Artifact 1: Measles In Indiana video

Artifact 2:
https://www.pressclubinstitute.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/edtoon10-5-300x250.jpg




Artifact 3:

## The Devil is a Gentleman by Merci Raines

[Verse 1]
He don't always come at midnight
Burnin' red and talking sin
But he knows how to play it just right
If you gonna let him in

Sleek along and brings you roses
He's always got the words to say
Just enough so you don't notice
That you ain't nothing but his prey

[Pre-Chorus]
Sometimes the worst of 'em have the best disguises
He'll go as far as it takes to stay in hiding

[Chorus]
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman

'Bout the devil
Don't you know 'bout the devil

[Verse 2]
Think you know just where to find him
High atop his fiery throne
But it's the places you ain't lookin'
That he likes to make his home

Might be the sharpest dressed on Sunday
Sing the loudest in the choir
But by the time he gets to Monday
He's had his hands back in the fire

[Pre-Chorus]
Sometimes the worst of 'em have the best disguises
He'll go as far as it takes to stay in hiding
[Chorus]
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman

'Bout the devil
Don't you know 'bout the devil

'Bout the devil
Don't you know 'bout the devil
He's a gentleman
'Bout the devil
Don't you know 'bout the devil
Ooh, don't you know, don't you know
'Bout the devil, he's a gentleman

Artifact 4:

POETRY FOUNDATION

# Perhaps the World Ends Here

BY JOY HARJO

The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter what, we must eat to live.

The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table. So it has been since creation, and it will go on.

We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies teethe at the corners. They scrape their knees under it.

It is here that children are given instructions on what it means to be human. We make men at it, we make women.

At this table we gossip, recall enemies and the ghosts of lovers.

Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their arms around our children. They laugh with us at our poor falling-down selves and as we put ourselves back together once again at the table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella in the sun.

Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a place to hide in the shadow of terror. A place to celebrate the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table, and have prepared our parents for burial here.

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow. We pray of suffering and remorse. We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table, while we are laughing and crying, eating of the last sweet bite.

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Copyright Credit: "Perhaps the World Ends Here" from *The Woman Who Fell From the Sky* by Joy Harjo.