**UEB Lesson 3:**

**New Spacing in UEB**

By Catherine Summ and Suzanne Cappiello

**Goal:** The student will be able to use spacing between words in UEB that were previously joined together in EBAE:

**and for of the with a**

For an explanation of the changes refer to the handout “Overview of Changes from Current Literary Braille to Unified English Braille” authored by Braille Authority of North America, March 2013, [www.brailleauthority.org](http://www.brailleauthority.org). Refer to the UEB manual for a full explanation of the braille code.

**Procedure:**

Teacher prepares sentences below in braille. The sentences below contain words that were previously joined together in **EBAE**. Have the student read the sentences below. Then have the students **mark** the words that are no longer joined in UEB:

1. I have gifts for the class.
2. You have more for the parents.
3. We ate all of the cheese.
4. I have food for the party.
5. We will go for a swim.
6. I hit a ball with the stick.
7. The family will gather for a reunion.
8. She will go for a ride with us.
9. Don’t bother with the other lesson.
10. Will you fill all of the boxes with gifts?

**Writing and reading practice**: Teacher prepares jokes in braille. Jokes can be placed on one side of the paper or index card and the answer on the other side. Select jokes from the list below for your student/s to read. Select additional jokes from the list to dictate to your student for writing practice.

Q: What do you call a girl with a frog on her head?

A: Lilly

Q: Why was the cat afraid of a tree?

A: Because of the bark!

Q: How do you stop a dog barking in the back seat of a car?

A: Put him in the front seat.

Q: Why did you bring fish to the party?

A: Because it goes with the chips.

Q: What is black and white and red all over?

A: A skunk with a rash.

Q: What part of a fish weighs the most?

A: The scales.

Q: What kind of a dog has a bark but no bite?

A: A dogwood!

Q: Why did the fly never land on the computer?

A: He was afraid of the world wide web.

Q: What do you get when you cross a ghost with a cat?

A: A scaredy cat.

Q: What do you get when you cross a caterpillar with a parrot?

A: A walkie talkie.

Q: What do you get when you cross a lemon and a cat?

A: A sour puss.

Q: What do you get when you cross Godzilla with a parrot?

A: I don’t know, but if he asks for a cracker, give it to him!

Q: What starts with the letter “t”, is filled with “t” and ends in “t”?

A: Teapot.

Q: Why did the orange stop in the middle of the hill?

A: It ran out of juice.

Q: Why did the class clown take a computer to school?

A: Her mom told her to bring in an apple for the teacher.

Q: What’s the name of the archeologist that works at Scotland Yard?

A: Sherlock Bones.

Q: Why was the baseball player arrested in the middle of the game?

A: He was caught stealing second base.

Q: Some lettuce, an egg and a faucet had a race. What was the result?

A: The lettuce came in ahead, the egg got beat and the faucet is still running.

Q: What does the winner of the race lose?

A: Their breath.

Q: Did you hear about the race between the lettuce and the tomato?

A: The lettuce was a “head” and the tomato was trying to “ketchup”!

Q: What did the janitor say when he jumped out of the closet?

A: Supplies!

Q: Why did Johnny throw the clock out of the window?

A: Because he wanted to see time fly!

Q: What do you give a dog with a fever?

A: Mustard, it’s the best thing for a hot dog!

Q: Why do birds fly south for the winter?

A: It’s easier than walking!

Q: What do you do with a bunch of dead elements?

A: Barium!

Q: Why did the baker stop making donuts?

A: Because he got sick of the hole business.

Q: Did you hear about the wooden car with the wooden wheels and the wooden engine?

A: It wooden go!

Q: What do you get when you cross a Cocker Spaniel with a Poodle and a rooster?

A: A cockapoodledoo!

Q: What did the window say to the door?

A: What are you squeaking about? I’m the one with the pane!

Q: Why was the elephant late for the plane?

A: Because he forgot his trunk.

Q: Name four days of the week that start with the letter “t”.

A: Tuesday, Thursday, today and tomorrow.

**Suggested reading**:

Teacher prepares any of the poems below in braille. The poems from the books listed below contain several opportunities to practice reading the words in this lesson in the unconnected format. Please determine if the poems are appropriate for your student’s age and reading level.

Selected poem from Where the Sidewalk Ends, by Shel Silverstein

“Joey”

Joey Joey took a stone

And knocked

Down

The

Sun!

And whoosh! It swizzled

Down so hard,

And bloomp! It bounced

In his backyard,

And glunk! It landed

On his toe!

And the world was dark,

And the corn wouldn’t grow,

And the wind wouldn’t blow,

And the cock wouldn’t crow,

And it always was Night,

Night,

Night.

All because

Of a stone

And Joe.

Selected poems from A Light in the Attic, by Shel Silverstein

“Examination”

I went to the doctor—

He reached down my throat,

He pulled out a shoe

And a little toy boat,

He pulled out a skate

And a bicycle seat,

And said, “Be more careful

About what you eat.”

“Senses”

A mouth was talking to a Nose and an Eye.

A passing listening Ear

Said, “Pardon me, but you spoke so loud,

I couldn’t help but overhear.”

But the Mouth just closed and the Nose turned up

And the Eye just looked away,

And the Ear with nothing more to hear

Went sadly on its way.

Selected poems from Every Thing On It, by Shel Silverstein

“The Ball Game”

The elephant played second base,

And the laughing hyena played third.

The two little leeches sat out in the bleachers,

Quite shocked by the language they heard.

The kangaroo leapt and the crocodile wept

Because they would not let him play.

And the ring-tailed rat, he kept swinging the bat

Till the poor bat flew up and away.

The spider was fit with a fielder’s mitt,

But couldn’t catch a fly at all,

As the octopus pitched and the hen sat and twitched

And tried to hatch the ball.

The porcupine umped and the kangaroo jumped

As the snail was out stealing third

On a throw from the snake just in time to awake

The sleeping Palatapus bird.

The trout, he struck out, but the yak took a whack

And hit one out into the lake.

A *homer*… it’s *gone*… No, the pelican yawned

And swallowed the ball by mistake.

“Jimmy-Jack-John”

“Oh, where are you goin’, my Jimmy-Jack-John,

With only the moon for your light?”

“I’m goin’ ‘round in search of the dawn,

And I’ll prob’ly be gone most the night.”

“Oh, why are you cryin’, my Jimmy-Jack-John,

And why do you stare out to see?”

“I’m thinkin’ that over the waves of the pond

The dawn lies a-waitin’ forme.”

“But why do you wander, my Jimmy-Jack-John,

a-roamin’ in search of the blue?

Just wrap yourself tight in this blanket of night

And the dawn will come to you.”

“The Dance of the Shoes”

Were you there for the dance of the shoes

When they skipped in a column of twos—

From the closet they crept

And they jumped, skipped, and leapt

Doin’ the dance of the shoes:

And the high heels clicked

And the football cleats kicked

And the sandals flip-flopped

And the clogs clipped and clopped

And the button shoes creaked

And the sneakers just sneaked

And the baby shoes skipped

And the slippers both slipped

And the ballet shoes jumped

And the hunting shoes clumped?

They started at seven and danced until ten,

When they all tiptoed back to the closet again.

Oh the dance of the shoes,

Now they stand in a row

Lookin’ proper and right

And actin’ just like

They’ve been there all night.

“Riddle”

Listen to my song

I’m the strongest of the strong

I can make a giant cry

Who or what am I?

(An onion)

“Small Zoo”

The squeakin’ mouse and the honkin’ moose,

The nestin’ grouse and the ganderin’ goose,

The swingin’ monkey and the spoutin’ whale,

The kickin’ donkey and the crawlin’ snail,

The lumberin’ ox and the hoppin’ hare,

The sly ol’ fox and the big brown bear,

The snappin’ shark and the flyin’ loon,

The singin’ lark and the bold baboon,

The swimmin’ sole and the great gorilla,

The diggin’ mole and the armadillo,

The kangaroo and the nibblin’ rat,

The cockatoo and the flappin’ bat,

The porcupine and the polliwog,

The jungle lion and the croakin’ frog,

The roarin’ tiger and the deer…

Ain’t here.

Selected poems from The Trouble With Poetry, by Billy Collins

”Monday”

The birds are in their trees,

the toast is in the toaster,

and the poets are at their windows.

they are at their windows

in every section of the tangerine of earth—

the Chinese poets looking up at the moon,

the American poets gazing out

at the pink and blue ribbons of sunrise.

The clerks are at their desks,

the miners are down in their mines,

and the poets are looking out their windows

maybe with a cigarette, a cup of tea,

and maybe a flannel shirt or bathrobe is involved.

The proof-readers are playing the ping-pong

game of proofreading,

glancing back and forth from page to page,

the chefs are dicing celery and potatoes,

and the poets are at their windows

because it is their job for which

they are paid nothing every Friday afternoon.

Which window it hardly seems to matter

though many have a favorite,

for there is always something to see—

a bird grasping a thin branch,

the headlights of a taxi rounding a corner,

those two boys in wool caps angling across the street.

The fishermen bob in their boats,

the linemen climb their round poles,

the barbers wait by their mirrors and chairs,

and the poets continue to stare

at the cracked birdbath or a limb knocked down by the wind.

By now, it should go without saying

that what the oven is to the baker

and the berry-stained blouse to the dry cleaner,

so the window is to the poet.

Just think—

before the invention of the window,

the poets would have had to put on a jacket

and a winter hat to go outside

or remain indoors with only a wall to stare at.

and when I say a wall,

I do not mean a wall with striped wallpaper

and a sketch of a cow in a frame.

I mean a cold wall of fieldstones,

the wall of the medieval sonnet,

the original woman’s heart of stone,

the stone caught in the throat of her poet-lover.

“Fool Me Good”

I am under the covers

waiting for the heat to come up

with a gurgle and hiss

and the banging of the water hammer

that will frighten the cold out of the room.

And I am listening to a blues singer

named Precious Bryant

singing a song called “Fool Me Good.”

If you don’t love me, baby, she sings,

would you please try to fool me good?

I am stroking the dog’s head

and writing down these words,

which means that I am calmly flying

in the face of the Buddhist advice

to do only one thing at a time.

Just pour the tea,

just look into the eye of the flower,

just sing the song—

one thing at a time

and you will achieve serenity,

which is what I would love to do

as the fan-blades of the morning begin to turn.

If you don’t love me, baby,

she sings

as a day-moon fades in the window

and the hands circle the clock,

would you please try to fool me good?

Yes, Precious, I reply,

I will fool you as good as I can,

but first I have to learn to listen to you

with my whole heart,

and not until you have finished

will I put on my slippers,

squeeze out some toothpaste,

and make a big foamy face in the mirror,

freshly dedicated to doing one thing at a time—

one note at a time for you, darling,

one tooth at a time for me.

Selected poems from Picnic, Lightning, by Billy Collins

“Morning”

Why do we bother with the rest of the day,

the swale of the afternoon,

the sudden dip into evening,

then night with his notorious perfumes,

his many pointed stars?

This is the best—

throwing off the light covers,

feet on the cold floor,

and buzzing around the house on espresso—

maybe a splash of water on the face,

a palmful of vitamins—

but mostly buzzing around the house on espresso,

dictionary and atlas open on the rug,

the typewriter waiting for the key of the head,

a cello on the radio,

and, if necessary, the windows—

trees fifty, a hundred years old

out there,

heavy clouds on the way

and the lawn steaming like a horse

in the early morning.

“Snow”

I cannot help noticing this slow Monk solo

seems to go somehow

with the snow

that is coming down this morning,

how the notes and spaces accompany

its easy falling

on the geometry of the ground,

on the flagstone path,

the slanted roof,

and the angles of the split rail fence

as if he had imagined a winter scene

as he sat at the piano

late one night at the Five Spot

playing “Ruby My Dear.”

Then again, it’s the kind of song

that would go easily with rain

or a tumult of leaves,

and for that matter it’s a snow

that could attend

an adagio for strings,

the best of the Ronettes,

or George Thorogood and the Destroyers.

It falls so indifferently

into the spacious white parlor of the world,

if I were sitting here reading

in silence,

reading the morning paper

or reading *Being and Nothingness*,

not even letting the spoon

touch the inside of the cup,

I have a feeling

the snow would even go perfectly with that.

**Educational Activity and Game**:

**Poetry Slam:** Materials: brailler and braille paper

Have each student write a poem using as many of the formerly connected words as possible. Decide on the type of poem they should write, (haiku, iambic pentameter, etc.). Have the students read their poem aloud when they are done.

**Assessment:**

Teacher dictates the following 10 sentences using the words that were previously joined together in **EBAE**. Add your own. Teacher compiles a spreadsheet for each student to document progress and compile data.

We can sell cake for a profit.

They forgot the coffee for the parents.

The snack is for the class.

They went home when they were finished with the game.

We went for a swim today.

The vase fell off of the table.

I can play with the other kids.

We’re rooting for the home team.

The leader and the troop went camping last weekend.

I’m looking for a good book to read.

To see more UEB lessons, visit: <http://www.pathstoliteracy.org/blog/ueb-curriculum-braille-students>