

Unit 10 ♦ Tick, Tock, I'm a Clock

teacher's page

Objective: Students will put themselves into the persona of a clock and write creatively about their activities and feelings.

Steps:

1. Tell students that this lesson will focus on something that people use every day: clocks. See how many clocks they can name: grandfather clocks, alarm clocks, desktop clocks, schoolhouse clocks, shelf clocks, railroad station clocks, town square clocks, travel clocks. (For this exercise, don't include watches, cellphone clocks, or computer clocks.) List the clocks they name on the board.
2. Look together at the clock on the classroom wall. Invite the class to *think as that clock*. What might they see and hear, think about and *feel*? Then, ask how many students rely on alarm clocks to waken them? Most people do not look forward to the voice of that little clock! But do they ever consider how that clock might feel?
3. Ask students to choose a clock. They will take the point of view of their clock and personify it. Pair students to talk together about their choices before writing.
4. Distribute the handout. Students will follow the directions on it.

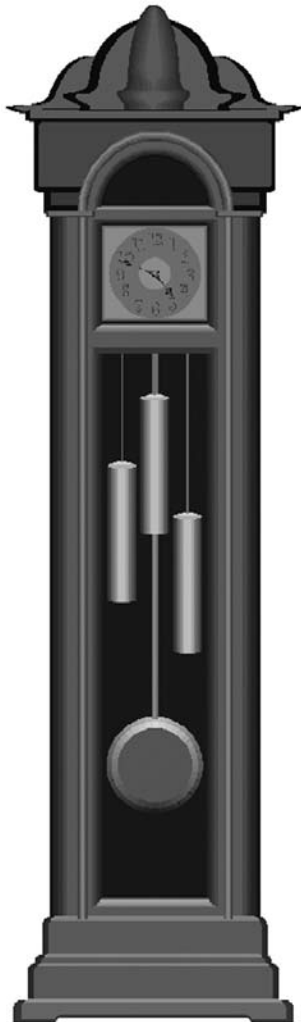
Tick, Tock, I'm a Clock

student handout

It is time for you to write as if you were a clock for one day. Here are some questions you might ask yourself:

- ☞ How long has my owner had me?
- ☞ What do I see, hear, smell, feel around me?
- ☞ Is my life happy or miserable, hectic or peaceful?

Share your ideas with a partner before you begin writing.



The Grandfather Clock

When the sunlight comes through the windows, it starts a new day. I have been standing here over fifty years. Long ago a girl found me at the antique shop, and then her father bought me for her birthday. She was fifteen years old.

She and her family loved antiques. They had many antiques in their house. So I could have many friends in the house: old furniture, dolls, and dishes. I was glad to be a member of the house. Not only my friends but also she and her family greeted me. Sometimes they laughed around me and cried around me.

When she married, I was moved to a different house with some of my friends. The house was very new, so it was not comfortable for me, but I was still happy. I worked very hard, and her new husband greeted me every day.

Now she has lost her husband, and her children have their own families. She always talks to me about her memories. I listen to the stories and sometimes feel sad because we both are growing old. But I love my job. So I will continue to work for her forever.

Akiko, Japan
(former ESL student)