

Name: _____

Class: _____

One-Room School Anachronisms (Grades 5-8)

anachronism: a person, thing, custom or event that is used in a time in which it doesn't belong.

1. Read through the entire journal entry below.
2. Recall what you learned about life in a one-room school from Instructional Coordinator, Tiffanie Owen.
3. Now reread the paragraph below and cross out any sentences that would not be accurate in a journal entry from a student attending school before 1885.

Today was my first day of 7th grade at the Lincolntown School. **Mother insisted on driving me, which was so embarrassing.** Fortunately, the kids who were already there were busy playing Red Rover, so I don't think that anyone noticed. I spotted Elizabeth reading a book at the tree stump, so I joined her. **She told me that she was very tired because she had stayed up late watching YouTube videos on her phone.** I explained that I was a bit tired myself, since my brother left home this summer and I now have to tend the sheep and goats every morning.

When the principal came over the loud speaker to announce the lunch menu and say the pledge, his voice sounded hoarse and squeaky which made Jonathan giggle. Well, Ms. Owen had no patience for that. She immediately pulled him out of his seat and put the dunce cap on his head. After about an hour, she made him go outside to chop wood for the stove.

I was hoping that Ms. Owen would seat me next to Elizabeth this year, but since I am an older student, I was seated near the back of the room. **We seventh graders know the routine, so we pulled out our laptops and began our geography lesson while Ms. Owen instructed the primary students.** **After the younger children were busy with their work, the older students were given the assignment to research the early life of President Trump.** Ms. Owen is giving us a lot of schoolwork, so I hope Mama and Papa will understand if I don't complete my chores.

The school had a special treat for nooning today. **Even though most of us had brought food, the cafeteria had McDonalds for everyone!**

In the afternoon, the classroom was so quiet, I thought half of the class must have fallen asleep. Even I struggled to keep my eyes open while I worked on memorizing my poem. **Suddenly, for no reason, John John turned around in his desk and snatched my brand new highlighter.** He is such a trouble-maker! I whispered loudly, "give it back!" and before I even finished the sentence, Ms. Owen's heels were clacking on the wood floor in my direction. She handed me a piece of chalk and I knew what that meant. I dutifully drew a circle on the chalkboard, but she told me to draw another one 3" higher. I had to stand on my tip-toes with my nose in the circle until school let out. I was glad to be spared the ferule, but I am dreading what will happen when Papa comes in from the field.