

BEARCAT DAY 21

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 2020

**GRADE 8
ANDERSON COUNTY SCHOOLS**



ANDERSON COUNTY MIDDLE SCHOOL

8TH GRADE BEARCAT DAY 21

LANGUAGE ARTS	THE OUTSIDERS (NOVEL STUDY) READ THE SLIDES DAILY because answers and info needed to understand the novel are there. We will read a chapter a day. Read chapter 1 of The Outsiders . Complete the multiple choice each day in Google Forms. Mon. and Tues. multiple choice and short answer required Wed. multiple choice required and short answer is optional Thurs .multiple choice required and no short answer offered. Fri. is an optional brief self reflection.
MATH	VOLUME OF CONES Students will need to use the notes and examples on the note sheet to help them complete the practice problems on the homework sheet . The homework sheet will need to be returned to the school and turned in for a grade. Students with internet access will need to complete the Google Form for Bearcat Day 21 after using the notes, practice problems, and video lesson to help them prepare.
SCIENCE	CENOZOIC ERA Read the assigned pages on the Cenozoic Era of geologic time. Complete the questions .
SOCIAL STUDIES	21-8 ★ The Civil War Overview 2 Questions: <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Compare the fighting philosophies of General Lee and General Grant based on the quotes at the top of each column.2. What were the strategies of each side? Similarities & differences3. List three advantages & three disadvantages of each side.
PE/HEALTH	DISEASES Define the 15 words related to Diseases.
CAREERS	WHAT ARE SOFT SKILLS? Read the notes and answer the questions.

The Outsiders

By S.E. Hinton
Chapter One



Day 21 4/20/20

Think of a time when it appeared:
you **didn't** have something everyone else had...
you **didn't** get to do something everyone else did...
you were **not physically able** to do what everyone else did...
(drag icon below to one or more of the above)



Students, drag the icons!



Peer Deck Interactive Slide
Do not remove this bar

It happens to everyone at some point.
You will feel like an outsider.



In the **next slide**, drag the icon to show how most people feel about being the outsider.

How it feels in the outsider's position.



Students, drag the icon!



Peer Deck

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Draw a water line to represent **how outsiders are often treated.**

...Treated **WELL**...



..... NOT treated **WELL**

Students, draw anywhere on this slide!

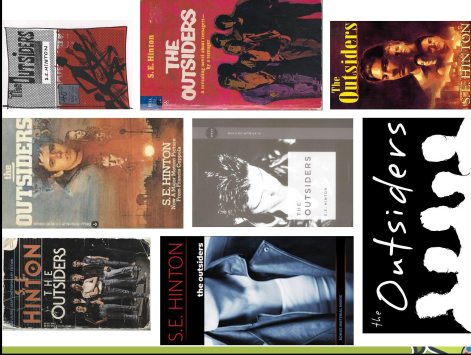
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Draw conclusions
What does the cover indicate about what may happen in the novel?



Photo by Skillshare

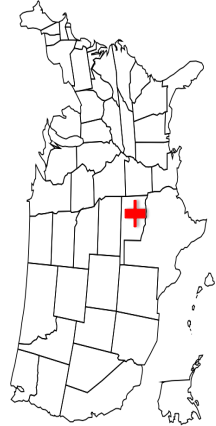
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S.E. HINTON (the author)

Hinton was born in Tulsa in 1948. As a young child, she was an avid reader and would spend her time writing her own stories.

She wanted to create stories about the truth of teenagers (no sugar coating).



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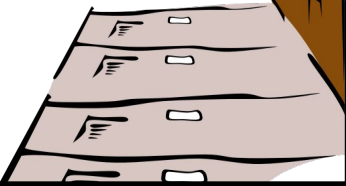
Hinton wrote *The Outsiders* while she was in high school. During her high school graduation ceremony, she was offered a publication contract for the novel. She published the novel under the name S.E. Hinton (instead of Susan Eloise) because the publishers didn't think boys would want to read a 'tough' novel by a female.



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THE OUTSIDERS

The Outsiders was inspired by real-life events at Hinton's high school in Tulsa, Oklahoma.



This novel is widely considered the first realistic young-adult novel.



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HISTORICAL CONTEXT

The book reflects the social division Americans experienced during the 1960s. Young people were attempting to find their voices and express their political opinions. Race relations were changing dramatically as the Civil Rights Movement drew attention to discrimination against African Americans.

Though Hinton does not refer directly to historical or political events in her work, the novel seeks to elevate public awareness of marginalized groups and to validate the voices and experiences of young people.



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1960s TERMINOLOGY

Below are some words you may encounter in the novel *The Outsiders* that were popular in the 1960's.

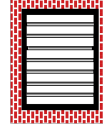
Draw a dotted line from term to picture.

Broad = Woman

Hacked Off = Angry

Fuzz = Police

Heater = Gun



1960s TERMINOLOGY

Draw a ZIGZAG line from term to picture.

The Cooler = Jail

Pickled = Drunk

Rumble = Fight

JD = Juvenile Delinquent

Students, draw anywhere on this slide!

Peer-Devel. Interactive Slide
Do not remove this bar

Students, draw anywhere on this slide!

Peer-Devel. Interactive Slide
Do not remove this bar

In chapter one, the main character- Ponyboy, speaks of a famous 1960's actor- Paul Newman. The setting of the novel is 1960's Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Ponyboy belongs to the Greasers group and is an outsider to the Socs (Socials) group.



The Outsiders -please read chapter one.

[SE-Hinton-The-Outsiders-Full-Text \(1\).pdf](#)

Online text link



Online audio text link

Looking at a printed copy of these slides and want to find this online audio link? Google The Outsiders and the chapter number you want to hear. Select the search return with this picture. Listen and enjoy!

Grade 8 Bearcat Day 21 ELA

P 4 of 24

Things to do Monday before tomorrow's class:

- 1 Read The Outsiders Chapter 1 (If you read ahead, please do not spoil it for others.)
- 2 Open the Questions Google Form and answer the questions. Remember to check the chapter for correct answers.
- 3 Open the Short Answer Google Form. This assignment is REQUIRED and you must use RACE. You WILL be able to redo this.

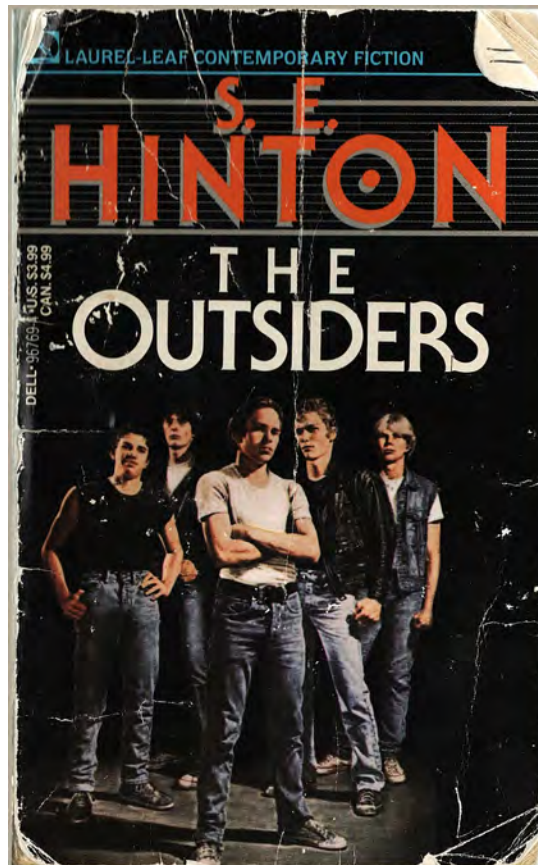


Students, write your response!

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The Outsiders

S. E. Hinton



According to Wikipedia, *The Outsiders* is a coming-of-age novel by S. E. Hinton, first published in 1967 by Viking Press. Hinton was 15 when she started writing the novel, but did most of the work when she was sixteen and a junior in high school. Hinton was 18 when the book was published.

The book follows two rival groups, the Greasers and the Socs who are divided by their socioeconomic status.

The book takes place in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1965, but it is never stated in the book.

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Chapter 1

WHEN I STEPPED OUT into the bright sunlight from the darkness of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home. I was wishing I looked like Paul Newman--- he looks tough and I don't--- but I guess my own looks aren't so bad. I have light-brown, almost-red hair and greenish-gray eyes. I wish they were more gray, because I hate most guys that have green eyes, but I have to be content with what I have. My hair is longer than a lot of boys wear theirs, squared off in back and long at the front and sides, but I am a greaser and most of my neighborhood rarely bothers to get a haircut. Besides, I look better with long hair.

I had a long walk home and no company, but I usually lone it anyway, for no reason except that I like to watch movies undisturbed so I can get into them and live them with the actors. When I see a movie with someone it's kind of uncomfortable, like having someone read your book over your shoulder. I'm different that way. I mean, my second-oldest brother, Soda, who is sixteen-going-on-seventeen, never cracks a book at all, and my oldest brother, Darrel, who we call Darry, works too long and hard to be interested in a story or drawing a picture, so I'm not like them. And nobody in our gang digs movies and books the way I do. For a while there, I thought I was the only person in the world that did. So I loned it.

Soda tries to understand, at least, which is more than Darry does. But then, Soda is different from anybody; he understands everything, almost. Like he's never hollering at me all the time the way Darry is, or treating me as if I was six instead of fourteen. I love Soda more than I've ever loved anyone, even Mom and Dad. He's always happy-go-lucky and grinning, while Darry's hard and firm and rarely grins at all. But then, Darry's gone through a lot in his twenty years, grown up too fast. Sodapop'll never grow up at all. I don't know which way's the best. I'll find out one of these days.

Anyway, I went on walking home, thinking about the movie, and then suddenly wishing I had some company. Greasers can't walk alone too much or they'll get jumped,

or someone will come by and scream "Greaser!" at them, which doesn't make you feel too hot, if you know what I mean. We get jumped by the Socs. I'm not sure how you spell it, but it's the abbreviation for the Socials, the jet set, the West-side rich kids. It's like the term "greaser," which is used to class all us boys on the East Side.

We're poorer than the Socs and the middle class. I reckon we're wilder, too. Not like the Socs, who jump greasers and wreck houses and throw beer blasts for kicks, and get editorials in the paper for being a public disgrace one day and an asset to society the next. Greasers are almost like hoods; we steal things and drive old souped-up cars and hold up gas stations and have a gang fight once in a while. I don't mean I do things like that. Darry would kill me if I got into trouble with the police. Since Mom and Dad were killed in an auto wreck, the three of us get to stay together only as long as we behave. So Soda and I stay out of trouble as much as we can, and we're careful not to get caught when we can't. I only mean that most greasers do things like that, just like we wear our hair long and dress in blue jeans and T-shirts, or leave our shirttails out and wear leather jackets and tennis shoes or boots. I'm not saying that either Socs or greasers are better; that's just the way things are.

I could have waited to go to the movies until Darry or Sodapop got off work. They would have gone with me, or driven me there, or walked along, although Soda just can't sit still long enough to enjoy a movie and they bore Darry to death. Darry thinks his life is enough without inspecting other people's. Or I could have gotten one of the gang to come along, one of the four boys Darry and Soda and I have grown up with and consider family. We're almost as close as brothers; when you grow up in a tight-knit neighborhood like ours you get to know each other real well. If I had thought about it, I could have called Darry and he would have come by on his way home and picked me up, or Two-Bit Mathews--- one of our gang--- would have come to get me in his car if I had asked him, but sometimes I just don't use my head. It drives my brother Darry nuts when I do stuff like that, 'cause I'm supposed to be smart; I make good grades and have a high IQ and everything, but I don't use my head. Besides, I like walking.

I about decided I didn't like it so much, though, when I spotted that red Corvair trailing me. I was almost two blocks from home then, so I started walking a little faster. I had never been jumped, but I had seen Johnny after four Socs got hold of him, and it wasn't pretty. Johnny was scared of his own shadow after that. Johnny was sixteen then.

I knew it wasn't any use though--- the fast walking, I mean--- even before the Corvair pulled up beside me and five Socs got out. I got pretty scared--- I'm kind of small for fourteen even though I have a good build, and those guys were bigger than me. I automatically hitched my thumbs in my jeans and slouched, wondering if I could get away if I made a break for it. I remembered Johnny--- his face all cut up and bruised, and I remembered how he had cried when we found him, half-conscious, in the comer lot. Johnny had it awful rough at home--- it took a lot to make him cry.

I was sweating something fierce, although I was cold. I could feel my palms getting clammy and the perspiration running down my back. I get like that when I'm real scared. I glanced around for a pop bottle or a stick or something--- Steve Randle, Soda's best buddy, had once held off four guys with a busted pop bottle--- but there was nothing. So I stood there like a bump on a log while they surrounded me. I don't use my head. They walked around slowly, silently, smiling.

"Hey, grease," one said in an over-friendly voice. "We're gonna do you a favor, greaser. We're gonna cut all that long greasy hair off."

He had on a madras shirt. I can still see it. Blue madras. One of them laughed, then cussed me out in a low voice. I couldn't think of anything to say. There just isn't a whole lot you can say while waiting to get mugged, so I kept my mouth shut.

"Need a haircut, greaser?" The medium-sized blond pulled a knife out of his back pocket and flipped the blade open.

I finally thought of something to say. "No." I was backing up, away from that knife. Of course I backed right into one of them. They had me down in a second. They had my arms and legs pinned down and one of them was sitting on my chest with his

knees on my elbows, and if you don't think that hurts, you're crazy. I could smell English Leather shaving lotion and stale tobacco, and I wondered foolishly if I would suffocate before they did anything. I was scared so bad I was wishing I would. I fought to get loose, and almost did for a second; then they tightened up on me and the one on my chest slugged me a couple of times. So I lay still, swearing at them between gasps. A blade was held against my throat.

"How'd you like that haircut to begin just below the chin?"

It occurred to me then that they could kill me. I went wild. I started screaming for Soda, Darry, anyone. Someone put his hand over my mouth, and I bit it as hard as I could, tasting the blood running through my teeth. I heard a muttered curse and got slugged again, and they were stuffing a handkerchief in my mouth. One of them kept saying, "Shut him up, for Pete's sake, shut him up!"

Then there were shouts and the pounding of feet, and the Socs jumped up and left me lying there, gasping. I lay there and wondered what in the world was happening--- people were jumping over me and running by me and I was too dazed to figure it out. Then someone had me under the armpits and was hauling me to my feet. It was Darry.

"Are you all right, Ponyboy?"

He was shaking me and I wished he'd stop. I was dizzy enough anyway. I could tell it was Darry though--- partly because of the voice and partly because Darry's always rough with me without meaning to be.

"I'm okay. Quit shaking me, Darry, I'm okay."

He stopped instantly. "I'm sorry."

He wasn't really. Darry isn't ever sorry for anything he does. It seems funny to me that he should look just exactly like my father and act exactly the opposite from him. My father was only forty when he died and he looked twenty-five and a lot of people thought

Darry and Dad were brothers instead of father and son. But they only looked alike--- my father was never rough with anyone without meaning to be.

Darry is six-feet-two, and broad-shouldered and muscular. He has dark-brown hair that kicks out in front and a slight cowlick in the back--- just like Dad's--- but Darry's eyes are his own. He's got eyes that are like two pieces of pale blue-green ice. They've got a determined set to them, like the rest of him. He looks older than twenty--- tough, cool, and smart. He would be real handsome if his eyes weren't so cold. He doesn't understand anything that is not plain hard fact. But he uses his head.

I sat down again, rubbing my cheek where I'd been slugged the most.

Darry jammed his fists in his pockets. "They didn't hurt you too bad, did they?"

They did. I was smarting and aching and my chest was sore and I was so nervous my hands were shaking and I wanted to start bawling, but you just don't say that to Darry.

"I'm okay."

Sodapop came loping back. By then I had figured that all the noise I had heard was the gang coming to rescue me. He dropped down beside me, examining my head.

"You got cut up a little, huh, Ponyboy?"

I only looked at him blankly. "I did?"

He pulled out a handkerchief, wet the end of it with his tongue, and pressed it gently against the side of my head. "You're bleedin' like a stuck pig."

"I am?"

"Look!" He showed me the handkerchief, reddened as if by magic. "Did they pull a blade on you?"

I remembered the voice: "Need a haircut, greaser?" The blade must have slipped while he was trying to shut me up. "Yeah."

Soda is handsomer than anyone else I know. Not like Darry--- Soda's movie-star kind of handsome, the kind that people stop on the street to watch go by. He's not as tall as Darry, and he's a little slimmer, but he has a finely drawn, sensitive face that somehow manages to be reckless and thoughtful at the same time. He's got dark-gold hair that he combs back--- long and silky and straight--- and in the summer the sun bleaches it to a shining wheat gold. His eyes are dark brown--- lively, dancing, recklessly laughing eyes that can be gentle and sympathetic one moment and blazing with anger the next. He has Dad's eyes, but Soda is one of a kind. He can get drunk in a drag race or dancing without ever getting near alcohol. In our neighborhood it's rare to find a kid who doesn't drink once in a while. But Soda never touches a drop--- he doesn't need to. He gets drunk on just plain living. And he understands everybody.

He looked at me more closely. I looked away hurriedly, because, if you want to know the truth, I was starting to bawl. I knew I was as white as I felt and I was shaking like a leaf.

Soda just put his hand on my shoulder. "Easy, Ponyboy. They ain't gonna hurt you no more."

"I know," I said, but the ground began to blur and I felt hot tears running down my cheeks. I brushed them away impatiently. "I'm just a little spooked, that's all." I drew a quivering breath and quit crying. You just don't cry in front of Darry. Not unless you're hurt like Johnny had been that day we found him in the vacant lot. Compared to Johnny I wasn't hurt at all.

Soda rubbed my hair. "You're an okay kid, Pony."

I had to grin at him--- Soda can make you grin no matter what. I guess it's because he's always grinning so much himself. "You're crazy, Soda, out of your mind."

Darry looked as if he'd like to knock our heads together. "You're both nuts."

Soda merely cocked one eyebrow, a trick he'd picked up from Two-Bit. "It seems to run in this family."

Darry stared at him for a second, then cracked a grin. Sodapop isn't afraid of him like everyone else and enjoys teasing him. I'd just as soon tease a full-grown grizzly; but for some reason, Darry seems to like being teased by Soda.

Our gang had chased the Socs to their car and heaved rocks at them. They came running toward us now--- four lean, hard guys. They were all as tough as nails and looked it. I had grown up with them, and they accepted me, even though I was younger, because I was Darry and Soda's kid brother and I kept my mouth shut good.

Steve Randle was seventeen, tall and lean, with thick greasy hair he kept combed in complicated swirls. He was tacky, smart, and Soda's best buddy since grade school. Steve's specialty was cars. He could lift a hubcap quicker and more quietly than anyone in the neighborhood, but he also knew cars upside-down and backward, and he could drive anything on wheels. He and Soda worked at the same gas station--- Steve part time and Soda full time--- and their station got more customers than any other in town. Whether that was because Steve was so good with cars or because Soda attracted girls like honey draws flies, I couldn't tell you. I liked Steve only because he was Soda's best friend. He didn't like me--- he thought I was a tag-along and a kid; Soda always took me with them when they went places if they weren't taking girls, and that bugged Steve. It wasn't my fault; Soda always asked me; I didn't ask him. Soda doesn't think I'm a kid.

Two-Bit Mathews was the oldest of the gang and the wisecracker of the bunch. He was about six feet tall, stocky in build, and very proud of his long rusty-colored sideburns. He had gray eyes and a wide grin, and he couldn't stop making funny remarks to save his life. You couldn't shut up that guy; he always had to get his two-bits worth in. Hence his name. Even his teachers forgot his real name was Keith, and we hardly remembered he had one. Life was one big joke to Two-Bit. He was famous for shoplifting and his black-handled switchblade (which he couldn't have acquired without

his first talent), and he was always smarting off to the cops. He really couldn't help it. Everything he said was so irresistibly funny that he just had to let the police in on it to brighten up their dull lives. (That's the way he explained it to me.) He liked fights, blondes, and for some unfathomable reason, school. He was still a junior at eighteen and a half and he never learned anything. He just went for kicks. I liked him real well because he kept us laughing at ourselves as well as at other things. He reminded me of Will Rogers--- maybe it was the grin.

If I had to pick the real character of the gang, it would be Dallas Winston--- Dally. I used to like to draw his picture when he was in a dangerous mood, for then I could get his personality down in a few lines. He had an elfish face, with high cheekbones and a pointed chin, small, sharp animal teeth, and ears like a lynx. His hair was almost white it was so blond, and he didn't like haircuts, or hair oil either, so it fell over his forehead in wisps and kicked out in the back in tufts and curled behind his ears and along the nape of his neck. His eyes were blue, blazing ice, cold with a hatred of the whole world. Dally had spent three years on the wild side of New York and had been arrested at the age of ten. He was tougher than the rest of us--- tougher, colder, meaner. The shade of difference that separates a greaser from a hood wasn't present in Dally. He was as wild as the boys in the downtown outfits, like Tim Shepard's gang.

In New York, Dally blew off steam in gang fights, but here, organized gangs are rarities--- there are just small bunches of friends who stick together, and the warfare is between the social classes. A rumble, when it's called, is usually born of a grudge fight, and the opponents just happen to bring their friends along. Oh, there are a few named gangs around, like the River Kings and the Tiber Street Tigers, but here in the Southwest there's no gang rivalry. So Dally, even though he could get into a good fight sometimes, had no specific thing to hate. No rival gang. Only Socs. And you can't win against them no matter how hard you try, because they've got all the breaks and even whipping them isn't going to change that fact. Maybe that was why Dallas was so bitter.

He had quite a reputation. They have a file on him down at the police station. He had been arrested, he got drunk, he rode in rodeos, lied, cheated, stole, rolled drunks,

jumped small kids--- he did everything. I didn't like him, but he was smart and you had to respect him.

Johnny Cade was last and least. If you can picture a little dark puppy that has been kicked too many times and is lost in a crowd of strangers, you'll have Johnny. He was the youngest, next to me, smaller than the rest, with a slight build. He had big black eyes in a dark tanned face; his hair was jet-black and heavily greased and combed to the side, but it was so long that it fell in shaggy bangs across his forehead. He had a nervous, suspicious look in his eyes, and that beating he got from the Socs didn't help matters. He was the gang's pet, everyone's kid brother. His father was always beating him up, and his mother ignored him, except when she was hacked off at something, and then you could hear her yelling at him clear down at our house. I think he hated that worse than getting whipped. He would have run away a million times if we hadn't been there. If it hadn't been for the gang, Johnny would never have known what love and affection are.

I wiped my eyes hurriedly. "Didya catch 'em?"

"Nup. They got away this time, the dirty..." Two-Bit went on cheerfully, calling the Socs every name he could think of or make up.

"The kid's okay?"

"I'm okay." I tried to think of something to say. I'm usually pretty quiet around people, even the gang. I changed the subject. "I didn't know you were out of the cooler yet, Dally."

"Good behavior. Got off early." Dallas lit a cigarette and handed it to Johnny. Everyone sat down to have a smoke and relax. A smoke always lessens the tension. I had quit trembling and my color was back. The cigarette was calming me down. Two-Bit cocked an eyebrow. "Nice-lookin' bruise you got there, kid."

I touched my cheek gingerly. "Really?"

Two-Bit nodded sagely. "Nice cut, too. Makes you look tough."

Tough and tuff are two different words. Tough is the same as rough; tuff means cool, sharp--- like a tuff-looking Mustang or a tuff record. In our neighborhood both are compliments.

Steve flicked his ashes at me. "What were you doin', walkin' by your lonesome?" Leave it to good old Steve to bring up something like that.

"I was comin' home from the movies. I didn't think..."

"You don't ever think," Darry broke in, "not at home or anywhere when it counts. You must think at school, with all those good grades you bring home, and you've always got your nose in a book, but do you ever use your head for common sense? No sirree, bub. And if you did have to go by yourself, you should have carried a blade."

I just stared at the hole in the toe of my tennis shoe. Me and Darry just didn't dig each other. I never could please him. He would have hollered at me for carrying a blade if I had carried one. If I brought home B's, he wanted A's, and if I got A's, he wanted to make sure they stayed A's. If I was playing football, I should be in studying, and if I was reading, I should be out playing football. He never hollered at Sodapop--- not even when Soda dropped out of school or got tickets for speeding. He just hollered at me.

Soda was glaring at him. "Leave my kid brother alone, you hear? It ain't his fault he likes to go to the movies, and it ain't his fault the Socs like to jump us, and if he had been carrying a blade it would have been a good excuse to cut him to ribbons."

Soda always takes up for me.

Darry said impatiently, "When I want my kid brother to tell me what to do with my other kid brother, I'll ask you-- kid brother." But he laid off me. He always does when Sodapop tells him to. Most of the time.

"Next time get one of us to go with you, Ponyboy," Two-Bit said. "Any of us will."

"Speakin' of movies"--- Dally yawned, flipping away his cigarette butt--- "I'm walkin' over to the Nightly Double tomorrow night. Anybody want to come and hunt some action?"

Steve shook his head. "Me and Soda are pickin' up Evie and Sandy for the game."

He didn't need to look at me the way he did right then. I wasn't going to ask if I could come. I'd never tell Soda, because he really likes Steve a lot, but sometimes I can't stand Steve Randle. I mean it. Sometimes I hate him.

Darry sighed, just like I knew he would. Darry never had time to do anything anymore. "I'm working tomorrow night."

Dally looked at the rest of us. "How about y'all? Two-Bit? Johnnycake, you and Pony wanta come?"

"Me and Johnny'll come," I said. I knew Johnny wouldn't open his mouth unless he was forced to. "Okay, Darry?"

"Yeah, since it ain't a school night." Darry was real good about letting me go places on the weekends. On school nights I could hardly leave the house.

"I was plannin' on getting boozed up tomorrow night," Two-Bit said. "If I don't, I'll walk over and find y'all."

Steve was looking at Dally's hand. His ring, which he had rolled a drunk senior to get, was back on his finger. "You break up with Sylvia again?"

"Yeah, and this time it's for good. That little broad was two-timin' me again while I was in jail."

I thought of Sylvia and Evie and Sandy and Two-Bit's many blondes. They were the only kind of girls that would look at us, I thought. Tough, loud girls who wore too much eye makeup and giggled and swore too much. I liked Soda's girl Sandy just fine,

though. Her hair was natural blond and her laugh was soft, like her china-blue eyes. She didn't have a real good home or anything and was our kind--- greaser--- but she was a real nice girl. Still, lots of times I wondered what other girls were like. The girls who were bright-eyed and had their dresses a decent length and acted as if they'd like to spit on us if given a chance. Some were afraid of us, and remembering Dallas Winston, I didn't blame them. But most looked at us like we were dirt--- gave us the same kind of look that the Socs did when they came by in their Mustangs and Corvairs and yelled "Grease!" at us. I wondered about them. The girls, I mean... Did they cry when their boys were arrested, like Evie did when Steve got hauled in, or did they run out on them the way Sylvia did Dallas? But maybe their boys didn't get arrested or beaten up or busted up in rodeos.

I was still thinking about it while I was doing my homework that night. I had to read *Great Expectations* for English, and that kid Pip, he reminded me of us--- the way he felt marked lousy because he wasn't a gentleman or anything, and the way that girl kept looking down on him. That happened to me once. One time in biology I had to dissect a worm, and the razor wouldn't cut, so I used my switchblade. The minute I flicked it out--- I forgot what I was doing or I would never have done it--- this girl right beside me kind of gasped, and said, "They are right. You are a hood." That didn't make me feel so hot. These were a lot of Socs in that class--- I get put into A classes because I'm supposed to be smart--- and most of them thought it was pretty funny. I didn't, though. She was a cute girl. She looked real good in yellow.

We deserve a lot of our trouble, I thought. Dallas deserves everything he gets, and should get worse, if you want the truth. And Two-Bit--- he doesn't really want or need half the things he swipes from stores. He just thinks it's fun to swipe everything that isn't nailed down. I can understand why Sodapop and Steve get into drag races and fights so much, though--- both of them have too much energy, too much feeling, with no way to blow it off.

"Rub harder, Soda," I heard Darry mumbling. "You're gonna put me to sleep."

I looked through the door. Sodapop was giving Darry a back-rub. Darry is always pulling muscles; he roofs houses and he's always trying to carry two bundles of roofing up the ladder. I knew Soda would put him to sleep, because Soda can put about anyone out when he sets his head to it. He thought Darry worked too hard anyway. I did, too.

Darry didn't deserve to work like an old man when he was only twenty. He had been a real popular guy in school; he was captain of the football team and he had been voted Boy of the Year. But we just didn't have the money for him to go to college, even with the athletic scholarship he won. And now he didn't have time between jobs to even think about college. So he never went anywhere and never did anything anymore, except work out at gyms and go skiing with some old friends of his sometimes.

I rubbed my cheek where it had turned purple. I had looked in the mirror, and it did make me look tough. But Darry had made me put a Band-Aid on the cut.

I remembered how awful Johnny had looked when he got beaten up. I had just as much right to use the streets as the Socs did, and Johnny had never hurt them. Why did the Socs hate us so much? We left them alone. I nearly went to sleep over my homework trying to figure it out.

Sodapop, who had jumped into bed by this time, yelled sleepily for me to turn off the light and get to bed. When I finished the chapter I was on, I did.

Lying beside Soda, staring at the wall, I kept remembering the faces of the Socs as they surrounded me, that blue madras shirt the blond was wearing, and I could still hear a thick voice: "Need a haircut, greaser?" I shivered.

"You cold, Ponyboy?"

"A little;" I lied. Soda threw one arm across my neck. He mumbled something drowsily. "Listen, kiddo, when Darry hollers at you... he don't mean nothin'. He's just got more worries than somebody his age ought to. Don't take him serious... you dig, Pony?"

Don't let him bug you. He's really proud of you 'cause you're so brainy. It's just because you're the baby--- I mean, he loves you a lot. Savvy?"

"Sure," I said, trying for Soda's sake to keep the sarcasm out of my voice.

"Soda?"

"Yeah?"

"How come you dropped out?" I never have gotten over that. I could hardly stand it when he left school.

" 'Cause I'm dumb. The only things I was passing anyway were auto mechanics and gym."

"You're not dumb."

"Yeah, I am. Shut up and I'll tell you something. Don't tell Darry, though."

"Okay."

"I think I'm gonna marry Sandy. After she gets out of school and I get a better job and everything. I might wait till you get out of school, though. So I can still help Darry with the bills and stuff."

"Tuff enough. Wait till I get out, though, so you can keep Darry off my back."

"Don't be like that, kid. I told you he don't mean half of what he says..."

"You in love with Sandy? What's it like?"

"Hhhmmm." He sighed happily. "It's real nice."

In a moment his breathing was light and regular. I turned my head to look at him and in the moonlight he looked like some Greek god come to earth. I wondered how he could stand being so handsome. Then I sighed. I didn't quite get what he meant about

Darry. Darry thought I was just another mouth to feed and somebody to holler at. Darry love me? I thought of those hard, pale eyes. Soda was wrong for once, I thought. Darry doesn't love anyone or anything, except maybe Soda. I didn't hardly think of him as being human. I don't care, I lied to myself, I don't care about him either. Soda's enough, and I'd have him until I got out of school. I don't care about Darry. But I was still lying and I knew it. I lie to myself all the time. But I never believe me.

Grade 8 Bearcat Day 21 ELA

21. Bearcat Day 21 4/20/2020 The Outsiders - Chapter 1 Quiz

* Required

Part 2: Multiple Choice

1. Ponyboy's parents (check all that apply) *

5 points

- were divorced
- were killed in an auto accident
- placed all three brothers up for adoption
- gave up raising them and moved away

2. The first time Ponyboy was jumped *

5 points

- his good friend Johnny saved him.
- the Socs nearly drowned him.
- his older brother Darry saved him.
- he escaped harm by running away



3. How are Ponyboy and his brothers different from other Hoods or Greasers. Choose four. *

5 points

Choose

4. According to Sodapop, why did Darry get upset with Ponyboy? *

5 points

- Pony wasted his time and earned poor grades
- Darry had to miss work to save Pony from the Socs
- Ponyboy reminded Darry of their deceased father
- Darry really loved Pony and had all the responsibility for Pony and the family.

5. Why was Ponyboy jumped on the way home from the movies. Pick two * 5 points

- Ponyboy went to the drive in with the Socs' girlfriend.
- Ponyboy was alone.
- Ponyboy was a Greaser.
- Ponyboy was a good fighter.
- Ponyboy left the Socials' gang for the Greasers' gang.



21. Bearcat Day 21 4/20/2020 Short Answer Required

Your email address (chrystal.rowland@anderson.kyschools.us) will be recorded when you submit this form. Not you? [Switch account](#)

* Required

Using RACE- How are Greasers and Socs alike and different. Use quoted textual evidence from chapter one to support your answers. * 25 points

Your answer

Name and Class Period (Capitalize where appropriate.)

Your answer

A copy of your responses will be emailed to chrystal.rowland@anderson.kyschools.us.

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Google Forms



Unit: Volume
Student Handout 2

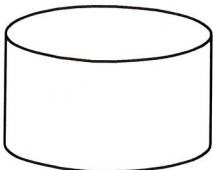
Name Answer Key

Date _____ Pd _____

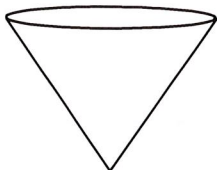
VOLUME OF CONES

EXAMPLE 1:

The cylinder and cone below have the same radius and the same height.



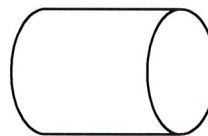
$$V = 120 \text{ IN.}^3$$



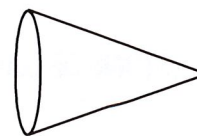
$$V = 40 \text{ IN.}^3$$

EXAMPLE 2:

The cylinder and cone below have the same radius and the same height.



$$V = 90 \text{ IN.}^3$$



$$V = 30 \text{ IN.}^3$$

Using the examples above, what do you notice about the volume of a cone compared to the volume of a cylinder with the same radius and the same height?

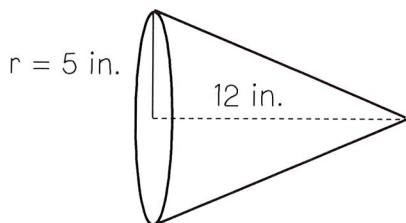
A cone has $\frac{1}{3}$ the volume of a cylinder with the same height and radius of the one.

VOLUME OF CONES

- The volume of a cone will always be $\frac{1}{3}$ the volume of a cylinder with the same height and radius.
- The formula for the volume of a cone is $V = \frac{1}{3}Bh$, or $V = \frac{Bh}{3}$.
- Since the base of a cone is a circle, the area of the base is found by using πr^2 .

Find the volume of each cone below. Use 3.14 for π .

1.

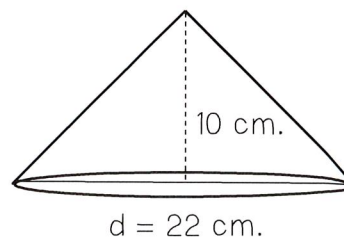


Formula: $V = \frac{1}{3}\pi r^2 h$

Plug in values: $V = \frac{1}{3}(3.14)(5^2)(12)$

Volume: 314 inches^3

2.



Formula: $V = \frac{1}{3}\pi r^2 h$

Plug in values: $V = \frac{1}{3}(3.14)(11^2)(10)$

Volume: $1,266.46 \text{ cm.}^3$

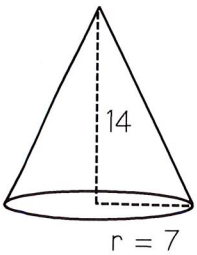
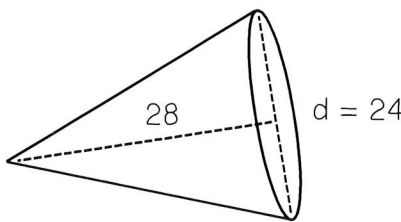
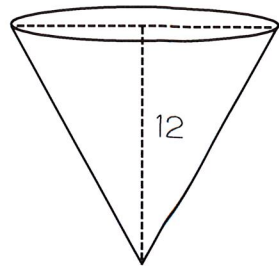
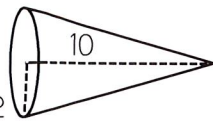
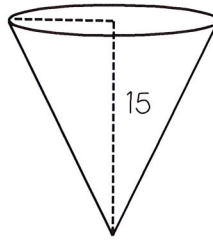
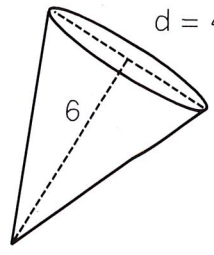
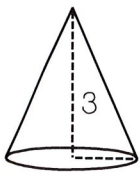
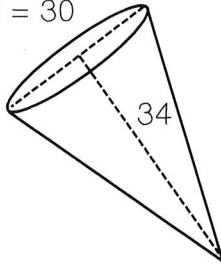
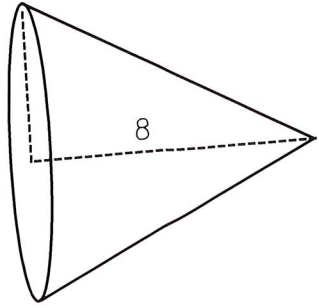
Unit: Volume
Homework 2

Name _____

Date _____ Pd _____

VOLUME OF CONES

Find the volume of each cone. Use 3.14 for π and round answers to the nearest tenth. Match each answer to a letter below to help you solve the riddle.

<p>1.</p> 	<p>2.</p> 	<p>3.</p> 
<p>4.</p> 	<p>5.</p> 	<p>6.</p> 
<p>7.</p> 	<p>8.</p> 	<p>9.</p> 

G 107.2 u^3	D 1271.7 u^3	O 623 u^3	T 379.9 u^3	E 7.1 u^3	A 25.1 u^3
E 4,220.2 u^3	S 718 u^3	H 209.3 u^3	U 21.3 u^3	P 321.6 u^3	I 8,007 u^3

WHY WOULD A PRISM BEAT A SPHERE IN A COMPETITION?

8 3 9 6 1 3 9 2 7 5 4 2

CENOZOIC ERA: 65 MYA--present

This era is divided into three periods, the Paleogene, the Neogene, and the Quaternary

PALEOGENE PERIOD: 65--23 MYA

AT THE DAWN of the Paleogene—the beginning of the Cenozoic era—dinosaurs, pterosaurs, and giant marine reptiles were conspicuously absent from the face of the Earth. Rodent-size (and perhaps larger) mammals emerged, suddenly free to fill the void. Over the next 42 million years, they grew in size, number, and diversity. As the period came to a close, life-forms still common today filled the seas, dominated the land, and had taken to the air.

Paleogene Climate

During the Paleogene the continents drifted farther apart, heading toward their modern positions. Oceans widened the gaps, Europe severed its last ties with North America, and Australia and Antarctica finally parted ways. As the climate significantly cooled and dried, sea levels continued to drop from late Cretaceous levels, draining most interior seaways.

The cooling and drying trend began in earnest following a sudden temperature spike about 55 million years ago. Sea surface temperatures rose between 9 and 14 degrees Fahrenheit (5 and 8 degrees Celsius) over a period of a few thousand years, killing off numerous single-celled marine organisms called foraminifera, along with some other invertebrates. This event also profoundly affected northern forests, previously full of deciduous hardwoods with sequoias and pines. The new, more humid subtropical conditions nurtured abundant palms and guavas. Land mammals responded in kind, radiating and diversifying into many new forms.

As the climate cooled and dried following the warming, forests gave way to open woodlands and grasslands in the northern hemisphere and started to support thundering herds of grazing mammals.

Fish filled in the oceans, food to fuel sharks, which were fast ruling the waters in the absence of the giant mosasaurs and plesiosaurs of the Cretaceous. Squid and other soft-bodied cephalopods replaced their shelled relatives, which once filled the middle rung on the food chain. Sea snails and bivalves that were similar to modern forms lurked on the ocean bottom. New types of foraminifera and sea urchins replaced those that had died off in earlier mass extinctions.

First Whales

But the biggest development in the seas was the appearance of whales in the mid- to late Paleogene. The huge animals evolved from land mammals that took to the seas.

Meanwhile, smaller reptiles that survived the Cretaceous, such as turtles, snakes, crocodiles, and lizards, basked in the tropical warmth along the coasts. Birds, the holdouts of the dinosaur age, diversified and flourished in the skies. But the rapidly evolving mammals stole the show. Starting from a fairly humble position 65 million years ago, primates, horses, bats, pigs, cats, and dogs had all evolved by the close of the period, 23 million years ago.

NEOGENE PERIOD: 23--2.6 MYA

From afar, [Earth](#) looked much as it does today when the Neogene period began. But looks are deceiving. [Mountains](#) rose, and sea levels fell. The climate cooled and dried. Species were forced to adapt or die.

Mountain Ranges

Though close to where they are today, the continents began the Neogene by crashing into each other. [India](#) continued its slow-moving collision with Asia, which had already started the giant push-up of the Himalaya that continues today. [Italy](#) pushed into Europe, giving rise to the Alps. [Spain](#) butted [France](#), and the Pyrenees rose. Faulting, stretching, thinning, and lifting created parts of the [Rocky](#), Sierra Nevada, and [Cascade](#) Mountains in North America. The high mountains altered air circulation and weather patterns, contributing to the drier and cooler climate.

The Arctic ice cap grew and thickened. Snow and ice fell on the high mountains, locking up water far from the oceans. Sea levels plummeted, exposing land bridges between Africa and Eurasia and between Eurasia and North America. Eventually, South America moved north and merged with North America, forming the Isthmus of [Panama](#).

Species Spread Out

The continental connections gave animals that had evolved in isolation access to new lands. [Elephants](#) and apes wandered from Africa to Eurasia. Rabbits, pigs, saber-toothed cats, and rhinos went to Africa. Elephants and rhinos continued across the Bering Strait to North America. Horses went the other way. Ground sloths migrated from South America to North America; [raccoons](#) scurried south. Even rodents may have hopped Pacific islands en route to [Australia](#) from Southeast Asia.

As the climate changed, many of the great forests that carpeted the continents from shore to shore and from Pole to Pole slowly gave way to [grasslands](#), a habitat more suited to the cooler and drier [weather](#). But that hardiness came with less nutrition. Plant-eating animals had to adapt in order to survive. [Horses](#) evolved stronger, enamel-protected teeth and flourished. So too did ruminants such as [bison](#), [camels](#), [sheep](#), and [giraffes](#), whose compartmentalized stomachs are well adapted to digesting grass. Many of the grazers were quick and roamed in herds—new tricks for survival out in the open. Their predators were also forced to adapt.

In the oceans, a new type of large brown algae, called kelp, latched onto rocks and corals in cool shallow waters, establishing a new habitat favored by sea otters and dugongs, a marine mammal related to the elephant. Sharks grew and dominated the seas once again. *Megalodon*, the biggest shark of all, was nearly 50 feet (15 meters) long.

Meanwhile on land, Asian and African apes diverged and then, several million years later, hominins split from their closest African ape ancestors, the [chimpanzees](#). Adapted to two-footed walking, early hominins dropped out of the trees and started to carry food and tools in their hands. These new species were poised to alter the planet unlike any other in the centuries to come.

QUATERNARY PERIOD: 2.6 MYA--Present

Climate change and the developments it spurs carry the narrative of the Quaternary, the most recent 2.6 million years of Earth's history. **Glaciers** advance from the Poles and then retreat, carving and molding the land with each pulse. **Sea levels fall and rise** with each period of freezing and thawing. Some mammals get massive, grow furry coats, and then disappear. Humans evolve to their modern form, traipse around the globe, and make a mark on just about every Earth system, including the climate.

p 3 of 5

A Changing Climate

At the start of the Quaternary, the continents were just about where they are today, slowly inching here and there as the forces of plate tectonics push and tug them about. But throughout the period, the planet has wobbled on its path around the sun. The slight shifts cause ice ages to come and go. By 800,000 years ago, a cyclical pattern had emerged: Ice ages last about 100,000 years followed by warmer interglacials of 10,000 to 15,000 years each. The last ice age ended about 10,000 years ago. Sea levels rose rapidly, and the continents achieved their present-day outline.

When the temperatures drop, ice sheets spread from the Poles and cover much of North America and Europe, parts of Asia and South America, and all of Antarctica. With so much water locked up as ice, sea levels fall. Land bridges form between the continents like the currently submerged connector across the Bering Strait between Asia and North America. The land bridges allow animals and humans to migrate from one landmass to another.

A Big Thaw

During warm spells, the ice retreats and exposes reshaped mountains striped with new rivers draining to giant basins like today's **Great Lakes**. Plants and animals that sought warmth and comfort toward the Equator return to the higher latitudes. In fact, each shift alters global winds and ocean currents that in turn alter patterns of precipitation and aridity around the world.

Since the outset of the Quaternary, whales and sharks have ruled the seas, topping a food chain with otters, seals, dugongs, fish, squid, crustaceans, urchins, and microscopic plankton filling in the descending rungs.

On land, the chilliest stretches of the Quaternary saw mammals like mammoths, rhinos, bison, and oxen grow massive and don shaggy coats of hair. They fed on small shrubs and grasses that grew at the ever moving edges of the ice sheets. About 10,000 years ago, the climate began to warm, and most of these so-called megafauna went extinct. Only a handful of smaller, though still impressively large, representatives remain, such as Africa's elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses.

Scientists are uncertain whether the warming climate is to blame for the extinction at the end of the last ice age. At the time, modern humans were rapidly spreading around the globe and some studies link the disappearance of the big mammals with the arrival of humans and their hunting ways.

In fact, the Quaternary is often considered the "**Age of Humans**." *Homo erectus* appeared in Africa at the start of the period, and as time marched on the hominid line evolved bigger brains and higher intelligence. The first modern humans evolved in Africa about 190,000 years ago and dispersed to Europe and Asia and then on to Australia and the Americas. Along the way the species has altered the composition of life in the seas, on land, and in the air—and now, scientists believe, we're causing the planet to warm.

Directions: Please answer the following questions from your reading on the Cenozoic Era.

1. The Cenozoic Era lasted from _____ mya to _____.
2. There are 3 periods in this era, they are the _____, the _____, & the _____.

Paleogene Period

3. The continents continued moving toward their _____ day positions.
4. The climate became _____ & _____.
5. This change in climate resulted in forests becoming more open _____ & _____ resulting in more grazing & herding animals in the North.
6. With the mosasaurs & plesiosaurs extinction in the seas, the new apex carnivore became the _____.
7. The next significant change to the oceans were the appearance of _____ which are believed to have evolved from land animals (the hooved mammals, remember??).
8. Surviving the end of the Mesozoic, reptiles similar to today's reptiles loved the warm _____, _____ took over the skies, & _____ evolved quickly to cover the continents.

Neogene Period

9. As the forces of nature kept working, many mountain ranges began to form. Give at least 3 examples:
10. The mountains altered _____ patterns causing a _____ & _____ climate and sea levels _____ exposing land bridges (between _____ & Eurasia and between Eurasia & _____).
11. Due to the land bridges, where did some of the land mammals move to in search of a new home? (Give at least 3 examples).

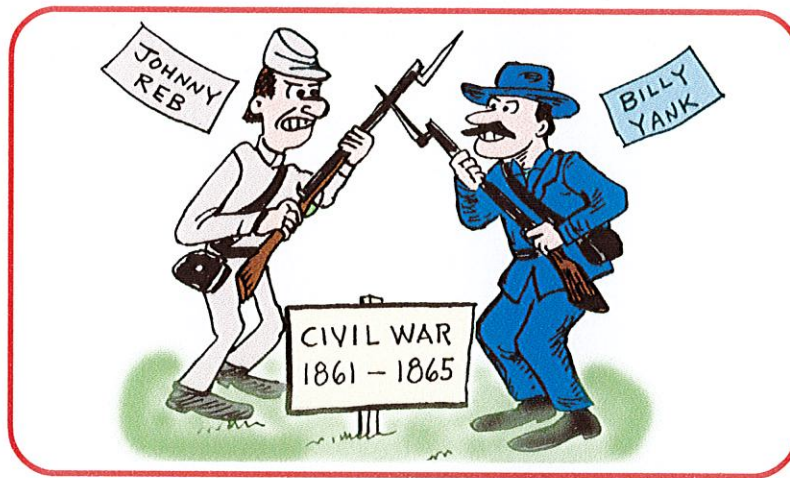
12. As the climate continued to dry & cool, the forests became _____ and the animals had to evolve - Give 2 examples of animal adaptations to this new land.

Quaternary Period

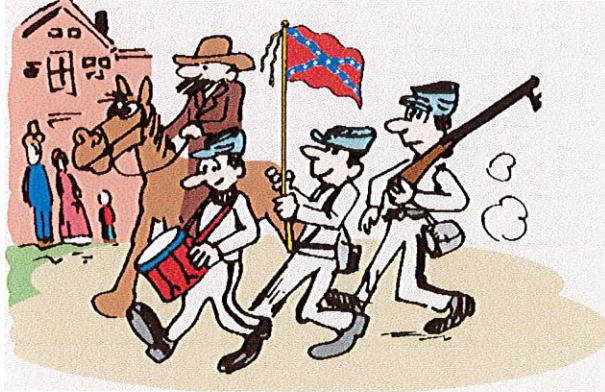
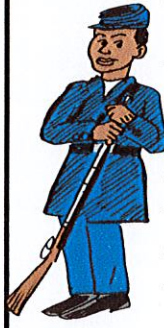
13. The Quaternary period is from _____ million year ago (mya) to the _____.
14. The slight wobble of the earth has caused _____ to appear and melt.
15. When the ice sheets formed they covered a lot of land so sea levels dropped resulting in _____ allowing creatures to migrate from one land mass to another.
16. About _____ years ago, the climate warmed and the big mammals of this time (mammoths, mastodons, saber-toothed cats) became extinct.
17. The Quaternary is often called the “ Age of _____ ”.

21-8 ★ THE CIVIL WAR: AN OVERVIEW, 1861-1865

Black soldiers “have proved themselves among the bravest of the brave, performing deeds of daring and shedding their blood with a heroism unsurpassed by any other race.”—Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton



How would you evaluate the strengths and weaknesses of each side? What predictions would you make about the length of the war? What generalization, or summary, would you make about the North's eventual victory?

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA	UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
POPULATION	
◆ 11 states: 9 million people, including 3.5 million slaves	◆ 23 states: 22 million people
ARMIES	
<p>◆ CONFEDERATE ARMY: 600,000 to 1,500,000 total, according to estimates (There are no exact statistics because the Confederate archives in Richmond were destroyed by fire.)</p>  <p>◆ AFRICAN-AMERICANS: Not until March 13, 1865, did the Confederate government open the army to blacks. It was too late. The Confederacy surrendered on April 9, 1865.</p>	<p>◆ UNION ARMY: 2,128,948 total (In 1861 the entire United States Army consisted of only 16,350 men.)</p> <p>◆ AFRICAN-AMERICANS: 178,895 total (134,111 from slave states), 21 Congressional Medal of Honor recipients</p> <p>◆ In 1863 the all-black 54th Regiment from Massachusetts performed with great valor at the Battle of Fort Wagner. Lincoln defended the use of blacks in the military:</p> <p>“You say you will not fight to free Negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you. [After victory] there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue and clenched teeth, and steady eye and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while, I fear, there will be some white ones, unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they strove to hinder it.”</p> 
NAVIES	
◆ The Confederacy had no real navy, only a few cruisers. It relied on privateers to run the Union blockade of the 3,500-mile southern coast.	<p>◆ 42 ships in 1861; 671 ships in 1864</p> <p>◆ 84,415 white sailors; 29,000 black sailors</p>

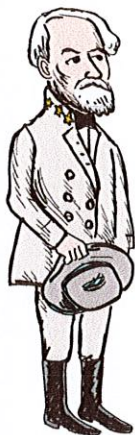
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILITARY LEADERS

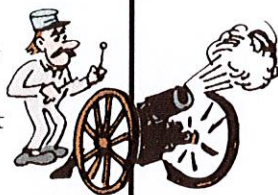
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
of Virginia

Commander, Army of Northern Virginia



I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South its dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.

- General Pierre G.T. Beauregard
- General Braxton Bragg
- General Simon Bolivar Buckner
- General Jubal Early
- General Nathan Bedford Forrest
- General Ambrose P. Hill
- General John Bell Hood
- General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson
- General Albert Sidney Johnston
- General Joseph E. Johnston
- General James Longstreet
- General John C. Pemberton
- General J.E.B. (Jeb) Stuart



LIEUTENANT GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT
of Illinois

Commander, All Northern Armies



"Bobby Lee, Bobby Lee, he'll do this, that, and the other." I'm tired of hearing about Bobby Lee. You'd think he was going to do a double somersault and land in our rear. Quit thinking about what he's going to do to you and think about what you're going to do to him.

- General Don Carlos Buell
- General Ambrose E. Burnside
- General Benjamin F. Butler
- Admiral David G. Farragut
- General Henry W. Halleck
- General Joseph Hooker
- General Irvin McDowell
- General George B. McClellan
- General George G. Meade
- General William S. Rosecrans
- General Winfield Scott
- General Philip Sheridan
- General William Tecumseh Sherman

STRATEGY

- ◆ Capture Washington, D.C., the Union capital
- ◆ Seize central Pennsylvania
- ◆ Divide Northwest and Northeast
- ◆ Gain recognition of Confederacy's independence

- ◆ Capture Richmond, the Confederate capital
- ◆ Blockade the South
- ◆ Split the Confederacy by gaining control of the Mississippi River

ADVANTAGES

- ◆ Outstanding generals, many of whom had fought in the Mexican War
- ◆ Strong military tradition
- ◆ Strong motivation—fighting to preserve way of life
- ◆ Fighting on home ground—knew the territory
- ◆ Skilled with guns and horses because of rural experiences
- ◆ Cotton could be exchanged on world market for weapons and manufactured goods

- ◆ Superior leadership of Abraham Lincoln
- ◆ Larger population
- ◆ Military power—a five-to-two advantage in men available to fight
- ◆ Industrial power; more manufactured goods
- ◆ Greater wealth
- ◆ Three-fourths more railroads
- ◆ Two-thirds more farm acreage
- ◆ Controlled shipping

DISADVANTAGES

- ◆ Autocratic leadership of Jefferson Davis
- ◆ Inflation: printed paper money that lost its value because of no hard currency (gold/silver), called specie, backing it
- ◆ Inferior numbers in men, money, and machinery
- ◆ State sovereignty yielded to national sovereignty in order to conduct the war

- ◆ Weak motivation—not fighting for a cause
- ◆ Unaggressive officers—failed to press advantages
- ◆ Far from home base—resulting in poor communications and a long supply line
- ◆ 3,500-mile enemy coastline—hard to blockade
- ◆ Vast land—could conquer but not hold territory
- ◆ European aid to Confederacy

Disease Vocabulary

Define the following words:

1. Virus
2. Bacteria
3. Heredity
4. Allergen
5. Disease
6. Pathogen
7. Communicable Disease
8. Antibiotic
9. Non-Communicable Disease
10. Immune System
11. Lymphocyte
12. Antigen
13. Benign
14. Malignant
15. Contagious

Soft Skills

What are they?

Soft Skills: Defined

*Soft skills refer to a cluster of *personal qualities, habits, attitudes and social graces* that make someone a good employee and compatible to work with.

*Unlike hard skills, which tend to be specific to a certain type of task, *soft skills are broadly applicable*.

Soft Skills: Examples of Interpersonal Attributes



Interpersonal abilities

Empathy

Self-confidence

Leadership

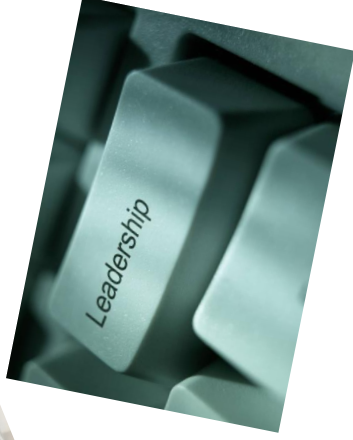
Communication

Teamwork

Good manners

Ability to teach

Works well with diversity



Soft Skills: Examples of Personal Attributes

Personal Attributes:

- Optimism
- Responsibility
- Sense of humor
- Integrity
- Motivation
- Common Sense
- Time management

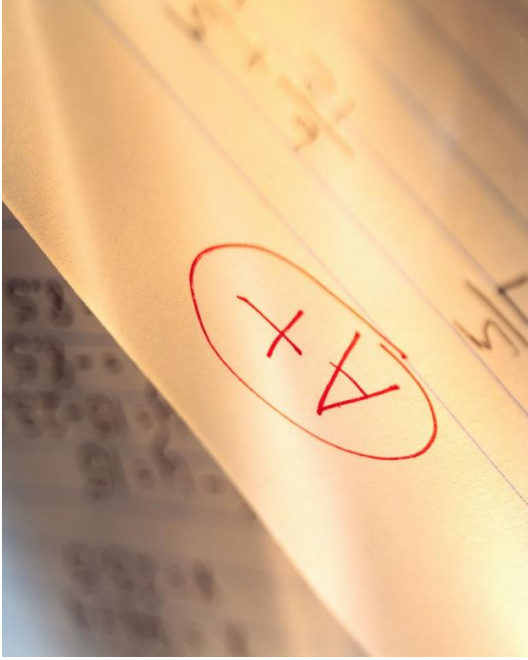


It's often said that hard skills will get you an interview
but ***you need soft skills to get (and keep!) the job.***

IQ

We live in a society that measures intelligence (IQ) through quantifiable metrics

You complete the assignments, come to class, learn the concepts, and you get an “A”



EI

In the workplace, most compliments will deal more with the use of ***soft skills*** (EI – Emotional Intelligence) than your actual knowledge about a particular situation.

Customers appreciate a “willingness to help” or the fact that you “listened to my complaint.”



Good Soft Skills....

Will help you **STAND OUT** in a crowd of mediocrity.



Workforce Profile (www.workforce.com)

There are 60 soft skills that employers look for when hiring employees.

Do you have these



Skill #3: Courtesy

Good Manners

Considerate Behavior

Polite

Being kind & empathetic

Thank you notes!



#7: Flexibility

The ability to adapt to new situations quickly

The ability to change or be changed according to situations or circumstances



#8: Team Skills



Do you know how to work effectively in groups?

Do you listen effectively?

Do you understand the value of diverse thought?

In the Workplace

Soft Skills - What are they?

1. Soft skills are a cluster of _____ that make someone a good employee and compatible to work with
2. Hard skills are _____ to certain tasks and soft skills are _____
3. Examples of **interpersonal attributes** are _____
4. Examples of **personal attributes** are _____
5. IQ measures _____
6. EI measures _____ which is a soft skill.
7. There are _____ soft skills that employers look for when hiring employees.
8. Examples of #3 (courtesy) is _____
9. An example of #7 (flexibility) is _____
10. _____ is knowing how to work and listen effectively in groups