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Sell Your Homework

12-Week Course of Study:

*24 Ways to Write
Articles*

Lesson 3

**SIMPLE HUMOR
A-B-C
SHEER NONSENSE
THE PARODY**

By Professor Dick Bohrer, M.Sc., M.A.

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24 Ways to
Sell Your Homework:
Articles

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SELL YOUR HOMEWORK

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SIMPLE HUMOR

THE A-B-C ARTICLE, SHEER NONSENSE AND THE PARODY

A feature writer needs all the tools he can get.

While A, B, C looks more like something out of kiddie lit, it can serve an enterprising writer. The Andy Rooneys of our day are using devices like this to get a hilarious point across and to keep the letters coming in.

Andy has the habit of stringing items together and an alphabetic shoe-string works as well as any other. And it amuses the readers who recognize genius when they see it.

The trouble with A, B, C is that it's not as simple as it looks. Oh, you won't have any trouble getting started. You use each letter as the first letter of your entry. Each entry is a sentence or so in length as you work your way through a category.

Maybe you're doing an article on repairmen and the anguish you, a normally intelligent and easy-going citizen of good reputation, go through whenever you ask one of them for help.

You start with "automobile repairmen" and move to "bicycle repairmen," "computer repairmen," "dishwasher repairmen," "electricians," "furnace men," "glaziers,"

"hot tub sealers," "insulators." And then you hit the famous six: J, K, Q, V, X and Z.

Inevitably, you're breezing along with not a cloud in the sky, and then you hit one of these snags. It's challenges like this that test a writer's ingenuity.

Start scratching your head and you reach bone before you get to Z.

Wisdom sends you to the dictionary when it should send you to the phone book. Use the yellow pages to find categories of repairmen. That's what that book is for.

Or pick another topic.

Shelby Silverstein did when he wrote his infamous "A B Z Book" for people who hate children. Clearly it's the most original ABC in a century. It takes the prize for sadism and hilarity and it's worth owning yourself.

His D is for Daddy who is sleeping on the couch. Poor Daddy. Poor, poor Daddy. He can't afford a haircut. Who will give him a haircut? See the scissors. He asks the reading child, will you give Daddy a haircut?

His E is for Elmer who lives in the dining room ceiling.

He urges the child to go get an egg and throw it up to Elmer while calling on him to come get his egg.

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He promises that a hand will come down to catch the egg.

You don't let kids within a mile but the book's got a ton of charm. You try an A, B, C.

Joyce Fowler, one of my feature writing students at Liberty University, wrote the following A-B-C article on her pet peeves of dormitory life:

Athletes who bounce their basketballs up and down the hall at all hours of the day and night.

Bathrooms that are breeding grounds for a million varieties of bacteria.

Cockroaches that must have been born in Texas and came here on scholarships.

Dripping wet clothes hanging in the bathrooms that slap me in the face when I stumble to the shower at 6:30 a.m.

Economic harassment from activities directors who lay a major guilt trip on those who refuse to contribute \$5 to brother-dorm cookouts.

Fashion-conscious snobs who equate personal worth with the number of shaker sweaters and Madonna socks one owns.

Giggles, giggles and more giggles that reverberate after 12 a.m. and register 7.0 and above on the Richter scale.

Hall meetings that take an hour and a half—thirty minutes for an-

nouncements and an hour to get everyone quiet.

Illiterate clods who cannot read signs, such as: "Sleeping. Please do not disturb" and "Studying. Please do not disturb."

Junk sitting in the hallway.

Kitchen utensils that, after being borrowed, are sucked into a black hole somewhere.

Long distance phone calls that never get through to you because some girl whose boyfriend lives in the dorm across the quad from her conducts her entire romance on the telephone.

Mysterious telephone messages for you that are anonymously written in a cross between shorthand and hieroglyphics.

Nasty looks the un-cool people get from the cool people.

Overheard telephone conversations—mine. I can't say anything over the phone that I don't want 90 other people to hear.

Parties with our brother-dorm (also known as "required fun," which is a contradiction of terms).

Quiet hours, which are three hours of anything BUT quiet.

R.A.'s (Residence Assistants). I wouldn't touch that one with a ten-foot pole.

Studying roommates that leave the lights on until the chickens rise.

Typewriters that peck, peck, peck away at my sanity.

Umbrellas that sit drying in the hall for two weeks after it's stopped raining.

Vacuum cleaner. It disappears or breaks down whenever I remember it's my turn to do the floor.

Water standing in puddles on the bathroom floor. There's more water on the floor than in the faucets.

X-rating of pictures and posters by the authorities. This includes photos of men from ages 1 to 100.

Yellow cinder-block walls that close in on me a little more each semester.

Zoo. That's what dorm life is, anyway. Isn't it?

Denise Tully, another student in my feature writing class at Liberty, wrote this "Ode to a French Student:"

Accents are those frustrating little marks you place above words. You inevitably always turn accent *aigu* into your accent *grave*.

"Bonjour" always greets *le professeur* along with those big pearly whites when she enters the room.

Conversation in *le francais* takes all your infinite knowledge just to ask "*Ca va?*" (How are you?)

Dates will be impressed with your skillful mastery of a romantic foreign tongue (even though you have no idea what you're saying).

English appears to become easier and easier—even with all those exceptions.

Flowers (*fleurs*) seem to have a mesmerizing effect on French teachers. They sing and smile with the rest of class.

God hears your feeble pleas for wisdom and sanity even if *le professeur* doesn't.

Headaches seem a common side effect when studying *le subjonctif* and *le conditionnel* verbs.

Imagine the many things you could be doing instead of trying to learn to count to a million in French: *un . . . deux . . . vin . . . cent*.

Janitors hate to clean French classrooms. See all the crumpled papers? French students must be very frustrated people, they think.

Kisses in French (*Lecon 12*) appear to be interesting to most students. They practice this one a lot (except at Liberty U., of course).

Lip formation demands perfection (for pronunciation, not kissing).

Moi? is a good innocent response to Madame Professeur's glaring look.

N'est-ce pas. (Isn't that so?)

Ou (where) est le francais students now? They've all gone to *le practice Lecon 12*.

Paris--the city where all French students dream of going—right? Only if they want to get run over by crazy Frenchmen, wearing funny little berets and driving Renaults down the wrong side of *la rue* (street).

Questions from *le professeur* are the terror of every student. How do I say, “I don’t know”?

Repete! Repete! Repete! Le professeur yells. (She repeats herself a lot.)

Spanish begins to sound like a definite alternative. They say Spanish is really easy. Of course, they said French was easy, too.

Tete! Tete! J’ai mal a la tete! (Another headache’s coming on!)

Unhealthy? I think French is very healthy—for ulcers.

Very dedicated. French students are always—well—usually dedicated. They are always dedicated to conquering *Lecon 12!*

Wrong? I got the accent wrong again?

X-tra patient people take French. Forget it if even Wendy’s five-second service is too slow for you.

You can survive French. Just remember the smile--and the flowers.

ZUT! (Ask your French *professeur*.)

A final student entry in this category was written by John Peters of LU. He calls his a dictionary for dating males.

1. Ask—This is what you must do 274.8 times (on the average) in order to have any chance at all of getting one date.

2. Beg—This is what follows asking. If you progress to step two each and every time, you can usually get

a date after every 273.8 attempts.

3. Cry—This is what you do when the 274.8th one says yes, only to have her parents, siblings, aunt, uncle, favorite former roommate or pet gerbil show up the night you were supposed to go out—thus canceling your date after everyone and his little brother know you have a date.

4. #\$\$%&*#-This is what you say after you finish crying.

5. Even—This is what you are going to get with the girl that canceled the date.

6. Forget—This is what you do after you finally get a girl who is going to go out with you.

7. Gross—This is what you say when you see the girl your roommates set you up with.

8. Horse—The girl in number seven.

9. Innocent—This is what you say you are the one time security finds you and your girl visiting the baseball dug-out . . . alone . . . at night . . . after curfew.

10. Jerk—This is the nicest thing you can think of to call the security officer who found you in number nine.

11. Kiss—This is what you’d be doing by now if number nine hadn’t happened.

12. Love—Final stages of dating relationship before you break up.

13. Money—Lack of is second biggest reason (behind number three) for dates being broken.

14. Nerd—This is what the girl calls you when a sufficient “No, I’d rather not go out with you” would do.

15. Oh!—The reaction of number eight when she sees you.

16. Pig—Taking one of these out will result in number 13 the following week when you have a real date.

17. Queen—Never go out with one of these.

18. Real Date—A once-in-a-lifetime occurrence.

19. Stupid—What you are when you spend number 13 on number eight, leading to the loss of number 18.

20. Texas Inn—Where you don’t want to eat the chili before a date.

21. Unutterable—The feeling you have for your roommate when you see number eight.

22. Vegetable—The basic mental level of most nice-looking girls around here.

23. Wash—What your date in number eight should do more often.

24. Xindu—The name of a river which flows into the Amazon which is about what one-third of all women are.

25. Yell—What a date from North Carolina does whether your ear is one-and-a-half inches to 312

miles from her mouth.

26. Zaire—The country you wish you were in if you’ve eaten at number 20.

What is novel about this entry is the reference by number to the different items mentioned earlier. Such a device makes this A to Z a little more interesting to read.

Now, don’t get too critical of these student papers or of yourself. Humor is difficult to maintain for all 26 items. Even stand-up comedians don’t get applause after every quip they tell.

Certainly A-B-C lends itself to lists and delineations.

Let’s say you work on an in-house magazine for a large business.

You want to tout vacations in the Adirondacks or tease executives about the clutter found in their desk drawers or point up the advantages of retiring early?

You could blunt the reaction by using an A-B-C device.

People think you’re clever and they don’t fault you for not minding your own business.

And, as you explore the subject you are alphabetizing, you may find you have a sub-plot showing up.

The three student papers did include: humanness. Each one has personality. A better way to put it would be to say each one is personable.

Whether the alphabet article gripes at a failing or gropes for an excuse, it deals with normalcy.

People are like this.
We read the article.
We enjoy it.
We might even smile once or twice.
It's by people, about people and for people.

This is the kind of writing feature writers must always be able to do.

Here's an article on Scrabble that could springboard you into a column on good words to use (A to Z) to win the game. Show there's a national championship and a grand prize.

Below it is an article on attics. Your article on an A to Z list of things people might find there might encourage people to conduct their own search while they're cleaning up theirs.

For the best, Scrabble spells out money

BOSTON (AP) – The world's top 300 Scrabble players know their p's and q's – and they know those letters are worth three and 10 points respectively.

The word masters are arriving in Boston for the four-day North American Open Scrabble Championship that begins Sunday.

Scrabble, an adult board game created more than 50 years ago, requires a good vocabulary, spelling ability, some tactical skills and a fair amount of luck.

Players use wooden tiles imprinted with letters carrying as-

signed score values to form a crossword puzzle out of words.

“Scrabble is a game you either really love or you don't. There's no in between,” said finalist Joann Weisner, 42, of Brockton. “I like it because of the diversity. It's always new; it's never the same game.”

Mrs. Weisner has been studying lists of two- and three-letter “acceptable” words and has been sharpening her strategy by playing daily games with her son, Chris, 16, who is the youngest finalist.

To qualify, the finalists, who represent 33 states and four foreign countries, won games in two rounds of competition held in more than 100 cities in the United States last spring. They will be vying for a \$50,000 prize package that includes a grand prize of \$10,000 in cash and a trip for two to Hawaii.

“One of the nice things about Scrabble is on any given day anybody can beat anybody else. It depends on the letters you get and how you're feeling at the time,” Mrs. Weisner said.

“I just hope for good letters,” said her son, who claims he is an even match for his mom.

But Scrabble “experts” rely on more than just hope, according to James Houle, tournament director and president of the 8,000 member Scrabble Players Inc.

Some players bluff and purposely use non-words to test the vocabulary level of their opponent.

Others memorize parts of the “official Scrabble Players’ Dictionary,” which lists words (permissible in the games) that can be found in the five most popular dictionaries in the United States and Canada.

The game was created in 1931 by Alfred M. Butts, then an unemployed architect.

Attic Cleanup Yields \$110,777

FRANCISCO, Ind. (AP) – Thomas Meier and his wife Beverly were cleaning the attic Monday in an old farmhouse they bought last January when they came across three shoe boxes containing \$110,777.

The money was in all denominations ranging up to a \$1,000 gold note of a 1928 series.

Meier, 24, summoned officers, who hauled the money to the Princeton Police Department, in the county seat town about seven miles west, and a bank vice president helped count the bills.

The Meiers got a receipt, and the money was deposited in the bank.

Gibson County Sheriff John Mitchell said the couple bought the house from the widow of George Rembe, a well-to-do farmer who shot himself in March 1970.

The Sheriff said the money would be held in his custody until the courts settle ownership.

Rembe’s widow, who has remarried, hadn’t been in touch with Mitchell by Tuesday night.

Now, it’s not enough to know a new technique. You’ve got to put this one to use along with the others.

Perhaps you’ve noticed that these assignments are getting harder.

What can you catalog in alphabet form? How about childhood friends? Tell in your first sentence what your category is. Begin with, “I’ll never forget the . . .” and then tell what you are going to write about. “I’ll never forget the kids we played with in our old neighborhood or the games we ran through our front and back yards.”

You will tell the significance of the topic—why it’s important—and why it means so much to you to remember. And then you begin with your A and go to B and so forth.

The next time you play Scrabble, you could write down the words that appear in each person’s turn. Then you could write an article retelling how the game was played and how each word was tied in.

Maybe funny remarks were made that you could write down and include in your article.

You could do the same with the couple going through the things in their attic. Each article of clothing or relic from old times that they find could begin with the

next letter in the alphabet. Include the remarks they say and the fun they have making their discoveries.

Surely, you can think of ideas from other places beside the daily newspaper.

What about the businesses in the town? All of us went shopping with our parents or guardians. I remember the market and the fat proprietor who told my mother to feed me beer so that I'd put some flesh on my bones. I was so skinny I didn't pass 100 pounds until I was in high school.

What about teachers you had? Relatives? Pets? Dolls? Toys? Books you loved? Songs you knew? Flowers and trees in your yard? Things you were told never to do? Hymns you liked? Bible verses or poems?

Now, don't just list the item and drop the matter. List it and tell us why you remember it. Why did you like that book? What was that friend like? Where did you take that doll? What dresses did you like her to wear?

And don't fabricate. Don't make up something just to meet the assignment. Go after the truth. Bring back how things really were.

And don't exaggerate. Don't try to impress your reader or your family by making more of something than it deserves. Be truthful and keep things in the right focus. But something—like the black olives—may have meant much more to you than it might mean to your reader. That's quite another thing. And you are being honest to tell that story just as you feel it.

What is bad is to tell us you won first prize when, really, you didn't.

A-B-C is hard work. You won't be able to do it all at once. Let it cook in your mind.

Write down items as you think of them. And you don't need to start with A. G is fine—or any other letter you want.

But keep it growing. Make it a challenge that you will get all 26! You'll enjoy it when you're done. Your reader will, too!

SHEER NONSENSE

Sometimes, writers go bananas. Something snaps. Their mental pinball machine seems to register “Tilt!” They pull off something foolish and totally madcap. And whad-dya know? It sells.

Not only does it sell, but it goes into national anthologies. It becomes immortal.

Howard L. Chace developed a totally new language and became a national sensation. Each word in his stories was a pun. “Saturday Evening Post” magazine snapped them up and published them in its “Post Scripts” section. Prentice-Hall, Inc. published his “furry tells” and poems in a book called, *Anguish Languish*. I paid International Bookfinders \$35.00 to search out a copy for me. I would have paid twice that.

Chace transforms “Little Red Riding Hood” into “Ladle Rat Rotten Hut.” He begins her story in this unusual way:

**Wants pawn term dare worsted
ladle gull hoe lift wetter murder in-
ner ladle cordage honor itch offer
lodge, dock, florist. Disk ladle gull
orphan worry putty ladle rat cluck
wetter ladle rat hut, an fur disk rai-
sin pimple colder Ladle Rat Rotten
Hut.**

Those words, read quickly, tell you that once upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her mother in a little cottage on the edge of a large, dark forest.

Other stories in the book, published in 1956, are: **Guilty Looks Enter Tree Beers** and **Center Alley**. He retells **Nosier Rams** such as, **Marry Hatter Ladle Limb, Sinker Sucker Socks Pants, Oiled Murder Harbored** and **Pitter Paper**. His long narrative poem, written in paragraph form, is **Casing Adder Bet**. His songs include: **Fryer Jerker, Door Oil Gory Mayor, Fur Hazy Jelly Gut Furlough, Hive Ban Walking Honor Roil Rut** and **Hormone Derange**.

More recently, Alaskan Gene Coghlan entered the field. He jotted down “The Frozen Moose,” he tells me, in 20 minutes (only he called it, “The Froazen Moose”). He sent it to *Harper’s Magazine* as a joke. The editors bought it and printed it exactly as he wrote it.

He had thoughts recently of turning the piece into a book, but “then came a terrible blow—I came into some money With starvation no longer threatening, I lost interest in writing. As a desperation shot in the dark, my collaborator bought me a cassette recorder. The thing intimidates me.”

The secret of Coghlan’s success with Harper’s?

He took the role of an old codger-

trapper-woodchopper from Alaska. He called him "Garfield Scrog" and proceeded to misspell every word. Scrog writes a letter to the editor, introducing himself.

But he has an ulterior motive. We get it in his last line.

THE FROAZEN MOOSE

A Story by Garfield Scrog

Dear Sir: Mrs Mires told me you buy stories. I can write stories. She gave me your adress out of her secert writers book. When I asked her how mutch she dont no but she guest you were onnest and wouledn't cheat me. I only want enought to buy a 22 and a helacopiter. I shouled'nt tell you mayby but I am a old traper who must be come a bush pilot or die from the low price of fur of starva chian.

Here is the first story.

Peer the traper shot a tall moose in a deep snow. This moose got pair-lized wen the bullit borke it's spine and that is why it froaze standing up because it was a cold day.

A poatcher come along in his air plane. He sold meat. Well he said to his eavle compannian theirs a moose we will land on this lake and taxie over and shoot it.

Meanwiles Peer snaged his snow-shoe on a sumerged lim and hung up side down from his webs.

That was why them two eavle poatchers thought that moose was alone in the woods. Of coarse they didn't relize it was pairlized and mayby even froaze.

Well the litlest poatcher had a 30-30 and the big one a 60-60 and they commenst to shoot. Oh the woods was full of noise that day.

Peer like to dround in the snow but wen he heard the guns going off and bullits rickshaying he made a souper heuman effert and wriedt hissself behind the moose were the bullits was the thickest.

He didnt like this aye tall but he was afraid it was the game warten to get him for a moose out of seizon wich it was. But it was give up or die full of bullits and moose hair and bones wich flew around thick as hornits.

Then just as Peer was about to surrender a bullit from the 60-60 cut off a moose horn wich fell on him and made him mad.

You gotch eyed son of a wiches he holered and he flang the horn in their direction and it was most peculer he thought wen the eavle poatchers ran passed their air plane and then ran theirselves into black specs on the lake.

Hmm Peer said I never seen game wartens run like that before. Anyways I beter skin my moose. After Peer skinned the moose he said Hmm I have had enough of this deep dang old snow and I ich to fly. He grabed holt of the perpeler but

the poatchers had left the engine cocked and Peers head got cut off so how couled he no why the poatchers ran. They new and they left their plane. It sank in the lake next May or mayby even Apirl in a good year. I hope they went to Cannada because the Mounties will get them.

Please send the mony.

Your assignment:

Read Scrog's letter to the editor and you do the same. Assume a role. Introduce yourself. Then tell your story in the same kind of misspelling brilliance Coghlan used. End the same way with:

please send the mony.

Now, to prime your pump, I'm going to include a sample paper from my class in feature writing at Liberty. It was written by Joyce Fowler.

Dear Lady Editer,

Tother mornin I wuz readin yer magazene, en I mean to tell ya I got rite board with the thang--speshly them their women what rite storeys bout fussin' with their old men. So's I got to thinkin to myself en I says, "I kin rite more intrustin stuff en that."

So hear's somethin poeple'd like to read en they'd probly say it wuz kinda funney to, probly. En I hered

you give mony fer good stuf poeple rites.

Buy the way, my name is Violet Daisy Flower en I live in the midle a Punkin Corners. En I reckun you awready no were my malebox is anyway on a count a you sind yer magazene their ever munth.

Hear's my storey:

Long bout 19 and 36 the sawya beans they won't growin to good on are farm. The Grate Depreshun had left most everbudy lone, but it still won't thru with RayLee - he's my old man- en me en the five yunguns.

Bein we wuz so bad in det en so broke en the dadblasted sawya beans won't hittin' a lick, ole RayLee wuz the vary dickens hisself to live with.

One mornin he maid me so mad. He'd dun en rung my best hen's neck caus a he wonted fryed chicken fer dinnr en their won't no mony fer to by one. Well, that was stoopid caus enybudy with horse cents nose a old hen's as tuff as shew lether.

Well he maid me cook her up, so I fryed and cryed. Now the ole buzerd (RayLee, I mean) he allus wonted the salt en peper shakrs on the table when he et. But sometimz I furgot to put em their en he'd get fureous. That day he'd got me so upsot I furgot bout em not bein put on the table. But RayLee didn't.

'Violet Daisy!' he bellerd, 'I dun en tole you, womun, I reckun a

hunerd timz at I won't my salt en pepper shakrs on the table!!!"

Then he calld me a blankety-blank this en that en. He said sum other provanity I cain't rite caus I'm a ladey.

Then he busted out'n the kitchn en sed he wuz gonna fix it so's the you-no-what shakrs'd allus be on the table.

Direckly, he come back, en he had a hammr en nales en he comensed to nale them shakrs to the table. When he's dun, he looked up it me en sed, "Now I reckun I won't haf ta tell ya no more!"

Then I couldn't stand it no more en I wanted to laff so bad. So I sed, 'Now, smartie briches, how ya gonna use them shakrs?'

Well I new he wuz gonna lite inta me like a chicken on a June bug, so's I stood up at the table en picked up my only wepon—my fork. But, to my surpriz, he turnd around en started stompin out the kitchn door. Lemme tell ya, standin their wi that fork in my hand en him wi his back to me, I don't blieve enybudy could a rasisted the temtashun.

So's I skwinted one eye en aimed at the baggie seat a his ole cover-hauls en I let my fork fly, en that's rite were she landed.

Please send the mony.

Sheer nonsense is occasionally suitable in a feature story. But don't make the dialect too hard to read.

Don't get too outlandish.

Don't be too long.

Try this technique on the article that follows.

You may want to tell it the way an illiterate student would write it. Let him explain the program and what the professor says the computer will do for "pore spelers lak me."

Maybe near the end of your article you could have him press a button and all the prose that follows would be letter-perfect.

Try it.

This will be your Exercise No. 2 for this chapter.

Professor hopes computers can aid writing classes

SALEM (AP) – Bob Walter, associate professor of English at Roanoke College, hopes to take the drudgery out of freshman composition with computers.

"We all dread teaching it," Walter said. "Grading the papers—it takes hours and hours."

Many students also dread English composition. For many it's hard work they were seldom required to do in high school.

"It's very hard to get students interested in writing," Walter said.

Each English professor at Roanoke teaches two freshman composition classes of 45 students each, Walter said. It takes at least a half hour to read and grade a theme, sometimes leaving little time to counsel

students about their work.

Enter the computers.

They won't write papers for the students or read them for the professors, Walter said, but he hopes the mechanics of electronic writing will make everybody's job easier.

He said it takes about half the time to read and grade a theme on a video display screen than on paper, which means he'll have more time to work with each student.

"You can talk about writing until you're blue in the face, but the best and most productive time with the student is when he has written and you sit down with him and go over it, line by line," Walter said.

Walter said he will experiment with computers in one class of about 16 students. He sent letters to some 460 incoming freshmen and hopes to get students with varying writing abilities.

"I don't want to cull just the best students," he said. "I want to see if this has wide-ranging application."

Walter will read and grade the papers on the terminal screen. When the students recall their themes, his comments will be there.

The system has been programmed to tally the errors, calculate a grade and tell students how many times they made the same type of mistake.

Now, it's not enough to know a new technique. But sheer nonsense should be lots of fun. You can tell any story

this way. So what if readers think you can't spell. We're having a ball!

Misspelling words is a good way to practice dialect. Capturing exactly how people talk is an art form. But beginning writers can do it by misspelling almost every word in sight.

Did you ever know anyone who spoke in an accent? Can you remember meeting that person? What did he say? What did you say? Where were you? What happened?

And here's an idea. Write an article explaining the meaning of words spoken in another part of the country.

When the University of Oklahoma football team prepared to go to New Orleans to play Miami in the Sugar Bowl one year, this article appeared in the local papers:

NEW ORLEANS – If you geaux to N'awlins, betta git prepared. Da place has a langige all its own.

You think Oklahoma is in the south? Fahgetaboutit. New Orleans is in the SOUUUUTH.

Sure, people think okies talk funny, but the folk down yonder have a slanguage all their own.

Imagine all the Sugar Bowl-bound Sooner fans tilting their heads trying to make sense of what just spewed from the mouth of a Delta local.

The fewer syllables a word has, the better. Why use three syllables when you can use one?

New Orleans does not offer your typical southern drawl. The dialect has an attitude, a tone, a lilt. And it changes by the neighborhood.

Rough places like the Ninth Ward and Chalmette sound more Brooklyn than Bayou.

New Orleans is dripping with a heavy French flavor, but few residents speak the language. . . .

A word's spelling does not always match the pronunciation.

Calliope St. is CAL-i-ope, not Cal-LIE-o-pea. Tchoupitoulas St. is Chop-a-TWO-les. Not, uh, whatever else you might make of it. . . .

Here are some more translations. Truthfully, some of these don't make a bit of sense to me. Then again, I don't live here, so it don madda:

- Ax or axe / Ask.
- Banquett (BAN-ket) / Sidewalk
- Beaucoup crassuax (boo-coo crasue) / Very dirty
- Boo / honey or sweetheart
- Boogalee / Cajun
- Boudin / Pudding
- Cahbin / Bathroom
- Capo / Coward
- Costeau / Male Crab
- Drawz / Underwear
- Dressing / Sandwich toppings.
- Gumbo / Okra used extensively in Cajun cooking
- Gumbo ya-ya / Everybody talking at once
- Mienez / Mayonnaise
- Red gravy / Tomato sauce

- Wahrter / Water
- Yat / Where you at?

The article included other words, but these seemed the more interesting.

Did you notice that virtually every paragraph in the article above consisted of one sentence? If more than one, they were short.

Also the style was informal and friendly. The author at one point referred to himself. He addressed his reader as "You."

Notice also that this article appeared in a newspaper. You can send your articles to newspapers. Editors buy articles from writers not on their staff. And they like feature articles that have a local slant.

There are lots of kinds of articles you can have fun writing – and selling.

How about stories of mischief you were mixed up in? Retell one, misspelling lots of words. (Remember, don't misspell all the words. That becomes awfully difficult to read and to follow.)

How about a story where another member of your family got into trouble.

How about a tale out of school? Did you have trouble spelling? Tell us about it in sheer nonsense.

What about your difficulty in living up to another person's high expectations? This style would bring added charm to your rendition of how you tried to measure up and failed.

What about a story of triumph where, even though you never expected to, you did come out on top. Maybe your dog

won the dog show. Maybe you milked more than anybody else. Or ran faster or swam faster. Maybe you were the last one to finish, but the booby prize turned out to be the best prize.

Or maybe you'll twist your language as Jack Winter did in his classical article, "How I Met My Wife." He left out all the negative prefixes and suffixes when he wrote:

"It had been a rough day, so when I walked into the party I was very chalant, despite my efforts to appear grunted and consulate.

"I was furling my wieldy umbrella for the coat check when I saw her standing alone in a corner. She was a descript person, a woman in a state of total array. Her hair was kempt, her clothing shevelled, and she moved in a gainly way."

The article went on at length to reveal how he struck up an acquaintance with the young lady. He ended with

"We left the party together and have been together ever since. I have given her my love, and she has requited it."

Do have fun with sheer nonsense and share it with your friends. Blame this book if they look surprised. Tell them your writing professor made you do it.

Is there a market for sheer nonsense? Probably not much of one be-

cause people don't like to stop and figure out the words. This is why we don't have many books in dialect or, if we do, the dialect is either easy to read or is used fairly sparingly.

But remember, a good story will cut through butter like a hot knife.

Editors recognize good stories.

If they like yours, they'll give you direction.

Now, a word to the wise: Always study how good writers write.

To that end, let's have a little grammar lesson because I fear you may not have done so well on the test you took back a few pages.

Okay?

Adjectives, adjective phrases and adjective clauses

*Adjectives are words that don't know whether they are coming or going. Good journalism downplays the use of adjectives, saying they clutter sentences with description not needed. Good English says adjectives are essential to tell **which, what kind of, how many, whose** as well as **place where, time when, reason why.***

Many of the sample stories given in this book contain deftly handled adjectives. The feature writer needs them to create vivid scenes in the mind of the reader.

Knowing this, we need to rehearse a few easy rules regarding adjectives.

*** Single word adjectives usually come before the noun or pronoun they**

describe. *Lovely Becky. Lovely Anna. Handsome Peter. Athletic William.*

* **When they follow a linking (intransitive) verb** (*BE Family: be, is, am, are, was, were, being, been*)(*BRAGS Family: Become, Remain, Appear, Grow, Seem*)(*SENSE Family: look, smell, taste, feel, sound*), **they follow the word they describe.** *She is lovely. She seems lovely. She looks lovely. She grew lovely.*

Prepositional phrases are either adjective phrases or adverbial phrases. *They don't have to contain an adjective or an adverb to be that kind of phrase. It is the phrase as a whole that acts as an adjective to tell **which, what kind of, how many or whose** or as an adverb to answer the five adverb questions: **where, when, why, how, how much.***

*Adjectives may be clauses that also tell **which, what kind of, how many and whose.***

But as clauses, they are locked into place behind the noun they describe (or modify—same thing).

Punctuating them is a snap.

1) If you know the identity, the actual name of the noun you are describing with a clause, you do use a comma to separate the noun from the clause. *The clause is “nonessential” when you know the identity of the noun it modifies.*

Leilani Stumpf, who chews her gum with mouth wide open, sits in the front row in news writing class.

2) If you do not know the identity of the noun, you do not use commas. The clause is “essential” to help you identify the noun you are writing about.

The girl who chews her gum with her mouth wide open sits in the front row of class.

We don't know the identity of the girl. We need the clause to identify her, to tell which girl sits in the front row.

That's all there is to punctuating adjective clauses. That's it in a nutshell. But remember, adjective clauses always follow the noun they modify.

*Adverbs answer the questions **where, when, why, how, how much.** They are mobile and can occur anywhere in the sentence—beginning, middle, end.*

The same thing is true of adverb phrases. When they introduce a sentence, they are usually followed by a comma.

Adverb clauses are as mobile as the single adverb words.

When they begin a sentence, they are followed by a comma.

They, when they appear in the middle of a sentence, have a comma fore and aft.

*They do not follow a comma **when they appear at the end of a sentence.***

That's all there is to punctuating adjectives and adverbs.

GRAMMAR TEST

After every grammar lesson, you have a grammar test. Circle the letter in the appropriate column if the sentence given is simple or compound or complex, if it contains an adverb clause or an essential or nonessential adjective clause. Punctuate each sentence.

Answers: 1. C,D Macedonia, you. 2. A Asia, Bithynia. 3. C,D me. 4. A visit. 5. C,D me. 6. C,D comes, him. 7.C,E Christ. 8. C,F Apollos, me, now. 9. B guard; faith. 10. A love. 11. C,E Rome. 12. C,F Aquilla, workers.

More Practice:

<i>SENTENCE</i>	<i>SIM</i>	<i>COMPD</i>	<i>COMPX</i>	<i>ADVRB</i>	<i>ESSENL</i>	<i>NONESSN</i>
1. After I go through Macedonia I will come to you.	A	B	C	D	E	F
2. I will be going through Asia, Macedonia and Bithynia.	A	B	C	D	E	F
3. Perhaps I will stay with you a while so you can help me.	A	B	C	D	E	F
4. I do not want to see you now and make only a passing visit.	A	B	C	D	E	F
5. I will stay on with you at Ephesus because a great door has been opened for me.	A	B	C	D	E	F
6. If Timothy comes see to him.	A	B	C	D	E	F
7. He is our brother who is also carrying on the work of Christ.	A	B	C	D	E	F
8. Apollos who is here with me is not willing to come just now.	A	B	C	D	E	F
9. Be on your guard stand firm in the faith.	A	B	C	D	E	F
10. Do everything in love.	A	B	C	D	E	F
11. Greet the saints who meet with you there in Rome.	A	B	C	D	E	F
12. Greet Priscilla and Aquila who are my fellow workers.	A	B	C	D	E	F

ANSWERS: 13. C,E house. 14. C,F Epenetus, Asia. 15. C,F Mary, you. 16. C, F Junias, here. 17. C,D was. 18. C,F Ampliatus, Lord.

19. A Apelles. 20. C,D Spain. 21. B Jerusalem, there. 22. B shepherd; want. 23. B pastures; waters. 24. B soul; sake. 25. C,D death, evil

PARODY

**Everybody likes to poke fun.
It's in our genes. We all have a
mean streak. If we can violate
someone's serious prose—
someone's famous prose—and
make somebody laugh, we're in
our element.**

During meat rationing days when I was in high school, I wrote a parody on the "Charge of the Light Brigade" of Alfred Lord Tennyson fame. My charge was into a rabbit hutch. Some of the stanzas go like this.

The Charge of the White Brigade By Dick Bohrer

**A little way,
A little way,
A little way onward
And into the rabbit hutch we'll
thoughtfully wander.
While in the rabbit hutch—
We the little hares will touch.
Bunnies bewildered.**

**Into the rabbit hutch,
Don't jounce them overmuch—
Not as though the bunnies knew
They're to be butchered.
Theirs not to make reply.
Theirs not to reason why.
Theirs but to multiply!
For we are enhungered.**

**Rabbits to the right of me!
Rabbits to the left of me!
Rabbits in front of me
Snuggle up warmly.
Coyly they look at me.
Then my sharp knife they see.
Frightened, they turn and flee!
Into the rabbit hutch
Scurry six hundred.**

**When shall the memory fade
Of that dark red bloody blade?
It makes me wonder.
But honor the attempt I made
To raise bunnies unafraid.
Valiant six hundred!**

That was written during World War II when meat was scarce. I recited it in senior high assembly and got special notice. I recited it all through college and endeared myself to millions.

The power of parody is marvelous! But it hinges on the original's being familiar to the reader. Sometimes the tone and language of the original are enough to color and spark the take-off.

People have twisted passages from major poets, from Shakespeare, from the Bible and from Mother Goose. The more outrageous, the more hilarious.

A student writer wrote the following parody for the college newspaper I advised at Multnomah School of the Bible in Portland, Oregon:

And to these the Lord saith:

And it came to pass early in the morning of the last day of the semester when there arose a multitude smiting their books and wailing. There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth, for the day of judgment was at hand and they were sore afraid. For they had left undone those things they ought not to have left undone, and there was none to help.

And there were many abiding in their rooms who had kept watch over their books all night, but it availeth them nothing.

But there were those who arose peacefully, for they had prepared for themselves the way and had made straight the path of knowledge. And these were the wise, who are known to some as the burners of the midnight oil; but to others, they were called the 'Average Raisers,' for it was they who sent the curve askew.

And the multitude arose and ate a hearty breakfast and they came into the appointed place. And their hearts were heavy within them, for some had come to pass and some had come to pass out.

And some of them repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate, but they had not a prayer.

And, at last, there came among them one known as the instructor, he of the diabolical smile.

He passed paper amongst them and went his way.

And many and varied were the answers which were given, for some of

his teachings had fallen among fertile minds. Others had fallen among the fallow, and still others had fallen flat.

And there were some who wrote for an hour and others, two. But some turned away sorrowful.

And many of these offered up a little bull in hopes of pacifying the instructor, for these were the ones who had not a prayer.

And, when they had finished, they gathered up their belongings and quietly went away, each in his own direction and vowing to himself in this manner:

"I shall not 'pass'—this way—again."

--Author unknown

Steve Leer of Liberty turned in this parody of Christopher Marlowe's "A Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

Come live with me and be my wife,
And cook my meals the rest of
your life.

Turkey, ham and mounds of spaghetti,

If I'm napping, just yell, "It's ready!"

And we would sit by TV sets
And watch the Steelers beat the
Jets.

If the picture was fuzzy, you'd
make it clear;

Then you'd get me a sandwich and
a can of beer.

And I'd go to work from eight to four

And you'd hand me the paper when I came in the door.

Then you'd lead me to a reclining chair

Where you'd ask which slippers I'd like to wear.

You'd fix the rips in my shirts and slacks--

Which includes everything in my closet racks.

Then, after my clothes were tatter-free,

You'd go grocery shopping at the A&P.

And when you thought your day was through,

You'd install the gutters that I meant to do.

Then, giving the wrench a final yank,

You'd remember you're late for work at the bank.

Then, when your paycheck finally came,

I'd deposit the sum in MY own name.

If these delights you want for life,

Then live with me and be my wife.

Just a word about poetry. Most young students avoid it like a plague. But reading poetry does wonders for the writing mind. It shows how life can be seen through new eyes and ex-

pressed in thoughtful words. It opens your mind. It sparks your own creativity. It teaches you to be concise and to learn economy in the use of words. It gives you lessons in rhythm. It teaches you to write like singing. It heightens your appreciation of similes and metaphors and other forms of imagery. It can give you a fresh outlook on life.

Bible reading also does all this, and it feeds your soul as well.

Now obviously, if you're going to make a parody of a poem, you will write a poem. Feature writers forget that a poem can be a feature. Anything, virtually, can be a feature.

Now, your better parodies stick closely—when they are taken from a poem—to the meter of the original. Each line in good poetry is consistent with the meter established in lines one and two. The same holds true of the parody of the same.

For your assignment, you may take a familiar poem and play with it. You may go to Aesop for a fable or to Grimm Brothers for a tale. Whatever you do, try to work truth into it—from your life or from a news story or from someone else's life. If you can work a parody out of—or into—one of the following articles, do so.

But realize that in most cases your attempt at parody may turn out to be merely carrying forward an allusion to add a new focus to the event. It will be a rare day when a news story can be re-told all the way through as if it were the original story you are "parodizing."

You might couple Cinderella's wish to go to the ball with the postmistress's wish for a new drive-through window in the following news brief, but you won't be able to carry Cinderella through the whole story.

DriverAdds P.O. Window

NEWPORT (Special) – A postal patron speeded up plans for drive-in window services at the Newport post office this week – driving his car through the plate glass window of the building.

Only a day earlier, Postmistress Bette Lou Zetterberg, guest speaker at a Kiwanis Club meeting, told the group that facilities at the city's new post office would include a drive-in window.

Driver Sherman Rees handed over his unmailed letters to a postal clerk before leaving for the Newport Hospital where he was treated for shock.

PapersFound In Pinata

ROCHESTER, N.Y. – Authorities are investigating how military documents got inside a pinata purchased from a department store near here, and an FBI agent said Thursday it's not clear whether the papers are classified.

Agents “don't really know” whether the pinata, which should have been empty when bought at a Sears, Roebuck & Co. store in Victor, actually contained secret material, said Dale Anderson, supervisor of the FBI's local office.

“We are conducting an investigation to determine whether a violation of the espionage statute has occurred,” Anderson said. “I guess there was some other stuff in there other than what's supposed to be in there.”

He would not describe the documents or say how many there were because the case is under investigation.

The process of turning such articles into parodies lies in analyzing the article to see its essential news ingredient. The postmistress got what she wanted—a drive-through window. But it wasn't what she had in mind.

Your challenge is to think of a character in children's literature or history who wanted something and got it—but not the way he/she expected to get it.

Regarding the pinata story, the ingredient is that something we expected to be innocent and empty turned out to be full of surprises. Here it held a threat to national security because it held secret documents.

The wolf in “The Little Red Hen” thought he was carrying home a bag full of goodies for his cubs to eat only to find it was stones the resourceful hen had inserted when she rescued her babies.

Mrs. Bonnie Weiss of Portland, OR, wrote an article for me when I edited “Moody Monthly” magazine. She chose a familiar Bible passage in her article called, “Ten Commandments for Teachers.” She began with a short introduction and then listed and explained each commandment.

Somehow it seems Sunday School or Bible club comes every other day. I just get through one and suddenly it’s that time again.

Ever feel like that? Tired. Not prepared. The kids are getting bored. You need help.

Try these Ten Commandments to help transform your class into a delight.

I. Warmly welcome each child, for it is written: “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.”

Children may attend who have had little or no spiritual training. Some will never once have heard the Bible taught. Some will come out of curiosity. Like it or not, you are on display. Dress attractively. They’ll notice. Sixth grade girls really look you over.

Let your children know that each one is special to you.

Never get so taken with the lesson you’re teaching that you forget the little people themselves. Try to discern their moods as they enter. Make sure they know that you are delighted that each has come.

II. Accept each child as he is, for God is no respecter of persons.

Who comes to class? This year I have kids from kindergarten through the seventh grade in my Bible club. For some, every word is new. Others have been coming for several years. Bible teaching isn’t easy. You have to bring it down for that little child who has never heard anything before and have something deeper for the one who has.

Let’s say you’re studying Genesis. Tell them that the name for God in Genesis 1:1 is Elohim—The Strong One. Tell them it was nothing for the Strong One to create the heaven and the earth.

All of a sudden the bright little kid who knows everything is wide awake. He’s heard about creating the world before. He could even tell the whole story backwards, starting with day seven and going to day one. But he’s never heard this.

In chapter two we find that the name for God is Jehovah. This is the first time this name is used. Jehovah means that He is the God Who Is. He’s the Self-Existent God. He doesn’t have to explain Himself or apologize for Himself.

And the name Jehovah has a second meaning: This great God will also make Himself known to us. He wants to tell us Who He is.

Inserting deeper truths like this feeds the child who is ready for solid food.

It's important that each child feels special to you and to the Lord. Have him memorize Psalm 100:3, "It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves." Then each can say, "He made me the way I am. He loves me!"

And remember, don't you choose favorites—even if there is a little girl with red hair and a big grin who would fit perfectly in your purse to take home.

Your attitude will teach the older children to appreciate the little ones. We've found in creating a family-like atmosphere that the younger and older children learn from each other.

III. Make class time as interesting as possible.

Do your kids know what's going to happen every week? Try a backwards day. Have the lesson first, your songs last. Put up a sign that says, "Music Store" and let the children spend pretend money to "buy" their favorite song to sing that day. Don't sing any songs some week. Have a quiz. Be different.

Vary your visual aids. Keep your application of all lesson truths up to date. Write a script to be read by a "worshipful Mary" and a "busy Martha" when you teach that lesson from the gospels.

Do your children earn points for attendance and for bringing their friends and for saying Bible verses?

Choose a theme for the year and post a colorful chart. This year we are jogging across our chart. The jogging shoes with pink stripes belong to the girls while the boys have blue stripes.

Since ours is a "running" theme, we choose one Gingerbread Kid at the end of each club meeting. (Remember how the gingerbread man could outrun everyone?) Drawing his name permits him to choose a treat from the Gingerbread Box. The children never let me forget this.

We have had Indian themes with Chief Yum Yum getting the treat and Chief Red Star doing the best work. Use your imagination. Make it fun!

Keep track of how many times the new kids have come on a "new kids chart," using pumpkins in the fall and kites in the spring. Our rules say you must come three times to be a member. Be sure that New Child's jogging shoe is ready for him the third time he comes.

IV. Show great love and concern for each child knowing that God can supply all the love you need.

In our club we have a birthday calendar. Each week the birthday kids get cupcakes with candles and the birthday song.

Sometimes, you can sense that a certain child has had a particularly hard time—he looks sad or red-eyed—from trouble at home or at

school. Let him pass out the memory verses and choose his favorite songs to sing. Next week, it might be some other child.

When children are sick, have all the kids sign a get-well card. If one stops coming, send him a card, too. Children love to get mail. Christian bookstores have a great selection of cards that say things like, "It's awful lonesome without you." It might bring them back.

At Christmas, give them something from you—just something special from teacher, perhaps something you made.

Children expect you to teach. The extra things you do show them how much you care.

V. Do not humiliate any child.

Children are extremely sensitive. Once you've hurt a child's feelings, it'll take a long time to regain his confidence.

When teaching that God made us, don't say that God made some skinny ones and some fat ones and point to such children.

Don't ever join in if a child is being made fun of or teased. He might think, *Teacher tells me God loves me, but she hurt my feelings. I don't think she likes me herself.*

Don't make family comparisons: "Tommy, your sister Patty would never have done this." Maybe they're competing so hard at home already that getting it again at Bible

club is just too much. Appreciate each child for what he is—someone special.

VI. Set reasonable guidelines for discipline in class.

Be positive. Expect children to obey. Don't act as if they have already gotten the best of you. Approach your class as the one in charge.

No matter what your chronological age, be the kids' friend, not their pal. There's a difference. Don't get down on their level. Keep an authoritative manner.

We use a set of flash cards showing pictures of children with acceptable behavior, teaching the things that we should do, not the things we should not.

Never talk in a goody-gumdrop voice. Be yourself. Kids can spot a phony. Some teachers let the kids make up the rules and find them stricter than those made by adults.

Tell them about lemon kids and let them tell one another what a lemon kid is. He's a sour kid that doesn't want to be there.

He has lemonsitis so contagious that if you put one lemon kid in the corner, the next time you look you've got half a dozen.

Make a sign that reads: "No Lemon Kids Allowed!"

It is so important for children to know that you understand how they feel. Tell them you know that they

may be tired or hungry.

Give them options. Say, “Are you sitting where it is hard for you to behave? I’m going to stop a minute so you can move if you want.”

I’ve had kids come and plunk right down on the floor in front of the flannel board. Give them the option to decide they want to be where they’ll behave. You’ll be amazed.

If none of this works—you’ve tried everything—and you still have a child who will not obey, send him home. I’ve sent only one child home in eight years. Don’t threaten and then not do it. Be careful what you say.

When I sent Molly home, I said, “I’m not sending you home because I don’t like you. I’m sending you home because you won’t obey me.”

I didn’t send her home the first time she did something wrong or the second or the third. But finally enough was enough.

And you know what? She came back. And she acted differently because she knew that I meant for her to obey me. A child who knows he is loved generally obeys.

VII. Shower children with encouragement, knowing that one word of encouragement is worth a volume of rebuke.

Praise for improvement, not just for excellence. Some kids seem perfect. They want to sit in the front row and do everything to please you.

Naturally you praise them.

But praise the kid in the back row who may not finish his work or learn his verse, but he’s trying.

“Tommy, you listened so well today. I’m proud of you!”

Never say, “Is that the best you can do?” Say, “I know you can do even better if you just try a little harder.”

I post the best paper on a bulletin board; I also post the “most improved.”

VIII. Teach the children to appreciate church.

When they come to class, the children are guests in God’s house. Often after they’ve come for some time, they get to feeling it’s their place and they run around and misbehave. They need to be taught: If you meet in a house, they are guests of that home.

IX. Present yourself as a real person to the children for you have not been to heaven yet.

Be yourself. Admit you have problems. That doesn’t mean you have to go into great detail. Simply say, “Have you had problems this week? You know, I got awfully angry at someone and I knew it was wrong. I had to ask the Lord to forgive me.”

Everyone relates to someone who has problems better than to someone who has all the answers.

Don’t say, “I’m going to teach you

all I know about the Lord.” Say, “We’re going to learn together.”

X. Pray without ceasing for each child.

You can pray when you’re doing anything: walking, driving, doing the laundry, whatever. Pray for each one, that the Lord will keep his heart soft and tender.

Suggest that the children pray as they run to church or to Bible club each time, “Lord, keep my heart tender today. Don’t let it get hard like the hard ground.”

It’s important to pray for the tender hearts because you are planting seeds. And you can’t plant seeds in concrete. Perhaps you’re watering the seed of the Word of God that someone else has planted. Maybe you’ll have a harvest, but depend upon the Holy Spirit to bless His Word and let the Lord work in their hearts.

Ask for fruit that will remain. Sometimes kids that seem so interested drop out. Maybe you’ve planted a seed and maybe it will be years before it is watered.

Is it easy for you to study? Can you hardly wait to get to your lesson each week or, if you have a choice of doing ten things, is studying your lesson number ten?

Do you have a prayer partner? It is essential to have someone who will really pray for you, someone you can call on to pray for the child who

seems to be losing interest or the one who is asking questions.

This may be the first inroad the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has had in an entire family. Your responsibility is immense.

A child who loves class may bring other children and occasionally he’ll slip you a little note. These are rewards you keep forever. In my kitchen is a beautiful sign colored by a sixth grader named Stephanie: “Mrs. Weiss, you light up my life.”

I treasure another that says, “To Mrs. Weiss, You are one of the people that helped me become one of God’s lambs.” It was signed by Joyce, a fourth grader.

And, even years later, you might receive a note asking, “Will you fill out a college reference for me? It’s supposed to be from a *friend*. Love, Rick.”

We never know in teaching Bible clubs or Sunday School that we may be touching a life that nobody else could touch as the Holy Spirit plants the living Seed deep in hearts.

It’s Monday again today. Lord, thank you for Mondays.

I want to show you with this that a parody need not be a joke. You capture the importance of the original article when you adapt it to a lesson you want to teach.

I’ve included all of Mrs. Weiss’s article because it ranges through so many aspects of her teaching and touches ar-

SELL YOUR HOMEWORK: PARODY

eas and solves problems other teachers have.

You'll need to pull all your resources together when you contemplate doing a parody. Be forewarned. Parody doesn't come easily. But it does come vigor-

ously with color and enthusiasm because people recognize the first level of meaning from the original piece and then find the treasures of the second in what you write.