

TO THE TEACHER

This introductory activity is part of a "deeper reading" lesson found <u>HERE</u>. The resource includes a slide deck and ideas for incorporating the tools of Depth and Complexity.

- (1.) Print out the cards on the next page, preferably on cardstock. Students will work in pairs to guess the order in which the stanzas appear in the poem "The Skater at Ghost Lake" by William Rose Benet.
- (2) Reveal the order of the opening stanzas of the poem. If you'd like students to have a copy for annotations, one is provided on page 3.

Ghost Lake's a dark lake, a deep lake and cold:Ice black as ebony, frostily scrolled;Far in its shadows a faint sound whirs;Steep stand the sentineled deep, dark firs.

A brisk sound, a swift sound, a ring-tinkle-ring; Flit-flit,--a shadow with a stoop and a swing, Flies from the shadow through the crackling cold. Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!

Leaning and leaning with a stride and a stride, hands locked behind him, scarf blowing wide, Jeremy Randall skates, skates late, Star for a candle, moon for a mate.

Black is the clear glass now that he glides, Crisp is the whisper of long lean strides, Swift is his swaying - but pricked ears hark. None comes to Ghost Lake late after dark! Print on cardstock and cut the cards apart. Place the 4 cards in a snack baggy or envelope. Prepare one set of cards for each pair of students.

Leaning and leaning with a stride and a stride,	Ghost Lake's a dark lake, a deep lake and cold:
hands locked behind him, scarf blowing wide,	Ice black as ebony, frostily scrolled;
Jeremy Randall skates, skates late,	Far in its shadows a faint sound whirs;
Star for a candle, moon for a mate.	Steep stand the sentineled deep, dark firs.
Black is the clear glass now that he glides,	A brisk sound, a swift sound, a ring-tinkle-ring;
Crisp is the whisper of long lean strides,	Flit-flit,a shadow with a stoop and a swing,
Swift is his swaying - but pricked ears hark.	Flies from the shadow through the crackling cold.
None comes to Ghost Lake late after dark!	Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!
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Steep stand the sentineled deep, dark firs. Ice black as ebony, frostily scrolled; Far in its shadows a faint sound whirs; Ghost Lake's a dark lake, a deep lake and cold:

Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old! Flies from the shadow through the crackling cold. Flit-flit,--a A brisk sound, a swift sound, a ring-tinkle-ring; shadow with a stoop and a swing,

Star for a candle, moon for a mate Jeremy Randall skates, skates late, hands locked behind him, scarf blowing wide, Leaning and leaning with a stride and a stride,

Swift is his swaying - but pricked ears hark. None comes to Ghost Lake late after dark! Crisp is the whisper of long lean strides, Black is the clear glass now that he glides,

an excerpt from "The Skater at Ghost Lake" by William Rose Benet