

Through shade upon shade of aquamarine and sapphire,
 Set below burnished gold,
 Hand upon helpful fin, and skin to silky skin,
 In joyful oneness with their graceful strength,
 I swam with gentle dolphins.

Trudging and staggering, coldly determined,
 Through whirling white and glacial glitter,
 Across crystal chasms and frozen floes,
 Ploughing through shifting drifts of snow upon snow,
 I journeyed to the Pole.

As I blasted off to the violent vastness of space,
 It came for me, creeping on stealthy feet; Drawing me back
 to my shadowed pillow. A stricken statue of terror,
 Shaken by my heart's tumultuous beat.

A sighing drone, a grumbling groan,
 A growling voice – trying to talk?
 A rattling, rumbling, drawn-out moan
 (Good morning! It's time for my walk!)

With a jump and a bump and a slithering slump,
 I could feel his hot breath on my head!
 Not a ghoul with a curse, not a monster, or worse...
 Just my dog, jumping on my bed!

Look carefully at the poem.

Search for the following linguistic devices, keeping a tally of the number of times the author uses that trick.

Simile	
Metaphor	
Alliteration	
Rhyme	
Personification	
Repetition	

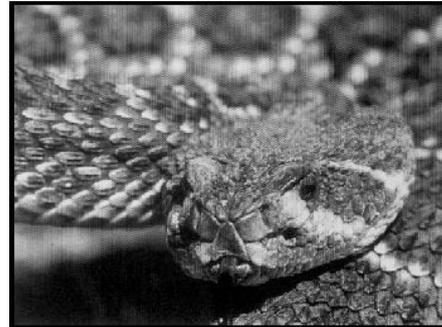
FIND OUT
 What is the most common device used in this poem?

.....



SNAKE

by D.H. Lawrence



*A snake came to my water-trough
 day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
 To drink there.*

On a hot, hot

*In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
 I came down the steps with my pitcher
 And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough
 before me.*

*He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
 And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge
 of the stone trough
 And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
 And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
 He sipped with his straight mouth,
 Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
 Silently. . .*

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black;
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice a dream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the bank of my wall-face.

© Snake by D.H. Lawrence.

Questions on the poem Snake

1. In what kind of setting does this poem take place?

Use details from the poem to help explain your answer.

How many points do you think you need to make here? This is a clarifying / retrieval type of question

2 marks

2. The poet looks at the snake with admiration and wonder.

Explain how he conveys these feelings. Work out what convey could mean. Does it matter? Read on...

In your answer you should comment on:

- how he describes the snake
- his reactions to it
- the movement and rhythm of the poem.

So 3 marks means what you think - (Point) ; the words in the poem to back up what you say (Evidence) ; and explain why this evidence backs up what you think (Explain) 3 marks

Find Me

The boy caressed the rusty key in his palm. Hours had passed, scouring this unknown territory: a waste of time until he found this reward, this trophy. With the eagerness of an archaeologist he rubbed away at the encrusted dirt until his grimy fingers revealed two words, inscribed on the key's shaft - "Find Me".

The instant he stepped foot into the house again, all his senses marvelled at the uniqueness of the Manor. The sinewy fingers of stale pipe tobacco smoke crawled up into his nostrils, and the irritating sound of creaking chafed at his eardrums as he pounded the wooden floorboards searching for hidden curiosities.

His mother had sunk into poverty since her husband had died in The Great War. A hardworking and trustworthy woman, she was fortunate to have been given the position of housekeeper by the owners of Pensfort Manor whilst they were travelling. Her son, an exuberant nine year old, short for his age but fearless nonetheless, was delirious to find himself free to roam the many formal gardens, orchards and wildernesses surrounding the Manor and play to his heart's content within the walls of the ambling house.

Nimbly traversing the many corridors, the boy wandered into a room, yet undiscovered, and pondered over its impressive paintings with elaborate gilt frames which looked to him centuries old. Someone tapped him on the back - it was a delicate touch, more that of a child than an adult, but surely not his mother's. There it was again, a gentle prod, undoubtedly real, for he felt fingernails pierce his shirt.

He wove around to face a life sized portrait of a girl - she had flowing golden locks, peaceful blue eyes but a sad pale face full of longing and loneliness. In the background of the painting was a decaying oak door with a rusting lock...

The girl moved! He could swear on it. She seemed to be clawing at his hand - why? He spread out his palm: of course, the key! She smiled but her eyes were bulging with hunger as she beckoned him hypnotically to come forward. The girl pointed eagerly to the lock in the door behind her; as he slid the key into it, a huge wave of light flooded out of the painting, engulfing him and his screams for help.

"Son?" his mother called to him. No response. "Son?" All day she had searched every inch of the house in vain desperation before she remembered the deserted corridor of rooms the owners of the house had told her not to disturb. Her heart pounded as she retraced the boy's boot prints on the dusty floorboards. On entering the room, her eyes followed the footprints leading curiously up to the gloomy picture of the girl; she recoiled in horror as her eyes took in the scene before her: the girl's pale hand rested on the shoulder of a new companion, one that was not meant to be there...her son.

Read the words in context in order to figure out what they mean. NO DICTIONARY!

Scouring	encrusted	inscribed	chafed	poverty
Exuberant	delirious	ambling	undiscovered	elaborate
Nimbly	traversing	undoubtedly	decaying	engulfing

Vocabulary questions:

1. The 'un' prefix is used on two words – what effect does this have on the word?
2. Can you think of another word for exuberant?

Retrieval of information questions:

What are the two words inscribed on the key?

How old is the boy in the story?

What colour eyes does the girl in the portrait have?

How did boy's father die?

Inference questions

How do you know that the owner of the manor smoked a pipe?

Why was his mother given the job at the manor?

Put the events of the story in order from 1 -5

The boy is tapped on the shoulder.	
The boy finds a key.	
His mother finds him trapped in a painting.	
He finds a portrait of a lonely looking girl.	
The boy puts the key in the lock.	

Blitz story - not so brave after all

It started as any other ordinary evening - if you could call bombings, air-raid sirens, rationing and devastation ordinary, that is. When the piercing wail of the air-raid sirens filled the skies, we knew exactly what to do. We may have been living through the Blitz, but for us, life was ordinary - we didn't know any different.

At five o'clock I stood at my window and watched the street below. The occasional car whizzed past and children clung to their mother's skirts as they rushed to be indoors before night shrouded the streets in its velvet blanket. Above the rooftops of the houses across the road, darkness seemed to rise in a fury. It quickly became apparent that it wasn't night that was approaching, but a thick, black smoke which rapidly filled the air and consumed everything within its reach. Fire. Burning. Something was wrong.

Before long, the sinister wail of air-raid sirens filled the air. How I hated that persistent, undulating sound which brought with it a hideous sense of foreboding. Every instance was a false alarm, like a naughty child banging on the door and running away - the bombs never fell near us. "I shan't take cover." I whispered to myself. "The smoke is from fire a long way from here. I'm safe. I shall watch and see what happens."

A cry interrupted my thoughts, "Lights out! Turn the lights out!" Across the street, curtains were pulled and lights extinguished. We were truly in darkness. I shivered in anticipation as I stood, watching, waiting to see what happened.

Searchlights scoured the sky for enemy planes, their beams stretching far into the blackness. Nothing, of course. "False alarm!" I shouted at them, "There's nothing there!" As the words left my mouth a shape emerged from the rooftops in front of me: a huge, winged monster, with a roar so loud and so deep that the windows rattled. Then another, and another and another. This was no false

alarm! I stood, paralysed by fear, watching as enemy planes poured over the houses. Fire filled the sky. Crashes and booms accompanied violent explosions, resonating overhead.

"Thomas! Thomas!" Never had the frantic cry from my mother been so welcoming. Running to the door I whimpered back,

"I'm coming Mother, I'm coming." One last glance at the window revealed an angry, red sky over the burning city. I turned and ran to the sanctuary of my mother's arms, safe at last.

1. 'How I hated that persistent, undulating sound which brought with it a hideous sense of foreboding.'

Which of the following would be correct synonym of foreboding?

Unease Distress Happiness Readiness.

2. 'Darkness seemed to rise in fury.' What does this sentence suggest?

3. 'Searchlights scoured the sky'

What does the word 'scoured' mean in this sentence?

4. Find and copy a word from the 3rd paragraph that means something is continuing over a long period of time.

5. How old do you think the person retelling the story is? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

6. In paragraph 1 - how do you know that the siren sound is familiar to the writer?

7. Which sentence suggests that the children were scared in paragraph 2?

8. 'shrouded the street in its velvet blanket' what type of figurative language is used here?

9. Summarise the events in paragraph 5.

In this extract a boy has rushed to get a train. As he travels he realises that something is wrong: the train has been travelling for longer than it should have been and he doesn't recognise where he is.

The Wrong Train

Finally the train juddered to a halt in the dark, and he didn't even know whether it was at a station or not, because cupping his hands to the glass there were only a few lights and a low concrete wall to be seen out of the window. But the light on the door button came on, and being off the train seemed a better deal than being on it. So, getting out of his seat, he stepped onto the cold, dark platform before he'd even really thought through whether that was a good idea or not.

Hearing the doors of the train close behind him, and the engine revving up and pulling away leaving him there in the dark and the cold, he wasn't so sure it had been a good idea at all. There was no one else on the platform, but by then it was too late to do anything except watch the lights of the train disappear. When the sound of it couldn't be heard any more, there was no sound at all.

Just silence.

It didn't even look like a real station. The slab concrete of the wall ran along the back of it and there was a little shelter with a bench, but nothing else – not a ticket office or a machine. Not even a sign to say where it was. He could see the ends of the platform sloping down to the tracks and there were three lamps on poles, but the light from them was thin and weak. There were no houses, no street lights. So far as he could see, there wasn't a road, not even steps down to one. It was just a platform, dark and still, in the middle of nowhere.

Pulling his coat round him he tried laughing at the dumbness of what he'd done, but in the cold silence his laughter fell from his lips like a shot bird, and that made him feel more alone. Sitting down on the bench, he turned up his collar against the cold and wondered what on earth he was going to do.

He'd been sitting like that for a while before he noticed the light.

At first it was so small that he wasn't sure what it was – just a tiny dot swinging to and fro. But as it came slowly nearer, grew larger, he realised it was a torch.

No, not a torch.

A lantern.

A glass lantern.

Someone carrying a lantern was walking along the railway tracks, out of the darkness, towards him.

He sat up, not quite sure what to make of this. But as the light came closer, came slowly up the slope of the platform's end, any concerns he might have had evaporated as he saw that it was carried by an old man. The man held the lantern in one hand, and a shopping bag and a lead attached to a small dog in the other. He came unhurriedly along the platform and, stopping by the bench, looked down at the boy and then up and back along the platform in that vague, undecided way that small children and elderly people do. The little dog sniffed at the boy's shoes.

The boy sat looking at the man – at the frayed collar and thumb-greased tie, the thin raincoat, the cheap, split plastic leatherette of the shopping bag, the worn shoes and the scruffy little grey dog. A bunch of dead leaves and withered flowers poked out of the top of the bag and that didn't seem quite right.

The boy grinned apologetically.

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'But could you tell me when the next train's going to be? I got on the wrong one and I need to get on one going back the other way.'

The old man glanced down at him, but didn't say anything and the boy wasn't sure whether he'd heard or not, so he said it again, and this time the man turned his head and looked at him.

'It's not a station,' he said brightly. 'It's a Permanent Way Post. You're on a Permanent Way Post.'

He had an odd voice – sing-song, and brittle like a reed. Without seeing the face it could have been a man's or a woman's.

'I'm sorry, I don't understand,' said the boy.

The man looked back along the track and, lifting the hand that held the lead and the bag, he pointed at the rails.

'It's what the railway workers use when they mend the tracks,' he said. 'It's not a station.'

'But the train stopped here,' the boy objected. 'I got off it.'

'Well, you shouldn't have done that,' the man laughed. 'You shouldn't have done that at all. I wouldn't have come along if you hadn't done that.'

Questions 1-12 are about the extract from *The Wrong Train*

1 What can the boy see out of the window of the train?

- 1. _____
- 2. _____

1 mark

2 Look at the paragraph beginning: '*Hearing the doors of the train close behind him...*'

Why is the boy unsure about his decision to get off the train?

1 mark

3 *When the sound of it couldn't be heard any more, there was no sound at all.*

Just silence.

What does this suggest about where he is?

4 Complete the table below to show what the boy could and couldn't see immediately after he got off the train:

What the boy could see	_____ _____
What the boy couldn't see	_____ _____

2 marks

5 What does the boy see after he has been sitting for a while?

1 mark

6

...any concerns he might have had evaporated as he saw that it was carried by an old man.

The word *evaporated* suggests that the boy...

Tick **one**.

feels more scared.

is getting warmer.

feels less worried.

sees an old man.

1 mark

7

What impressions do you get of the old man?

Give **two** impressions, using evidence from the text to support your answer.

Impression	Evidence
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

3 marks

8

The old man glanced down at him, but didn't say anything and the boy wasn't sure whether he'd heard or not...

Why do you think the man doesn't answer the boy straight away?

1 mark

9

The man tells the boy he is not at a station. Where does he say the boy is?

1 mark

10

The man's voice is described as *sing-song*.

This suggests the man's voice is...

Tick one.

deep.

high.

musical.

loud.

1 mark

11

Look at the last paragraph, beginning: *'Well, you shouldn't have done that...'*

Find and copy a group of words that suggest that the old man is only there because the boy is there:

1 mark

12

What impressions do you get of the boy?

Give **two** impressions, supporting your answer with evidence from the text.

1. _____

2. _____

3 marks