

# Substitute Art Lesson Plan

Grade(s): KG, 1, Sp. Ed. Title: Eight Balloons

## Overall objective(s)/essential(s)/SOL(s) covered in this lesson:

Create an illusion that describes (visually) part or all of the poem “Eight Balloons”. OR, think and illustrate other ways a balloon could “pop”.

- K.1 Create works of art that represent personal solutions to art problems.
- 1.4 Create works of art inspired by stories, poems, and themes.
- 1.5 Create art from real and imaginary sources of inspiration.

## Supplies:

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> markers	<input type="checkbox"/> 9x12 white paper
<input type="checkbox"/> glue	<input type="checkbox"/> 12x18 white paper
<input type="checkbox"/> scissors	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 6 x 18 white paper
<input type="checkbox"/> crayons	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ paper
<input type="checkbox"/> pencils/erasers	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> other: <u>large mat paper</u>	

Motivation/Procedure:  see back/attached paper also

Read the poem “Eight Balloons”. Let them say “pop” or “whoosh” with you.

Ask what the lines mean (What happens with the cactus, why would the sun cause the balloon to pop, what happens on the highway?)—

Read poem again, have them read with you again.

Show examples. Remind them to keep mat paper under their work (to keep the table clean)

Hand out (yourself or assign students) mat paper, white paper, baskets of markers (one basket for each 2 students).

## Special Notes:

They may take these home. If someone finishes early, have them add more details, or more balloons.

**NAME AND ROOM NUMBER ON THE BACKS, PLEASE!**

hold art work for me  send art work back with student

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## EIGHT BALLOONS

Eight balloons no one was buyin'.  
All broke loose one afternoon.  
Eight balloons with strings a-flyin',  
Free to do what they wanted to.  
One flew up to touch the sun—POP!  
One thought highways might be fun— POP!  
One took a nap in a cactus pile—POP!  
One stayed to play with a careless child— POP!  
One tried to taste some bacon fryin'— POP!  
One fell in love with a porcupine— POP!  
One looked close in a crocodile's mouth— POP!  
One sat around 'til his air ran out—WHOOSH!  
Eight balloons no one was buyin'—  
They broke loose and away they flew,  
Free to float and free to fly  
And free to pop where they wanted to.

by Shel Silverstein, *Where the Sidewalks Ends*

