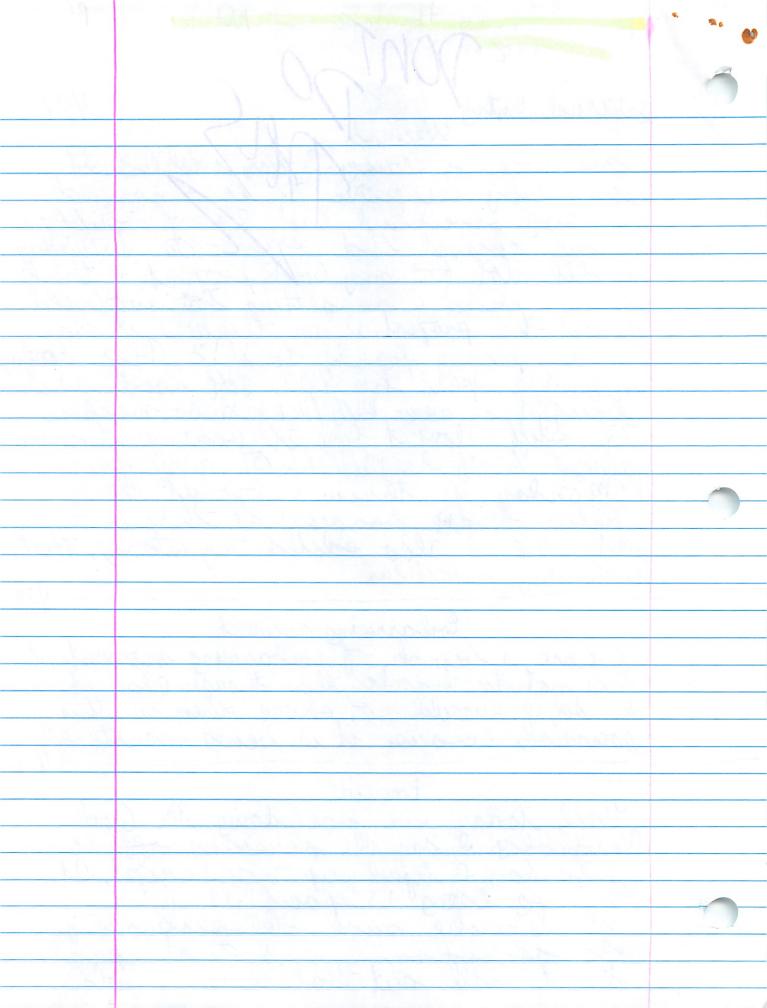
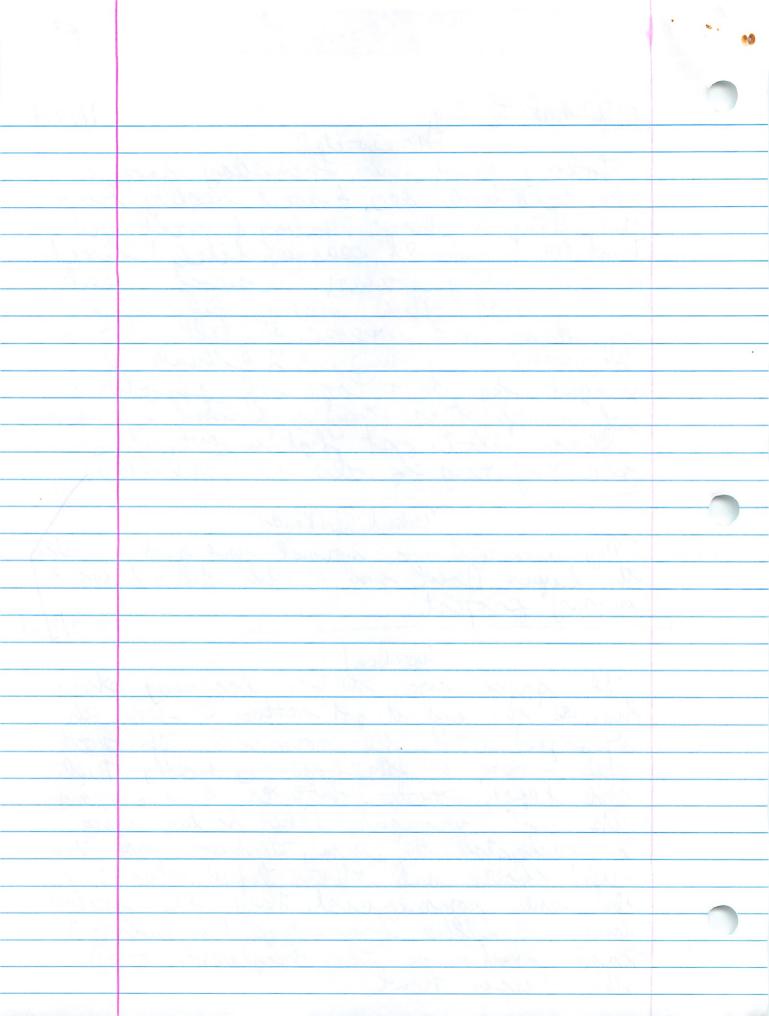
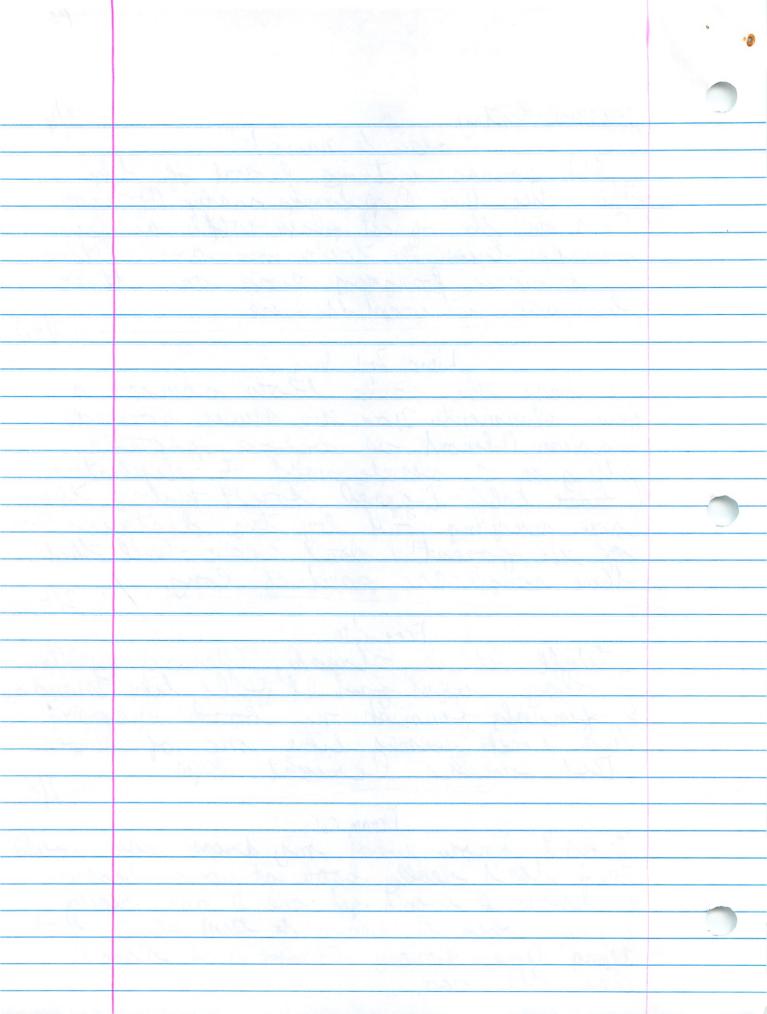
plate of means the date cont. Not as gournal Entry Weekend 1/27 This was a busy 3 flor weekend It was treer support to be I nounal 2 day weekend by 74 of Fluffy Snow changed that for her on fatherday I did alot for my God project I think in my mind I am getting too worrild about the project. I am thinkers it has my dos spent his Hipo geff rand and Doesflit a new PUT/VCR combo muchine. The still door I like it because it only plays 1/2 of his DVD-RE On many snow monday a threw anow at Mrs liles tridge because he threw Thow at me. I also edited my stong That was my weekend. 1/29 Embarrising moment I have a beguch of emborising moments! try not to remember they though also if I dol I would not shore them in this gournal, lecause it is being monitered. 1/2901 Freewite Well today we are doing the Greek ssembly. I am the persons officer Gesterday, I tycel up my script. I To (po logne 1.5 spaced! It is got to moke oure the perseodings to as aloned and that people don't call out that is my job.

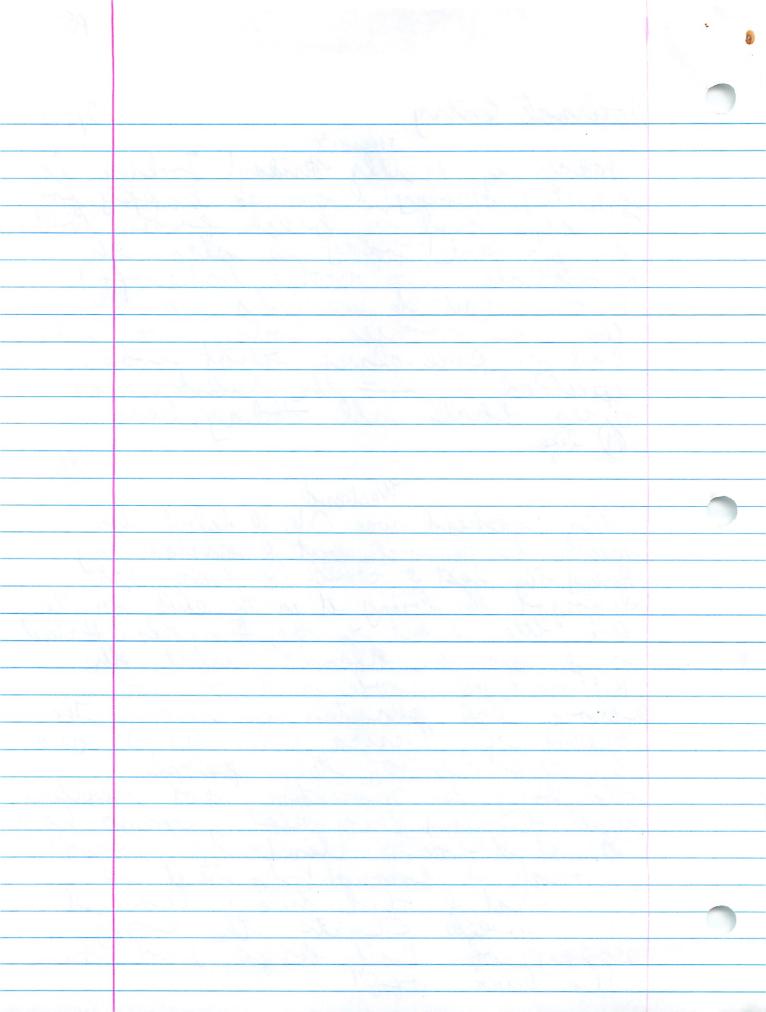




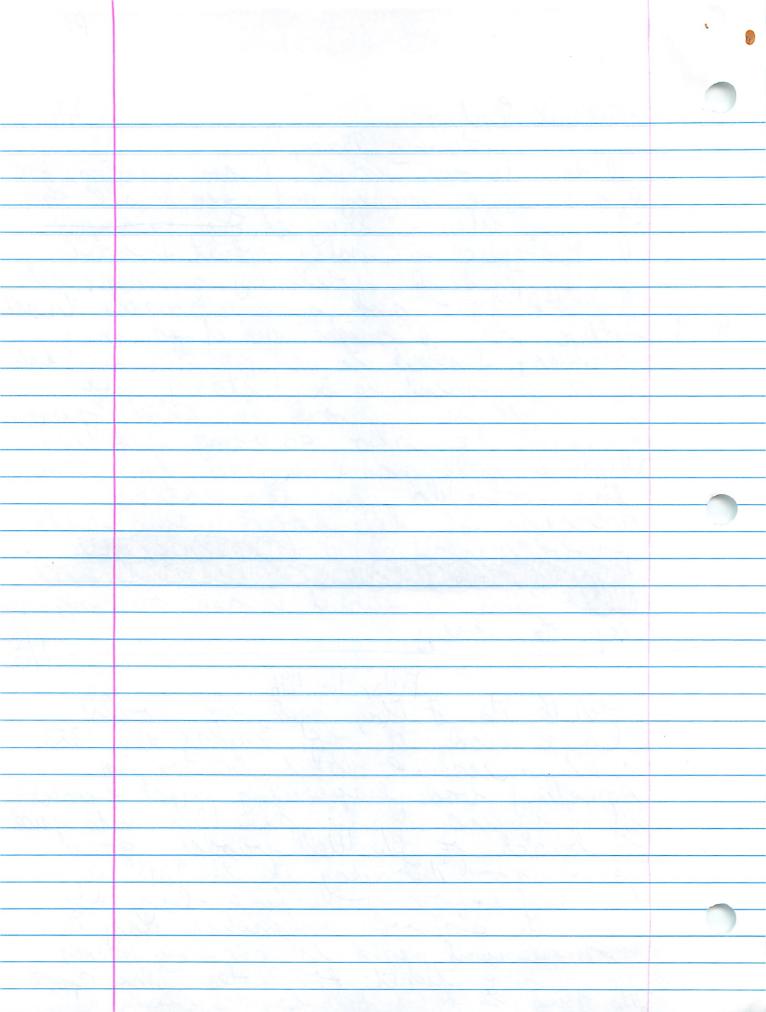
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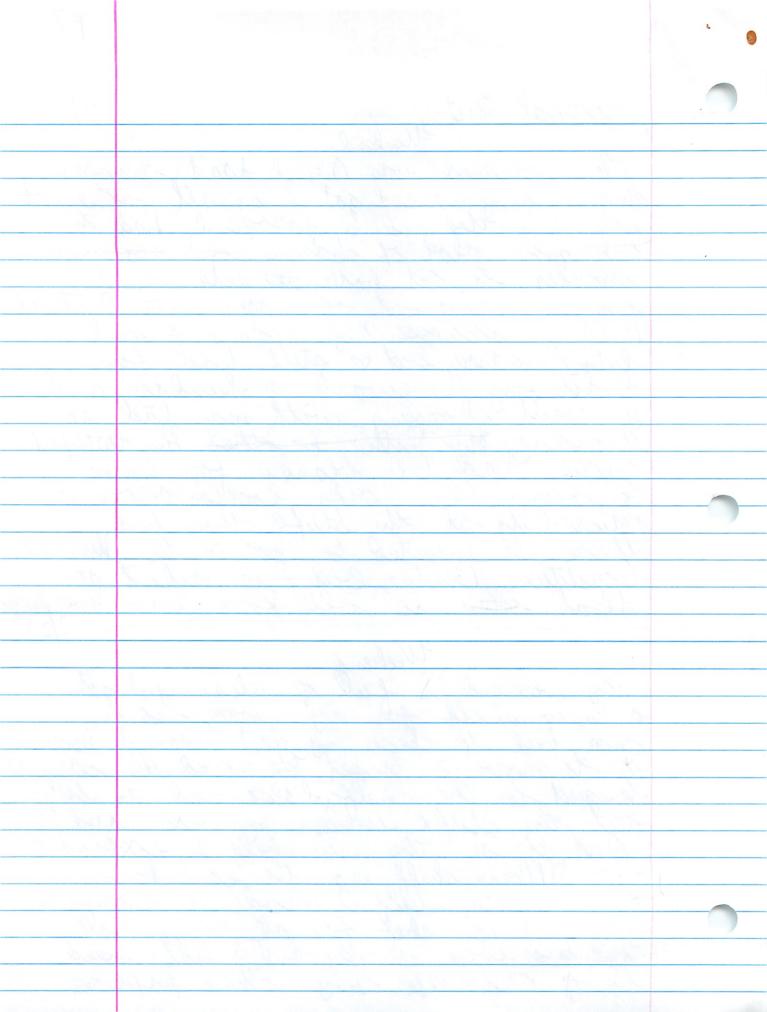
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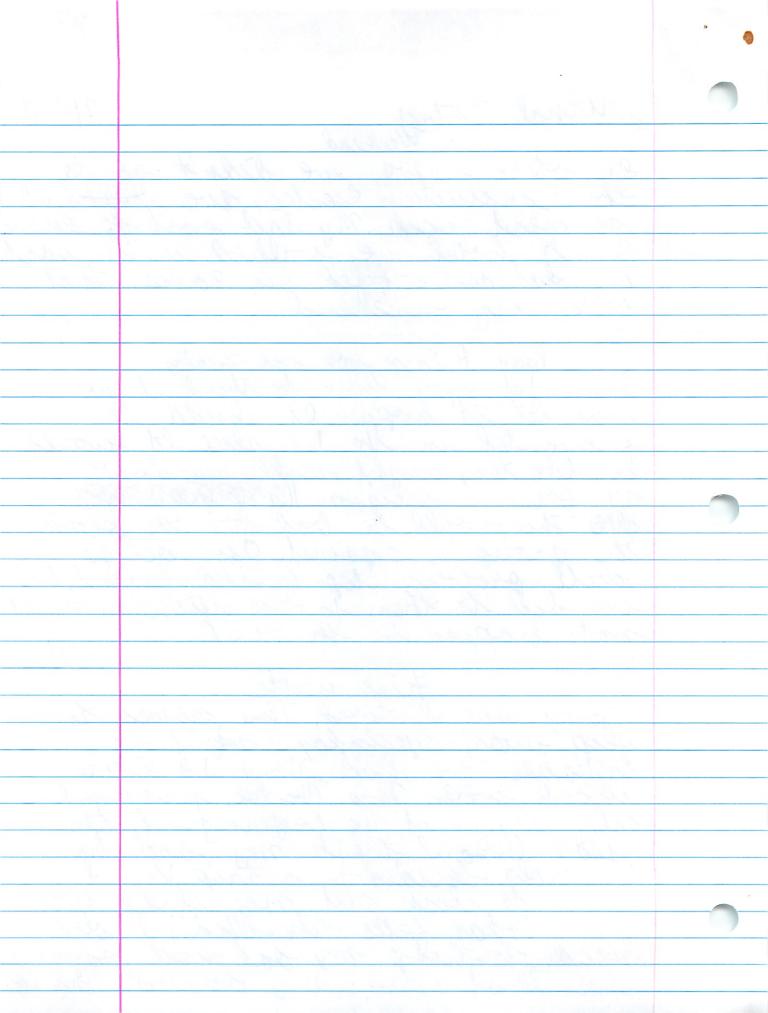
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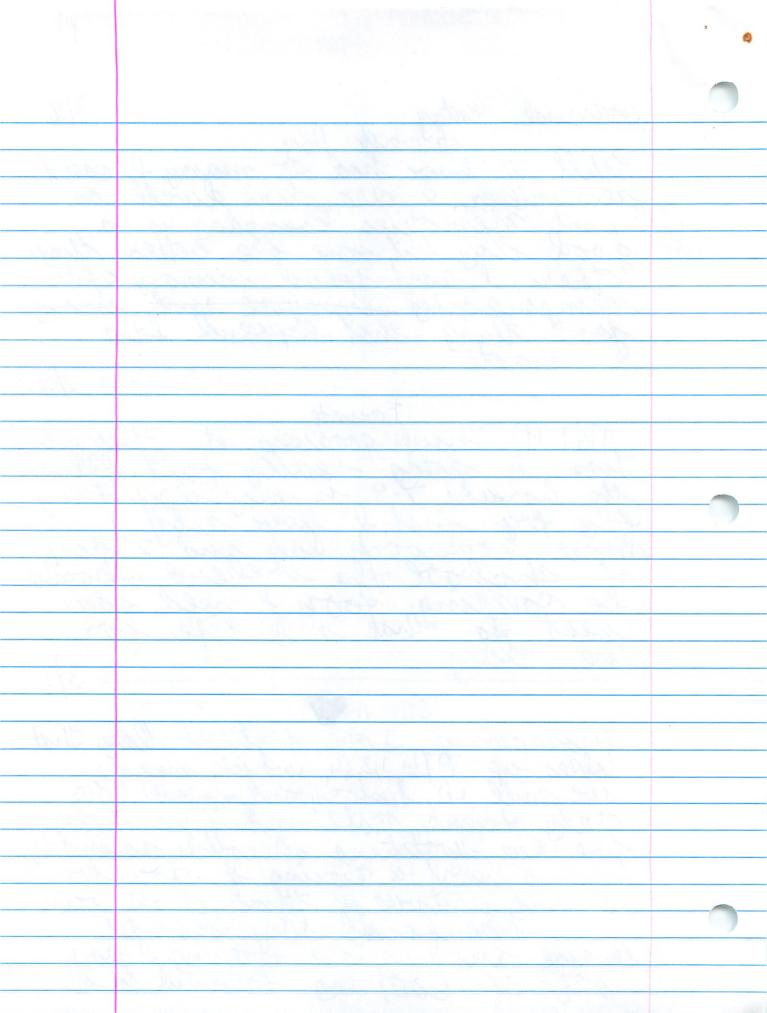
Journal Centry Weekend 2/17 My weekend was O.k. I don't remember much anymore of got I small nothenlock sets, a switch and a garage I had to take male alog of changes and wor am to fit both & In running out of room but I think I can monnage. My mon s friend duly't some bed o still had from I did my fromework on Sunday and I went shopping with my dad on cases ama CO blanks for him & Burn. We also looked miero City at the stuff they had there. We wanted to go to the water Constituin Center, but we side to go. hat was is all for the Weekend my weekend & full of cleaning. I got a new shelf for my room, and my more when I moved it to clean my desk when I moved it to move the corpet we moved the corpet get in the shelf I also had out the stuff under my best and Aut it, on the new shelf I expande MP/ken shelf so the each have here own still I made a computer shelf and a shelf for all my spall togs that were of my seshed still need to A organe my other pape



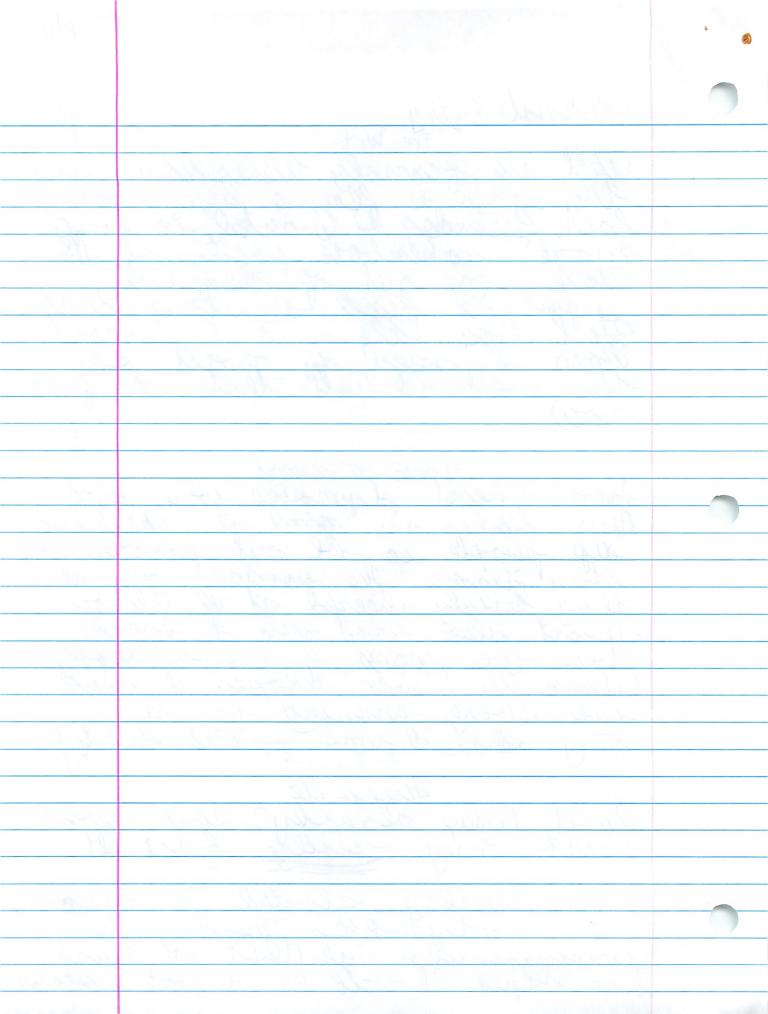
gournal Entry Weekend 2/23 ct In other news, we didn't go to the Construction center, que pright will go next week my doch sond of decide on a hotel we walked in the park my dad also e-filed his torses, That 2/24 Well Ist you have to think if we ever let it broppen It should prevented in the 1st place It would be like they might make new laws or force a religion Warlanger action this would be bad for the people the group is against our allies well probley step in and help like we did to them so this situation might not hoppen in the USA 24 of Free wite tired Time seemed to slip owny yesterday I might be because we had tomin IA h work when Mrs. Me hee promised only to min of the legening of the year. They I think my dail has Ennaly Secreted on, a trip Ves! have to dean out my still wild and reday fells like affect I also need to holp my dad with someting else. Flyd was my day for my life



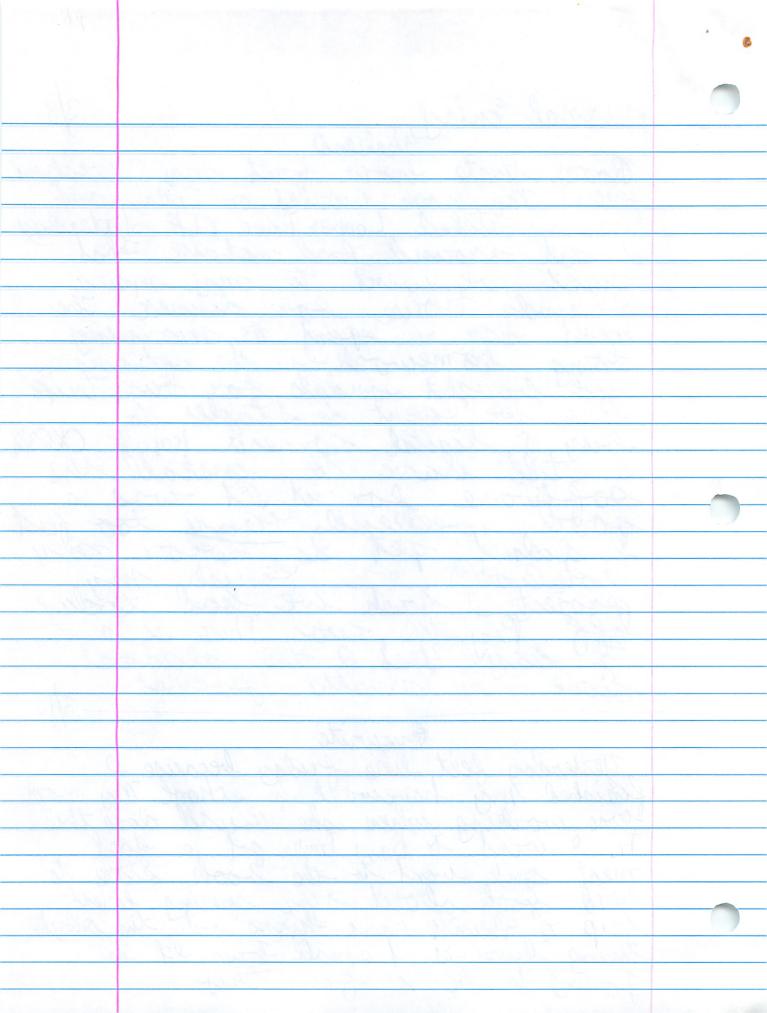
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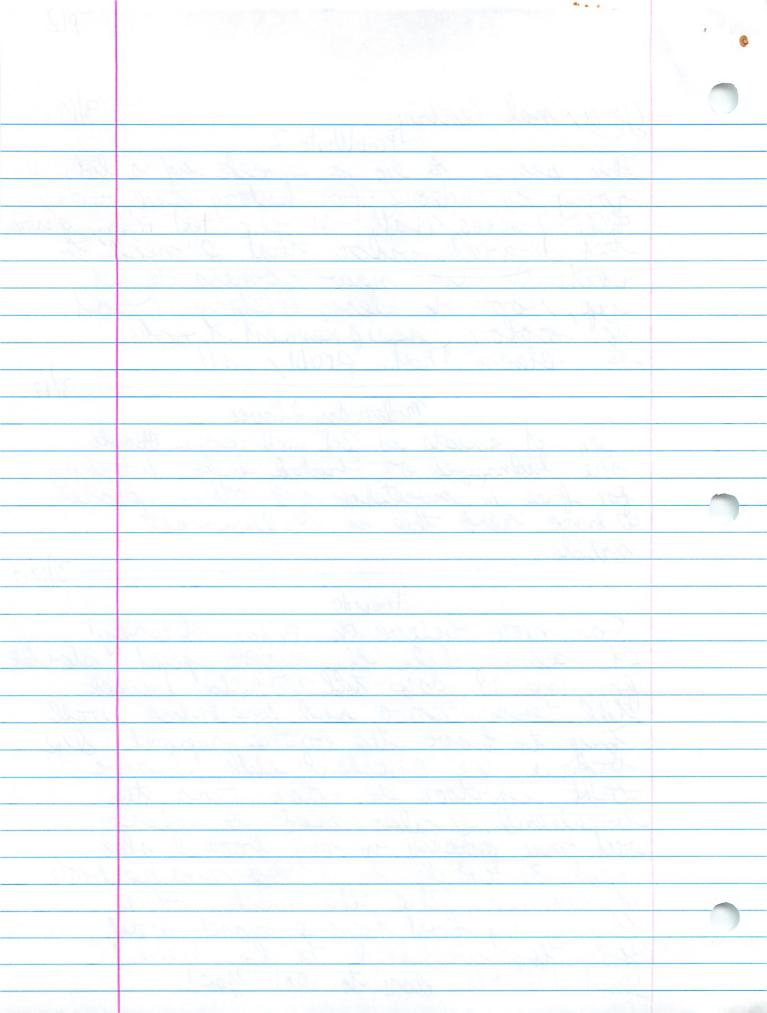
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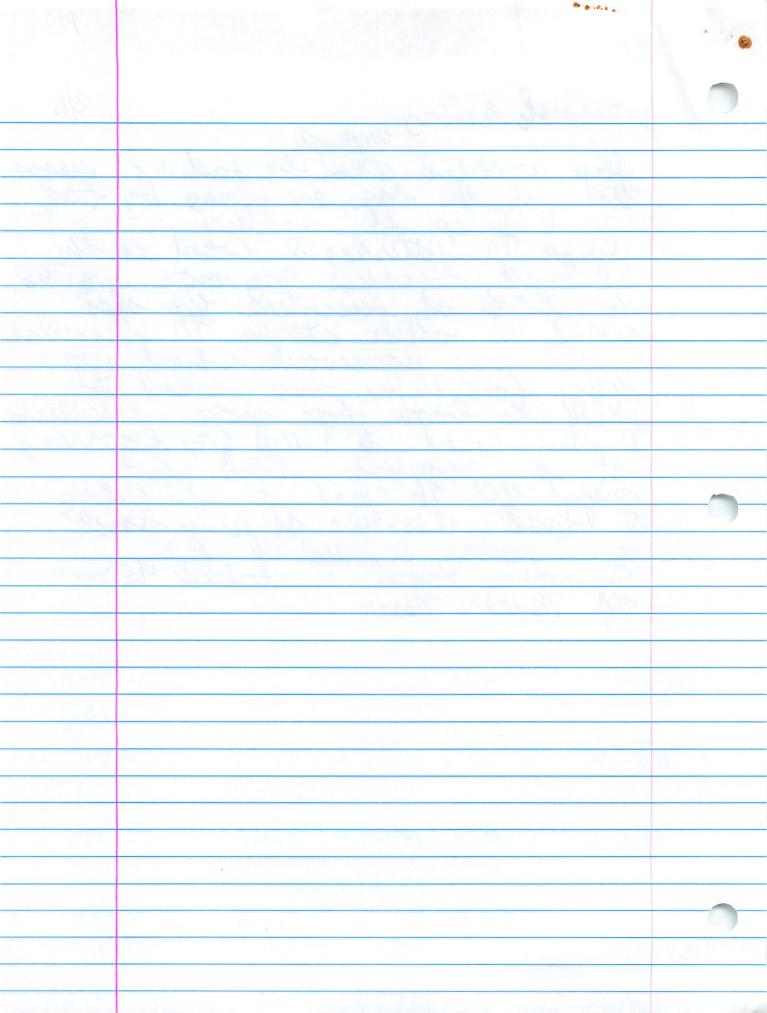
Journal Centry Weekens soom thats frow boast my weekend went my moon worked on Friday and we watched Looner Toons B a set around. Bad motable night we went to my Inext day o spent the mework on the afternoon we bought sandals for our trip ben we went to stoples buy & digital somera kojak till have to enstall softwore for it. It was notebook or fenish no project I wish we had to the by the way Thurs is Done no yess I am almo Freewrite yesterday felt like friday because I finished my homework in school. My mom evas evorking when she result does this Fi. I went to Ba a Frash got a good meal and went to the book rest food about our spring break trip to faints cano skirm out the e oung to be a fun trip



Journal Centry FreeWijte 2 3/10 d This seems to be a week up a lot Boing on Cartsons, for history due Fiday GAR 2 weeks, math review test Friday from test I week video that I need to etil, I am new comers to set up, noon to dean historio of ador assignement took To elean. That's probly all 3/12 modern day flower Jes, it exists in Bid world countries. People: for free in sweetshop and other places I have read this in the Now week 3/12ct Freewite Can you believe the Fidax already! It seems like the week just storted for me. It down till vocation I week till Lerro novo and mrs Mokee will There to have the books report Due fore the break of still Inque that contoon to offer over the weekend galso need to close need to work on a my mane door It seems like the weeks due lying by fost here I can't wait of the weekend to be here. Sent I more day to go! yes!



3/15 5 min of music man



Movie Summery + Char. Comparison Michael Plasmeier This movie bacisty had 2 ports to Summer Gool to teach about the aportheid The first part was were steve Beks meets a white newspaper editor Steve explains the God things about Coarthail and There is killed and the movie moves into its 2 nd part this is where the Newspaper gury wonds to change things and is bonded It is As where he flies out of the country to get his book published this movie was in 2 parts about the Gertheil. There is not much to compare Char Compar. shoul the charaters because we from the rest half of Rom

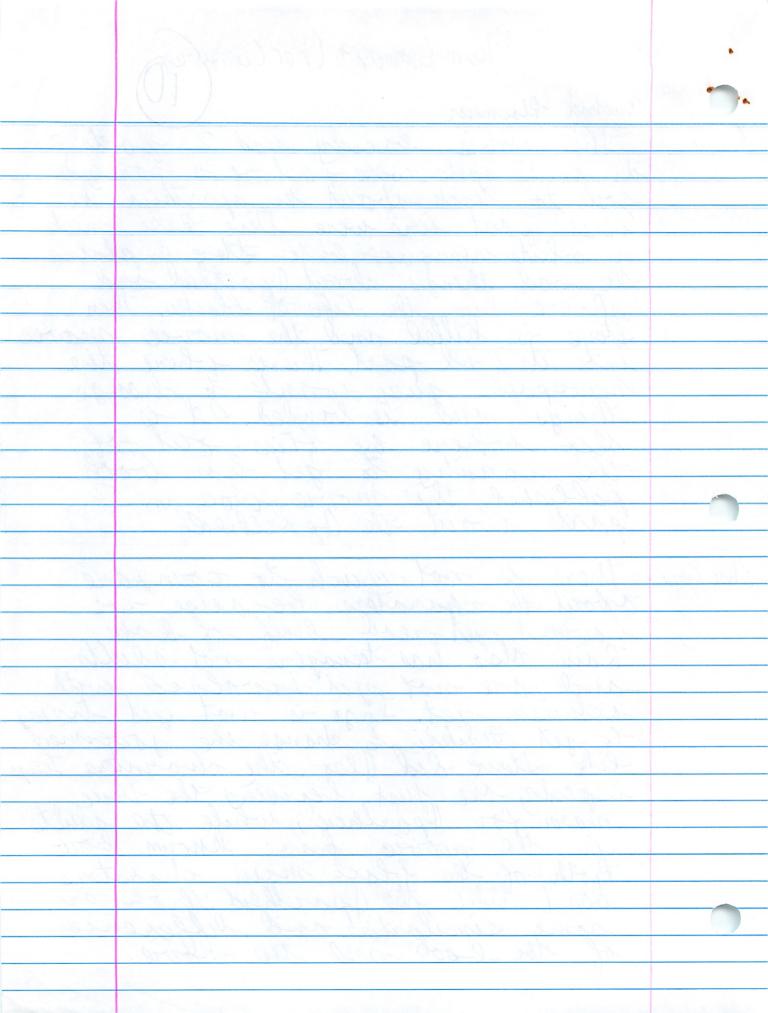
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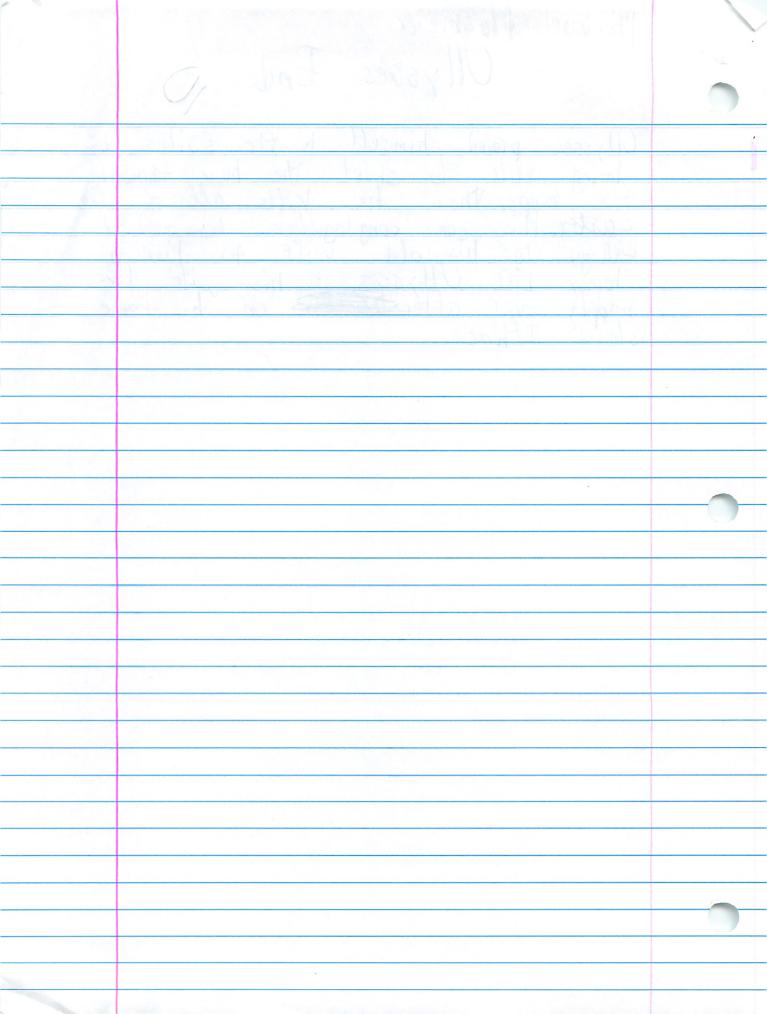
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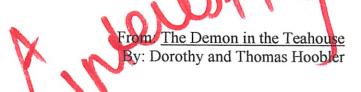
like Steve Ied. (Iso the characters, Jengo espectly ore just learning the true reason for parthere, while the adults in the movie have known how Both of the black main characters Son I take the (partheid Ifrols are some similarties and differences of the book and the movie.



Michael Plasmeice Ollysses End Ollysses proved himself to the situres by being able to shoot the box through popps, then he



Michael Plasmeier 3/8/2004 P.D.:1/2



Seikei's Journal

Chap. 1

Well, I am back, part of the service of Judge Ooka. Right now, I am learning how to shoot a bow from Bunzo, the judge's helper. I am not doing so good. It's wonderful to learn how to be a samurai, and being a merchant's son. I have just come back from helping to solve the mystery in The Ghost on the Tokaido Road. After I finish my practice, a messenger comes to tell us that the judge said that the flowers in Edo are blooming.

Chap. 2.

After the message, we waste no time in riding to Edo. I turns out that flowers are blooming means that there is a fire going on. The judge is in Edo and he is investigating the series of fires that are occurring. He in the country, and that is why the shotgun told him to investigate. The judge finds a person who said the fire started in her shop. She said it was a real picky geisha wearing a brown kimono with cranes on it.

Chap. 3

The next day the judge brings me to Yoshiwara, or the place were the geishas live. Geishas are beautiful woman whose job it is to please men. They work in Yoshiwara, or the floating world, where people come at night to forget their troubles and the world around them. My dad had always forbid me to go here because he said the temptations cold be too much. It was also adults only. So anyway, we go to a house where someone died, a teahouse servant with no family. She was wearing a brown kimono with cranes on it but, it was now stolen. She also had a terrified look on her face.

Chap. 4

We left and went to take a bath to cleanse ourselves, after being with the dead. We then went to a fortune teller. I found this weird for the judge, because he doesn't usually believe in this stuff. The lady told of 2 other deaths, which both geishas from the same teahouse. She also told that Umae, the most famous geisha had chosen the Teahouse of the Falling Cherry Blossom to entertain now. We left the fortune teller and the judge left me again to try to gather more information, and to follow the correct path.

Chap. 5

I leave the judge and decide to investigate the Teahouse of the Falling Cherry Blossom. I go and pretend to be someone looking for employment. I get hired by the owner Oba Koko. She had me working real hard. Right before she hires me she fires Kiru a boy about my age. Also, working at the teahouse I find 2 other girls. One of them wants to be Umae's younger sister or apprentice. The other one made me steal a permission just to show that I could do it. I felt so dishonored when she said she didn't want it. I am a thief.

The judge and the local official of the law come to question the inhabitants of the teahouse. The local magistrate didn't look too happy about the judge helping him. The 2 told me in private to stay on the correct path, and they left. I then washed my clothes to prepare for the evening. When I came back to my clothes, they were gone! I then had to wear my dirty set for the night. I am so mad at whoever stole my clothes.

5 Splegare

Chap. 7

Now is night time at the Teahouse of the Falling Cherry Blossom. Umae comes, and she is very elegant and beautiful. Many people give her expensive gifts and try to win her favor. I then walk to 2 other geisha's houses to get them to come for the night. On the way back, I bump into a bearded samurai, which is very weird to see.

Chap. 8

During the night, I am real busy escorting guests to the different rooms, and watching the geishas perform. Once, I had to take a daimyo to the privy. On the way out he told not to be too wrapped up in other people' beauty. He said a fem people lots all their money trying to pursue these woman. When I come back in the bearded samurai came Umae's room. He calls himself fukushu or revenge. He gave me a package to deliver to Umae. Inside was a brown kimono with cranes on it.

Chap. 9

Umae is very upset and leaves. Everyone else leaves too, after that. I walk back the 2 other geishas to their house. The said they wouldn't be coming back the next day because they thought it was bad luck being around Umae. The tell of 2 other deaths which happened before. They were both geishas who had worked with Umae before. One of the woman was apparently poisoned and one died in the many fires that were happing in Edo. They also talked about the teahouse servant which I saw before. When I come back to the teahouse, I see someone in the clothes, I set out. The person was setting fire to the teahouse. Soon the teahouse was in flames, and I was arrested for supposedly starting the fire.

Chap. 10

Oh, man. Now, I am chained to the post accused of starting the fire, and I am waiting for the local judge to examine me. The one that doesn't like Judge Ooka. When I am examined it doesn't go too well. 2 dunking samurai, think they saw me set the fire, when it was the one who stole my clothes. He sends me back outside to wait for the torturer. Luckily, Bunzo shows up and sets me free.

Chap. 11

I tell my story of what I have learned to Bunzo, and I go back to the teahouse. When I get back I chase Kiru, the boy who got fired. I catch him, and he admits to setting the fire and stealing my clothes. It is soon night again, and Oba Koko hires me again. I watch Umae during the night.

Chap. 12

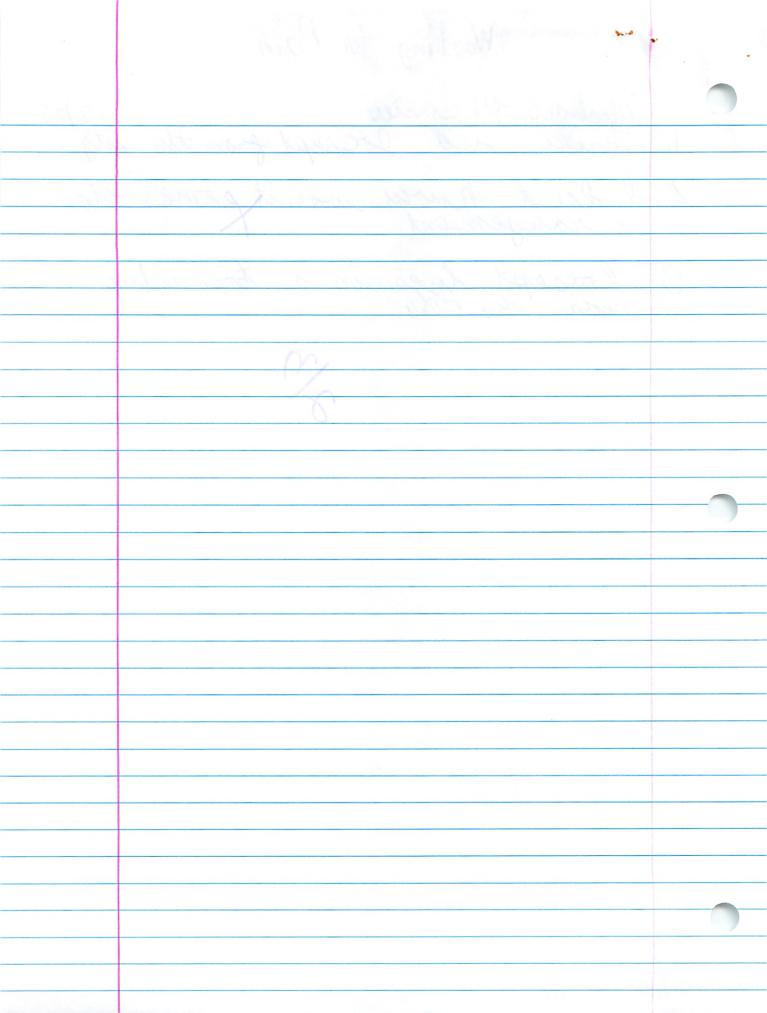
That night she receives 2 gifts. She also announces she will take on Nui as her younger sister. The party on into the night, which is soon over.

Chap. 13

That night I talk to Kiru a little bit more. He said that a woman told him to start the fire to get his job back and get rid of me. He agrees to come with me if the Judge won't punish him for starting the fire. Can you believe Kiru has never gotten out of Yoshiwara! I walk him through the maze of small empty streets because it is still night out. I bring him into the judges house.

I wonder what will happen next. The mystery is just starting to get interesting. I hope I can be of help to my master, Judge Ooka.

Waiting for Roin Michael Plasmeier 2/25 Friki and Joesept from the city I don't know was it 3 foesept thes in a toconship



Michael Plasmeier 3/25/2004 P.D.:1/2

10 Years

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Characters:

Tengo - A black 28 year-old man who is a city planer in Johannesburg. He has just returned 5 years ago from studying abroad. He has been friends with Frikkie since birth and has not seen him since 10 years, when they last met in some shed in the township. Tengo is based off himself in the book, <u>Waiting for the Rain</u> by Sheila Gordon.

Frikkie – A white 28 year-old man who is a farm owner in South Africa. He has inherited the farm from Oom Koos, just after being discharged from the military. He has been friends with Tengo since birth and has not seen him since 10 years, when they last met in the shed. Frikkie is based off himself in the book, <u>Waiting for the Rain</u> by Sheila Gordon.

Counter Person – An black ice cream shop worker in Cape Town. He/she talks with an "I am so bored with this job; only 5 hours till I get off" approach. This character is from the author's imagination.

Act 1

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, a sparkling city on the edge off a clean blue ocean. There are high-rises in the back/inland of the boardwalk which is filled with colorful shops. It is 1 year after the start of the Truth and Relocation Committee was established, and 6 years after the end of the apartheid. Black and white people stroll the ocean-front. The mix of the background people / bystanders is about 80% white and about 20% black. On a pier in the foreground there are 2 people. (Tengo and Frikkie) They don't realize each others presence yet. Then Frikkie turns around, and starts to speak.

- Frikkie (F): Excuse me sir, is your name Tengo? Tengo, is that really you?
- Tengo (T): (Turning around) How do you know my... (Trailing off, then loudly) Frikkie, my friend, how did you get here?
- F: (Like he is meeting a new friend) It's a long story. Man, I haven't seen you in a long time, Tengo. I last remember you in the shack where you hit me on the head. (Excited) I still have the lump where you hit me. See. (He shows Tengo a bump on his head.)
- T: Oh, yes. I remember that night now. After you left me, I went back to my house. Then, A few days later, my cousin, Joseph smuggled me out of the country.

F: (Surprised) What!



- T: Yeah, I was on my way to study in the United States. Unfortunately, Joe was shot taking me across the border. (Tengo is starting to get sad. He only clenches his face and looks down when this is mentioned though. Tengo doesn't start crying. Frikkie shows no emotion due to his military training) I was lucky to be able to make it out alive!
- F: That's sad what happened with Joseph. He gave his life for you.
- T: Yes. Well anyway, (Clearing up now, not sad anymore) I made it to the USA, and I studied there. I got a degree in city planning because I sort of remember what that Claire girl wanted to do.
- F: (Puzzled) Who?
- T: Oh, she was the daughter of the doctor who I gardened for. This was right after I came from the farm. She always told me my art was good, and probably is doing the same job as I am doing. Now, what's interesting, is that while in college, I got a job offer to plan in Mexico.
- F: (Surprised) Mexico?
- T: Yes. I don't know why though, I guess they have a shortage of planners there. However, right about then, apartheid ended in South Africa. This meant there was no choice to be made for me. I flew back here legally and was one of the first blacks to get a job with the government.
- F: So, where do you work now?
- T: I am a city planner in Johannesburg. I am designing a new layout for better black living condition and houses. Right now I am on a much needed vacation here in Cape Town. This is, by the way, the first time I am seeing the ocean when I am on land.
- F: Mine too. Also, you're not on land, (He smiles) your on a pier over the ocean. (Grins)
- T: (Rolls his eyes) Same thing old pal. I can see you haven't changed a bit. (He smiles)
- F: So, here's my story. (Pause) After you hit me on the head in the shack, I made it back to camp. Then my buddies in the army took me to the hospital. The next day, the doctor told me I had a concussion.
- T: Sorry about that again. I was just acting in self-defense. I didn't know who you were then.
- F: I forgive you. Now I realize what it must have been like to be in your shoes with soldiers everywhere and people disappearing. By the way, I'm hot. You want some ice cream? (Pause) My treat. (He smiles)

- T: Ok, sure. (The 2 start walking towards land.)
- F: So where was I? (Pauses) Oh yes, so the next day at the hospital, they told me I was discharged from the army. (Looks sad)
- T: I take it you didn't like that.
- F: What? (Looks Up, then speaks real fast) No, no, I didn't mean it that way. (Happy look again) I like being kicked out. This let me go back to the farm early. Well anyway, I went back and a few weeks later, Oom Koos dies. I was sad at first. (Looks sad) Then I was happy (Looks happy now) when I learned that I was going to get the farm.
- T: (Puzzled) So, it was actually good when I hit you on the head? (They reach the end of the pier and turn right to keep walking) That let you be home when Oom Koos dies.
- F: Well, I guess you can put it that way. It just let me get to the farm a lot faster. Now not much happened for a few years after that. The drought was still on. (Pause) Oh yes, how could I forget the revolution.
- T: (Raising his voice, somewhat angered) What are you calling a revolution?
- F: (Getting mad) It was like this. The workers on my farm were demanding higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions. All around the country, blacks started to overthrow the government. (Tengo is getting madder through this speech)
- T: (Now Screaming) Overthrow! What do you mean by overthrow? We blacks, were just trying to get the rights we deserve. (Bystanders look at Tengo and shake their heads) Two of those rights was good working conditions and equal treatment.
- F: (Quieter then usual) Calm down, Tengo. Everyone is looking at you. By the way, I didn't mean to put it that way.
- T: (Still as angry) Yes you did mean it that way. Don't you remember that talk we had in the shed. Or, was your head too damaged to remember! (He motions towards his head) You didn't learn anything Frikkie, that night. (Pauses) I bet you were just as mean with my mom, as Oom Koos was. (2 sec pause) Well were you? (3 sec pause) Huh? (2 sec pause)
- F: (He hangs his head sadly) I tried not to be that bad, (Quietly on the next part) at that time.
- T: (Has cooled off a bit, still mad) What do you mean tried? Were you or weren't you that bad?
- F: (Still he hangs his head, still looks sad) I acted about the same with your family then.

- T: (Still screaming. The 2 stop walking. The are next to the ice cream shop, although they don't notice it because of their argument.) What do you mean same? You just sat there lazily in your house, while other people did the work. Right?
- F: (Still sad) Yes, I guess that you are right. (Looks up, turns happy) But after the revolution, I paid them more, even thought the drought was still on. (He smiles) This means, that I still wasn't breaking even, and my employees were getting a raise.
- T: (Not as mad now) Well, did you improve their living conditions too?
- F: (Seems insulted) Well, how could I? Remember the drought? I was loosing money then and could barely afford even the raise. (He looks around for a way out and he notices the ice cream shop) Oh, here's an ice cream shop now. (Tengo and Frikkie enter the retrostyle shop and walk up to the counter. They look at the menu board hanging above.)

Counter Person (C): Can I help you?

- T: (To the Counter Person) One chocolate cone please. (He then looks at Frikkie)
- F: Oh, can I have a vanilla please, (Pauses) in a cup. (Pause) Thanks.
- C: Ok, that will be \$3. (Frikkie opens his wallet and hands \$3 to the counter person. He/she puts the money in the register and walks over to the freezer. He/she scoops out their orders and hands it to them) Here you go. Thanks for coming to the Ice Cream Parlor in Cape Town.
- T: Thank You. (The 2 walk out of the store, and sit on a bench overlooking the ocean. They then eat their ice cream. Tengo is relaxed now and is no longer mad) Thanks for the ice cream, Frikkie.
- F: My pleasure.
- T: Sorry, I yelled at you before. (Pauses) So, I guess the drought broke up eventually.
- F: Yes, it did. 10 years ago in fact. I am making good money at it too. Now, the next part, I was going to say before I was so rudely yelled at. (He says this sarcastically)
- T: (Jokingly) Yeah man, I said I was sorry.
- F: I am just kidding. So, I did improve their conditions after all. I hired more people, so they would have to work shorter hours. This also helped more people get jobs. With the raise I gave them before, more people built new huts or expanded old ones. I also helped to build a school in the area. The school is now a model school for the increasing number of rural black schools being built.

- T: (The 2 are still eating their ice crams, and are about half done them.) So, I guess you did improve their pay and conditions. I just wish more people would be like you. If this would happen, the world will be equal for whites and blacks. We still have a way to go thought. (He turns around, and after Tengo starts talking again, Frikkie turns around too) Behind us here on the boardwalk, the people are about 80% white. Blacks still need to get better jobs, so they can be out on the boardwalk enjoying the ocean and spending money.
- F: Yeah. I guess you're a part of that movement with you getting a good job to support yourself.
- T: Yes. I am also just thinking that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission has also played a big part in the healing process.
- F: Yes, I agree. It is giving support and money to the blacks, (*Pauses*) and the whites who had trouble in the apartheid. I am fortunate because my workers didn't want to settle in TRC. They forgave me instantly with no problems.
- T: Yes, and I forgive you too. Come on, lets go. (He smile and the 2 both finish their ice crams at the same time. The 2 get up, and Frikkie throws away his empty ice cream cup and spoon in a public trashcan. Tengo and Frikkie, walk off into the sunset holding hands. Then Tengo lets go) I need to turn off here.
- F: Ok, bye. See you in another 10 years (He calls) or hopefully sooner. (He smile and keeps walking along the boardwalk, while Tengo turns down a street heading inland)

Michael Plasmeier 3/23/2004 P.D.:1/2

Lad 1/ At

10 Years

Characters:

Tengo - A black 28 year-old man who is a city planer in Johannesburg. He has just returned 5 years ago from studying abroad. He has been friends with Frikei since birth and has not seen him since 10 years, when they met in the shed. He is bayed of

lengo in Waiting for the Rain by Shila Gordon Frikei - A white 28 year-old man who is a farm owner. He has inherited the farm from Oom Koos, just after being expelled from the military. He has been friends with Tengo since birth and has not seen him since 10 years, when they met in the shed. He

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CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, I year after the start of the Truth and Relocation Committee was established, and 6 years after the end of the apartheid. Black and white people stroll the ocean-front boardwalk of sunny Cape Town. The mix of the background people / bystanders is about 80% White and about 20% Black. On a pier in the foreground there are 2 people. (Tengo and Frikei) They don't realize each other's It should present yet. Then Frikei turns around, and starts to speak. presence

Le the off Frikei (F): Excuse me, sir, is your name Tengo? Tengo, is that you?

Tengo (T): (Turning around) How do you know my... (Trailing off, the Loudly) Frikei, my friend is that you? how did you got here?

F: (Like he is meeting a new friend) Yes, it is me. I haven't seen you in a long time Tengo. How did you get here? I last remember you in the shack where you hit me on the head. (Excited) I still have the lump where you hit me. See. (He shows the Tengo a bump on his head.)

T: Oh, yes. I remember that how. Do you want to know what happened to me after that?

F: Why not?

T: Well, after you left me, I went back to my house. A few days later, my cousin, Joseph smuggles me out of the country.

F: (Surprised) What!

T: Yeah, I was on my way to study in the USA. Unfortunately, Joe was shot taking me
across the border. (Tengo is starting to get sad. He only sniffles when this is mentioned
though. Frikei shows no emotion I was lucky to be able to make it out alive!
F: That sad what happened with Joseph, he gave his life for you.
T: Yes. Well anyway, (Clearing up now) I made it to the USA, and I studied there. I got a
degree in city planning because I sort-of remember what Claire did. What's interesting
Chatai Go.
F: (Surprised) Mexico?
the story will have no
T: Yes. I don't know why though, I guess they have a shortage of planners there. However,
right about then, apartheid ended in South Africa. I flew back here legally and was on of
the first blacks to get a job with the government.
F: So, where do you work now?
F: So, where do you work now?
T: I am a city planner in Johannesburg. I am designing new layout for better black living.
Right now I am on a much needed vacation here in Cape Town. This is, by the way, the
first time I am seeing the ocean when I am on land
(He smiles)(tx)
F: Mine too. Also, your not on land, Your on a pier over the ocean. (Laughs) Really, 14.75.
Really, 1775.
T: (Laughs too) Same thing old pal:
here's
E: So, here is my story. (Pause) After you hit me on the head, I made it back to camp. They
then took me to the hospital and the doctor told me I had a concussion.
T: Sorry about that again. I was just acting in self-defense. 15pace
Now I rolize was
F: I forgive you. Treatize now what it must be like to be in you shoes. You want some ice
cream its hot out. (Pause) My treat. Tok, sure. (The 2 start walking towards land.) Tok, sure. (The 2 start walking towards land.)
Tomiles -
T: Ok, sure. (The 2 start walking towards land.)
a t OV
F: So where was I. (Pauses) Yes, so the next day a the hospital, they told me I was
discharged from the army. (Looks Sad)
To I dalag is once didulatile about
T: I take it you didn't like that.
J'2 spaces
F: What (Looks Up, then Speaks real Fast) No, no. I didn't mean it that way. (Happy Look
again) I like being kicked out. This let me go back to the farm early. Well anyway, I
went back and a few weeks later, Oom Koos dies. I was sad at first. (Looks Sad) Then I was happy (Looks happy now) when I learned that I was going to get the farm.
was nappy (Looks happy how) when I learned that I was going to get the lath.

- T. So, it was actually good when I hit you on the head. (They reach the end of the pier and turn right to keep walking) That let you be home when Oom Koos dies.
- F: Well, I guess you can put it that way. It just let me get to the farm a lot faster. Now not much happened for a few years. The drought was still on. (Pause) Oh yes, how could I forget the revolution. after that.
- T: (Raising his voice, somewhat Angered) What are you calling a revolution?
- F: (Getting mad) It was like this. The workers on my farm were demanding higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions. It was like this all around the country as blacks started to overthrow the government. (Tengo is getting madder through this speech)
- T: (Now Screaming) Overthrow! What do you mean overthrow? We blacks, were just trying to get the rights we deserve. (Bystanders look at Tengo and Shake their heads) One of these rights was good working conditions and equal treatment as a whole.

F: (Quieter then usual) Calm down, Tengo. Everyone was looking at you. By the way, I didn't mean to put it that way. (notions thom)s his hear (I)

T: (Still as angry) Yes you did mean it. Don't you remember that talk we had in the shed. Or, was your head too damaged to remember! You didn't learn anything Frikei, that night. (Pauses) I bet you were just as mean with my mom, as Oom Koos was. (2 sec Rause) Well were you? (3 sec Pause) Huh? (2 sec Pause)

Fi I tried not to be that bad at that time.

T: (Has cooled off a bit, still mad) What do you mean tried? Were you or weren't you? That but

F: (Hangs his head, looks sad) I was about the same as strict with your family then. It's very heat

- T: (Still screaming. The 2-are still walking towards the ice cream shop, althoughs they don't notice it because of the argument.) What do you mean same? You just sat lazily in your house, while other people did the work. Right?
- F: (Still sad) Yes, I guess that you are right. (Looks up, turns happy) But after the revolution,

T: (Not as mad now) Well, did you improve their living conditions as well?

paid them even more,
wasn't breaking even, and my empro.

Not as mad now) Well, did you improve their living conditions as well.

Seems insulted) Well, how could I? Remember the drought? Oh, here is an ice cream shop now. (Tengo and Frikei stop in front of an old fashioned ice cream parlor. They total walk up to the counter and look at the menu board hanging above.)

Seems insulted

Seems insulted**

Well, how could I? Remember the drought? Oh, here is an ice cream shop now. (Tengo and Frikei stop in front of an old fashioned ice cream parlor. They total an analysis and the sea per the ice.

The ice cream shop has been shown. F: (Seems insulted) Well, how could I? Remember the drought? Oh, here is an ice cream

Were

Counter Person (C): Can I help you? T: (To the Counter Person) One chocolate cone please. (He then looks a Frikei) F: Oh, can I have a vanilla please, in a cup. (Pause) Thanks. C: Ok, that will be \$3. (She walks over and scoops out their orders and hands it to them) Here you go. Thanks for coming to the Ice Cream Parlor in Cape Town. takes the money, puts in register T: Thank You. (The 2 walk out of the store, and sit on a bench overlooking the ocean. They then eat their ice cream. Tengo is relaxed now and is no longer mad) Thanks for the ice cream, Frikei. F: My pleasure. T: Sorry, I yelled at you like before. So, I guess the drought broke up eventually. F: Yup, it did. 10 years ago in fact. I am making good money too. Now, the next part, I was going to say before I was so ruddily yelled at. (He says this sarcastically) T. Yeah, I said I was sorry. F: I am just kidding. So, I did improve conditions after all. I hired more people, so they would have shorter hours. This also helped more people get jobs. With the money I also helped to build a school in the area. The school is now a model school for the increasing number of rural black schools. heing T: (The 2 are still eating their ice crams, are about half done them.) So, I guess you did improve pay and conditions. I just wish more people would be like you. Then, the world will be equal for whites and blacks. We still have a way to go thought. (He turns around, and after Tengo starts talking again, Frikei turns around too) Behind us here on the boardwalk, the people are about 80% White. Blacks still need to get better jobs, so they can be out on the boardwalk enjoying the ocean. Spending money F: Yeah. I guess you're a part of that movement with you getting a good job to support you. es. I am just thinking That T: The Truth and Relocation Committee has also had a big part in the healing process. Det ween the F: Yes, I agree. It is giving support and money to the blacks, (Pauses) and the whites who had trouble in the apartheid. My workers didn't want to settle in TRC. They forgave me instantly, w/ no problems I am fortunate bocause T: Yes, and I do too. Come on, lets go. (He smile and the 2 both finish their ice crams at the same time. The 2 get up, and Frikei throws away his empty ice cream cup and spoon. IN a public trastican by the railing of the

Tengo and Frikei, walk off into the sunset holing hands. Then Tengo lets go) I need to turn off here.

2582065 F: Ok, bye. See you in another 10 years (He calls) or hopefully sooner. (He smile and keeps walking along the boardwalk, while Tengo turns down a street heading inland)

Notes:

Check spacing between letter and speech.

Check all comments are Italies include

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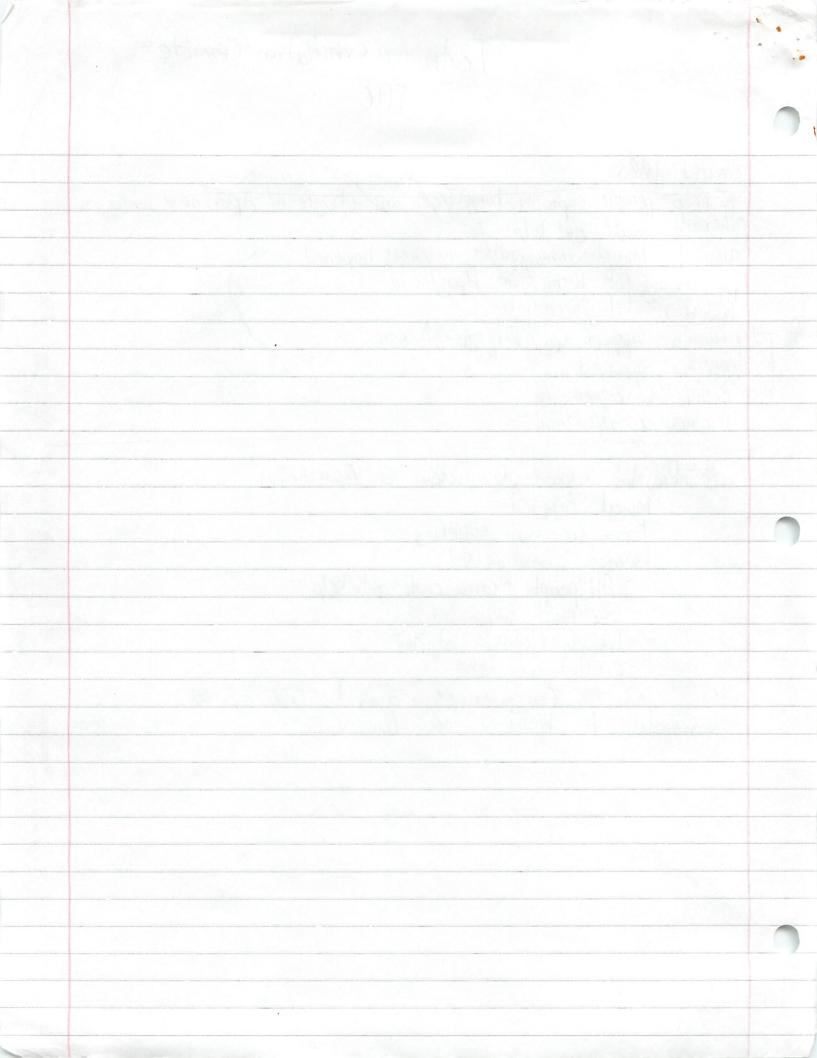
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Truth Reconcilation Commite

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ACT

National Unity in 1995 to enable South Africans to come to terms with To provide for the investigation and the establishment of as complete a picture aspossible of the nature, causes and extent of gross violations of human rights committed during the period from 1 March 1960 to the cut-off date contemplated in the Constitution, within or outside the Republic, emanating from the conflicts of the past, and the fate or whereabouts of the victims of such violations; the granting of amnesty to persons who make full disclosure of all the relevant facts relating to acts associated with a political objective committed in the course of the conflicts of the past during the said period; affording victims an opportunity to relate the violations they suffered; the taking of measures aimed at the granting of reparation to, and the rehabilitation and the restoration of the human and civil dignity of, victims of violations of human rights; reporting to the Nation about such violations and victims; the making of recommendations aimed at the prevention of the commission of gross violations of human rights; and for the said purposes to provide for the establishment of a Truth and Reconciliation Commission, a Committee on Human Rights Violations, a Committee on Amnesty and a Committee on Reparation and Rehabilitation; and to confer certain powers on, assign certain functions to and impose certain duties upon that Commission and those Committees; and to provide for matters connected therewith. SINCE the Constitution of the Republic of South Africa, 1993 (Act No. 200 of 1993), provides a historic bridge between the past of a deeply divided society characterized by strife, conflict, untold suffering and injustice, and a future founded on the recognition of human rights, democracy and peaceful co-existence for all South Africans, irrespective of colour, race, class, belief or sex; AND SINCE it is deemed necessary to establish the truth in relation to past events as well as the motives for and circumstances in which gross violations http://www.doj.gov.za/trc/legal/act9534.htm uslamous bradta god & Consellare bloomsome w3/15/2004 The Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) was created by Nelson Mandela's Government of National Unity in 1995 to enable South Africans to come to terms with an extremely troubled past. South Africa's apartheid system - and anti-apartheid struggle - resulted in violence and human rights abuses from which no section of society escaped. The TRC was established to investigate the violations that took place between 1960 and 1994, to provide support and reparation to victims' and their families, and to compile a full and objective record of the effects of apartheid on South African society. Perpetrators of any politically-motivated acts - including violations or abuse - could apply for amnesty from the TRC in return for providing a full account of their actions.

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Brett Gerson (B): I was just shocked at first. Then my mom told me that my dad owed a lot of money, which is mostly for that rip-off lawyer. She told me that we would need to sell our house, and my five thousand dollar stereo. I was really mad at this point and I practically exploded. My dad had ruined my life. I can't still believe what had happened.

I: So, after you sold your house, where did you live?

B: Well, after that we went off to stay at Aunt Mary's. Her house is totally dusty and moldy, unlike my old house. Aunt Mary is so weird, because she only wears muumuus and slippers. She also thinks that everything is "super."

I: So, what happened with your father?

B: Oh, the guy who ruined my life is in jail 5 hours away from here. My mom visits him every weekend. She manages to draw me along on occasion. I think it's a waste of a weekend.

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- B: Yes, my mom god a job at an department store, and I had to work at stupid Fat Burger.
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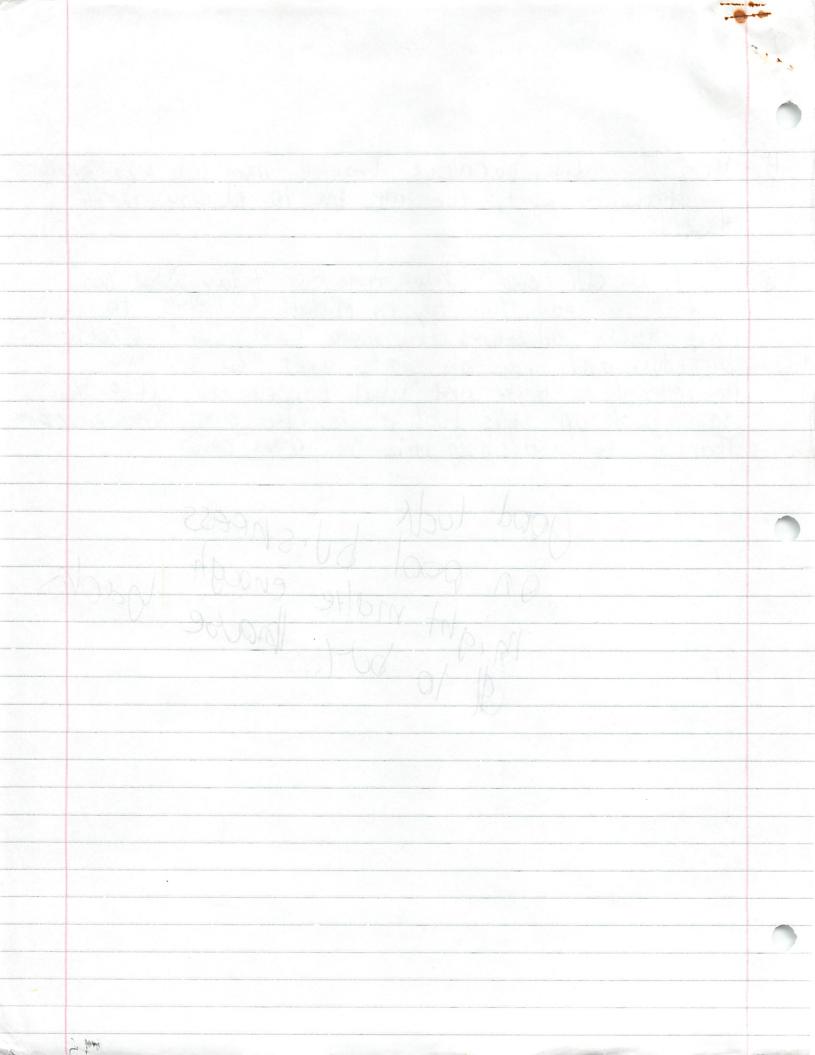
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- I: Why are you so mad about your dad?
- B: I am mad because he ruined my life, and we lost all our money because of him.
- I: Did it ever occur to you that you probably wouldn't even have that much money without him?
- B: No, I have never thought of that. Although, that would have been better.
- I: Ok, we have time for 1 more question. After you went poor, did you have the time to see Nicole?
- B: Yes, I did. Frank's mom was even nice enough to come up with a party for me to attract Nicole.
- I: Ok that's all that we have time for today. Now don't forget to read <u>Pool Boy</u> by: Michael Simmons. In the book you will find the events mentioned here today and you will find out more about Brett's birthday and how the party went. Also, find out what happens to Alfie and Brett. You can pick up this book at your local Borders or Amazon.com. Thanks for watching this interview on Channel 10.

400/ Boy Montion bookt of ther + by Inlerve, w onwer Brett Gerson what father has jailed for insider teading. So what was it like Brett when you heard your father was going to Jail Bi I was just shocked at let. Then I relied that people We bound need to soll our house. I was celly mad now, my dad had wined my life, I can belove what halingspened. I So, after you sold your house where did you live By we went off to stay at Aunt Mary's. The place was
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is "super" (More lifestyle line.) (taken as) some to see him
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Michael Plasmeier 3/29/2004 P.D.:1/2



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I: So, what happened with your father?

B: Oh, the guy who ruined my life is in jail 5 hours away from here. My mom visits him every weekend. She manages to draw me along on occasion. I think it's a waste of a weekend.

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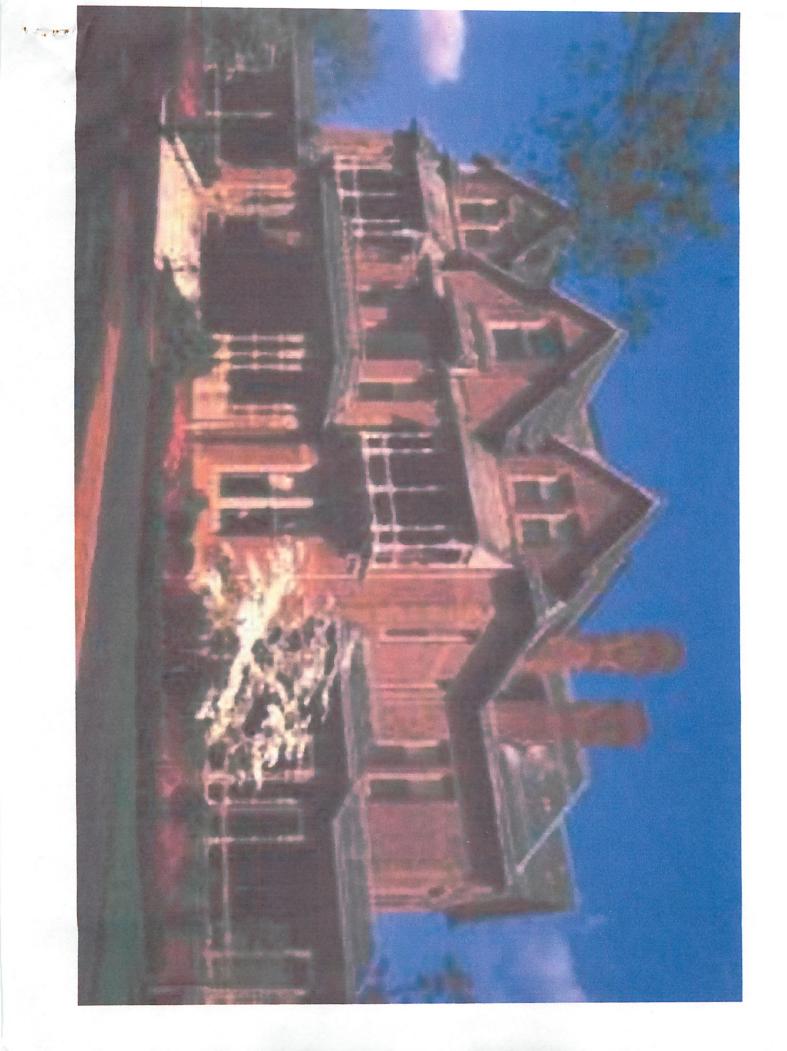
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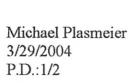
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wouldn't be use to being

B: Yes, I did. Frank's mom was even nice enough to come up with a party for me to attract Nicole.

I: Ok that's all that we have time for today. Now don't forget to read <u>Pool Boy</u> by: Michael Simmons. In the book you will find the events mentioned here today and you will find out more about Brett's birthday and how the party went. Also, find out what happens to Alfie and Brett. You can pick up this book at your local Borders or Amazon.com. Thanks for watching this interview on Channel 10.

Michael Plasmeier

To: Teen Newsweek Editor (editor@teennewsweek.com)

Subject: Wild about Zoos

Dear Teen Newsweek,

I just read your article about keeping animals in zoos. First, I want to inform you that your question at the bottom of the page is, "Are zoos good for animals?" The obvious answer is no. Zoos are not good for animals because they keep animals in cages. However, I thing your question should have been, and which is what the article focused on is, "Are zoos beneficial?" This question would mean is it right for us to keep animals for the good of humans and to protect them.

I would answer yes to that question. A zoo helps people learn and be around animals. When people are near animals, they might see that animals have feelings too. This might make them think twice before hurting them or their habitats. I also think that zoos should be more aware of the conditions they have for the animals. This is what I think in response to your article, "Wild about Zoos."

Michael

Wild about 2005

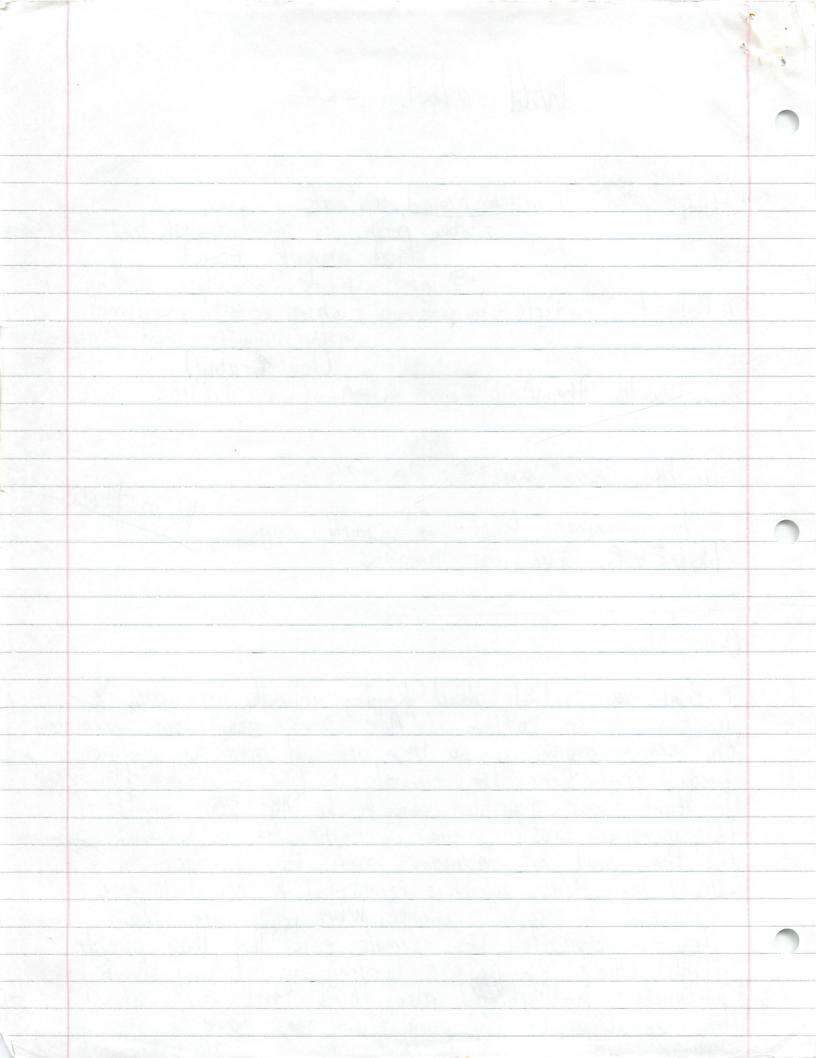
Help prope learn the around animals Twhen people are around arimals they are remove

That animals exist

There has a pole or fishing or eating animal

Other animals eat each other

There is the hore the pole of the people of the peopl Zops Chould though be more aware of conditions Qui the 2005 Book for drimals. No onimals kept in somall cages, Broshhere HOWEVER, GODY for humans Dear TV. I tead your article about keeping unimals in 2005, Your The simple answer is no they are not good for animals. perauc that forces the animals to live in a lager flowever think our greation should be "the 2005 benticial?"
This question would mean is tight for us to had asimals for the good of humans and to protect them? I would say less to this question. A 200 help people learn and be dreamed animals, which people are arond animals. They are reminded that animals, which people are arond animals. They are reminded that animals, exist her these people might think 2x before hurling or toking down an animals. I have a should be made that also, think that 2005 3 hould be some all earn of the conditions they have to the be more awar of the conditions they have top the animals. That is what I think in respone to the article with about my



michael plasmeier Without Commacals P480 #1 I found the lost part to be the most meaning because it ties the whole poem toghter and is powerful Think the alvice is somewhat the same of bowever, it is not exactly the same. #3 to see people toto concretale means to sel prople without the artifecol beauty and to look in the inside of people. The speaker wants people not to eise leavily products and comic nool surger, (Loom, eve and Fodas For was a perfect place with no distractions #4. I soot of bevere with the author. I think De people should do none of the beauty stuff. It just uses up time or money which could ob twords other good causes. WO #2 People need to be able to change there apperance. People strine to be besutified and this will give them on advange in a job. The bruman brain wants were thing to be leavilifed and we provide a way of doing that to them, If you don't believe in et just hove you don't do share you view. (I so our trady one to share you view. (I so our industry employs alot of people of we

would be shut down alot of people would be out of work. The cosmetic undustry is a vital part of the aconsmery. Without it movie stars wouldn't be famous. The comestic industry should still surve People sill reed their beauty EBUT NO PRIBLE LOUGH HIS SUTHER HESS



HOMEWORK World of Difference Day

Write a letter to one of the speakers that you listened to yesterday. Tell them what you learned from them, and how it made you feel. Tell them how you might treat others differently now. Tell them if you want to learn more about what they shared.

You could write to any of the speakers from today. Your Language Arts teacher has the names speakers.

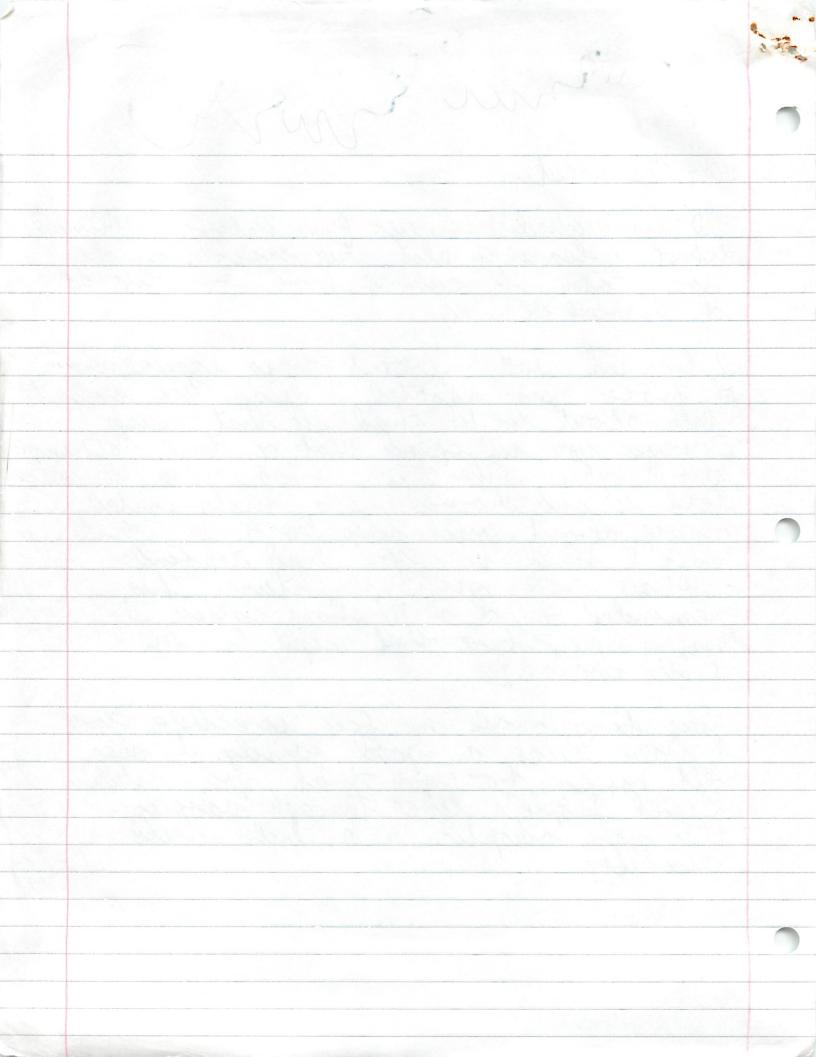
The letter should be \ pg.

You should do a rough draft and a final draft.

The final draft should be neat. It will be sent to the speaker.

Cone in La classes following

mikner i will Dear Ms nechuty I am Michael Plasmeier from Goverford Middle Ichool, I learened alot your experiences when you come to our school for world I learned alot about your experience of how you adopted 3 hids you didn't talk about the 1st child all that much However you did spend alot of time talking about your other 2 sons from andia you also told us and showed us a nicely edited movie about your trip boch to visit India I liked how you had to find a place with only a picture. This neminded me of a TV show called The Amazing Race where that might be one of the dralanges Your story made me fell sprecative that I have such a good family. I also feld happy for you that you virtully swell people's lived through adoption.
(Iso your adoption of a child with a





Michael Plasmeier

12/22/2003

P.D.:1-2

Story:

2100

I some expositive in special in

Letter from Author:

In science fiction, there are 3 main types of stories. There are the ones that promise death and destruction. Cracked concrete sidewalks, and dirt paths. These are books like Gathering Blue by Lois Lowry. Then, there are the book that have life a litter harsher then today, however they don't live in the shadow of a nuclear war. These are books such as The Giver also by Lois Lowry. Finally, there are the books that are happy and show joy and prosperity throughout the world. Everyone is rich, technology has reached a new height. I like these sorts of books, So, I believe that if are teacher just said to, write a book about the future, some people would have chosen the destruction outcome. However, because we had to integrate an invention into the story, most people will write happy stories. I wrote one of those happy stories.

"Bring, Bring!" I wake up one morning in my soft feather bed, and I can hardly open my eyes. I am still so tired from yesterday. Enough of that anyway, I stand up, and I turn off the alarm. Ok, what am I going to do today, I think to myself. You see I am an investigator for the city of Philadelphia. I work at police headquarters 7 miles downtown. Even thought I live 7 miles away from center city, there are still 50 story buildings out here. I think that in a few more years the whole earth will become a city. They would need to start building settlement underwater!

So anyway, I get dressed and grab a quick breakfast bar off my kitchen counter. I walk out of my apartment and head for the elevator. The modern elevator has been around for a while now, but still hasn't changed much since 2000. It now includes a touch screen panel to call up certain floors. That's all that's new on the elevator.

Now, because I am fortunate to work at a place that has its own station, I take the elevator down to the 3rd floor station. I walk into the station, and having a monthly pass, I walk past the ticket machines. I then come up to the small boarding platform, and I type in my destination number on the small control panel in front of me. The bar then slides away to allow me access to a pod. The pod is this small light green vehicle, shaped like a ladybug. The doors on both sides lift up to revel the interior of the pod. The pod has 2 rows of seating and a touch-screen panel in front of each row. The screen tells you were you are going, and also has lets you surf the web while you ride. Once you board the train, as I am doing now, the doors close, and the pod moves out of the station. The computer then controls the pod, moving and switching it through the maze of track 2 stories above street level. No human required. The train never stops, it does not even enter the stations along the way. In addition, are the only person aboard the train, no strangers to share the ride.

So, after my quick ride, I arrive at my center-city office building. I get off the pod at the station. I love for it is so convenient, and spills less pollution into the air. I then take the elevator to my 89th floor office. Now, you must be saying at least 89 floors for a little police headquarters. However, my building isn't all that high, 95 stories is about the median in this city. Some buildings are about 170 stories high! 100 years

ago, 110 stories was considered to be very tall. Today that's nothing, the tallest building in the world is 190 stories!

As I get off the elevator, and walk in to the office, my boss greets me. He tells me that there is a problem. The system was going crazy; it is having a mind of its own! Instead of going to the destination it was programmed to, the system is delivering riders to a different station. My boss told me to investigate this, so as quick as I entered my office, I left.

I took the elevator down to the street exit, and as I walked through doors that looked like they had cobwebs on them. No one goes out here on street level; almost everyone takes . As I walk out, I start to think were I should look first. I decide to make headquarters my first stop.

As I walk, I think about the city streets with their wide sidewalks and almost empty store display windows. They are empty because is causing such a revolution, that no one walks down here. Nearly all business takes place on the 3rd floor. The other stories below , are like a basement. They are used for storage. So I walked along, (I never got so much exercise,) walking to the perating headquarters. I wanted to find out why the system was going nuts.

When I reached 7th and Walnut, I stopped. In front of me stood this building that looked really out of place! It was like a hunted mansion. Complete with shuttered windows (closed), deep, dark, uninviting colors, and steep slanted roofs that went flat after 12 ft. The building also had a track running straight into it. On the track rode a steady stream of personal monorails. A bunch were going in, none were coming

out. The strange "mansion" was also not at all like the modern buildings, with the straight lines, and the square silver windows shining in the sunlight. It was not like their functional, economical designs.

I thought this to very strange. A "haunted" building, a one-way monorail track, full of terrified people riding into the building. As I thought about it, I decided that this may be the answer to my problem. I also needed to fulfill my duty, so I struck up my courage, and walked up to the door. I rang the doorbell. "Ding-dong" could be heard echoing through out the eerie house. The then door opened, and out stepped a man with a goofy look on his face. The man had frizzy hair and was wearing a spotless white lab coat.

He spoke aloud in a strange tone, "Come on in, care to join us!" At that point he laughed an evil laugh. This whole situation sounds weird. I have a bad feeling about this man and this house. He then steps back and holds out his hand in a form of come on in. I think awhile, then I accept his invitation. I walk into the spooky house.

Coming into the house, I walk through long corridors of dark oak paneling and dusty pictures of dead people. This hallway was just what I excepted to find in a haunted mansion.

The mad scientist then walks in to this big central room. This room is different from the others. This one is full with modern equipment, and looks to be newly done. This room was modern, unlike the old hallways and the spooky exterior. This room was loaded with hundreds of computer monitors; however no one was at them. The screens all had different chart on them, and I wonder what they were are used for.

When I finally look up, I see what seems to be the answer to my problem. The monorail track that I saw outside came into here. The cars were pulling up one by one to the unloading booth, and the people inside were getting out of the pods. Instead of being worried of were the track brought them, the people walked out like robots. They walked in straight lines in the middle of the walkway. When they would turn corners, they would always stop and turn 90 degrees at a time.

Thinking that this was strange, I looked up higher and I saw a machine that looked like a needle. The needle had on it 3 thin purple disks. The disks got smaller in diameter towards the bottom of the needle. On the base of the machine it read, "Mind \(\sum_0 \) Control Machine 3003!" Mind control I think, something is definitely up.

I look back down; the evil scientist is giving me one of his wired stares again. I ask him, "Mind control, what are you doing with a mind control machine here? They were outlawed 25 years ago"

He laughs and replies, "Would you like to find out?" Seeing the people being marched into a small steel lined tunnel leading somewhere and that somewhere was most likely bad; I reply, "No thanks."

He says, "How 'bout yes!" Then he grabs me by my ear, and pulls me into a glass elevator that connects the many levels of the room. He pusses a button, and ducks out of the elevator as the glass doors close. He gives me an evil smile. The elevator starts its accent.

As I come closer to the mind control device, my mind started going blank. I couldn't think for myself any more. I couldn't see what was going on anymore; the evil scientist was inhabiting my brain.

ore! I am an evil scientist wall at last title

Well hello there! I am an evil scientist, well at least I think I an evil. Haaaaa, haaaa, ha. So your little friend is going to be turned into a robot. Yup, I said he was going to be turned into an slave of mine. He is reaching the top of the elevator shaft. Now he is getting out. He is stepping onto the platform, and joining the line of my subjects awaiting transfusion. Now he is going into the steel tunnel, never to return again. Let me pull up the live video of him. He is going into the first chamber, the chamber of ...

"Boom," there goes the door. Wait, now who was mean enough to blow down my door? Oh no, it's the police! They caught on my scheme, I should have picked a better hideout. I think this one was too reveling. They are running in, now they are surrounding me. They have me in handcuffs. Darn, my plan didn't work, I was going to rule the world!

Ha, on second thought, no one knows how to shut down the system, my plan might still succeed, your friend will become a robot, they will take over the world, and best of all I WILL RULE!!!!!!!!

115?

Michael Plasmeier

12/21/2003

P.D.:1-2



<u>2100</u>

Prologue:

In science fiction stories there are 2 main types. There are the ones that promise death and destruction. Cracked concrete sidewalks, and dirt paths. These are books like Gathering Blue by Lois Lowry. Then there are the book that have life a litter harsher then today. These are books like The Giver also by Lois Lowry. Finally, there are the books that are happy and show joy and prosperity throughout the world. It believe that if are teacher just said, write a book about the future, some people would have chosen the destruction outcome. However, because we had to integrate an invention into the story, most people will write happy stories, like I did. Wote one

"Ahh!" I wake up one morning in soft feather bed. I can hardly open my eyes, I am still so tired from yesterday. Enough of that anyway, I stand up, and I turn off that awful beeping alarm. Oh, what am I going to do today, I think to myself. You see I am an investigator for the city of Philadelphia. I work at my office 7 miles downtown.

Even thought I live 7 miles away, there are still 50 story buildings out here, in the part of the city called Havertown.

So anyway, I get dressed and grab a quick breakfast bar. I walk out of may apartment and head for the elevator. The elevator has been around for a while now, but

nomeres

still hasn't changed much since 2000. It now includes a touch screen control panel, that's closest all that's new.

Well, because I am fortunate to work at a place that has its own station. I take the elevator down to the 3rd floor station. I walk into the station, and having a monthly pass, I walk past the ticket machines. I come up to boarding platform, and I type in my destination number. The bar then slides away to allow me access to a pod. The pod is this small light green vecile, shaped like a ladybug. The doors on eater side lift up to revel the interior. The pod has 2 rows of seating and a touch-screen panel in front of each row. The screen tells you were you are going, and also has lets you surf the web while you ride. Once you board the train, as I am doing now, the doors close, and the pod moves out of the station. The computer then controls the pod, moving and switching Wo human regulared it through the maze of track 2 stories above street level. The train never stops, not even enters the stations along the way, and only you are aboard the train, no Strongers So, now that I have arrived at my center-city office building, I get off at the station. I love med it is so convenient, and less pollution in the air. I board the You must be saying & com mire afters for a publice building! elevator to my 89th floor office. My-building isn't all that high, 95 stories is about the median in this city. Some buildings are about 150 stories high. The tallest building in 19 100 years who logsteries was tall, now over 1/0 the world is 190 stories tall. That is a big improvement from 100 years ago.

As I walk in to my office, the boss greets me, and I say hello to him. He tells me that there is a problem. The system was going crazy, it was having a mind of its own! Instead of going to the destination it was programmed to, the system was delivering riders to a different station. My boss told me to investigate this, so as quick as I entered my office I left.

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When I finally look up, I see what seems to be the answer to my problem. The monorail track that I saw outside, came into here. The cars were pulling up to the one unloading booth, and the people inside were getting out. Instead of being worried of were the track brought them, the walked out like robots. The walked in straight lines in the middle of the walkway. When they would turn corners, they would always stop and turn 90 degrees at a time.

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Property bad and I don't don't

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Well anyway they don't know how to shut down the system, my plan might still succeed, your friend will become a robot, they will take over the world, and best of all I WILL RULE!!!!!!!!

The end!

See thouse Droft 1 2100 Ahh! I wake we one mothing in the sett

feather board I can hardy upon my eyes, however, begoing me upset
appartment As the alarm weeks towerly perholog. I hit on the top and think, What am I going to to tody. You see I am a special investigato for the city. I work out of the 617 to presinct, just below I at the central offices I mis dway in the downtown. Even though we are 7 my away from the center, there are still scyscrappers here in the part of town called fraverton So, anyway I get out of best, Ireal get dressed and grob a breakfast bor.

9 walk out of my small 47th story appartment and head for the elevator. & Because I work for the government, I get my own I get to live in a

In front of you is a view screen. The going, and provides help with stop control senter if you need it once you Da board the train slike I am doing now, you will she ensked of to your destination. The computer outso controls what went you take your pod deaves when you want to goes to the place you want with fut stoping along the way. Ilse system and o lyposes the other Stations slong the way because the station is located along a side Now let me tell you who

the new veider they are coming out with It kan thrive slong the track and on the street this woodeld be is really cool to do 2 at once Is now I have arrived my office My building is the mydsinged only 109 floors some buildings go to 150 Stories! do at wolfover to the elevator and nice from the 3rd floor of go Hation to my 67th story of department. Unov before I step out of the electory lack, my bood greets me. He tells me that I need to go right book out. The orgo croten is going crany See Types Pages

New Beginning and

Michael Plasmeier 12/18/2003 P.D.:1-2

Add in Beginning:

Letter from Author

Qeoloo

In science fiction stories there are 2 main types. There are the ones that promise death and destruction. Cracked concrete sidewalks, and dirt paths. These are books like Gathering Blue by Then there are the book that have life a litter harsher then today. These are books like The Giver by Finally, there are the books that are happy and show joy and prosperity throughout the world, like.... I believe that if are teacher just said, write a book about the future, some people would have chosen the destruction outcome. However, because we had to integrate an invention into the story, most people will write happy stories, like I did.

2100-Com

2100-Cont. from hand written

Instead of delivering passengers to the stations they wanted to go to, they were just let off at any old station. The system had a mind of its own.

Now when the system was first put in, people were spectacle of it. They thought that it couldn't run without humans. However it did, but now it was going wherever!

Page 6

I decided to investigate why this was happening. So, I packed up my bag with..., and headed to the elevator. I head down to the street exit, and as I walked passed it looked like the doors had cobwebs on them. No one goes out here; almost everyone The city streets with their wide sidewalks and almost empty store display windows. Nearly all business took place on the 3rd floor. The other stories below it, were like a basement. So I walked along, (I never got so much exercise,) walking to the operating headquarters. I wanted to find out why the system was going nuts. When I reached 7th and Walnut, I stopped. In front of me stood this Pic haunted mansion building that looked really out of place! It was like a hunted (haunted ??) with a mansion. It had shuttered windows, dark colors, and steep

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Pic skyscraper

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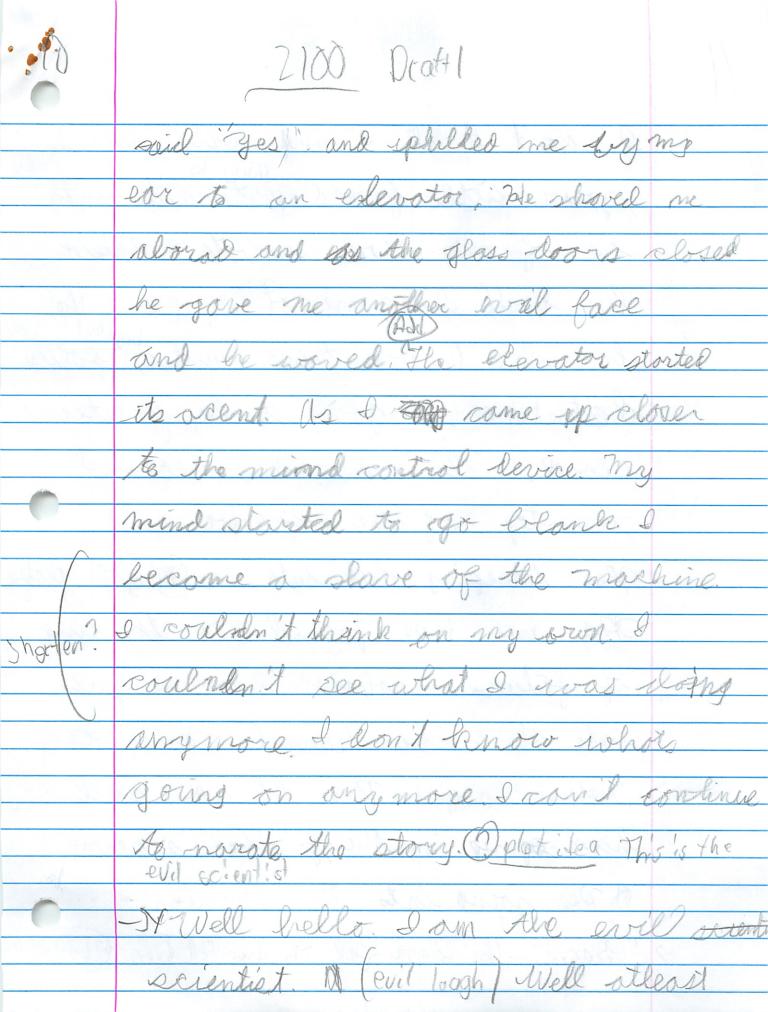
Page 7

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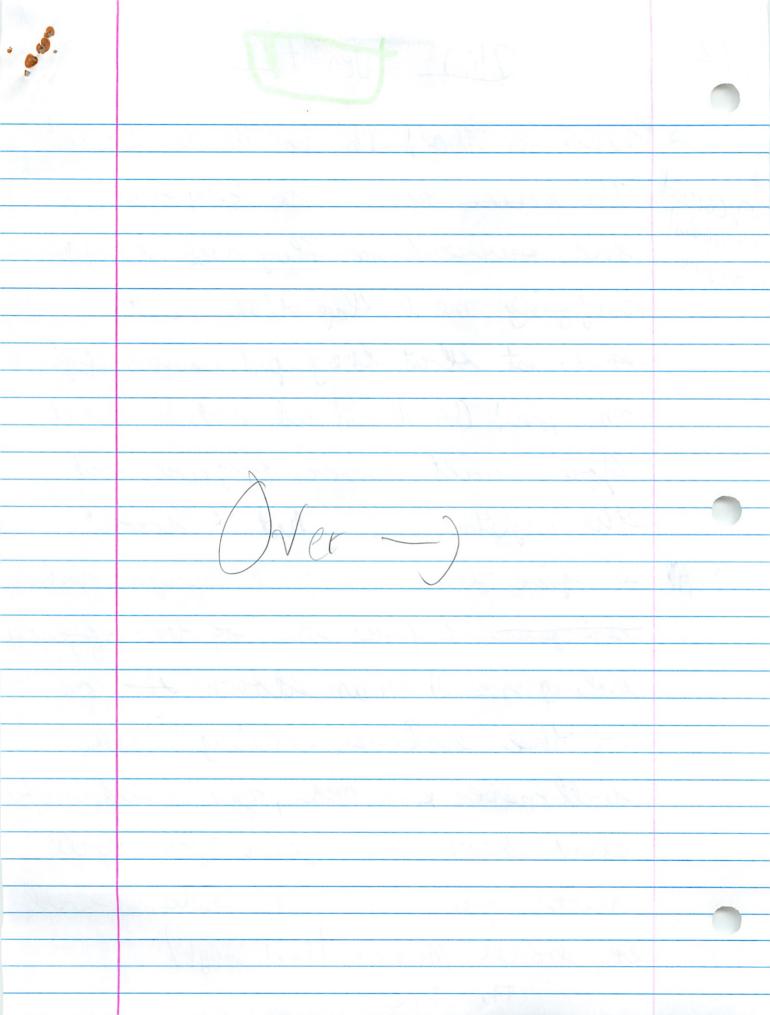
He spoke aloud, "Come on in, care to join us!" At that point he laughed an evil laugh. Draft stop 12/18/2003 8:33 PM I was draken. I didn't Whow what to each Continued than dwritten

Street 2100 12/19
From typed pack and held out his happy like Come on in I accepted his invitation and No Asal te Dail a stringer walked into the house. He lead me to a trigo past helway after halvay fited in dark pak panaling and Dusty pictures of Ald dead people polying on the wall, the lead me into a big centeral room full of malon equitment It was loaded with thousands of computer moniter, Other Scholinking charts, Add D When I looked up, I saw what I was looking for of the monorail track that led into the builing. The cais were pulling up. The Joors opened and cut stepped the people insite Instead of a terrified look, they had a posted look on there face. They samed halfed in straight lines and reoperated

2100 Most whatever the speaker that was loodly yelling out commands was doing I then continued to look up. I sow this machine that looked like a needal, on the needal were these their purpol lights that got smaller afthery reaches the bottem of the stack or one of drown, the dules it said, "Mind Control 3000; I looked back Joan at the wild scientist, and I asked," Mind Control, what kind of opposition are you remning here, mister? The laughted, his eyes pulled back and he said, would you like to Find out "Seeing again the people that were marching into a small steal plated vallway I said, "no" > The man



I don't thank I amp evil, (Spideer) So your little friend Is turned in to one of my evil nobots I believe he will shove or lot of fam. Ha, he can't even think. Mister, police detective is going to be mister slove Well now he resched the top of the energolor shaft. per steeping out outo the (m) got platen, Ha he has joined into the line of future nobots. Shere he goes into the selver funnel. Morer to notiven organ. Now let me pull him of up on the forida screen The Des going into the chamber of > "Boom the door fel the door fell down (Old)



12 2100 Draft I what is that! In no its the police The police new in they run in and surround sa. They are houd ouffing me I Slop Alon on the of wist, shout they put brandouges on me! as I am let out, I shout You will never fergure out the orystem and select it down! -) M I give them an evil lough and disiplear suprise one of the offerces holing me I your solown the one of the halvos, shouling," you will never succede, you will never shot sown the system you will never free your friends. I will le back. Muhha, [Fill laigh]

SCIENCE FICTION - INVENTION STORY

Write a SCIENCE FICTION short story. Science fiction stories take normal, every day characters and put them in a story set in another time and/ or place. They include gadgets, inventions and creations of another era.

Your story must include a fanciful INVENTION of the future that you create.

You must have characters who are realistic, and have distinct personalities.

The setting must be clear. It must clearly be set in the future.

INVENTION

Your story will revolve around your invention. When you hand in your stories, you must include the following:

1) Web ideas for your invention.

2) Illustrated diagram of your invention. Label the parts.

SETTING

Make the setting distinct and vivid. The reader should be able to see, smell hear and feel the place--- take them there!

Did not do

Your story will be set in the general place where you live today, but in the distant future. You may choose the year. Use the brainstorming that you did from Writing magazine to describe the setting.

The setting should be described AS THE ACTION IS OCCURRING THROUGHOUT the story. It should not simply be plopped down in a paragraph at the beginning of the story.

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING THE STORY

1) brainstorm invention-- web and diagram

2) brainstorm setting

3) sketch and briefly describe your characters in a list

4) make brief time line of events in the story

5) write draft

6) revise and edit

7) final draft

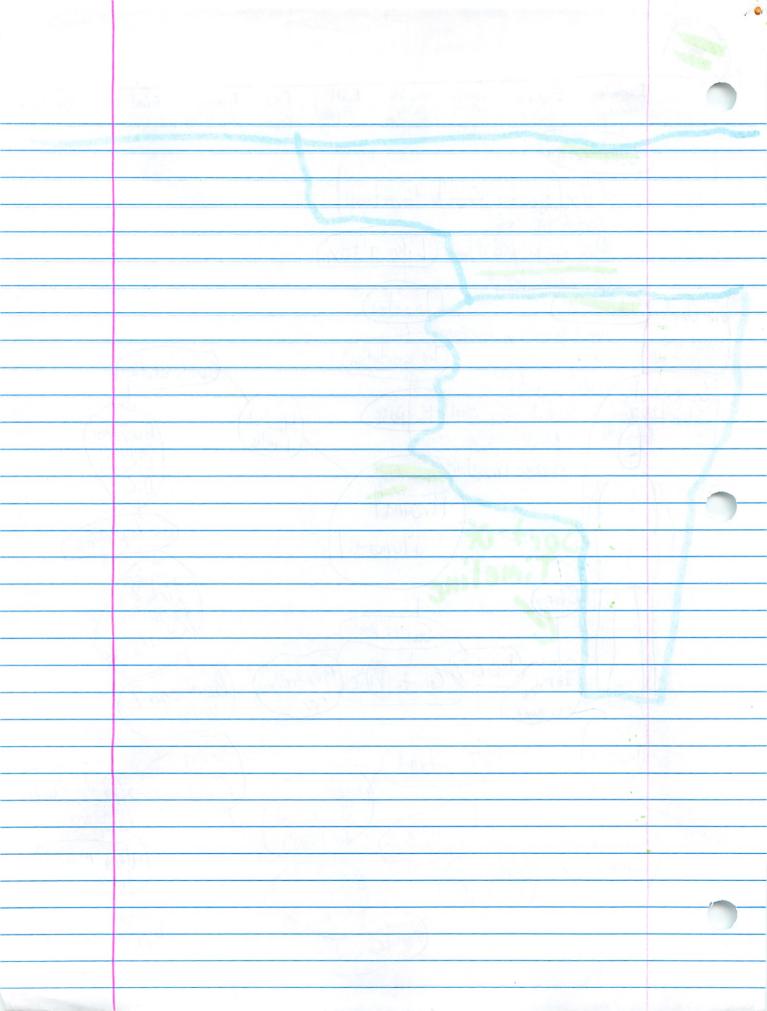
LENGTH AND FORMAT:

at least two and a helf pages typed, double spaced, 12 font, arial or new times roman

- name, date, period at top left

- title of story underneath name, date period in the center of the page

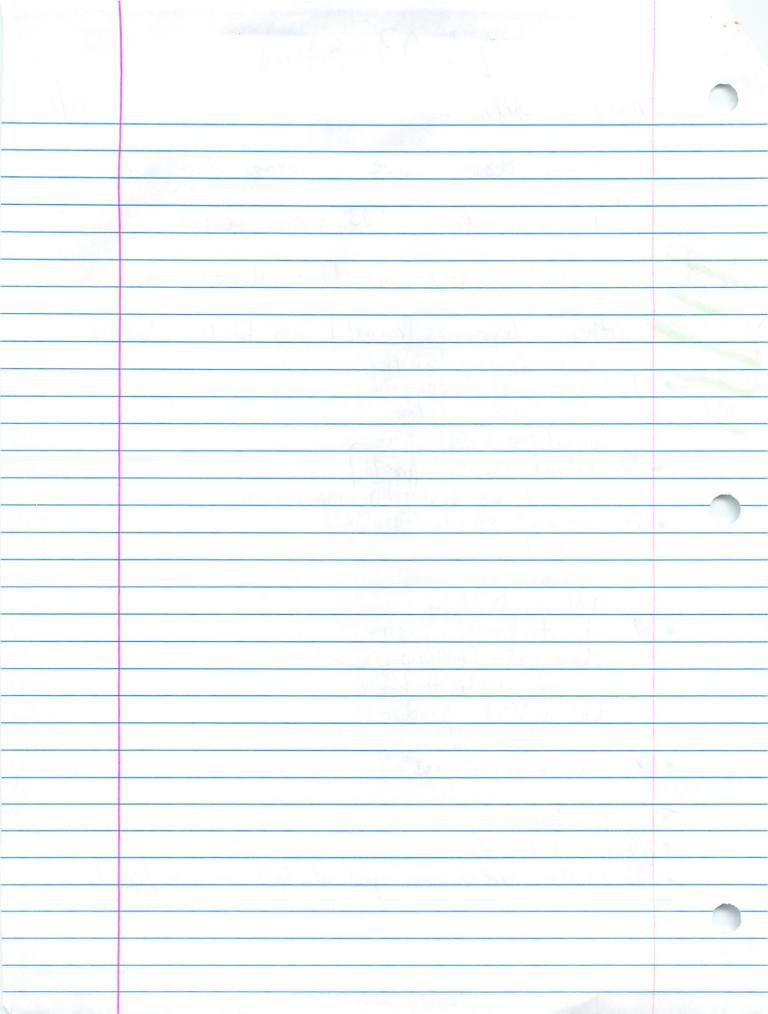
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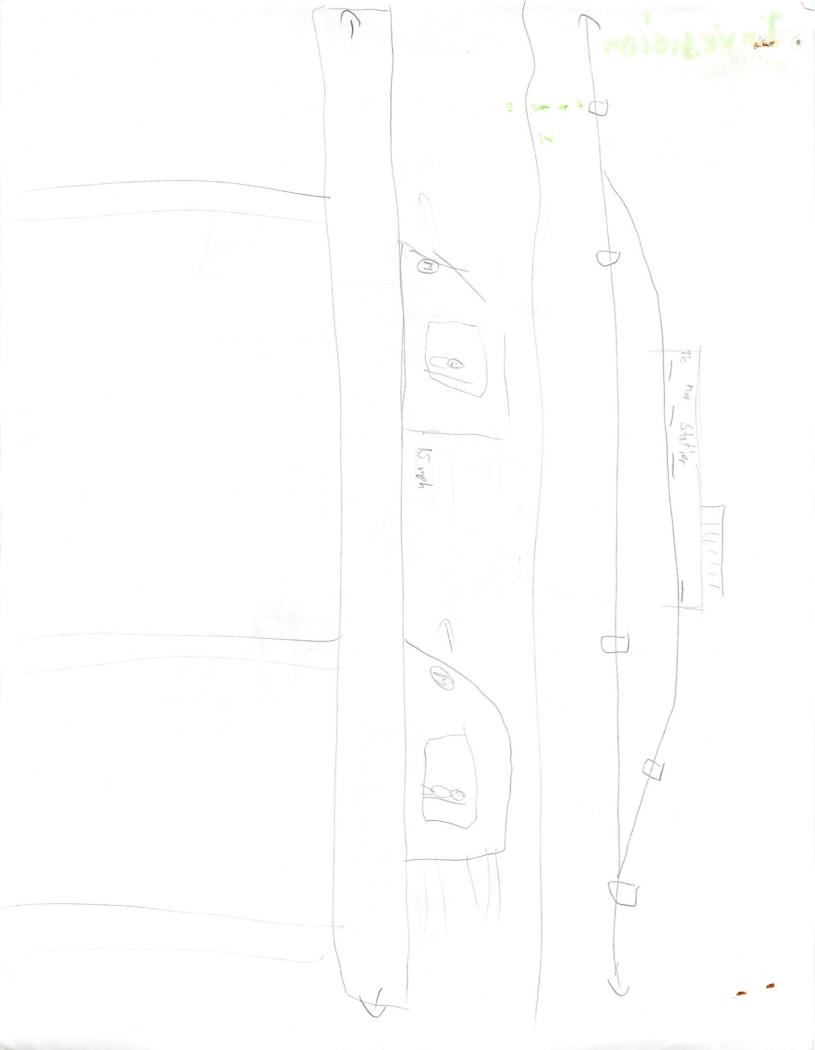
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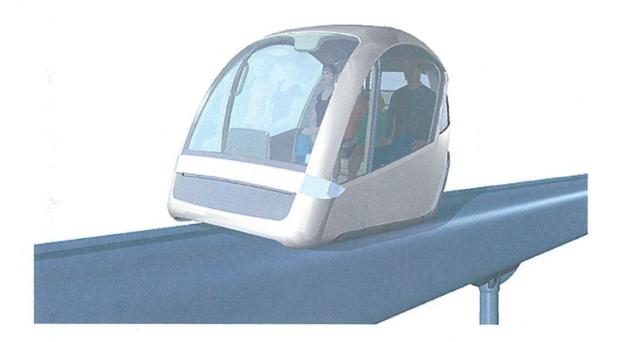


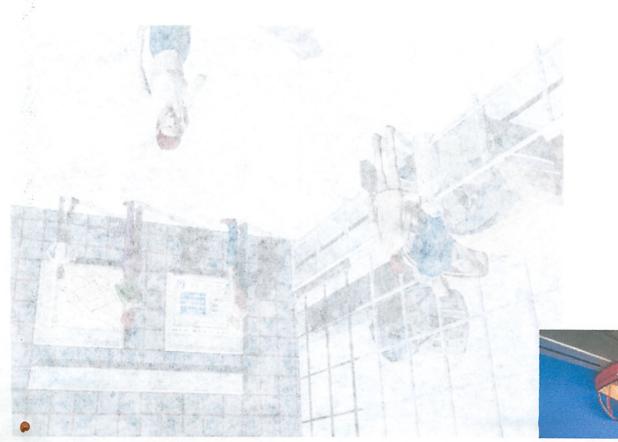




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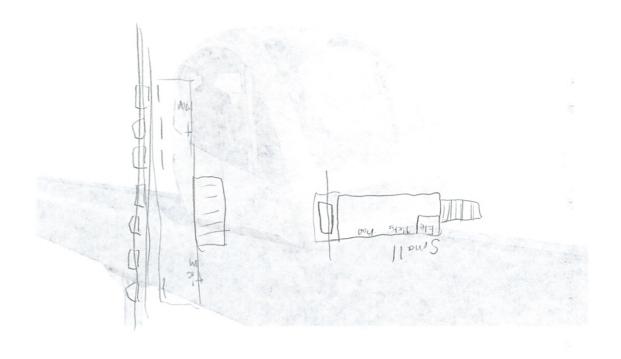




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The Ghost in the Tokaido Inn Outline

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- 1.1. History
- 1.2. Story setting
 - 1.2.1. In Japan
 - 1.2.2. 2 main powers
 - 1.2.2.1.Shotgun
 - 1.2.2.1.1. Lives in Edo
 - 1.2.2.1.2. Ruler of army
 - 1.2.2.1.3. Commands daimyo
 - 1.2.2.1.3.1. They are ruler of samurai
 - 1.2.2.1.3.1.1. Samurai are warriors
 - 1.2.2.1.3.1.2. Commanded by code of respect and honor
 - 1.2.2.1.3.1.3. They are bowed to by regulars
 - 1.2.2.2.Emperor
 - 1.2.2.2.1. Lives in Kyoto
 - 1.2.2.2.2. Not important in this story
 - 1.2.3. Between cities there is a road
 - 1.2.3.1.Called Tokaido road
 - 1.2.3.2. World's busiest
 - 1.2.3.3. No wheels are permitted
 - 1.2.3.4. Story begins there
- 1.3. On the road
- 2. Story
 - 2.1. Seikei + dad on road
 - 2.1.1. Go to Edo
 - 2.1.1.1.To set up a shop
 - 2.1.2. They are tea merchants
 - 2.1.3. Ride in kagos
 - 2.1.3.1.Boxes carried by people
 - 2.1.3.2.Used by royalty in ancient cultures
 - 2.1.3.3. Now used by whoever can afford it
 - 2.1.4. Meet daimyo riding down street
 - 2.1.4.1.Orders people out of his way
 - 2.1.4.2.A beggar came up
 - 2.1.4.2.1. Asked for some thing
 - 2.1.4.2.2. Daimyo's horse steps on him
 - 2.1.4.2.3. Man jumps out of his way
 - 2.1.4.2.3.1. Jump looked super-natural
 - 2.1.4.2.4. Man has a scar on his right cheek
 - 2.2. Come to town of Kameyama

- 2.2.1. Night time, so they want to find place to stay
- 2.2.2. Inn where dad had wanted to go to was occupied by daimyo Hakuseki
 - 2.2.2.1. Daimyo was the same that passed them on the road
- 2.2.3. Dad talks the innkeeper into letting them have a room anyway
- 2.2.4. They take a bath and eat
- 2.2.5. Tea was not good
- 2.2.6. Innkeeper said that daimyo wanted to try his tea
- 2.2.7. Seikei much admired daimyos and samurai
- 2.2.8. Seikei wanted to give best tea
- 2.2.9. Dad said no, because daimyo don't give good price for it
- 2.2.10. Seikei went to get some OK tea
- 2.2.11. Seikei went in daimyo's room
 - 2.2.11.1. Daimyo was mean, not respectful
 - 2.2.11.1.1. Not like daimyos should be
 - 2.2.11.2. Then he wanted paper
 - 2.2.11.3. He also demonstrated his poem writing
 - 2.2.11.3.1. It was flawed
 - 2.2.11.4. Daimyo then showed his big ruby
 - 2.2.11.5. He said he was giving it to the shotgun
 - 2.2.11.6. Seikei left
- 2.2.12. That night Seikei talks with the paper merchant's girl
 - 2.2.12.1. She tells a story of spirits
- 2.2.13. Seikei goes to bed
 - 2.2.13.1. Can't sleep
 - 2.2.13.2. Spirit image stuck in head
- 2.2.14. Think he sees spirit walk down hall
- 2.2.15. He wakes up, new day
- 2.2.16. Seikei and Dad can't leave
 - 2.2.16.1. Hakuseki reports something stole
 - 2.2.16.1.1. Was the jewel he want to give to the emperor
 - 2.2.16.2. Judge would be coming to solve crime
 - 2.2.16.3. Judge Ooka came
 - 2.2.16.3.1. He was called Sherlock Holmes of Japan
 - 2.2.16.3.2. Real person
 - 2.2.16.3.2.1. Rest of story made up
 - 2.2.16.3.3. Judge History
 - 2.2.16.3.3.1. Officials of shotgun
 - 2.2.16.3.3.2. Rank of about samurai
 - 2.2.16.3.3.3. Can use torture
 - 2.2.16.3.4. Searched everyone rooms
 - 2.2.16.3.5. Found fake jewel in papermaker's room
 - 2.2.16.3.6. Seikei tells of spirit
 - 2.2.16.3.7. Judge asks for Seikei to come with him
 - 2.2.16.3.8. Find tunnel in the inn
 - 2.2.16.3.8.1. Tunnel leads to ground were kabuki troop was performing

Dad talks the innkeeper into letting them have a room anyway 2.2.10. Seikei went to get some OK rea 16. Seitel and Dad cap't leave

2.2.16.3.8.2. You get all muddy when you come out of the tunnel 2.2.16.3.9. Judge then "lent" Seikei and promised to return him in Edo

- 2.3. In Judge's house
 - 2.3.1. Seikei learns to ride a horse
 - 2.3.2. Seikei gets a wooden sword
 - 2.3.3. Takes hot bath
 - 2.3.4. Admires Judge's rock garden
- 2.4. They go on trail of thief
- 2.5. On Tokaido Road
 - 2.5.1. Meet soup seller who told of acrobat
 - 2.5.1.1.with scar
 - 2.5.1.2.Like the beggar on the road
- 2.6. Reach Ido
 - 2.6.1. Rowdy place
 - 2.6.2. Pay rent at stables
 - 2.6.3. Watch a Kabuki play
 - 2.6.3.1. Called The 47 Ronin
 - 2.6.3.1.1. A story of revenge
 - 2.6.3.1.2. The samurai's master was dead
 - 2.6.3.1.3. Killed by someone for fun
 - 2.6.3.1.4. The samurai want revenge
 - 2.6.3.1.5. They kill the person who killed their leader
 - 2.6.3.1.6. Then they are executed for killing a daimyo
 - 2.6.4. After the performance, Seikei goes backstage
 - 2.6.4.1. Was disorganized
 - 2.6.4.2. Meets a boy called Kazuo
 - 2.6.4.2.1. Been an orphan all his life
 - 2.6.4.2.2. Now keeps care of the props
 - 2.6.4.3. Boy says the guy with the scar's name was Tomomi
 - 2.6.4.3.1. Says that he still has his costume on
 - 2.6.4.3.2. Lead actor
 - 2.6.4.3.3. Probably at floating world
 - 2.6.4.3.3.1. Think dance hall with blacked out windows
 - 2.6.4.4.Meet Tommoni in floating world
 - 2.6.4.4.1. He says he is Genji and actually a samurai
 - 2.6.4.4.1.1.Kazuo says he never stops acting
 - 2.6.4.4.2. Wears Kirishitans cross
 - 2.6.4.4.2.1.Religion banned
 - 2.6.4.4.2.2.Instant death
 - 2.6.4.4.3. They have a short fake fight
 - 2.6.4.4.4. Seikei loses
 - 2.6.4.4.5. Seikei loses sword
 - 2.6.4.4.5.1.That is custom
 - 2.6.4.4.5.2. If he was a samurai, he would need to kill himself
 - 2.6.4.4.6. Tommoni says in order to get sword back he must meet him
 - 2.6.5. The next morning

- 2.6.5.1.Slept with troupe
- 2.6.5.2. Eats small breakfast of rice
- 2.6.5.3. Goes to find Tommoni
 - 2.6.5.3.1. At temple making offering to Amaterasu
 - 2.6.5.3.1.1.One of the goddesses
 - 2.6.5.3.1.2.A lot of people are there
 - 2.6.5.3.2. Finds Tommoni
 - 2.6.5.3.3. He left the red jewel on the offering box
 - 2.6.5.3.4. Tells Seikei to tell judge
 - 2.6.5.3.5. Gets sword back
- 2.6.6. Finds Judge left
 - 2.6.6.1.Left note saying "Follow the correct path."
 - 2.6.6.2. Even took the horse
- 2.7. Seikei started walking the Tokaido Road
 - 2.7.1. Gets hungry
 - 2.7.2. Walks all day
 - 2.7.3. Meets up with troop
 - 2.7.4. Says that they will help him
 - 2.7.4.1. Needs to earn his keep thought
 - 2.7.5. Talks with Kazuo
 - 2.7.5.1. Says that in Edo, Tommoni has new play
 - 2.7.5.2. Says that the beggar that blocked the precession was Tommoni
 - 2.7.5.3. At the town that day they did the love-suicide play
 - 2.7.5.4. After play Tommoni went off in costume
 - 2.7.5.4.1. All covered in mud when he returned
 - 2.7.5.4.1.1.Think Tunnel
 - 2.7.6. Then Tommoni performs to give the troupe food
- 2.8. Come to City Hakone
 - 2.8.1. Present Love-Suicide Play
 - 2.8.2. Seikei is advertising play
 - 2.8.3. Meets judge again
 - 2.8.3.1. Says than man has been following him and protecting him
 - 2.8.3.2.Tells his story
 - 2.8.3.3.Thinks Tommoni may be really Kirishitan because of cross and last name
 - 2.8.3.3.1. Last name was Kirishitan family
 - 2.8.3.4. Thinks it is interesting that he wants to know that he offered the jewel
 - 2.8.3.5. Says to continue on
 - 2.8.4. Back to the play
 - 2.8.4.1.Tommoni to become a woman
 - 2.8.4.1.1. Strange when a woman
 - 2.8.4.1.2. Good at role
 - 2.8.4.2.Play about 2 people love each other except the families don't want them to marry
 - 2.8.4.3. They escape together, are cornered by people chasing them, and they jump off a cliff

2.8.4.4.During play Tommoni looked around 2.8.4.4.1. Saw real sword with Kirishitan cross in Tommoni's trunk 2.8.4.4.2. Actor confronted him 2.8.4.4.2.1.Scary as a woman 2.8.5. After Play 2.8.5.1. Wants him to be in new play 2.8.5.1.1. In Edo 2.8.5.1.2. In front of shotgun 2.8.5.2. Wants him to say, "I swear that I will see you disgraced." 2.8.5.3. Tommoni says he wants to teach him sword fighting 2.8.5.3.1. Did pretty well 2.9. On the road again 2.9.1. Tommoni wants to practice sword fighting 2.9.1.1.In front of troupe 2.9.1.2. Caught Tommoni off balance 2.9.1.2.1. Only time he lost 2.9.1.2.2. Says he under estimated Seikei 2.10. In Edo 2.10.1. Bon festive happening 2.10.1.1. Celebrating dead 2.10.1.2. Bonfires 2.10.1.3. Spirits rise from dead 2.10.1.4. Sake offered 2.10.1.4.1. ?alcoholic 2.10.2. Tommoni disappeared 2.10.2.1. Going somewhere 2.10.2.2. Seikei follows him 2.10.2.3. Tommoni is dressed up like a girl 2.10.2.4. Goes into inner city 2.10.2.5. Only just gets past guard 2.10.2.5.1. Guard owed something to judge 2.10.2.6. Walks through high stone walls 2.10.2.7. Thinks he sees innkeepers spirit 2.10.2.7.1. Because he killed himself 2.10.2.7.2. Because of tunnel 2.10.2.8. Slept awhile 2.10.2.9. Sees Tommoni come from Lord Hakuseki's house 2.10.2.10. Tommoni says he is bad at sneaking 2.10.2.11. Says it will be an unforgettable evening tmo. and laughs funny 2.10.3. Next morning 2.10.3.1. They rehearse for the play Going to be a Kirishitan play 2.10.3.2. Seikei was going to be Tommoni younger self 2.10.3.3. 2.11. The Performance 2.11.1. Walking in at sundown 2.11.2. Go to performance hall

- 2.11.3. See that people will watch through bamboo screens
 - 2.11.3.1. Actors couldn't look at shotgun and friends
 - 2.11.3.2. If intersected, fan opens slits bigger
- 2.11.4. The Show
 - 2.11.4.1. Begins when rich daimyo Kirishitans practice in secret
 - 2.11.4.2. They have strange rituals
 - 2.11.4.2.1. Magic Tricks
 - 2.11.4.2.2. Acrobats
 - 2.11.4.2.3. Dancing
 - 2.11.4.3. Hakuseki relised play was true
 - 2.11.4.4. Play made fun of him
 - 2.11.4.5. Can't interrupt with shotgun watching
 - 2.11.4.6. The fake Hakuseki's samurai come to door
 - 2.11.4.7. Kill everyone except Tommoni
 - 2.11.4.8. Seikei says his lines and swordfights
 - 2.11.4.9. Play ends with Tommoni and the fake Hakuseki sleeping in near darkness
 - 2.11.4.10. Tommoni says insults to him
 - 2.11.4.10.1. Goes too far
 - 2.11.4.10.2. Real Hakuseki can't stand it
 - 2.11.4.11. Real Hakuseki draws sword and runs at Tommoni
 - 2.11.4.12. They fight
 - 2.11.4.12.1. Hakuseki can't fight for life
 - 2.11.4.12.1.1. Really is inferior
 - 2.11.4.12.1.2. Doesn't have honor, courage
 - 2.11.4.12.1.3. Tommoni won't kill Hakuseki
 - 2.11.4.12.1.3.1. Most honorable way to die
 - 2.11.4.13. There is confusion
 - 2.11.4.14. Then they execute Tommoni for using sword in presence of shotgun
 - 2.11.4.15. Happy to die
 - 2.11.4.16. Integrate way to confess to a crime
- 3. Ending
 - 3.1. Tea Ceremony
 - 3.1.1. Wakes up next day
 - 3.1.2. Has to go to Shotgun's palace
 - 3.1.3. Gets there he has a tea ceremony
 - 3.1.4. Climbs in hut
 - 3.1.4.1.Shotgun + Judge are there
 - 3.1.4.2. Talk about tea a bit
 - 3.1.4.3. Shotgun offers rice cakes
 - 3.1.4.3.1. Judge turns them down
 - 3.1.4.3.2. Says he is fat enough
 - 3.1.4.3.3. Maybe just 1
 - 3.1.4.4.Shotgun say lets talk about crime
 - 3.1.4.5.Describe way it was solved

- 3.1.4.5.1. Spirit strange
- 3.1.4.5.2. Found tunnel
- 3.1.4.5.3. Came out at Kabuki ground suspicious
- 3.1.4.5.4. Innkeeper suspect for having tunnel
- 3.1.4.5.5. Killed himself
- 3.1.4.5.6. Said he was samurai
- 3.1.4.5.7. When Tommoni placed jewel at temple, thought it was fake
- 3.1.4.5.8. When Seikei challenged him the name he gave helped
- 3.1.4.5.9. Tommoni convinced Hauseki that play was good pleased shotgun
- 3.1.4.5.10. so he confessed
- 3.1.4.6. Judge wants to adopt Seikei
- 3.1.4.7.Shotgun aggress
- 3.1.4.8. Judge has one more rice cake

Michael Plasmeier
11/24/2003
LA
PD1/2

How Theater Came To Be

Long ago, in the land of Greece, everything was dull and boring. People went around always serious and businesslike. Their faces were dull and gloomy. The trees grew, but their leaves were shades of gray. The grass was a blunt green, promoting unhappiness. The people of this place went around the street doing work, work, and more work. Nobody knew what fun was.

Meanwhile, down in Hades, the underworld, it was a 24-hour party! Colored lanterns and bright lights hung in the otherwise dark caves. Musicians never stopped playing their instruments, and the people relaxed in the public baths all day Hades', the king of the underworld's, temple was filled with decorative frescos and jewels. The king himself sat in a golden throne and was surrounded by servants in colorful clothes. Hades was the most festive of all the gods. His bright temple made Mt. Olympus seem like servant quarters. I hate to say this, but dying was actually worth it.

Now it was this fact that worried Zeus the most. He was also mad about the deglorying of his place that he ruled, as the king of the gods. Now, he believed that people should have fun not in the after life, but in real life.

The god who was causing all of this trouble was called Nyeme. Nyeme lived in Hades and he encouraged the partying. He was a festive god and he looked like a court jester from the Middle Ages. He had colorful clothes on. At the end of his sleeves he wore bells that jingled when he walked. His shirt was red and his pants were blue. He would run around the underworld and try to get people to laugh. He created stories about everyone and told them for fun. He made jokes about famous politicians and he also found something funny about everyone. Every word he said made people laugh.

Zeus wanted this laughter in the real world. So, Zeus brought his hand down to the underworld and held Nyeme out on his palm, He slowly elevated his hand. As he did

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- Michael

1/24/2003

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this, the light in Hades went out slowly. First, in deepest caves, then the whole underworld was swallowed up by the big, dark, gloom. Nyeme had left the underworld.

Meanwhile, back up in the real world, Nyeme was rising up through the hills. His arrival cast a soft yellow light around him. The light bathed the world in warmth and happiness. The light spread as more of his body came through the now bright green hills. It touched the people, making them happy. It floated over the bleak sky and made it bright blue. It lifted the gloom that hung over the world. The real world now held laughter, and the underworld was sad. Zeus was also happy with the results, as he saw Nyeme frolic around in the office amusing people.

However, sorry to say, but the happiness turned into a tragedy. Nyeme was multiplying, like rabbits do out in the real world. Therefore, over a few years time, there were millions of these happy creatures running around the world. Now fun is fun, but this was overwhelming to deal with. There was on of these creatures at every turn, wanting you to smile. They hoped up and down wanting to make you smile, people now got tired of all the fun, and they heard each joke at least 3 times.

Now, Zeus had not intended for all this happiness to happen. He wanted fun but not continue laugh out loud jokes 24/7! So Zeus took action. He created a place. This place was a theater, a place were people could go for fun. The theater was a semi-circle in shape. The circle held the seats that were elevated so people could see. In the open part of the semi-circle, there was a stage complete with majestic columns. On the floor in front of the stage, there was an orchestra pit and seats for the rich to sit in. In this place he placed a few Nyemes, and he put a magic spell on the place, letting spectators come in, but Nyeme couldn't come out. Zeus built many more of these places and scattered them all over the world.

To this day people still flock to theaters around the world for fun. People who are actors still study under the great Nyeme.

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The god who was causing all of this trouble was called Nyeme. Nyeme lived in Hades and he encouraged the partying. He was a festive god and he looked like a court

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The god who was causing all of this trouble was called Nyome. Nyome lived in Mades and he encouraged the partying. He was a festive god and he looked like a court

jester from the Middle Ages. He had colorful clothes on. At the end of his sleeves he wore bells that jingled when he walked. His shirt was red and his pants were blue. He would run around the underworld and try to get people to laugh. He created stories about everyone and told them for fun. He made jokes about famous politicians and he also found something funny about everyone. Every word he said made people laugh.

Zeus wanted this laughter in the real world. So, Zeus brought his hand down to the underworld and held Nyeme out on his palm. He slowly elevated his hand. As he did this, the light in Hades went out slowly. First, in deepest caves, then the whole underworld was swallowed up by the big, dark, gloom. Nyeme has left the underworld.

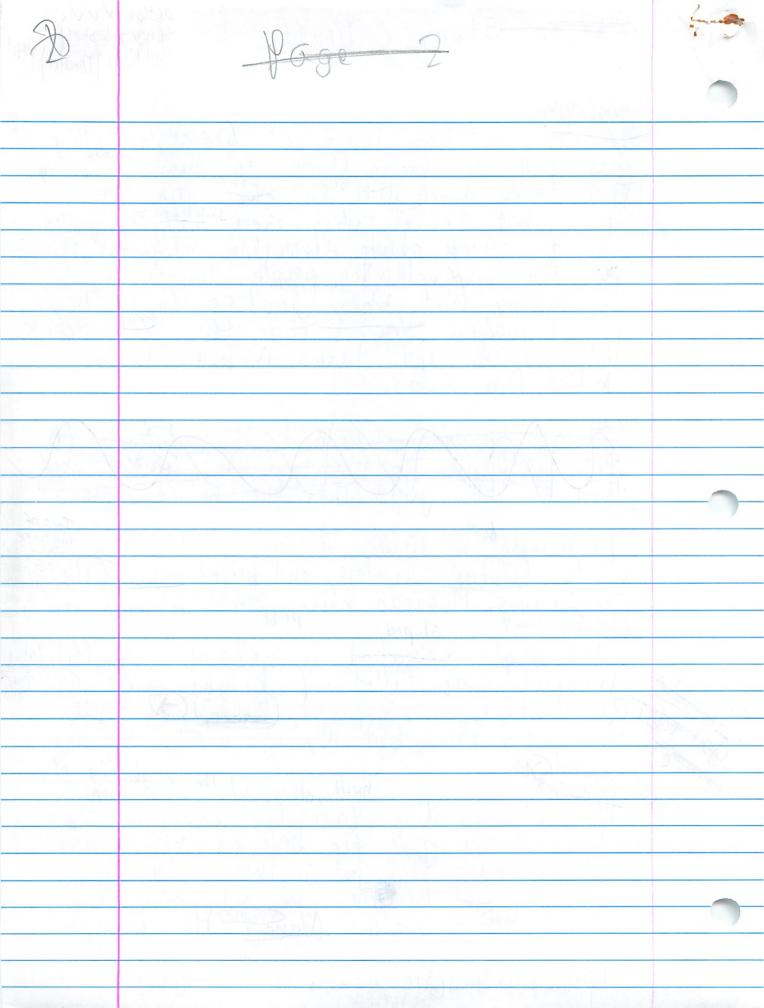
Meanwhile, back up in the real world, Nyeme was rising up through the hills. His arrival cast a soft yellow light around him. The light bathed the world in warmth and happiness. The light spread as more of his body came through the now bright green hills. It touched the people, making them happy. It floated over the bleak sky and made it bright blue. It lifted the gloom that hung over the world. The real world now held laughter, and the underworld was sad. Zeus was also happy with the results, as he saw Nyeme frolic around in the olive trees amusing people.

However, sorry to say, but the happiness turned into a tragedy. Nyeme was multiplying, like rabbits do out in the real world. Therefore, over a few years time, there were millions of these happy creatures running around the world. Now fun is fun, but this was overwhelming to deal with. There was on of these creatures at every turn, wanting you to smile. They hoped up and down wanting to make you smile, people now got tired of all the fun, and they heard each joke at least 3 times.

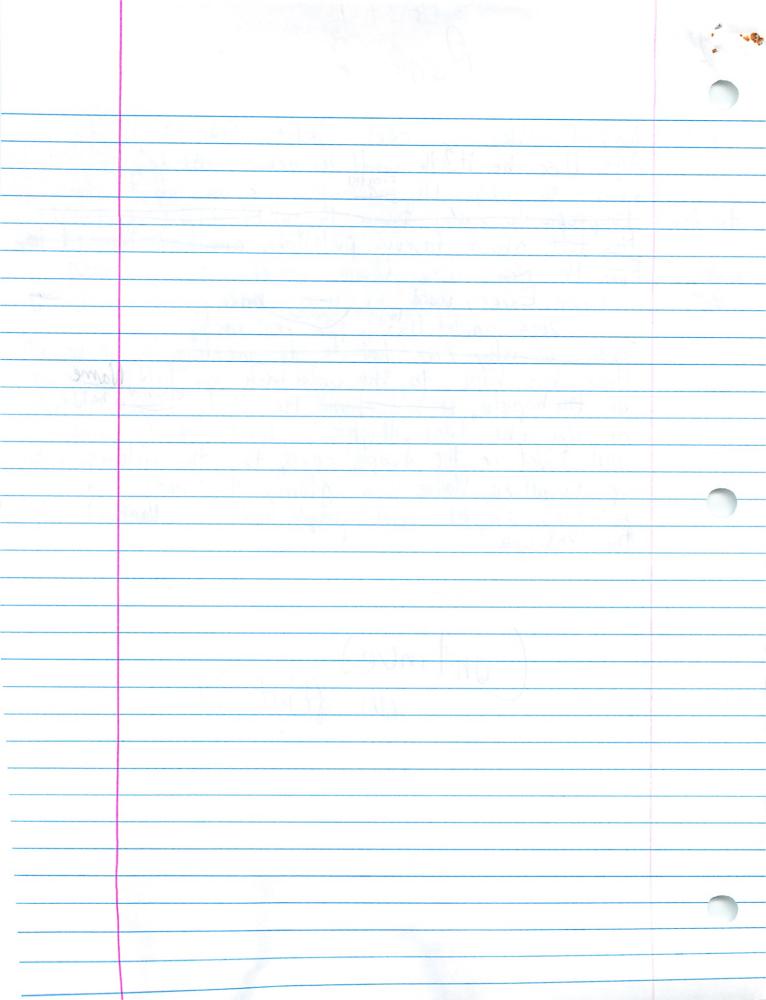
Now, Zeus had not intended for all this happiness to happen. He wanted fun but not continues laugh out loud jokes 24/7! So Zeus took action. He created a place. This place was a theater, a place were people could go for fun. The theater was a semi-circle in shape. The circle held the seats that were elevated so people could see. In the open part of the semi-circle, there was a stage complete with majestic columns. On the floor in front of the stage, there was an orchestra pit and seats for the rich to sit in. In this place he placed a few Nyemes, and he put a magic spell on the place, letting spectators come in, but Nyeme couldn't come out. Zeus built many more of these places and scattered them all over the world.

To this day people still flock to theaters around the world for fun. People who are actors still study under the great Nyeme.

action VIV Sensotz (Sester) Pagel Sefting (Thedler) Pagel Honster Story Draft 604 Long age, their fales were totled and gloom, the trees green but their colors were Shalf of from the grass shade premoting unhappress through was a dark out the world, the people langed to be happy but they just couldn't They went ground their thir the dark streets went around the doing errors and tasks. Wobody knew what fun was. Mean wile in Harles, it was a 24 your the same the caves. Musisan never stoped plasing and oterwise dark sleped poblic the people rexaled in baths all day. Hadeinking tempal was filled of bright colors and and grades ta say this, but dying was actally 5 Mostly, along who de glor fing of working of was this fact the working Deve E king of the gods He beloved that prople = , should have ton, not in the after like, but à in real get l'établine poi une vas causing all thétablines cale Nave de l'ved aporin Hodes and was the source of all this partyngtand happyness a fostive avy, and he



From the Middle COL The world for fun. made 1,0VCS Name the deapers Name has left Undervork,



Meanwhile, up in the real world, Name was rising up through the hills. His light bathed the world arrival cast a soft yellow light around him. The light spread as more of his body came through. It touched the people, making them happy. It floated over the bleak sky. [1] that was hanging real lifted the glume over the world. The world now held laughter. So, now the world was happy, and the underworld was sad. Zeus was also happy, as he saw Name frolic around ing people This went on for a few in the olive trees to amuse a woman. Porever Sorry to say, but the happiness turned into a tragedy. Name was multiplying, like Art Over a few years there were non rabbits do. So there were millions of these happy creatures running around the world. Now fun is fun, but this was overwhelming to deal with. There was on of these creatures at every turn, wanting you to smile. They hoped up and down wanting to do tricks, and needed to say they did so many jokes, that the ran of jokes, and had to do some over again. People

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To this day people still flock to theaters around the world for fun. People who are actors still study under the great Name.

Added 5taff

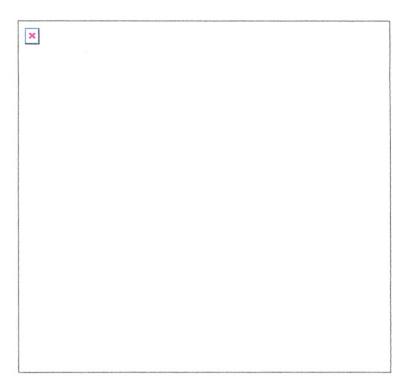
Mare I The kins himself sat in a golden throne and as surounded by bright colors. He was the most festive of all the gods. His bright tempel made Mt. Olympus seam like and colorful a commancis house, Describe It 2 He has a pointed not, we bells on
the ends of them. His cloths were bright
Colors and his sleaves ended of
hits mittle, that kept his shirt on which
he did a cort weel. Hes Glockings were plight
in green and his shoes ended in points. Describe It 3 The theater was round w/ a stage aut of the earth to form a semi-ciclo.

The open part held a stage compleate w/ the floor infront of the theother lay or orrerstra pit and seats for the fich. This was a place were people went for for

throng and not executed by bright colors bight tempel made MI Olempic secum 12 He nos a partel mit by bell tany pellon the had a place but are hit mittle that kept he shit is not Drug aprehate aft last from A 1/1 9/1 a was babay & country shall have a separated in the A large building special Sector specifically a stage complete LOVEN SAMOETE CHENVOLL in a l'articul sut de frança ni cacall



Description of a Theater of 5th Century B.C.



The ancient greek theater was composed by three major parts: the Orchestra, the Scene and the main theater, called Koilon.

The Orchestra was the almost circular place, situated in front of the scene (stage) facing the audience. At the center of the orchestra was situated the Thymeli, which at the early years was meant to be an altar and later on, a place, where the leader of the chorus (koryphaios) was standing. Some archaeological research in the Athens aerea gave some clues for the existance of rectangular orchestras in some ancient greek theaters, but the circular shape was the dominant one and also the closest to the dionyssiac cult (the circle was supposed to have supernatural power). The orchestra was the acting place, especially in the early years, although gradually the action moved from the orchestra on the scene and -if we want to be more specific-in front of the scene, which part was called Proscenio, because it was situated in front of the scene (pro+scene).

The side of the **Scene** facing the audience, served for background as it was decorated as a Palace or a Temple. The scene had one or three entrances for the actors. Later on, as scenography (i.e. theatrical painting) developed, they were placing on the background painted tables with other themes, such as woods, army camps etc.

Between the scene and the seats, there are two entrances, called **Parodoi**, one on the right and one on the left, from which the chorus and the persons coming from the outside (i.e. not from the Temple nor the Palace) were enering the scene. If someone was entering from the right parodos, that meant that he was coming from the city or the port. If he was coming from the left parodos, he was coming from the fields or abroad.

At the back of the scene the were two buildings with doors, that let on the **Proscenio** and as far as their decoration is concerned, they might extend the theme of the scene or even present another theme.

Along the back wall of the scene was built a narrow but raised plattform, the **Logeion**. It was a place designed just for the actors, by which they got separated from the chorus. It is certain that this happened sometime in the hellenistic period, because in the classical theater there were no logeion and the performance was taking place strictly on the orchestra.

The flat roof of the scene was dedicated to gods and it was called **Theologion** (theos=god).

The **Koilon** (or Theatron) was the auditorium of the greek theater. It was called koilon because of its shape. At first the spectators were sitting around the orchestra. Later the Greeks started building the (wooden at the beginning, from stone later) Koilon. Its shape was semi-circular, built around the orchestra. It was devided in two **Diazoma**, the upper and the lower.

The front seats were called **Proedria** and were reserved for officials and priests. The most honorable spectator of the theater was the priest of Elefthereos Dionyssos.

In the 5th century B.C. with the exeption of the orchestra, the other parts of the theater were wooden and mobile. At the end of the 5th century the Greeks started building permanent Scenes and Koilons.

Inside the permanent scene were kepr the machines used during the performance: a) The **Aeorema**. It was a crane by which the gods were appearing on the scene (deus ex machina). b) The **Periactoi**: Two prismatic pillars, put on the left and right side of the scene, turning around their axon, they changed the background of the scene. c)The **Ekeclema**: a wheeled-plattform on which bodies of dead persons were presented (because a murder or a suicide never takes place in front of the spectators).

The indoor theaters were called **Odeia**. They were reserved for musical performances and for tragical Proagones (something like contest qualifications)





LinkExchange Member



	name Michael Plasmeier
	god, goddess or creature's name
	appearance
	Wild, colaful cloths, wild in apperence, carres 2 masks the
	personality
	likes for and games, runs alound making people happy
	habitat
	tikes loves to act and be positive and up beat, !!
	family relations
	came out of the hills
1	influence on nature
12	pleaseme out of the hills and lived it
	UP too much played jokes to people
	wanted to post him some where built
65	atheoter, world was long so people sent
3	
	some people to helphim, put on plan
	Everage happy + billions happiness home
	everage happy + bilings happness home whem, All actor study under the god

Mythological Creature

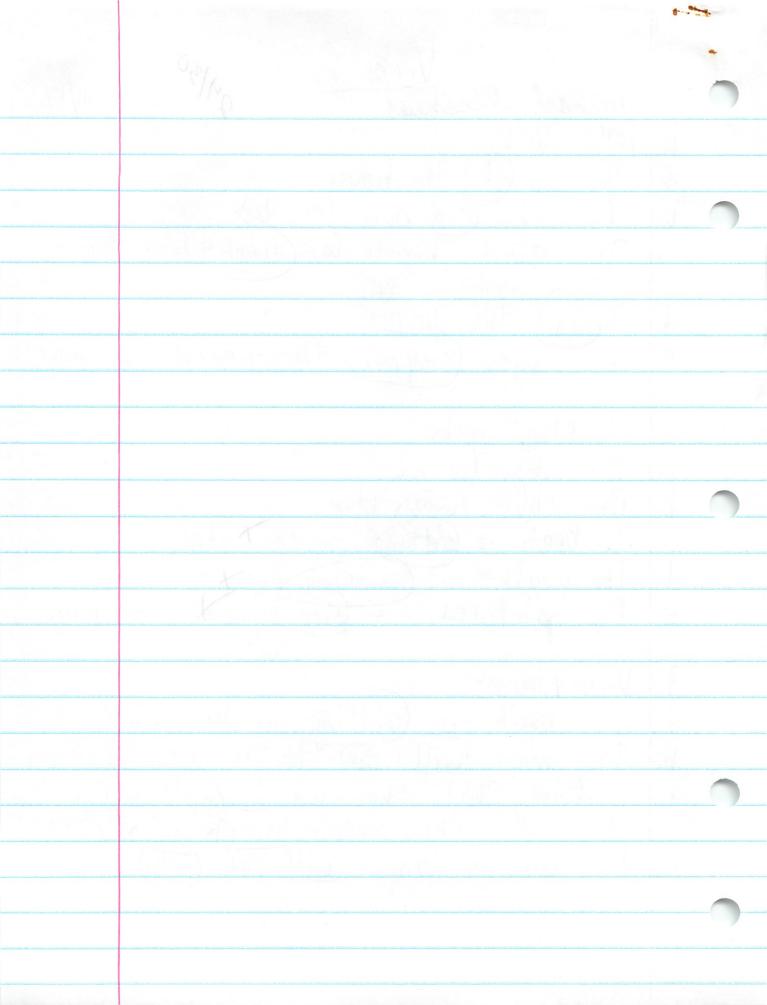
We have been learning about Greek gods, goddesses and monsters. It is now time for you to create your own.

Create a mythological god, goddess or creature which is responsible for some phenomenon in nature. Write the story of this god, goddess or creature. In it, vividly describe it, and colorfully tell the tale of how it influenced nature.

Writing Process

- 1) fill in guiding questions $\sqrt{}$
- 2) web describing god, goddess or creature and its connection to nature/ I arctatecture 12, so they
 Theater - wild, so they
 pring him
 to a place
- 3) list of major events in story
- 4) rough draft \checkmark
- 5) revising and editing <
- 6) final draft
- 7) beautifully illustrate your god, goddess or creature

Verbs Test 11/17 michael Plasmerer The man (ate) the house the lady (Fan) over the box the quick brown fox (jumped) ever the I (con) the paper. The man (snopped) the pencil in half Linking veibs The man (i) sad The rabbit was blue The book is Gitting on the t shelf The reather is hovering pretthe house. My picture is printed and the man Verb Phroses the book is (sitting on the sholf
the man will the rose is willting)
All of the people have bought tickets The orange paper will not (Fall)



Hatred

Hatred
A few years ago hatred ruled,
People burned, and trashed, and destroyed.
They ruined houses and lives,
And stuff in between.
Big and small things,
TV's, cars, and dishes.
Why did they do this?
Why did they destroy?

They hated differences.
They hated other races.
They were jealous.
Jealous at other people.
And that is why they destroyed.
That is why they trashed.
That is why they hated.
Hatred

Hatred

People shouldn't judge races.
They should judge people by what's on the inside,
Not what's on the outside.
They should judge by your feelings,
By their hope.
They should judge people by their strength to stand,
By their love for other people.
They shouldn't judge by their skin color.
That brings hate.
Hatred

People should live together.
And they should not fight.
Like what happened after Martin Luther King's dream came true.
They should all agree and unite.
They should not judge others and call them names.
For when we do that,
We form hatred.
Hatred.

Michael Plasmeier 12/8/2003 P.D.:1-2

benish

Hatred
A few years ago hatred ruled.
People burned, and trashed, and destroyed
They noted houses and lives.
And sould in between.
Here and small arrays.
Here cars and dishes.
They did they do this?
Hatred
Hatred

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They were jealous edings at other people with whey destroyed at his they rached.

wow!

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Wey should not fight.

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We form hatred.

Michael Plasmeier 12/8/2003 P.D.-1-2 Michael Plasmeier 1. The memory is covering for the drying at a war of wither 20/20 2. The Giver's faversite memory is Christ mas 3. Jonas fells d'Afferent perase he knows

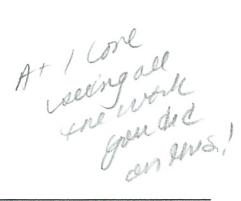
the game was one for real and people

really lied, so he dosn't play and in

Messes of the game' for Asher. Michael Plasmeier 11/12/2003 LA – Mrs. McKee – PD6

The Leonardo Touch

By Jeannette Eyerly



05/23/1976

Dear Dad,

It is weird over here in Europe. I know that you are worried about me being here by myself. You are also probably worried about our gallery in New York. I am sure that it will be fine because Miss Spinoza will take good care of it. Well anyway, here is the story of my trip so far.

It all started as I flew to London, on the plane. I met a strange woman who called herself Cecily Lodestone. The Countess of Lister. She got on my nerves. Thank god, I did not need to sit next to that blue fox coat for 6 hours. I then took out a letter from Nigel Graham that said we could have a painting. I read it over, and he seems like a nice man. When I finally got to London, I met with the car and driver you reserved. He drove me to the hotel The Golden Acorn. I was booking my room when proprietor told me that Nigel was dead! I could not believe this; he died right after inheriting the castle. What a coincidence! I was mad, the painting was the only reason I flew all the way over here. Then I thought that I will go to the castle anyway; I still have the letter, and the new owner would need to let me pick something. When I arrived at the castle, I met the butler named Prufrock and the person who said he was his long lost nephew. He also said that his name was Cyril Simpson. So, I went up to the painting gallery and I chose a painting. The painting was a small one; it was a double portrait of a man and a woman. When I looked on the back I saw another picture. This wasn't rare, artists usually paint on both

sides to save money, as you know. What was amazing though, was that the picture that looked just like Leonardo's "cartoon" of the holy family, only smaller. It must be worth a fortune if it was indeed painted by the great Leonardo! He might have painted the smaller one as a sample. Finally after some persistence, Nigel says that I can have it. I get the butler to wrap it up for me, and I go back to the Golden Acorn. It is late now, so I fall asleep. As I sleep, I dream that the painting is not safe and that someone is trying to steal the painting from me! I think that this cannot be true, I am all by myself. I try to disregard the thought.

The next morning, I wake up to find that find that my driver has left! The proprietor of the Golden Acorn says that I told him to leave, but I never did that. After this I meet Hank Driscoll, you know that guy from the new print shop next to our gallery back in New York. He offered me a ride in his small, new Fiat Spider 124. I accept, because I need to get back to London somehow. While driving along on the road, Hank's car suddenly breaks down! All the dials were going crazy. When he gets under the hood, he can't find anything wrong with the car, and he is an auto enthusiast! Strangely, that Cecily Lodestone lady shows up 5 minutes later and she offers to give me a ride in her silver Maserati. I take the ride, but I feel bad about leaving Hank on the side of the road. I then get back to London, and I check into a hotel, hoping to never see that Cecily again. After a quick nap, I go out and walk to the London National Gallery. I go in there, to look at the full-size holy family "cartoon," and compare it mentally with mine. It seamed exact! I come out of the gallery full of happiness and I walk back to the hotel. As I walk, I see a silver Maserati is following me, and almost his me. I then find a note in my room that says to leave the painting in the woman's restroom of Paddington Station, or get hurt. sides to save money, as you know. What was amazing though, was that the picture that looked just like Leonardo's "cartoon" of the holy family, only smaller. It must be worth a fortune if it was indeed painted by the great Leonardo! He might have painted the smaller one as a sample. Finally after some persistence, Nigel says that I can have it. I get the butler to wrap it up for me, and I go back to the Golden Acoin. It is tale now, so I fall asleep. As I sleep, I dream that the painting is not safe and that someone is trying to stead the painting from me! I think that this cannot be (rue, I am all by myself. I try to discound the thought.)

The message also smelled like Cecily's awful perfume. Oh no, not her again, why does she always need to get involved. On a whim, I unwrap the painting to see it, but find that "the painting" is nothing but a piece of plywood! The Leonardo must have been stolen somewhere! I then make up my mind to find that painting, I am not leaving England without it. I fall asleep, wondering where that painting went.

The next morning, Hank invites me to breakfast, and tells me that his car broke down because someone put sugar in his gas tank. While in his car, he makes a stop at the pharmacy, and I "borrow" his car. Please forgive me Dad, but I had to get that painting back. I then drive myself back to the Golden Acorn, where the owner said he found a ladder propped up against my room's window. That must be where the painting was switched with the plywood. I then go asleep, being careful to lock my door and window.

The next morning, I go back to the castle and find that nephew in not home. This is good because I wanted to look around. Prufrock, the butler, confirms my wishes and lets me look around. I go to the portrait gallery and I see that there was a shadow, from the sun, where the painting that I selected was hanging. To find the size of the painting, a thief only had to measure the darkened part of the wall. That's how they were able to find the size of the board. I then walk around and look in Cyril's bedroom. In his room, I see my painting. Cyril have been the one who switched the paintings that night. But what about the letter with Cecliy's perfume in it. That is still a mystery. Painting in hand, I hop back in Hank's car and drive back to London. When I arrive, I go to Sotheby's, the famous auction house, and I give the painting to them. The promise to send it to me in a week. I also get them to make me a fake board, just like the one that

the thief used. I then return the car to Hank, and I get on the plane carrying the fake board.

Well, I on the plane now. If my plan goes right, the thief will try to steal the "valuable painting" (AKA, a piece of plywood) from me. They will expose themselves and cause a ruckus to alert the police about them. I think that is a good plan, Dad. I hope it works, and I hope to see you again. I can't wait for the testing results to come in, and to see if the painting that I went through so much trouble for, is authentic.

Love,

Elizabeth Darragh

Hth

Michael Plasmeier 11/12/2003 LA – Mrs. McKee – PD6

The Leonardo Touch

By Jeannette Eyerly

05/23/1976

Dear Dad,

1 Delete

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It all started as I flew to London, Aboard the plane, there was this strange woman who called herself Cecily Lodestone. The Countess of Lister. She gets on my nerves.

The first blue (ox cod).

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I read it over, and hoped that he could fix up that castle he just inherited. He seems like a cost le nice man. When I finally got to London, I met with the car and driver you reserved. He was nice and he drove me to the hotel The Golden Acorn. I was booking my room when proprietor told me that Nigel was dead! I could not believe this, he died right after inheriting the castle. What a coincident I thought that I will go to the castle anyway; I still had the letter, the new owner had to let me pick something. When I arrived at the castle, I met the butler named Prufrock and the person who said he was his long lost nephew. His name was Cyril Simpson. I went up to the painting gallery and I choose a painting. The painting was a small one, it was a double portrait of a man and a woman.

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Love,

Elizabeth Darragh



Michael Plasmeier 11/11/2003 LA – Mrs. McKee – PD6

The Leonardo Touch

By Jeannette Eyerly

11/11/2003 Correct?

Dear Dad,

Its weird over here in Europe. I know that you are worried about me being here by myself. You are also probably worried about our gallery. I am sure Miss Spinoza will take good care of it. I know that someone hit you with a car and I am starting to think that it was on purpose. Here is the story of my trip so far. ?wording

My trip started as I flew over to London, in first class. Just as you wanted me to do. There was this strange woman who called herself Cecily Lodestone. The Countess of Lister. She got on my nerves. On the plane I tock out the letter from Nigel Graham root it ever, and noted that he could fix up the costle that said we could get a painting. When I finally got to London, I met with the car and driver you reserved. He was nice and he drove me to the hotel The Golden Acorn. I was booking reserving my room when proprietor told me that Nigel was dead! I could not believe this, a corins, dence. he died right after inheriting the castle. I thought that I will go to the castle anyway; I still had the letter, the new owner will need to let me pick something. When I arrived at the castle complements of Edward Meacham, my driver, I met the butler named Prufrock and the person who said he was his long lost nephew. His name was Cyril Simpson.

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40 the



Michael Plasmeier 11/11/2003 LA - Mrs. McKee - PD6

The Leonardo Touch

By Jeannette Eyerly

11/11/2003 Correct!

holl rest

Its weird over here in Europe. I know that you are worried about me being here by myself. You are also probably worried about our gallery. I am sure Miss Spinoza will take good care of it. I know that someone hit you with a car and I am starting to think that it was on purpose. Here is the story of my trip so far. Twording

Note the part of the content of the

looked just like Leonardo "cartoon" of the holy family, only smaller. It must be worth a fortune if it was indeed painted by the great Leonardo! I get the butler to wrap it up for Its lake now, so me, and I go back to the Golden Acorn. I fall asleep and I dream that the painting is not safe and that someone is trying to steal it from me! I think that can't be true and I disregard the thought. The next morning, find that my driver has left! The proprietor of the Golden Acorn says that I told him to leave, but I never did that, I meet Hank Driscoll, you know that guy from the new print shop next to our gallery back in New York, and he offers me a ride in his small, new Fiat Spider 124. I accept, because I need to get back to London somehow. While on the road, Hank's car suddenly breaks down! All the dials were going crazy. When he gets under the hood, he can't find anything wrong with it! Luckily, that Cecily Lodestone lady shows up 5 minutes latter and offers to give me a her rice, and I feel bad about stranding Hand ride in her silver Maserati. I then get back to London and check into a hotel, hoping to never see that Cecily again. I then go out and walk to the London National Gallery. I go there to look at the full-size holy family "cartoon," and compare it mentally with mine. I then come out of the gallery and I walk back to the hotel. As I walk, I see a silver Maserati is following me, and almost his me. I then find a note in my room that says to leave the painting in the woman's restroom, or get hurt. I then go to the police bringing the painting and show them the note. They promise that they will investigate. I unwrap the painting to find that is nothing but a piece of plywood! The Leonardo has been stolen somewhere! I then make up my mind to find that painting. The next morning, Hank invites me to breakfast, and tells me that his car broke down because someone put sugar in his gas tank. Whial in his car, he makes a stop at the pharmacy, I steal Hank's car. Please forgive me Dad, but I had to get that painting back. I then drive myself back to

fortune if it was indeed painted by the great Leonardo! I get the butler to wrap it up for me, and I go back to the Golden Acom. I fall asleep and I dream that the painting is not safe and that someone is trying to steal it from me! I think that can't be true and I directed the thought. The next morning, find that my driver has left! The proprietor of you know that guy from the new print shop next to our gallery back in New York, and he otters me a ride in his small, new Frat Spider 124. I accept because I need to get back to Condon somelrow. White on the road, Hank's car suddenly breaks down! All the dials Eucklist, that Cecify Lodestone lady shows up 5 minutes latter and offers to give me a rade in her silver Maserati. I than get back to London and check into a hotel, hoping to then come our of the gallery and I walk back to the botel. As I walk, I see a silver

the Golden Acorn, where the owner said he found a ladder propped up against my room's That must be were the painting was switched with the board window. I go asleep careful to lock my door and window. The next morning, I go back to the castle and find that nephew in not home. "Great," I think. Prufolk SP, the butler, lets me look around. I go to the portrait gallery and I see that there was a shadow, from the sun, where the painting that I select was hannging. To find the size of the painting, a thief only had to measure the darkened part of the wall. I then walk around and look in Cyril's bedroom. In his room, I see a medical dictionary that has the page for diabetics earmarked. I also see all sorts of books about art. I think he is trying to teach himself about art real quickly for some reason. I then see a small red cap, the size of a pencil eraser. The best of all, in a closet, I see my painting. Cyril must have stolen it that night Mustry 50 Ved, Att using the ladder. I hop back in Hank's car and go back to London. When I arrive, I go to Sotheby's, the famous auction house, and I give the painting to them. The promise to send it to me. I also get them to make me a fake board, just like the one that the thief used. I then return the car to Hank, and I get on the plane carrying the fake board.

Well, I on the plane now. Now if my plan goes right, the thief will try to steal the "valuable painting" (AKA a piece of plywood) from me, they will expose themselves and cause a rukkas to alert the police about them. Is that not a good plan or what, Dad. I hope it works, and I hope to see you again. I can't wait for the testing results to come in, and to see if the painting that I went through so much trouble for, is authentic.

Love,

Elizabeth Darragh

Michael Plasmeier 11/10/2003 LA – Mrs. McKee – PD6

The Leonardo Touch

By Jeannette Eyerly

11/10/2003 Correct?

Dear Dad,

Its wired over here in Europe. I know that you are worried about me being here

| The are also propper worred about me being here
| by myself. I know that someone hit you with a car and I am starting to think that it was falle good care
| on purpose. Here is the story of my trip so far. ?wording | Wenting Gattery.

My trip started as I flew over to London, in first class. Just as you wanted me to do. There was this strange woman who called herself Cecily Lodestone. The Countess of Lister. She got on my nerves. On the plane I tock out the letter from Nigel Graham that said we could get a painting. When I finally got to London, I met with the car and driver you reserved. He was nice and he drove me to the hotel The Golden Acorn. I was reserving my room when proprietor told me that Nigel was dead! I could not believe this. he died right after inheriting the castle. I thought that I will go to the castle anyway; I still had the letter, the new owner will need to let me pick something. When I arrived at the castle complements of (Driver), my driver, I met the butler named Prufrock and the dit Ston His name was Cyril Simpson? He person who said he was his long lost cousin. said that I could have a painting after persistence for me. A chose a small one, and when I looked on the back I saw a double portrait. It was one that looked like Leanoro's holy family. Its worth ... I then meet Hank Driscal, you know, that guy form the new print shop net to our gallery. Mention print shop before? Strange Occurrence Worried safety

wants to see my picture. He said he came here here here here was announced it at maggazines.

Carry it wherever I go He ... The next day, I prepare to go back to New York, but the driver left! The proprietor of the Golden Acorn says that I told him to leave, but I never did! Hank shows up and offers to give m a ride in his small, new Fiat. I accept, because I need to get back to London. Hanks car then breaks down along the road. He can't find anything wrong with it! Luckily, that Cilcy ?Sp lady shows up and offers to give me a ride in her limo. Car I get back to London and check into the hotel. That you rented? I then go out being sure to carry the painting. I walk to the London museum of Art? and the real cape at the LAD naide "cartorn" silver look... I then come out and I walk around. I see that Cileery's timo is following me. 200f the museum to the back to the note! then find a note. More p.113 I walf to the police and show them the note, they ... Double painting? Painting Stolen? I then make up my mind ... I steal Hank's car ... Please forgive me Dad, but I had to get that painting back. ? I drive myself back to the Golden Acorn. Driving on the other side of the road isn't that much harder, Dad. ? I then find out form the proprietor that there was a ladder found outside my room. I go back to the castle and I see that there was a shadow from sun where the painting that I select was. To find the size of the painting, a thief only had to measure the darkened part. I then look in Cyril's, the long lost cousins, room. I see his passport with a trip to America. Before, he said he never was in the USA. ? I also see a medical dictionary that has the page for diabetics earmarked. I see all sorts of books about art. I think he is trying to teach himself about art. I see a small red cap... and in a closet? I see my painting. Dad, there must be something going on, because of the ladder in my hotel room, and finding my painting here. I take some of the stuff as evidence, and I hop back in Hank's car and go back to London. Adventure on way back? I go to Soutbys the famous auction house and I give the painting to them. I also get them to make me a fake

ride to her time. Car I get back to London and check into the hotel. That you caned? I I then look in Cyril's, the long lost consins, room. I see his passport with a trip to board, just like the one that the thief used. I then return the car to Hank, and I get on the plane. Guess whose on there... Well, I on the plane now. I have the board with me to look like that I have the painting. Southby is shipping us the Learno painting. Now if the thief tries to steal our valuable painting from me, all they will get is a piece of plywood. Then I can tell the police about them. Isn't that a good plan, Dad. I hope it works, and I hope to see you again.

Love,

Name