by his coach to do it from PM in exactly the order the coach laid out, it stirred up all of his resentment of regimentation. His family was firm about the fact that all the swimming activities depended on decent work at school, and grudgingly, Carlos has complied. He and Juan have become pretty good pals—so much so that their mom sometimes feels outmaneuvered in her efforts to keep order. Inwardly, though, she often smiles about it. After getting off to such a rocky start the two really seem to like each other. Today, at eight, Carlos has secret thoughts about being an Olympic swimmer some day.

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Chapter 7 : Poetry Passages - English is Easy !

From the Cradle to the Grave. By NiteSkyStar. Author's Notes: Sorry this took so long! I made a lot of changes to this chapter subtle, but they're there.

By Steven Kellogg Joe, Nancy, and the fragmented robot, Roberta, pursued the pair of legs that fled through time, leaving their three friends to cope with the aliens who would soon be upon them. The friends were devoted to the Sloppy twins, and they were determined to help them to complete the assembly of Roberta, and to rescue their parents, and to find the home that they longed for, no matter what the consequences might prove to be. And they had said as much to Joe and Nancy! They had insisted that the twins should leave with Roberta at once and somehow intercept her legs as they sprinted past time zones, while the three of them remained behind to confront the aliens, battling them if necessary as most assuredly it would be, and stalling for time so that Nancy and Joe could make good their escape and accomplish their mission. But now that Joe and Nancy and the robot had actually disappeared, and the aliens were fast approaching, Genius Kelly, the pig, felt his determination to defend his beloved friends was muddled by creeping feelings of insecurity, doubt, and dread. To bolster his courage, he looked closely at his two allies. Hathi, the elephant, was certainly large and stalwart. He watched her swing the fragment of park bench that she had snatched up to use as a weapon, and her intensity made him glad that they were on the same side. She had mothered Joe and Nancy during their years in the circus, and looking at her expression of maternal commitment assured him that she would be a formidable foe against any evil creature who tried to fight its way past her in order to do them harm. As for Sybil Hunch, the misfortune teller, she seemed to have some minor talents as a magician, but Genius Kelly doubted that she would be particularly impressive as a warrior. She had not known the twins very long, but she had developed a grandmotherly feeling of tenderness for them, and he had been impressed when she forthrightly volunteered to help hold off the aliens while they took Roberta and made good their escape. And, even though he was a circus dancer and not a soldier, he had another talent that he thought might surprise the aliens in the event that hand-to-hand combat was called for! Genius Kelly suggested to Hathi and Sybil Hunch that they decide on a strategy before the aliens arrive. Above all, we must remember that we achieve an important victory, no matter how dismally things turn out for us, by gaining time for our friends to complete their mission. We will not let them down! For their assault the aliens had assumed dark and menacing shapes, and their eyes had been carefully calibrated to blaze and flash like neon lights. Suddenly the order to attack was zapped into them from their command post. Sneering and snarling they charged from the shadows and flung themselves at their adversaries. This was the talent that the dancing pig had thought might surprise his adversaries! Now, however, his enthusiasm for the sport was put to serious use as he grappled with a succession of alien opponents and briskly sent each of them sprawling. Sybil Hunch had meanwhile used her magic powers to recruit a troupe of compliant ivy vines exactly as she had done at another critical moment earlier in the adventure. This time she directed the vines to coordinate their movements, binding up each fallen alien as tightly, neatly, and helplessly as hapless beetles that are packaged in spider webbing. As for Hathi, she wielded the fragment of park bench with the dexterity of a tennis pro. Thinking of her beloved Joe and Nancy in danger aroused her to an astonishing level of martial efficiency! She whacked first one alien and then backhanded another, shoving each of them into the clutches of the vines where they were quickly put out of action. It seemed that the victory which had been inconceivable was now actually at hand! Sybil Hunch dodged and skipped through the turmoil deploying her cadre of vines with the shrewd military instincts of Napoleon. She made certain that every alien that was toppled by Genius Kelly or bashed by Hathi was ensnared by her vines before it could recover. Soon very few of them were left standing. But then a wave of alien reinforcements poured in. The valiant trio lost their momentum and stumbled in confusion, as the aliens gleefully taunted them, and herded them toward a strange structure. It turned out to be the boxing ring that had been moved from the clearing where it had been utilized by Baby Max as a roller skating rink during happier

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times. As ordered, the alien troops drove Genius Kelly, Hathi, and Sybil Hunch back against the command post and pinned them there. Above them the leader wheeled around and threw off his cloak, revealing a grotesque gorilla body that was covered by densely tangled tattoos. When he moved they wriggled and rolled over muscles which bulged like bloated watermelons. It was none other than the hideous, blank, rear end-face of Leonardo Dubenski! Invaders, this is your Day of Doom! That is, they assumed he was glaring. It is difficult to read the expressions on a face that is, in actuality, a rear end. You insult him at your peril! My ancestors marched with Hannibal and squashed the Romans! Before he could find his place, Hathi reared up and smacked him with her bench fragment so smartly that his head-butt was driven like a squarely struck nail directly down into his body and out of sight. The headless, tattooed torso, with arms flailing, staggered in circles like a drunken dancer. Then he blundered into the ropes, and bounced over backward onto the canvas, emitting a disgusting, volcanic belch. They were clearly stunned by the spectacle of the previously undefeated Dubenski being hustled off to the underworld locker room even before he had delivered his carefully composed challenge! It only took a moment, however, for the villains to rally and to change their tactics. To the horror of Hathi, Genius Kelly, and Sybil Hunch, the blobs flowed together, increasing in size and mounding themselves around the trio like a vile, pulsating meringue. As the glob rose above their feet, gluing them into place, Sybil Hunch chanted frantic imprecations summoning magical forces that did not respond. Genius Kelly wailed and thrashed helplessly. And Hathi trumpeted to the skies like one of her tragic pre-Hannibal, Mastodon ancestors mired in the deadly muck of the La Brea Tar Pit. The pirate addressed the threatening substance with more authority. For a moment every ripple was paralyzed, and then the entire mass began to sag like a deflating balloon. Finally the pool of goo fragmented, and then reshaped itself into individual egg yolks. For the moment, however, all was joy and peace. The three rescued adventurers gazed in wonder at Angel, who beamed benevolently down at them. He looked resplendent as he descended in an impressive craft that was instantly recognizable as the monumental and magical Cradle of Time. He vaulted to the ground, and lifted each of them into the cradle. Watching the pirate, who was as strong and agile as a gymnast, hoisting the elephant without any apparent effort made Genius Kelly wish that he had arrived a bit earlier when they were being bullied by Dubenski. I was about to erase his tattoos, but Ms. Hathi nailed him first. She is one powerful pachyderm! Sybil Hunch was curled beside her. The pig responded with drooping eyes and a drowsy nod. Then he covered the sleeping trio with a fluffy quilt. Genius Kelly became a piglet, Hathi reverted to an elephant calf, and Sybil Hunch was once again a wiry, frizzy-haired kindergartener. The Cradle of Time rose like a grand gondola drawn upward by an invisible balloon. It sailed serenely through the radiant sunshine and the canyons of clouds. Meanwhile the napping friends, exhausted from all the stress generated by their confrontation with the aliens, enjoyed the sweet dreams that Angel had wished for them. After several hours the three sleepers began to stir. He reprogrammed and retitled the cradle to bring them back to their former maturity levels. It took a few moments for their interior biological systems to adjust to the jolts and swellings brought about by the abrupt change in age, but a few burps, hiccoughs, and sneezes later everything was functioning harmoniously. The ever-thoughtful and resourceful Angel had anticipated this possibility. He winked at the computer panel, and like magic, three gloved hands emerged from a trap door and delivered a delicious looking trio of trays. Each of the platters was heaped with gourmet fare that was perfectly chosen to delight the palette of a pig, an elephant, and a misfortune-teller. He had already locked the cradle into the proper time slot to coincide with the band in which the twins and Roberta were now operating. And, sure enough, there they were in the distance. As the cradle swept downward, Angel programmed the sound-search system to pick up their conversation.

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Chapter 8 : Kurt Vonnegut - Wikipedia

About 1-in-5 of Washtenaw County's third graders could have been held back if the state's new third-grade reading law had been fully in effect in the school year.

Transcript This is a rush transcript. Copy may not be in its final form. Welcome to Democracy Now! Today, a Democracy Now! These are the voices of people throughout U. This was recorded in Los Angeles in October of We begin the broadcast with Howard Zinn himself. I want to tell you how this came about. No, I was quoting Native Americans and factory workers and women who went to work in the Lowell Mills at the age of 12 and died at the age of 25 very often. I was quoting dissenters of all sorts, socialists and anarchists and antiwar people. They were speeches of presidents and laws passed by Congress and decisions of the Supreme Court. We chose those statements that we thought had the most meaning for today. And all from theâ€”starting with, you know, de Las Casas, who blew the whistle on Columbus, going all the way upâ€”down to the present day, down to the protesters against the war in Iraq. And so, our heroes in this book, the people we quote, are not Andrew Jackson, but the Indians that he ordered removed from the Southeastern states of the United States. No, our heroes are not the war makers. And so, yeah, we put all of this together. And I guess the fundamental theme that runs through all these readings is the idea that there are people all through American history, from way back down to the present day, there are people all the way through who have resisted oppression, resisted injustice, fought back, who have disobeyed authority, you see. And, you know, our premise is that when the authorities act against the interests of the people, when the government sends young people to war, when it takes the wealth of the country and wastes it on war and gives it to the rich, then disobedience is the answer, you see. And when people refuse to obey, then democracy comes alive. So, we wanted to add a little suspense to the occasion. And then, there at the end, or the beginning, is Anthony Arno. And he and I are going to take turns introducing the readings. In recent years, historians have begun to challenge the idealized, romanticized picture of Christopher Columbus. Forty-nine years have passed since the first settlers penetrated the land, the first being the large and most happy isle called Hispaniola, perhaps the most densely populated place in the world. There must be close to two hundred leagues of land on this island, and all the land so far discovered is a beehive of people; it is as though God had crowded into these lands the great majority of mankind. And of all the infinite universe of humanity, these people are the most guileless, the most devoid of wickedness and duplicity, the most obedient and faithful to their native masters and to the Spanish Christians whom they serve. And because they are so weak and complaisant, they are less able to endure heavy labor and soon die of no matter what malady. Yet into this sheepfold, into this land of meek outcasts there came some Spaniards who immediately behaved like ravening wild beasts, wolves, tigers, or lions that had been starved for many daysâ€”killing, terrorizing, afflicting, torturing, and destroying the native peoples, doing all this with the strangest and most varied new methods of cruelty, never seen or heard of before, and to such a degree that this Island of Hispaniola, once so populous having a population that I estimated to be more than three millions, has now a population of barely two hundred persons. Their reason for killing and destroying such an infinite number of souls is that the Christians have an ultimate aim, which is to acquire gold, and to swell themselves with riches in a very brief time and thus rise to a high estate disproportionate to their merits. It should be kept in mind that their insatiable greed and ambition, the greatest ever seen in the world, is the cause of their villainies. And also, those lands are so rich and felicitous, the native peoples so meek and patient, so easy to subject, that our Spaniards have no more consideration for them than beastsâ€”no, for thanks be to God, they have treated beasts with some respect; I should say instead like excrement on the public squares. The Indians began to seek ways to throw the Christians out of their lands. They took up arms, but their weapons were very weak and of little service in offense and still less in defense. The Christians, with their horses and swords and pikes began to carry out massacres and strange cruelties against them. They attacked the towns and spared neither the children nor the aged nor pregnant women nor

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women in childbed, not only stabbing them and dismembering them but cutting them to pieces as if dealing with sheep in the slaughter house. When tied to the stake, the cacique Hatueyâ€”a very important nobleâ€”was told by a Franciscan friar about the God of the Christians and of the articles of Faith. And he was told what he could do in the brief time that remained to him, in order to be saved and go to heaven. The caciqueâ€”who had never heard any of this before, and was told he would go to Inferno where, if he did not adopt the Christian Faith, he would suffer eternal tormentâ€”asked the Franciscan friar if Christians all went to Heaven. When told that they did, he said he would prefer to go to Hell. In the year , when the anti-slavery movement was just beginning in the United States, an African-American woman, Maria Stewart, gave this speech. Continual fear and laborious servitude have in some degree lessened in us that natural force and energy which belong to man; or else, in defiance of opposition, our men, before this, would have nobly and boldly contended for their rights. Give the man of color an equal opportunity with the white from the cradle to manhood, and from manhood to the grave, and you would discover the dignified statesman, the man of science, and the philosopher. But there is no such opportunity for the sons of Africa, and I fear that our powerful ones are fully determined that there never shall be. O ye sons of Africa, when will your voices be heard in our legislative halls, in defiance of your enemies, contending for equal rights and liberty? Is it possible that for the want of knowledge, we have labored for hundreds of years to support others, and been content to receive what they chose to give us in return? Cast your eyes about, look as far as you can see; all, all is owned by the lordly white, except here and there a lowly dwelling which the man of color, midst deprivations, fraud and opposition, has been scarce able to procure. Like King Solomon, who put neither nail nor hammer to the temple, yet received the praise; so also have the white Americans gained themselves a name, like the names of the great men that are in the earth, while in reality we have been their principal foundation and support. We have pursued the shadow, they have obtained the substance; we have performed the labor, they have received the profits; we have planted the vines, they have eaten the fruits of them. Joseph was sent to the Indian Territories in Oklahoma, where he continued to speak out against the crimes of the U. I am glad I came. I have shaken hands with a good many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a government has something wrong about it. I cannot understand why so many chiefs are allowed to talk so many different ways, and promise so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief and many other law chiefs, and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while all their mouths talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk but nothing is done. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by white men. They do not pay for my horses and cattle. Good words do not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not give my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them the same laws. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. And they assumed these young women would be docile and easily managed. But instead, these young women in the Lowell mills formed reading circles. They organized to demand their rights as laborers and as women. They agitated for better workplace conditions. Here, Harriet Hanson Robinson, who started work in the mills when she was only ten, recounts a strike of the Lowell women. In England, and in France particularly, great injustice had been done to her real character; she was represented as subjected to influences that could not fail to destroy her purity and self-respect. In the eyes of her overseer she was but a brute, slave, to be beaten, pinched, and pushed about. One of the first strikes of the cotton-factory operatives that ever took place in this country was that in Lowell, in October, When it was announced that wages were to be cut down, great indignation was felt, and it was

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decided to strike, en masse. One of the girls stood on a pump, and gave vent to the feelings of her companions in a neat speech, declaring that it was their duty to resist all attempts at cutting down the wages. This was the first time a woman had spoken in public in Lowell, and the event caused surprise and consternation among her audience. Cutting down the wages was not their only grievance, nor the only cause of this strike. Hitherto the corporations had paid twenty-five cents a week towards the board of each operative, and now it was their purpose to have the girls pay the sum; and this, in addition to the cut in wages, would make a difference of at least one dollar a week. It was estimated that as many as twelve or fifteen hundred girls turned out, and walked in procession through the streets. When the day came on which the girls were to turn out, those in the upper rooms started first, and so many of them left that our mill was at once shut down. As I looked back at the long line that followed me, I was more proud than I have ever been at any success I may have achieved. More in a minute. This is Democracy Now! Emma Goldman, a fierce anarchist and feminist orator, agitator, organizer, opponent of war, and when the World War broke out in Europe in and before the United States entered the war, she gave this speech in San Francisco. Leo Tolstoy, the greatest anti-patriot of our times, defines patriotism as the principle that will justify the training of wholesale murderers; a trade that requires better equipment for the exercise of man-killing than the making of such necessities of life as shoes, clothing, and houses; a trade that guarantees better returns and greater glory than that of the average workingman. Patriotism assumes that our globe is divided into little spots, each one surrounded by an iron gate. Those who have had the fortune of being born on some particular spot, consider themselves better, nobler, grander, more intelligent than the living beings inhabiting any other spot. It is, therefore, the duty of everyone living on that chosen spot to fight, kill, and die in the attempt to impose his superiority upon all the others. The inhabitants of the other spots reason in like manner, of course, with the result that, from early infancy, the mind of the child is poisoned with blood-curdling stories about the Germans, the French, the Italians, Russians, etc. When the child has reached manhood, he is thoroughly saturated with the belief that he is chosen by the Lord himself to defend his country against the attack or invasion of any foreigner. It is for that purpose that we are clamoring for a greater army and navy, more battleships and ammunition.

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Chapter 9 : quotations from great song lyrics, song quotes

From Cradle to Grave has 1, ratings and 50 reviews. Emma said: What goes through someones mind when they are writing something like this. It is an inc.

Jackie Mason If a person a is poorly, b receives treatment intended to make him better, and c gets better, then no power of reasoning known to medical science can convince him that it may not have been the treatment that restored his health. Peter Medawar, *The Art of the Soluble Books*, if you are well enough to read them, are crucially important for entertainment and keeping the mind in working order [when you are in the hospital]. Some serious works should therefore be among them. Do not read a genuinely funny book within a week of having had an abdominal operation. So far from giving you stitches, it will probably deprive you of them. Books should never be so heavy as to impede the ebb and flow of the blood. I needed all the help I could get to promote my ambition to remain alive. It was as allies, then, that I regarded by physicians and the apparatus of intensive care and not as so many plots to deprive me of my dignity. Dennis Miller I think the easiest job in the world has to be coroner. Surgery on dead people. Dennis Miller I refuse to spend my life worrying about what I eat. There is no pleasure worth forgoing just for an extra three years in the geriatric ward. John Mortimer Quit worrying about your health. Robert Orben The desire to take medicine is one feature which distinguishes man, the animal, from his fellow creatures. William Osler Attention to health is life greatest hindrance. Laurence Johnston Peter The wizards from Unseen University had been jolly interested in the problem, like doctors being really fascinated by some new, virulent disease; the patient appreciates all the interest but would very much prefer it if they either came up with a cure or stopped prodding. Terry Pratchett, *Going Postal* Diet: Prochnow To believe in medicine would be the height of folly, if not to believe in it were not a greater folly still. Marcel Proust Be true to your teeth or your teeth will be false to you. Dental Proverb Never take the antidote before the poison. Latin Proverb If you would live healthy, be old early. Rita Rudner My husband thinks that health food is anything he eats before the expiration date. Rita Rudner Health basically gives you the freedom to agonize about things that have absolutely no importance. *Tales of a Revealing Nature* To a person with a toothache, even if the world is tottering, there is nothing more important than a visit to the dentist. Other than that, I am quite well. *The Original Series* The first tenet of good medicine is never make the patient any worse. *The Next Generation* Reports of my death have been exaggerated " but not by much. *Deep Space Nine* Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy and wealthy and dead. I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve a while. I started down toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising; I must have vomited three-quarters of an hour; I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Mark Twain, "How To Cure A Cold" I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got here a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take a quart " that makes half a gallon. I calculate to do it or perish in the attempt. At least I am lying, anyway " critical or not critical. Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad* That doctor had half an idea that there is something the matter with my brain. Doctors do know so little and they do charge so much for it. I attended their funerals. Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer* A half-educated physician is not valuable. He thinks he can cure everything. While it is its sharpest it seems a bad investment; but when relief begins, the unexpired remainder is worth four dollars a minute. Mark Twain, cablegram, , quoted in Alex Ayres ed. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry. Mark Twain, *Chapters from My Autobiography* I have

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been practising [medicine] now for seven months. When I settled on my farm in Connecticut in June I found the community very thinly settled. And since I have been engaged in practice it has become more thinly settled still. This gratifies me, as indicating that I am making an impression on my community. Clemens, "Farmer's speech," After forty years of public effort I have become just a target for medicines. A Biography Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint. Mark Twain, attributed; in Alex Ayres ed. Unknown The art of medicine consists of amusing the patient while nature cures the disease. To quote Richard Veech, Chief of the Laboratory of Membrane Biochemistry at the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, who has reported on the interplay of free radicals and antioxidants for over thirty years: They want to take a pill. Christopher Wanjek, *Bad Medicine: Misconceptions and Misuses Revealed*, from *Distance Healing to Vitamin O* The bottom line is that herbs, like everything else, are made of chemicals. Some chemicals are very safe for humans; some chemicals are very dangerous. Thus, ingesting an untested herb is no different from ingesting an untested pharmaceutical. Furthermore, no medicine is inert. Medicine is effective only when it changes something in your body. Medicine that works is, by definition, a chemical that is potentially harmful to your body over time. Tom Wilson The doctor can bury his mistakes but an architect can only advise his client to plant vines. Steven Wright I had some eyeglasses. I was walking down the street when suddenly the prescription ran out. Steven Wright I told my doctor I broke my leg in two places. He told me to quit going to those places.