

GREAT WALL OF CHINA

DATE: BUILT FROM 3RD CENTURY B.C. TO 20TH CENTURY A.D.

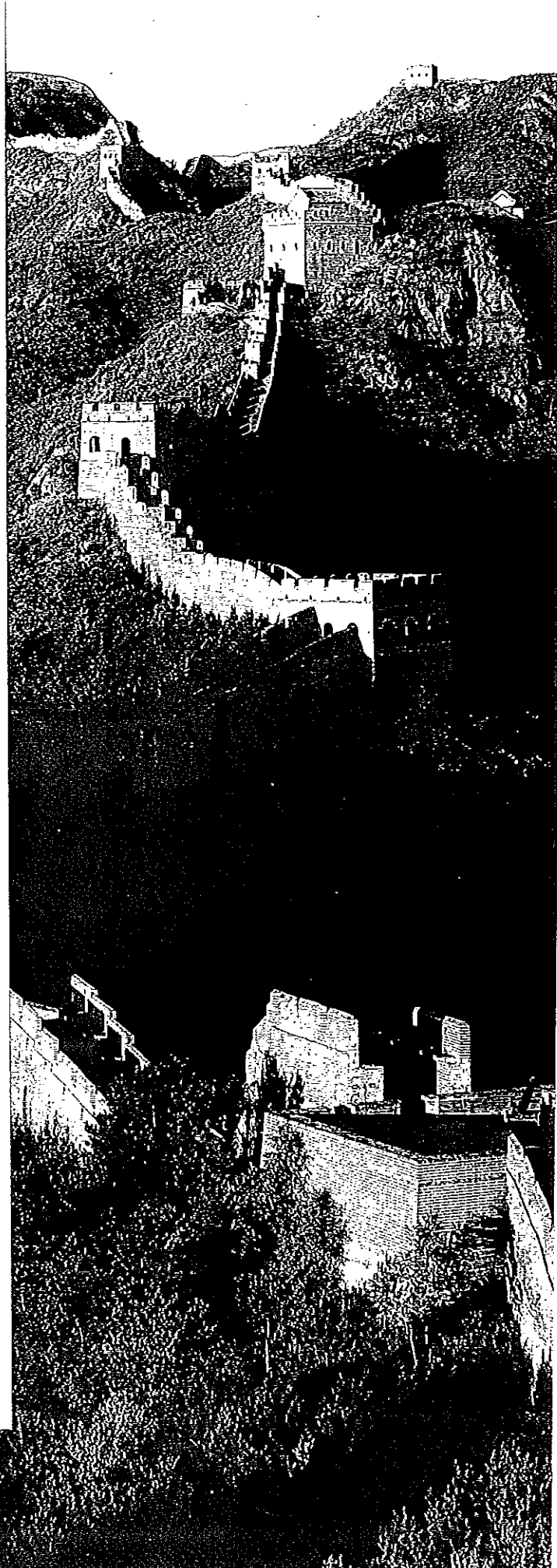
LOCATION: JINSHANLING, CHINA

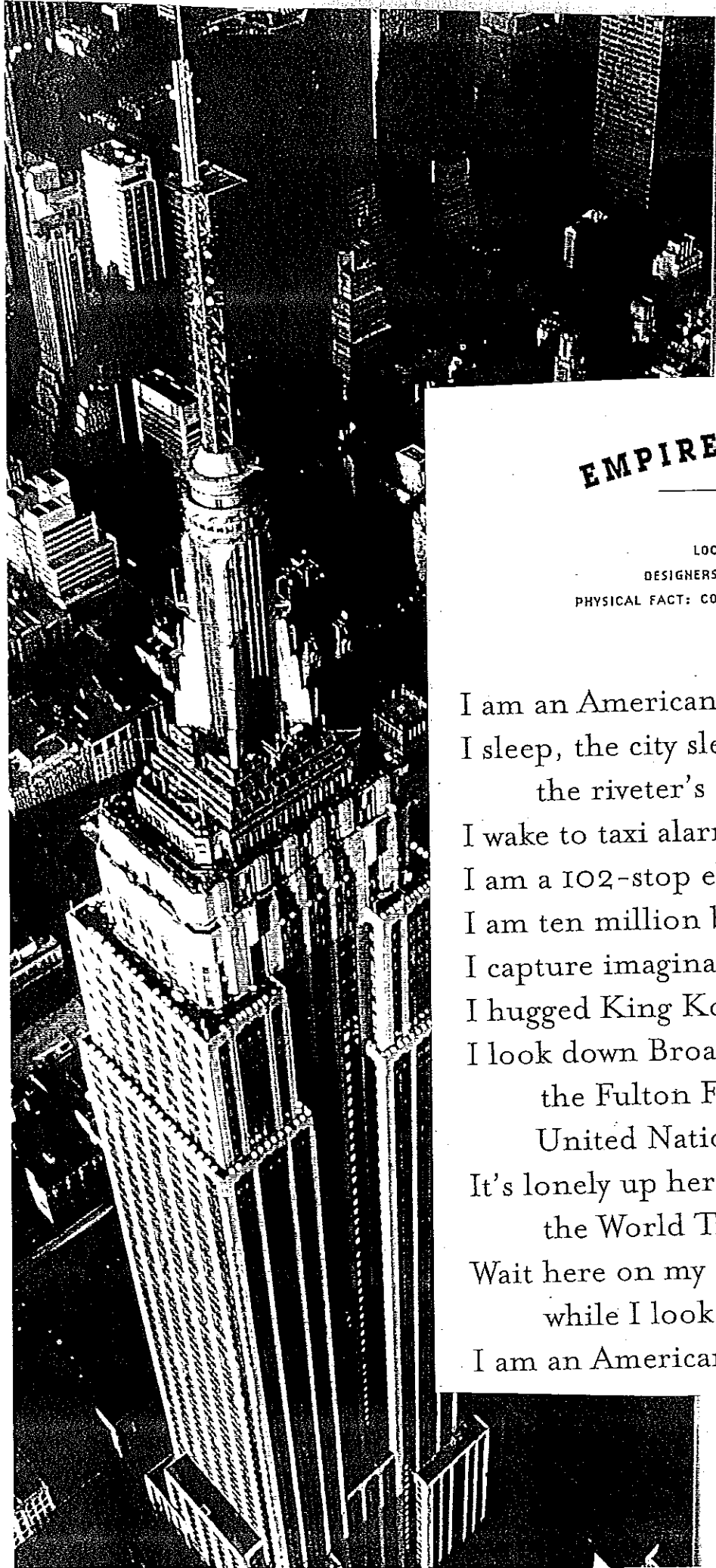
BUILDER: ABOUT HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

PHYSICAL FACT: 1,500 MILES LONG (2,400 KM)

This
fabled
monument
of earth
and brick
and stone,
designed
by nothing
more than
bucket,
cup, and
spoon,
is still
the
only
structure
built
by human
hands
some
thought
you'd
see if
you
were
standing
on the
moon.

by Patrick Lewis





EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

DATE: BUILT 1929-1931

LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

DESIGNERS: SHREVE, WILLIAM LAMB & HARMON

PHYSICAL FACT: CONSTRUCTED IN ONE YEAR AND FORTY-FIVE DAYS

I am an American boy, standing up to the world.
I sleep, the city sleeps. We dream
the riveter's dream, held island-fast.

I wake to taxi alarms.

I am a 102-stop elevator ride to heaven.

I am ten million bricks of unshakable faith.

I capture imagination at its peak.

I hugged King Kong, he hugged me back.

I look down Broadway for a work of art,

the Fulton Fish Market for a slice of life,

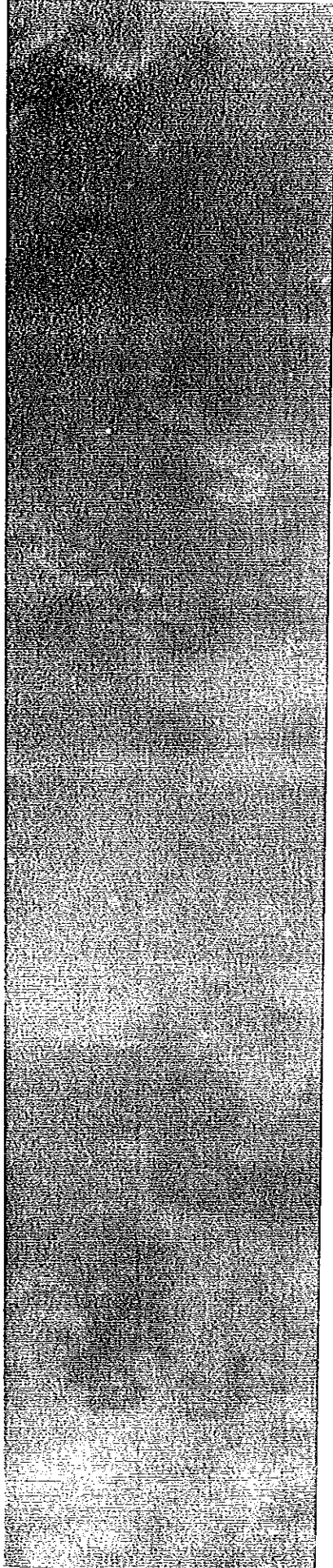
United Nations Headquarters for a little peace.

It's lonely up here without my big twin brothers,
the World Trade Center Towers.

Wait here on my doorstep, Central Park,
while I look over Harlem.

I am an American boy, face to face with the world.

by Patrick Lewis



Perhaps Mars
fell together once
long ago, and now,
in an ice age,
its former atmosphere
tucked discreetly
under a polar cap,
awaits the coming
of another spring.
Meanwhile the winds
chafe like emery boards,
carving rock into freeforms
and sway-backed arches.

There was a climate here
once, running water
and the blossom urge,
where sinuous dry riverbeds
stand out now
like veins on a temple.

Yet Olympus Mons,
the largest volcano
in the whole solar system,
may erupt tonight . . .
or not for a century.
I hope it will tonight.
I try to imagine
a mountain 20 miles high:
7 Alps perched
one upon the other's shoulders.

—DIANE ACKERMAN
from *Mars*

This huge Martian canyon, named Valles Marineris (for the *Mariner* spacecraft), is more than one mile deep and three thousand miles long, about the same as the distance from the East to the West Coast of the United States.

HISTORY POEM CONTEST!

Poet Irene Latham turned the story of the *Titanic* into a beautiful poem. Let her poem inspire you to write your own poem and enter our contest!

Titanic Remembers, April 16, 1912

By Irene Latham

My maiden voyage
interrupted by an iceberg
clawing at my hull.

And still my engines
chugged, unsinkable
unsinkable unsinkable.

Alas, my armor could
not hold: I tipped like a top
and dipped ever so slowly

lower

and lower

into the icy Atlantic.

Oh, my passengers
and crew, how I failed you!
Not enough lifeboats,

not enough time for rescue.
In the end, what could I do
but sink and hide?

It's true a ship cannot cry,
but every day I mourn
the many lives lost

that bleakest

blackest

night.

"AT THE NEWS DESK
TODAY"

The New York Times.

**TITANIC SINKS FOUR HOURS AFTER HITTING ICEBERG;
866 RESCUED BY CARPATHIA, PROBABLY 1250 PERISH;
ISMAY SAFE, MRS. ASTOR MAYBE, NOTED NAMES MISSING**

Col. Astor and Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Spence, and Mrs. Belmont.

"TITANIC" FOLLOWED

Some and others of the

STATE OF NEW YORK

Some and others of the

FRANCIS BROWN, ALL CAP

Some and others of the

Some and others of the

Some and others of the



Some and others of the

Some and others of the

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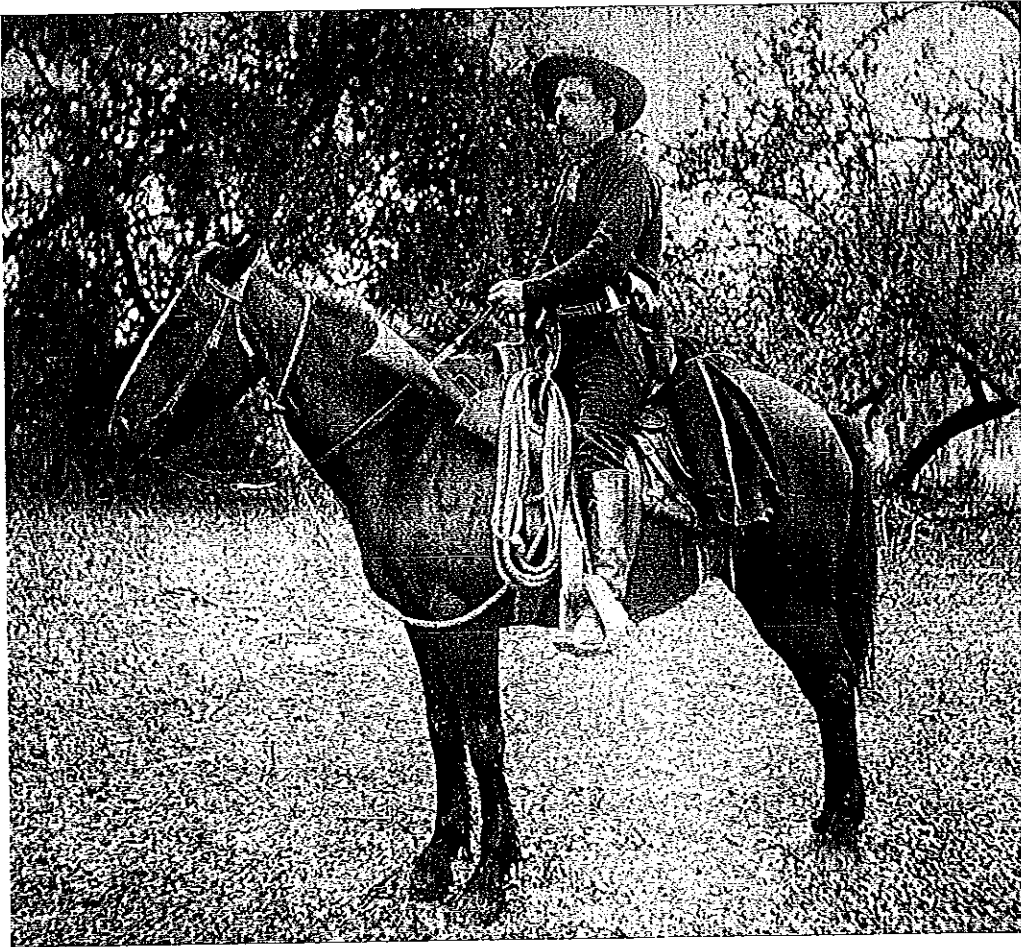
Some and others of the

Some and others of the

ENTER OUR POETRY CONTEST!

Pick an exciting event from history and turn the story into a poem. Your poem must include at least five factual details about the event. Send entries to "Storyworks History Poem Contest" by November 15, 2013. Five winners will receive a Storyworks prize. See page 2 for details.

TIPS ON
WRITING YOUR
HISTORY POEM
AVAILABLE
ONLINE!



*Texas Ranger. Photograph, n.d.
Emory Cantey Collection, Aurora, Colorado*

THE TEXAS RANGER *Margie B. Boswell*

In the old, old days when the West was young,
The Ranger rode the trail.
The thunder of hoof-beats was his song,
And the Right his Holy Grail.

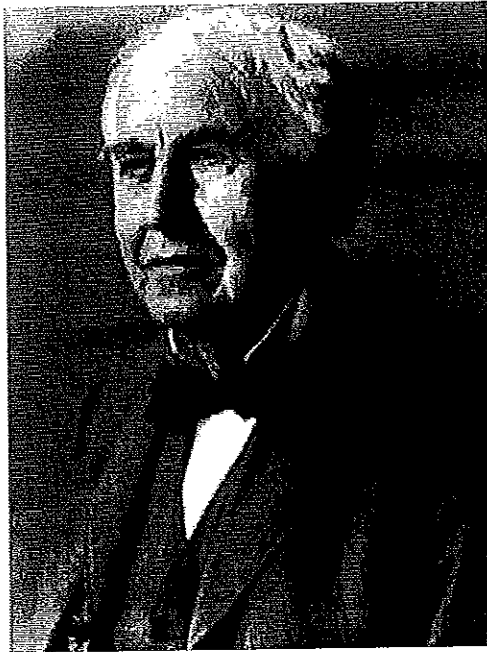
He was tall and straight as Indian corn;
Weathered and brown as a berry.
His draw was as quick as the redstart's flight;
He was Law on the Texas prairie.

The sky was his roof; the earth his bed;
His saddle a ready pillow.
His friends were the quail, the wild curlew
And the shade of the button willow.

You say the Ranger rides no more?
Listen, some night, if you will
When the wind is soft as a bluebird's call,
And the prairies are dark and still,

And you may hear the pound of hoofs,
You may catch the fleeting shadow
Of a horse and rider charging across
The grassy moonlit meadow.

Through windy darkness and brittle dawn,
He follows his mighty quest,
For the trail he cut so long ago
Runs straight through the heart of the West.



Thomas Edison, A man of invention
Bettered lives with ideas and convention.

Born in Ohio with a genius of mind
Electrical power he began to design.

Day by day and night by night
Edison worked and kept up the fight.

The fight for invention, the fight to create
This job he chose as his lively fate.

One by one inventions stream world wide
People in frantic excitement they clearly can't hide.

Telephones, light bulbs, and motion pictures galore
The new outburst to the world brings great uproar.

Now some don't know, not all experiments were a success
Cement making, and talking pictures caused him much distress.

Failure overcame these and gave him great loss,
In money and hope and left him with exhaust.

This dip in the road did not stop his drive,
He continued to work and live and strive.

-Rylee Stephens

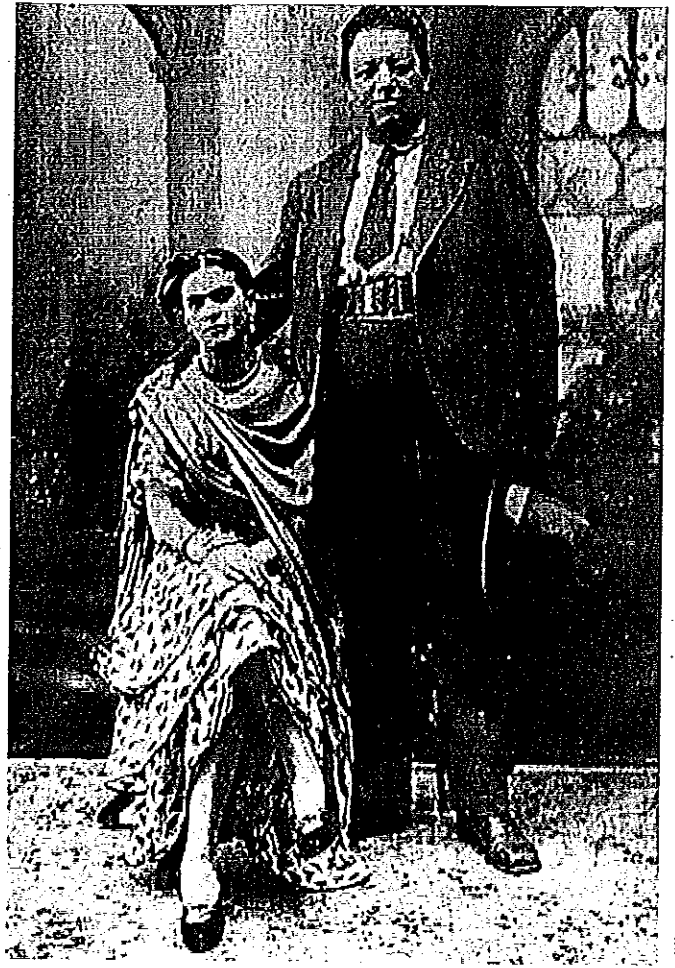
¡EXTRA!

by Carmen T Bernier-Grand

Wednesday, August 21, 1929

Coyoacán--Today the marriage between an elephant and a dove took place in a civil ceremony in the ancient hall.

The twenty-two-year-old bride Frida Kahlo wore a Tehuana peasant dress and a *rebozo* created by the people for the people who belong to the people. The forty-three-year-old, bulky groom Diego Rivera, sported a peacock feather in his Stetson hat, a wide leather belt, huge miner's shoes, and paint-stained pants that looked as if he had slept in them for a week.



Frida and Diego Rivera (1930-1931): A wedding portrait completed two years after their marriage. The inscription on the ribbon the dove is carrying says: "Here you see us, me Frieda Kahlo, with my beloved husband Diego Rivera. I painted these portraits in the beautiful city of San Francisco, California, for our friend Mr. Albert Bender, and it was in the month of April of the year 1931."

ANDREW JACKSON
(Democrat, 1829-1837)

MARTIN VAN BUREN
(Democrat, 1837-1841)

We were meant to expand.
It's American to have ambition.

And we deserve the land.

It's our splendid mission
to extend our area of freedom.
The Indians must move farther west.

But what if they refuse?
What if they protest?

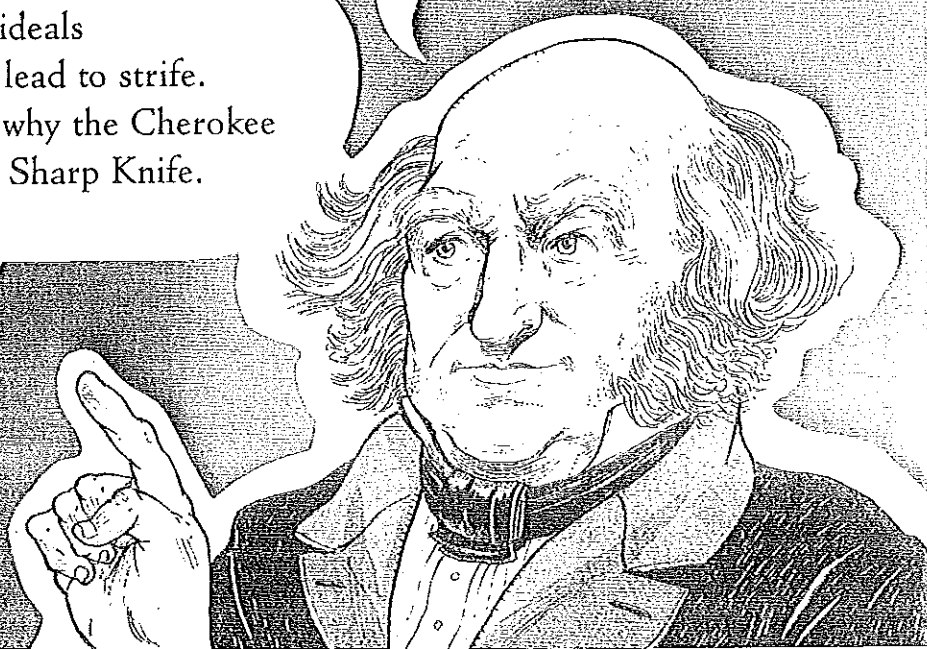
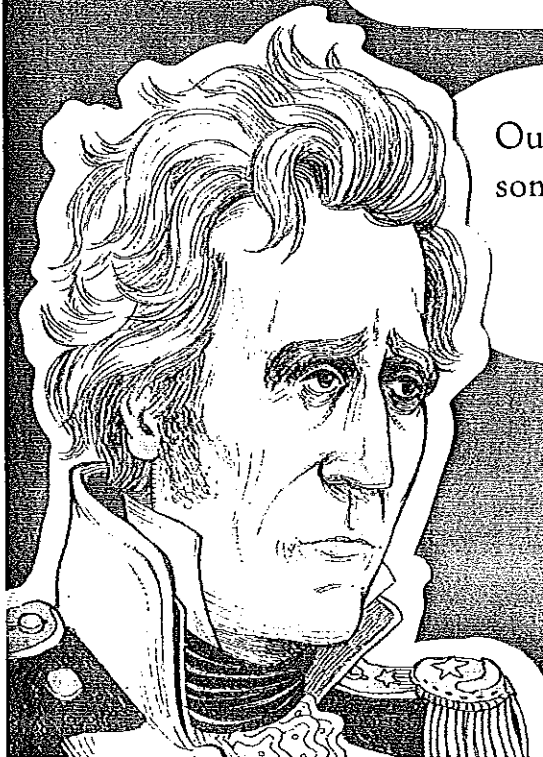
We will pay them well.
There, they'll be safe
to govern their own tribes.

What if they won't go for bribes?

Then we'll need to use force.

I see. Of course.

Our great ideals
sometimes lead to strife.
That's why the Cherokee
call me Sharp Knife.



THE ORGANIZER

Cesar Chavez

Migrant Labor Organizer, 1927–1993

Cesar was a peaceable fighter
With his back against the wall.
He was the David to Goliaths,
One worker against them all.

Up from the Mexican culture,
He rallied migrants to unite
And challenged consumers to boycott
Five years for the grape pickers' plight.

Cesar won and lost many battles
But never resorted to arms,
And carried the torch for *La Causa*
Across California farms.

Poor migrants, whose harvest was hunger,
Depended on him to be strong,
To ignite the fight and fight for right
And everywhere right the wrong.

Mexican-American Cesar Chavez is an enduring symbol of nonviolence and reform. Jailed repeatedly for his beliefs, he successfully brought national attention to the plight of migrant workers.

I Am a Baby Porcupette

I am a baby porcupette.
My paws are small; my nose is wet.
And as I nurse against my mom,
we mew and coo a soft duet.

I am a baby porcupette.
I cannot climb up branches yet.
While Mom sleeps in the trees, I curl
beneath a log till sun has set.

I am a baby porcupette.
I nibble in the nighttime wet:
a sprig of leaves, a tuft of grass,
in hidden spots I won't forget.

I am a baby porcupette.
My fur is soft; my eyes are jet.
But I can deal with any threat:
I raise my quills
and pirouette.

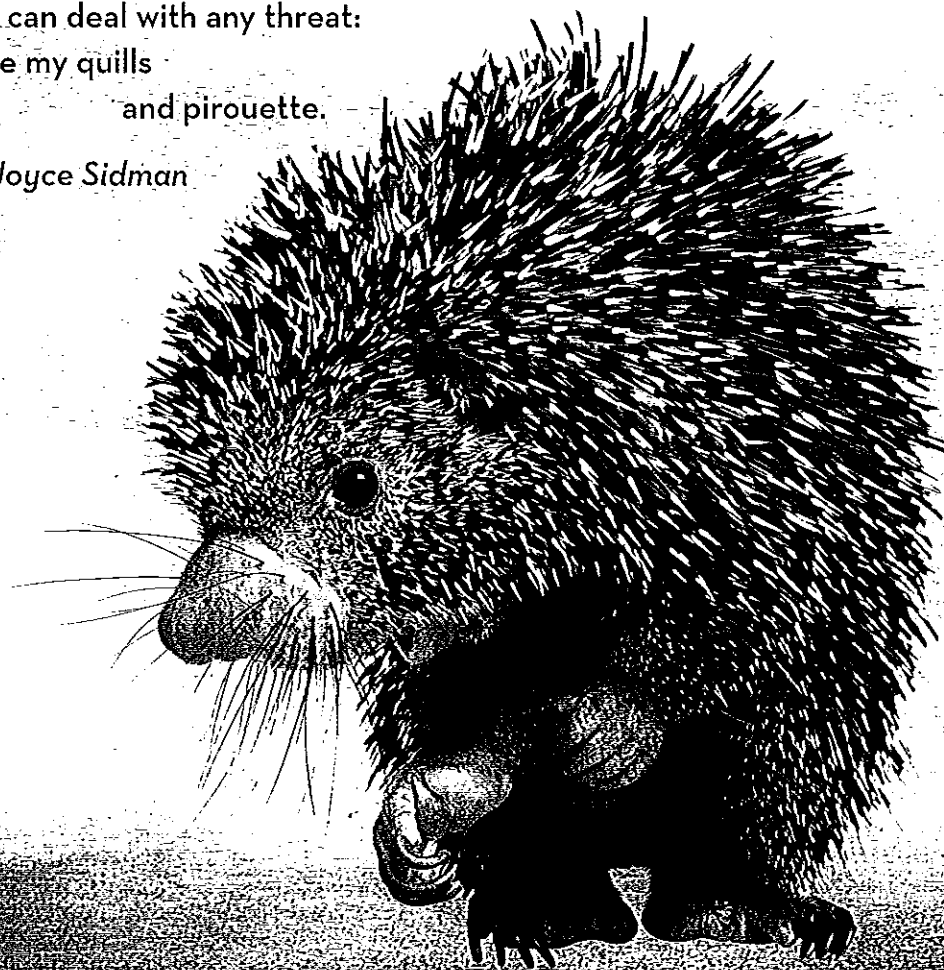
—Joyce Sidman

Porcupine

Bedazzled by bristles,
bewiskered with points,
lumbering
on clumsy joints—
shuffling along
knobby branch of pine;
rattling quills
along his spine,
he nestles into
branch of chair,
settles down
to evening air—
tightly tucked
and in between
shade of spruce;
sweet evergreen,

quiet prince of timber, he
needles into limb
and tree;
claims this place—
ah, forest throne,
to wind and woodlands
he calls home.

—Rebecca Kai Dotlich

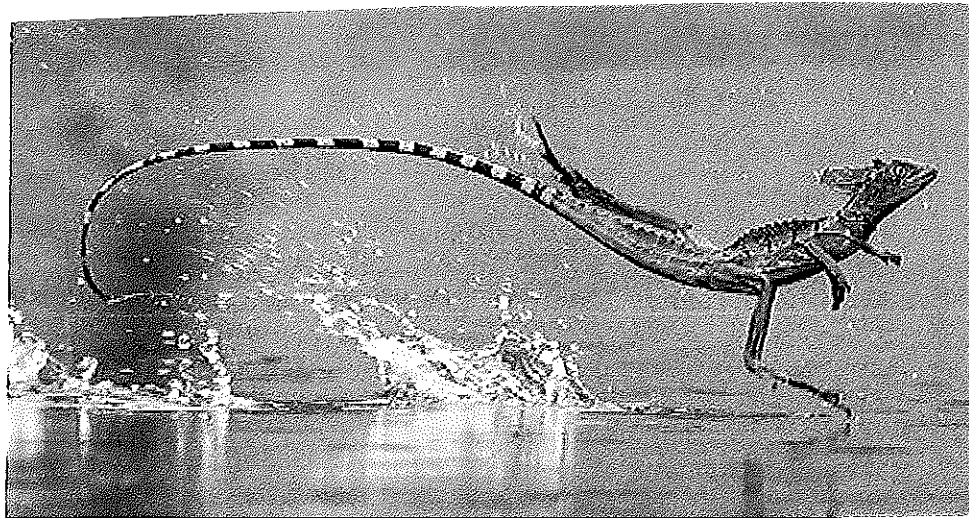


Basilisk

by Simon Wolf

I am a green basilisk
sleeping on a rock in a Central American
rain forest next to a pool.
Eee-ee-ee-eeck!
The shrill cry of a hawk rents the still air
like a knife wakening me.
I stay stock still
not daring even to breathe.
But the hawk's sharp eye still spots me.
As it dives I jump up
my strong hind legs granting me speed
as I scamper towards the water. A searing pain
shoots up my tail as the hawk's curved beak
clips it. Finally I reach the water's edge
and jump into it. For a moment I am engulfed
by cold clear water then I bob up like a cork.
I put one foot on the surface and push,
my foot flaps opening.
The water goes up to my ankle but I swing
my other leg in a smooth downward
arc and don't sink. The hawk is still hard
on my bleeding tail. Solid ground is only
four feet away. Three now. Two. One.
Now I'm on dry land in the shelter of the ferns.
The hawk lets out an agonized skree
and flies off.

I
am
safe.



Brueghel's Winter

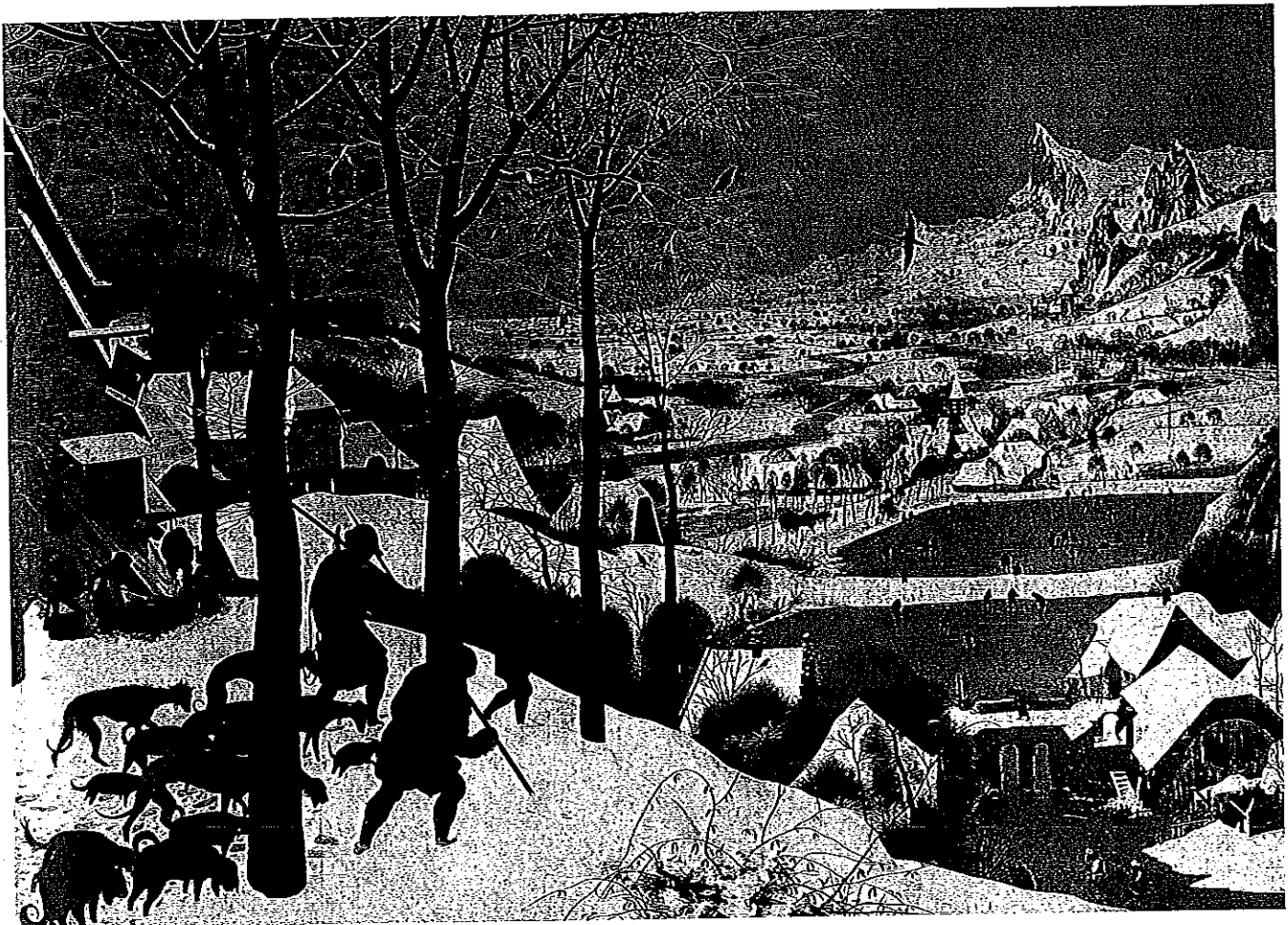
Winter by Brueghel, the hill with hunters
and dogs, at their feet the valley with the village.
Almost home, but their dead-tired attitudes, their steps
in the snow—a return, but almost as
slow as arrest. At their feet the depths
grow and grow, become wider and further,
until the landscape vanishes into a landscape
that must be there, is there, but only
as a longing is there.

Ahead of them a jet-black bird dives down. Is it mockery
of this labored attempt to return to the life
down there: the children skating the pond,
the farms with women waiting and cattle?

An arrow underway, and it laughs at its target.

Rutger Kopland (b. 1934)
Translated by James Brockway

Netherlands



The Hunter in the Snow, Pieter Brueghel,
Oil on Panel, 1565, Netherlands

*Rutger Kopland is a
distinguished doctor and
one of the Netherlands'
most widely read poets.
The poem was inspired by
this painting by Dutch
master Pieter Brueghel.*

Ice Cubes

Ice cubes
in a glass.
The sun comes
out.
Alas.
A loss
of form,
of firm-
ness,
attributed
to warm-
ness.

—Jane Yolen

Ice Cycle

I've always thought it rather nice
That water freezes into ice.
I'm also pleased that it is true
That ice melts back to water, too.
But even so I find it strange
The way that ice and water change
And how a single water drop
Can fathom when it's time to stop
Its downward drip and go ahead
And start an icicle instead.

—Mary Ann Hoberman



Grass

I grow in places
others can't,

where wind is high
and water scant.

I drink the rain,
I eat the sun;

before the prairie winds
I run.

I seed, I sprout,
I grow, I creep,

and in the ice
and snow, I sleep.

On steppe or veld
or pampas dry,

beneath the grand,
enormous sky,

I make my humble,
bladed bed.

And where there's level ground,
I spread.