

## **BOOKS JUNIOR BADGE ACTIVITIES**

**Complete six activities from the following:**

### **ACTIVITY #1 – It's A Wide World**

Read two folk tales from a culture other than your own. Read two of the stories listed below written by Hans Christian Andersen from Denmark.

Hans Christian Andersen was Danish. He was born in Odense, Denmark, in 1805.! His stories show compassion for those who are outcast and suffering. They also make fun of the spoiled and conceited.

His stories teach us that appearances can be deceiving, and that there is a magical beauty even within the most unlikely characters.

Listed below are several of his more famous tales, choose two to read.

The Angel (1843)

The Bell (1845)

The Emperor's New Clothes (1837)

The Fir Tree (1844)

The Happy Family (1847)

It's Quite True! (1852)

The Little Match Girl (1848)

The Little Mermaid (1836)

Little Tuck (1847)

The Nightingale (1844)

The Old House (1847)

Sandman (1841)

The Princess and the Pea (1835; also known as The Real Princess)

The Red Shoes (1845)

The Shadow (1847)

The Shepherdess and the Chimney Sweep (1845)

The Snow Queen (1844)

The Steadfast Tin Soldier (1838)

The Story of a Mother (1847)

The Swineherd (1841)

Thumbelina (1835)

The Tinder Box (1835)

The Ugly Duckling (1844)

### **ACTIVITY #2 – Picture This!**

Create picture books of your community or neighborhood. Using a camera, take pictures of local scenery, activities, statues, etc. add words from magazines or computers and put your pictures together to make a picture book. Design a cover and distribute to younger troops/groups.

### **ACTIVITY #4 – Be A Reading Helper**

Using index cards, make your own flash cards. Design the alphabet with stencils or pictures from magazines. Then, add a picture that begins with that letter. Share them with a younger child.

### **ACTIVITY #5 – The Living Past**

Read a poem that reflects past life in the United States. Read the poem below then complete the activity that follows.

**Paul Revere's Ride**

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,-

-  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with  
muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and  
street  
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North  
Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,--  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret  
dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent

On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,--  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a  
spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and  
fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom  
and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his  
flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
He has left the village and mounted the  
steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and  
deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford  
town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, black and

bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord  
town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadow brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have  
read  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,---  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again

-“I Rode with Paul Revere” - Have girls write a fictional story based on the historical events of Paul Revere’s ride. Suggest they write in the first person as a fictional minuteman who was roused out of bed by Revere and rode off into the night with him.

Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of

alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,---  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

### **ACTIVITY #8 – Build A Library**

Build a library for your local senior citizen home or senior center. Collect new or used paper back books. Remember to include subjects such as: historical, romance, biographies, current events, mysteries, detective stories, horror, etc. Make book marks to go with your library. Here is a fun bookmark activity.

Make a ribbon bookmark:

Directions: Cut a length of ribbon about 24 inches long. Tie a knot or two at one end of the ribbon. The knot should be much wider than the hole in the first bead you intend to slide onto the ribbon. Slide on about four or five inches worth of beads. Tie another knot (or two) at the end of the line of beads and again make sure the knot is much larger than the last bead. Leave between eight to 12 inches of empty ribbon before tying another knot or two. Slide on more beads and then tie off the end once again! You can then end the bookmark with a little charm or some other special bead that is larger than most of the others. This helps add some heft and visual interest to the bookmark. Cut off the remaining ribbon. Apply a dab of glue to each end of the ribbon just to make sure the knots stay in place.

### **ACTIVITY 9 & 10 – Books for Life and Your Library’s Treasures**

Visit your local library and meet with the librarian. Find out about her career, her education, how she became interested in the library. Or ask your school librarian to visit your troop/group and share her career with you! Create a flyer to encourage greater use of the local library. Share the libraries treasures, classes, lectures, readings, etc. Distribute the flyers to your community, church, neighborhood, etc.

