

# IMPRESSIVE INFERENCE

1. Give each student a copy of a poem.
2. Students will read the poem and complete the “Impressive Inference” sheet.
3. Display the sheets with the poems stapled on top of the “Impressive Inference” sheet so that others can read, infer, and check their inferences.

I use some of the more difficult poems to model this over the course of several days and then copy the more age-appropriate poems for students. I also like to use 8-10 poems so that students can share ideas with a partner who has the same poem as them if they get stuck.

## HAPPY INFERRING!



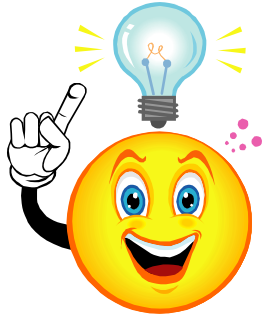
The poems come from the site:

<http://www.angelfire.com/md/byme/guesswhat/guesswhat.html>

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# Impressive Inferences

Inference made by:

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I infer that my poem is about:

Clues from the poem that helped me infer:

Things I already knew that helped me infer:

Here's a picture of what my poem is about:

## Catch Me If You Can

When somebody hits me,  
a crowd always cheers.  
I don't understand it,  
but it brings me to tears.

It thrills people silly  
to throw me around  
and make me go bouncing  
across the hard ground.

What have I done  
to deserve this cruel fate?  
I've gone from just mad  
to completely irate!

I'm battered by bats  
just to make the crowd shout.  
I am sick of this game-  
it's not safe, I want out!

What Am I?

## Holding It Together

I hang out in a little hole in the wall.  
I'm sharp but I'm also blunt.  
And if you drive me home, I promise  
I'll stay there as long as you want.

Although you can easily move me around,  
It's my job to keep things in place.  
Lots of stuff would fall down if I didn't exist,  
but luckily, that's not the case.

There are plenty of things you can hang on me,  
like pictures and clocks and your coat.  
There are even more things you can build with me,  
like a house or a chair or a boat.

Sometimes I get a pounding headache  
from you hammering away at me.  
But I don't get mad. If I did you would see -  
I'd be fighting you tooth and nail.

What Am I?

## Presto, Change-o

I'm a powerful stick,  
I'm a masterful thing.  
I go "poof" and a flower  
turns into a ring.

I go "zap" and a bunny's  
a small, yellow bird.  
I can change anything  
with just one magic word.

Being magic is grand  
and the crowd loves my work.  
They say "ooooh" and sigh "aaaaah"  
and the kids go berserk!

It's a wonderful gig  
and I'll never regret it,  
but that silly magician  
takes all of the credit!

What Am I?

## Fitting In

I fit inside your door just right  
wherever you reside.  
But put me in your neighbor's door  
and you'll still be outside.

There's just one hole that I fit in  
made especially for me.  
There's just one door, one safe,  
one skate and one locked diary,

which makes me feel real special.  
like I am one of a kind.  
Of course, sometimes folks copy me  
in case I'm hard to find.

I share a ring with others  
of my type; I'm rarely single.  
But that's okay 'cause when we  
touch each other, then we jingle.

What Am I?

## The Cold, Hard Facts

Sometimes I'm very square  
and sometimes I'm very hard.

But heat me up and soon  
I've melted like a tub of lard.

I look excellent in glasses,  
I look lovely in a tray.  
And with me inside your cooler  
you can picnic all darn day.

When kids fall down in football  
I make sure their wounds don't swell.  
And when someone has a bloody lip  
I comfort them as well.

You can eat me when I'm solid.  
You can drink me when I'm not.  
And although I suffer freezer burn,  
I'm not what you'd call hot.

What Am I?

## Down For The Count

It's hard to get too close to me,  
'cause you'd have to break the rules.  
But you can knock me down real hard  
just like those other fools.

I'll spare you all the details,  
of how much it hurts to fall.  
I'll just say this; I hate that big old  
heavy, round black ball.

I have nine friends around me  
which is really a great feeling,  
until that mean ball rolls at us  
and sends us all a-reeling.

I consider myself a stand-up guy,  
which is why my life seems so unfair.  
But despite all my troubles, I still always laugh  
at those ugly shoes you have to wear!

What Am I?

## Your Pace Or Mine?

I don't come out of my shell very often  
'cause it takes me 'bout half the day.  
And I'll never be thrilled about traveling  
until I find a faster way.

For me, crossing over a speed bump  
is like you trekking 'cross the state.  
And I never can keep an appointment,  
'cause I'm always 'bout three days late.

If you raced me against a turtle,  
I'd still have no fair chance of winning.  
He'd zoom right past the finish line  
but I'd still be back at the beginning.

It's a leisurely life, but it has its drawbacks.  
It's a jungle out there when you're slow.  
And if I could just run about 20 times faster,  
there'd be no more escargot.

What Am I?

## Fear of Frying

The story of my life is sad,  
But I'll tell you, if you like.  
I was born dirt poor in the richest soil  
in a town called Spudsville Pike.

One day I got snatched away from my home  
and then thrown in the back of a truck.  
My eyes could see life on the road was not easy,  
so I smiled and wished myself luck.

I knew that I'd be a success in the world,  
no matter what trials lay ahead.  
I was told that the world would butter me up  
But boy, what a line I'd been fed!

I knew life had taken a turn for the worst  
when I first saw those golden arches.  
Now my hope for the future is fried just because I am  
one of your favorite starches!

What Am I?

## I've Been Set Up!

I come in all shapes and sizes,  
including the smallest; a "pup".  
But unlike the pup that you keep as a pet,  
I will never get big or grow up.

Huge versions of me are called "big tops",  
when I'm housing bears, llamas and clowns.  
And when I'm a big top I feel like a big shot  
'cause I'm welcome in all the cool towns.

Most often I'm taken on camping trips  
that's my favorite thing to do.  
I love the outdoors, even though my whole purpose  
is to keep the outdoors from you.

I keep out the rain and the skunks and the bugs,  
while you sing a nice campfire song.  
Just keep me away from those mean grizzly bears -  
I'm strong but I'm not *that* strong.

What Am I?

## The "Dating" Scene

You can sit me on a desk  
or you can hang me on a wall.  
Sometimes I'm big and colorful,  
sometimes I'm plain and small.

People always want to change me.  
I get flipped and ripped a lot,  
just 'cause I keep such good track of  
appointments that they've got.

But though my days are numbered  
my future's not so bleak.  
Some things I can count on to never change,  
like my months and my days of the week.

My popularity has always been  
a subject of many debates  
Because no matter how good or bad I look,  
I always have hundreds of dates.

What Am I?

## It All Adds Up

People are always pushing my buttons  
which is actually quite a plus,  
because if I didn't have so much time to divide  
I'd probably make quite a fuss.

Everything adds up perfectly  
when I'm brought on the scene,  
especially if you're well aware  
what all my buttons mean.

Because not all buttons are equal, you know;  
The x is a sign of the times,  
the check's the square root of all my problems  
and the dot is the cent sign for dimes.

I can sit on your desk, or fit in your pocket,  
you can use me at home or at school.  
But the best thing about me is I'm always right  
even when in the hands of a fool.

What Am I?

## Your Lap Dog

You all just want to use me,  
then throw me away.  
I don't like being treated  
in such a cruel way.

You think that I'm worthy  
to sit on your lap,  
or up on your table  
like a regular chap,

but then all the sudden  
you wipe stuff on me  
and I'm dirty and crumpled  
and mad as can be.

But the biggest insult,  
the far worst of the issues  
is when you use me  
when you're out of real tissues.

What Am I?

## Sitting Pretty

I am very important  
and I'm very excited!  
I'm in love with myself  
and I don't plan to hide it.

I've got beautiful legs  
and such lovely, strong arms.  
Nobody's behind  
is immune to my charms.

My soft, fluffy cushions  
are often admired  
and my curvy, sleek back  
is just right when you're tired.

I've been dripped on and spilled on  
and chewed by a mouse  
But I'll still always be  
the best seat in the house!

What Am I?

## It's A Dirty Job...

I don't like to make sweeping statements,  
but dirt is the scum of the earth.  
I hate it! I hate it! I've hated all dirt  
since the moment of my fateful birth.

I try really hard to get rid of it all,  
from the crumbs to the sand to the litter.  
Whether inside or outside, I brush it away;  
and it makes my heart go patter-pitter.

But most of the time I just stand in the corner,  
very anxious to fight the good fight.  
If I had my way, all the dirt in this world  
would just 'poof', disappear overnight!

Of course, then I wouldn't have much to do.  
I'd be bored as a fellow can get.  
Unless some old, daredevil witch came along  
and used me as her personal jet!

What Am I?

## Cracking Up

Crabs have me and snails have me  
and turtles have me too.  
Peanuts have me and eggs have me  
but I'm not the part that you chew.

I crack under pressure, but that's quite alright.  
'Cause it makes me feel open and free.  
Besides, what's inside me is often more fun than  
the outward protection you see.

Sometimes it's the same way with people, they think  
that they need me when they are real shy.  
But once they break through me and bravely come  
out,  
they find that their limit's the sky.

Whether I am protecting a vulnerable life  
or just lounging around by the sea  
I know I'm important 'cause folks even named  
a big gas station chain after me!

What Am I?

## Raised Right

You often see me waving,  
but not "hi" or "goodbye".  
You often see me flying  
but I'm not free in the sky.

I have many strange designs  
but the one I like the best  
has stars and stripes, red, white and blue;  
much nicer than the rest.

I watch over this great land of  
all the brave, the true, the free.  
There's even a June holiday  
named specially for me.

When people talk to me, they  
put their hand over their heart.  
Then they pledge allegiance to me,  
Boy, Americans are smart!

What Am I?

## A Taste of The Good Life

My most admirable quality is  
I have fantastic taste.  
That is, until some little kid,  
decides to dine on paste.

When I'm quiet people always ask  
if a cat's got a hold of me.  
But that's silly - most cats have their own...  
they don't need two or three.

Selling seashells by the seashore  
often makes me rather twisted.  
But give me a pickled pepper  
and I simply can't resist it.

When I take a trip to the candy store  
life's at its very best.  
But when I go to the doctor,  
I always get depressed.

What Am I?

## Power Hungry

Without me and my energy,  
your radio wouldn't play.  
Your flashlight would be useless,  
it could never light the way.

Many of your favorite toys  
would sit there like a rock.  
And you'd never know what time it is  
without me in your clock.

Your tape recorder wouldn't keep  
a word that you had said.  
Your parents' car would never start  
(just like when I play dead.)

I don't usually like to gamble,  
but I would bet big money,  
that without me there would not have been  
an energizer bunny.

What Am I?

## Cents and Cents-Ability

I'm pitched and I'm pinched and  
and I'm saved and I'm earned.

I get lost , I get found  
but I'm rarely returned.

I make wishes come true  
when I'm tossed in a well.  
And I'm all that thoughts cost,  
but they're still a tough sell.

There's a Lane named for me  
in a cool Beatles song.  
Of course, girls have been named after me  
all along.

I look great in a loafer  
but I make a cheap tip.  
And when I must make hard decisions,  
I flip.

What Am I?

## Feeling Tied Down

When I was born, I was little  
and perfectly flat.

Now I'm big, round and puffy;  
(or some might say fat.)

When I was born, I was free;  
Not a thing held me down.  
Now I'm bound to a string  
which is bound to a clown.

When I was born, I was sure  
that I'd float through the air.  
But that dream has deflated,  
and it's just not fair!

When I was born, I was brave.  
Nothing hurt me at first.  
Now I'm so scared of pins,  
I'm afraid I might burst!

What Am I?

## Making the Grade

Whenever a teacher announces,  
that I'll prob'ly be coming real soon,  
Kids scramble for books, study 'specially hard,  
Cause they don't want to look like a goon.

Sometimes when a kid takes me home,  
I'm displayed proudly up on a shelf.  
But other kids don't give me credit it all,  
but I don't give out credit myself.

You have to earn what you get from me,  
I'm an honest reflection of you.  
Your teacher writes down some big letters all based  
on your work and the answers you knew.

So whether I'm covered with A's or with D's,  
and whether you've passed or you've failed,  
Just remember, not bringing me home doesn't work,  
because hey, I can always be mailed.

What Am I?

## Slot Machine?

I'm sitting on your countertop,  
I'm watching you walk by.  
And I'm wondering if we don't deserve a toast,  
just you and I.

I've lived here since the day you  
took your vows as a new a bride.  
And whenever something new pops up  
you're right there by my side.

You appreciate my talents-  
not too dark and not too light.  
I do everything I can  
to make sure things come out just right.

My ego's not on *overheat*,  
I don't have a big head...  
But I must confess, I think I am  
the best thing since sliced bread.

What am I?

## Just Call Me Mo

People either push me around.  
or they spend the day trying to ride me.  
It's not that I'm wimpy, or spineless,  
I just tend to keep lots of stuff inside me.

Just pull my string and I'll grumble real loud  
while I gobble that green stuff outside.  
The entire street hears me, and little kids fears me,  
but the very worst blow to my pride

is that after you've used me, you lock me away  
in a dark, smelly, boring tool shed.  
And the rake next to me, he keeps looking at me  
like he wants me to choke and play dead.

I want out of here - I'm so happy when I  
get to stuff my big stomach with grass.  
'Course after I've eaten 'bout half of your lawn  
I tend to get filled up with gas!

What Am I?