

This space under construction



Construction- gotta love it. Construction on the roads, construction of buildings, and so on. Just yesterday when I went to vote- nice short lines by the way, a far cry from the two-hour wait I expected- one of the volunteers there noticed where I live and mentioned she lives down the street in a two-story house. Of course I was thinking, "This is a ranch neighborhood, except for..." Then she completed my thought by adding that they had just added a second story. Construction. Just a few years ago it seemed like every fifth house was being made into a McMansion, a topic proudly taken on and condemned by the King of the Hill crew just last weekend by the way. If there can be one good thing said about this economic downturn it means less of these teardowns.

Today I can add construction in classrooms to the list of construction to deal with. I subbed in music today and the music room was under construction, so I had to hold class elsewhere. The other music/drama teacher gave up her space to me and decided to hold her classes in the regular classrooms so it didn't bother me. We didn't do much. It was a last-minute illness so the teacher just set me up with videos for lesson plans. For the morning she left two alternatives- a Beethoven movie titled "Beethoven Lives Upstairs" and a movie titled "Bach to Rock." Well, Beethoven wasn't in the building let alone upstairs, so we watched the other one. Ironically when I went to the library after work the Beethoven movie was on the rack with recently returned movies.

There was one more class before noon where I read a book to the kids and then in the afternoon I travelled to another school. Fortunately the road construction that had been going on a couple of weeks before in front of that school was finished. I had stupidly left the lesson plans at the other

school so I upset the secretary at the afternoon school by having the morning school fax it over. Apparently the fax machine was in a room where only the secretary could retrieve it and she was very busy. That drama over, the afternoon classes were, well, drama so naturally we watched sing-a-long videos. ☐

Well, that was my day today. Monday as I previously mentioned was 8th grade math. No teaching, just worksheets. And a practice ISAT extended response problem for the Algebra classes. The only interesting thing to write about was homeroom at the end of the day. I may have blogged about a boy recently from Italy a couple of weeks ago when I did ELL. Well, that boy was in my homeroom. Actually, the homerooms in this district have two teachers and here is where it gets interesting. The other teacher is the Italian teacher. That's right, this school has an Italian class. I subbed for her last year incidentally. I wonder why they chose to put this boy in this particular homeroom... ☐