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| **Teacher's Guide:**  **Little Toy Friend *Poems***  **a poem told from a "lost" plaything's point-of-view**  The original writing lesson was created by NNWP Consultant **Regan Ringler** **Hartzell**. It was revised in 2010 to include a writer's notebook page. The following is an adaptation from the revision by Karyn Mazza. | T[[mhtml:file://C:\Users\kmazza\Documents\Colonial%20America\WritingFix%20a%206-Trait%20Writing%20Lesson%20inspired%20by%20the%20poem%20Little%20Toy%20Solider%20by%20Robert%20Louis%20Stevenson.mht!http://writingfix.com/images/poetry_page/poets/robert-louis-stevenson.jpg](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1402750625?ie=UTF8&tag=writi-20&linkCode=as2&camp=1789&creative=9325&creativeASIN=1402750625)](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/1402750625?ie=UTF8&tag=writi-20&linkCode=as2&camp=1789&creative=9325&creativeASIN=1402750625)his on-line writing prompt is based on the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson. Before writing to this assignment, students should hear and discuss the poetry of this great poet. |

Click [here](http://writingfix.com/PDFs/poetry_prompts/classics/The_Dumb_Soldier.pdf) to open and print "The Dumb Soldier" on an overhead transparency.

Click [here](http://writingfix.com/PDFs/poetry_prompts/classics/Little_Boy_Blue.pdf) to open and print "Little Boy Blue" on an overhead transparency.

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| **Essential Question:** | What are the steps of the writing process?  How do writers develop their ideas?  How do sensory details improve our writing? |
| **Activating Strategy:**  **(Learners Mentally Active)** | Turn and Talk: Ask the children to name a favorite toy and explain why it is a favorite. Encourage the inclusion of toys given as baby gifts or have had for a long time. (Perhaps a favorite grandmother gave them the toy or the toy is one they sleep with.) What is is important?  Explain to the children that each of them will have a different attachment to their toy and today they will have the opportunity to share those details in their writing. |
| **Acceleration/**  **Previewing:KeyVocab** | Idea development Sentence fluency Sensory details |
| **Teaching Strategies:**  **(Collaborative Pairs; Distributed Guided Practice; Distributed Summarizing; Graphic Organizers)** | **Step one (sharing the published model):**  Print copies of Robert Louis Stevenson’s poem "The Dumb Soldier" and Eugene Field’s "Little Boy Blue"  for each student. (or display on SMART Board)  Quick review…how the toys children played with in the 1800’s were different from the toys children have today. Have students recall why toys such as metal soldiers and cloth toys were popular during this time and how young children had fewer toys during this time period and how important their few toys were to them.  **Step two (introducing student models of writing):**  In small groups, have your students read and respond to any or all of the [**student models**](http://writingfix.com/Poetry_Prompts/ToySoldier4.htm) that come with this lesson.  Encourage the students to talk about the **idea development** in each poem, and then to talk about how **sentence fluency** was accomplished by the writer.  **Step three (building a writer's notebook page):** After reading and talking about the poems have each student:   * choose three of their favorite toys (encourage them to choose different types of toys--not three different dolls or video games) * name three interesting settings where the toys might be misplaced/left behind * title a page "Lost Toys" in their writer's notebook, then have them partition the page so it's similar to our example on following page. (display organizer on the SMART Board) * share pictures and ideas and talk in detail within groups of 3 or 4 (this will focus learning on sentence fluency) * explore “preposition poster” and explain how poets use different words to vary their sentences; teacher models use of prepositions and shares possible examples for student to use in describing location of lost toy (beneath a pile of fallen leaves, inside a deep hole in the dirt, among the shells on the beach, etc.) * write one sentence for each toy using different preposition for each * share three sentences with partner and ask their listener, “Which of my poetic sentence starters do you think would make the best poem?” (this activity will focus learning on idea development)   **Step four (pre-write, draft and revise):** Students should have chosen a toy to "lose" in their poems and have an introductory sentence. Children create sensory detail organizer and add details or short sentences about toy; including details for Sight, Smell, Touch, Taste and Sound.  Student use brainstorming sheet to organize all of their best ideas.  Students write rough draft about their lost toy…using their introductory sentence created earlier and ideas organized on the brainstorming sheet. Remind students to use prepositions to extend their ideas and improve sentence fluency.  Students meet with small groups to share their rough draft and revise their writing.  Publish and illustrate! |
| **Summarizing Strategy:**  **(Learners Summarize & Answer Essential Question)** | Students share published pieces. Students respond to other student presentations by noting what ideas helped develop the poem and which phrases improved sentence fluency. |

Here are two student models, inspired by seventh graders:

**Tale of a Tonka Truck**

by Chance

On a bright, hot afternoon,

On a crowded ocean shore

Played a little boy in the muck

And a yellow Tonka Truck.

He’d never let it go.

He’d never throw it out,

But somehow he forgot the thing

He could never live without.

There it was,

Just sitting there

Half buried in the mud,

Hearing sounds of waves and gulls

And laughing kids all day.

It saw boats on the ocean,

Kids swimming,

Gulls flying.

It saw some crabs

And everyone playing

In the hot sun.

It smelled the salty water

And good food from the local shop.

The wonderful sights and smells

Just never seemed to stop.

It felt the waves

Gently pushing against it,

The hot sun shining down,

The cold mud holding it still.

It felt happy being there,

Around these happy people,

And being in such a nice place

Though it missed the boy

And his joyful smiling face.

**Lost iPod**

by Jack

His iPod rests in the junkyard,

Atop a big mound of garbage,

Thrown out by accident in a big stack of paper.

On top of that heap of garbage

It has seen the many pickers, looking for buried treasure.

It has seen the line of tired bulldozers, dump trucks,

And backhoes, waiting to move some more trash.

On top of that heap of garbage

It has tasted the rest of the junk, on which the iPod leans,

And the dew that comes almost every morning.

On top of that heap of garbage

It has heard the clunking of the back loader engine,

It has heard the crumpling of cars in the car crusher,

And the passing of cars on the highway.

On top of that heap of garbage

It has smelled the scent of worn-out tires,

The smell of old toys molding.

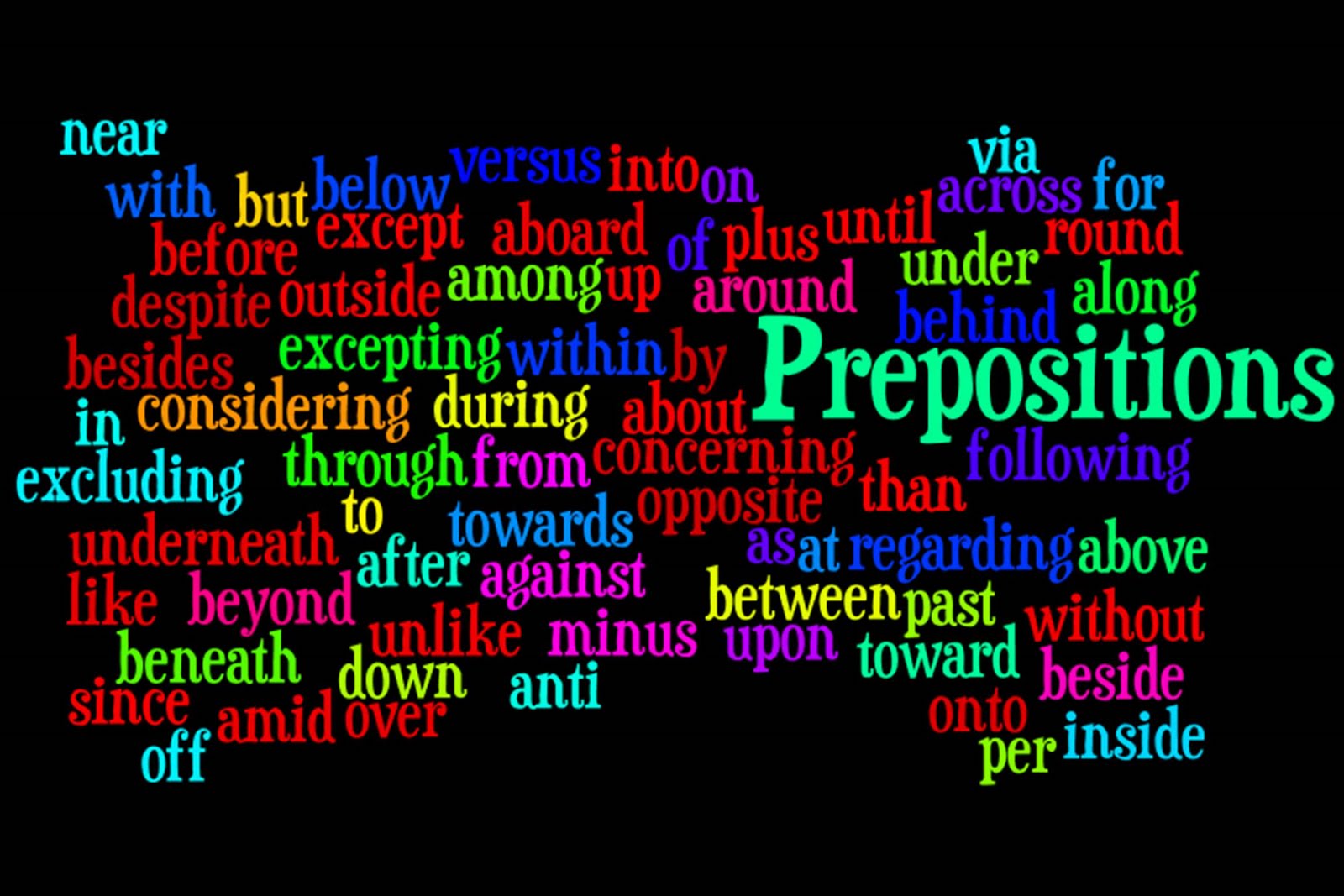
It has smelled the aroma of corroding antiques.

On top of that heap of garbage

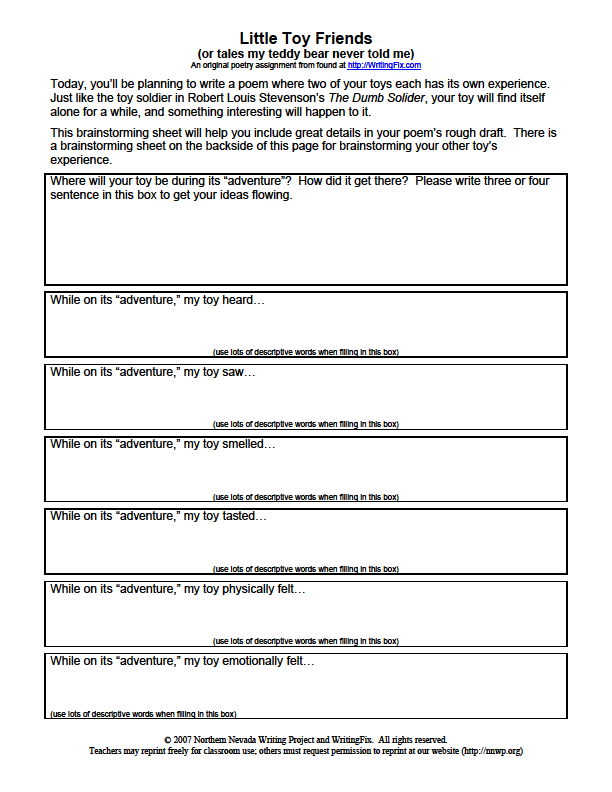
It feels lonely and forgotten.

It feels rusty, tired, and cramped,

Just wanting to play one more song.



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| Writer's Notebook Page Title:  **Lost Toys** | | |
| After naming toy, sketch the location where toy has been lost. Add details that explain where it has been lost and how it was lost. | | |
| **Toy #1:** | **Toy #2:** | **Toy #3:** |
|  |  |  |
| **Sentences about the toys that begin with an interesting preposition:** | | **Interesting list of Prepositions** |
|  | |  |



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| **Eugene Field, Sr.** | |
| [http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/b/bf/Eugene_Field_-_Project_Gutenberg_eText_12984.jpg/200px-Eugene_Field_-_Project_Gutenberg_eText_12984.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Eugene_Field_-_Project_Gutenberg_eText_12984.jpg) **Eugene Field** | |
| **Born** | September 2, 1850(1850-09-02) [St. Louis, Missouri](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._Louis,_Missouri) |
| **Died** | November 4, 1895(1895-11-04) (aged 45) [Chicago, Illinois](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chicago,_Illinois) |
| **Occupation** | American writer |
| **Children** | Eugene Field, Jr. |

**Eugene Field, Sr.** (September 2, 1850 – November 4, 1895) was an [American](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States) writer, best known for his [children's poetry](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Children%27s_poetry) and humorous essays

**Biography:** Field was born in [St. Louis, Missouri](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._Louis,_Missouri) where today his boyhood home is open to the public as The [Eugene Field House](http://www.eugenefieldhouse.org) and St. Louis Toy Museum. After the death of his mother in 1856, he was raised by a cousin, Mary Field French, in [Amherst, Massachusetts](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amherst,_Massachusetts).[[1]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugene_Field#cite_note-0)

Field's father, attorney Roswell Martin Field, was famous for his representation of Dred Scott, the slave who sued for his freedom. Field filed the complaint in this famous case (Dred Scott vs. John Sandford [sic], referred to as the lawsuit that started the Civil War) on behalf of Scott in the federal court in St. Louis, Missouri, which is how the case got to the U.S. Supreme Court.

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

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| [http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/1/1b/Robert_Louis_Stevenson_Knox_Series.jpg/240px-Robert_Louis_Stevenson_Knox_Series.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Robert_Louis_Stevenson_Knox_Series.jpg) | |
| **Born** | Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson 13 November 1850(1850-11-13) [Edinburgh](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edinburgh), Scotland |
| **Died** | 3 December 1894(1894-12-03) (aged 44) [Vailima, Samoa](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vailima,_Samoa) |
| **Occupation** | Novelist, poet, [travel writer](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Travel_writing) |
| **Notable work(s)** | [*Treasure Island*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island), [*A Child's Garden of Verses*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Child%27s_Garden_of_Verses), [*Kidnapped*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kidnapped_(novel)), [*Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strange_Case_of_Dr_Jekyll_and_Mr_Hyde) |
| **Spouse(s)** | [Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fanny_Vandegrift_Osbourne) |
| **Children** | stepson: [Lloyd Osbourne](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lloyd_Osbourne) |
| **Relative(s)** | father: [Thomas Stevenson](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Stevenson) mother: Margaret Isabella Balfour |

**Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson** (13 November 1850 – 3 December 1894) was a [Scottish](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scottish_people) novelist, poet, essayist and [travel writer](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Travel_writing). His best-known books include [*Treasure Island*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island), [*Kidnapped*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kidnapped_(novel)), and [*Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strange_Case_of_Dr_Jekyll_and_Mr_Hyde).

A literary celebrity during his lifetime, Stevenson now ranks among the 30 most translated authors in the world, just below [Charles Dickens](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Dickens).[[3]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-indextrans-2) He has been greatly admired by many authors, including [Jorge Luis Borges](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jorge_Luis_Borges), [Ernest Hemingway](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ernest_Hemingway), [Rudyard Kipling](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rudyard_Kipling), [Marcel Schwob](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marcel_Schwob), [Vladimir Nabokov](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vladimir_Nabokov),[[4]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-3) [J. M. Barrie](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J._M._Barrie),[[5]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-Chaney-4) and [G. K. Chesterton](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/G._K._Chesterton), who said of him that he "seemed to pick the right word up on the point of his pen, like a man playing [spillikins](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spillikins)."[[6]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-5)

**Life: Childhood**

[](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Robert_Louis_Stevenson_daguerreotype_portrait_as_a_child.jpg)

[http://bits.wikimedia.org/skins-1.17/common/images/magnify-clip.png](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Robert_Louis_Stevenson_daguerreotype_portrait_as_a_child.jpg)

[Daguerreotype](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daguerreotype) portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson as a young child

Stevenson was born Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson[[7]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-6) at 8 Howard Place, [Edinburgh](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edinburgh), Scotland, on 13 November 1850, to [Thomas Stevenson](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Stevenson) (1818–1887), a leading [lighthouse](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lighthouse) [engineer](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Engineer), and his wife, the former Margaret Isabella Balfour (1829–1897).[[8]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-7) Lighthouse design was the family profession: Thomas's own father (Robert's grandfather) was the famous [Robert Stevenson](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Stevenson_(civil_engineer)), and his maternal grandfather, [Thomas Smith](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Smith_(engineer)), and brothers [Alan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan_Stevenson) and [David](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Stevenson_(engineer)) were also among those in the business.[[9]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-Paxton_2004-8) On Margaret's side, the family were gentry, tracing their name back to an Alexander Balfour, who held the lands of Inchrye in [Fife](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fife) in the fifteenth century. Her father, Lewis Balfour (1777–1860), was a [minister](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Minister_(Christianity)) of the [Church of Scotland](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Church_of_Scotland) at nearby [Colinton](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colinton),[[10]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-9) and Stevenson spent the greater part of his boyhood holidays in his house. "Now I often wonder", says Stevenson, "what I inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching [sermons](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sermon), and so am I, though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them."[[11]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-10)

Both Balfour and his daughter had a "weak chest" and often needed to stay in warmer climates for their health. Stevenson inherited a tendency to coughs and fevers, exacerbated when the family moved to a damp and chilly house at 1 Inverleith Terrace in 1851.[[12]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-11) The family moved again to the sunnier 17 Heriot Row when Stevenson was six, but the tendency to extreme sickness in winter remained with him until he was eleven. Illness would be a recurrent feature of his adult life and left him extraordinarily thin.[[13]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-12) Contemporary views were that he had [tuberculosis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tuberculosis), but more recent views are that it was [bronchiectasis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bronchiectasis)[[14]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-13) or even [sarcoidosis](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sarcoidosis).[[15]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-14)

Stevenson's parents were both devout and serious [Presbyterians](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Presbyterians), but the household was not strict in its adherence to Calvinist principles. His nurse, Alison Cunningham (known as Cummy),[[16]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson" \l "cite_note-NYT1913-15) was more fervently religious. Her [Calvinism](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Calvinism) and folk beliefs were an early source of nightmares for the child, and he showed a precocious concern for religion.[[17]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-16) But she also cared for him tenderly in illness, reading to him from Bunyan and the Bible as he lay sick in bed and telling tales of the [Covenanters](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Covenanter). Stevenson recalled this time of sickness in the poem "The Land of Counterpane" in [*A Child's Garden of Verses*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Child%27s_Garden_of_Verses) (1885)[[18]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson" \l "cite_note-17) and dedicated the book to his nurse.[[19]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Louis_Stevenson#cite_note-18)

**The Dumb Soldier**

by Robert Louis Stevenson

When the grass was closely mown,

Walking on the lawn alone,

In the turf a hole I found

And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;

Grasses hid my hiding-place;

Grasses run like a green sea

O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,

Looking up with leaden eyes,

Scarlet coat and pointed gun,

To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,

When the scythe is stoned again,

When the lawn is shaven clear,

Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,

I shall find my grenadier;

But, for all that's gone and come,

I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,

In the grassy woods of spring;

Done, if he could tell me true,

Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours

And the springing of the flowers;

And the fairy things that pass

In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard

Talking bee and ladybird,

And the butterfly has flown

O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,

Not a word of all he knows.

I must lay him on the shelf,

**Little Boy Blue**

by Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,

But sturdy and stanch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust,

And his musket molds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new

And the soldier was passing fair,

And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!"

So toddling off to his trundle-bed

He dreamed of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue,--

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,

But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,

Each in the same old place,

Awaiting the touch of a little hand,

The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,

In the dust of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue

Since he kissed them and put them there