# Year 9

# Homework Booklet

# Poetry

# and

# English Language

## Due: first day back in school

# When We Two Parted

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow –
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me –
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met –
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

*Lord Byron*

**Q1** How does the first stanza set the scene for the rest of the poem?

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**Q2** How does the tense change within the second stanza? What is the effect of this?

**Change:** .....

**Effect:** .....

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**Q3** What emotion do you think the speaker displays in the phrase "**thy heart could forget, / Thy spirit deceive.**" (lines 27-28)? Explain your choice.

**Emotion:** .....

**Explanation:** .....

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**Q4** Find a quote to illustrate each of the following features of the poem. Explain the effect of the feature in each quote.

| Feature | Quote | Explanation |
|---|---|---|
| Cyclical structure | | |
| Rhetorical questions | | |

**Q5** What might the phrase "**Half broken-hearted**" (line 3) suggest about the end of the relationship?

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**Q6** Using examples, explain what effect language about death has in the poem.

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**Q7** Do you think the speaker regrets the relationship? Use evidence to support your answer.

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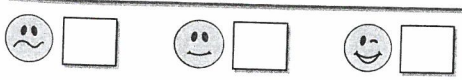
***Sounds like Lord Byron just wanted to be Adored Byron...***

How does Byron present the relationship as secretive? Write a couple of paragraphs about:

- The language used to present the relationship in this way.
- The reasons why the relationship might have been secretive and the effect this has had on the speaker.



# Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle –
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea –
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

**Q1** Summarise what the speaker's main argument is in the poem.

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"C'mon, give us a kiss..."

**Q2** Find an example of each of the following techniques, then briefly explain its effect.

**a) Personification**

Quote: .....

Effect: .....

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**b) Repetition**

Quote: .....

Effect: .....

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**Q3** What is the rhyme scheme in the poem? Explain the effect it has.

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**Q4** Why do you think Shelley chose to call the poem 'Love's Philosophy'?

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**Q5** Find a quote that addresses each of the following themes and explain the effect of the quote.

| Theme | Quote | Explanation |
|---|---|---|
| Religion | | |
| Longing | | |

**Q6** The 'Romantics' often wrote about the connection between nature and human emotion. Give one quote to show how 'Romanticism' might have influenced the poem. Explain your choice.

**Quote:** .....

**Explanation:** .....

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PERSONAL RESPONSE

### *Nothing in the world is single — except me...*

Shelley manages to pack a lot into a relatively short poem. Briefly answer the following questions:

- What do you think the overall tone of the poem is? Explain your answer.
- Why do you think this tone is used? What impact does it have on the narrator's argument?

# Porphyria's Lover

The rain set early in tonight,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me – she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could tonight's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids: again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

*Robert Browning*

**Q1** Browning often hints at things rather than telling the reader about them directly. What can you work out from each of the following quotes?

**a)** "**That moment she was mine, mine**" (line 36)

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**b)** "**No pain felt she; / I am quite sure she felt no pain.**" (lines 41-42)

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**Q2** What effect does the storm in the first four lines have on the rest of the poem?

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**Q3** What is the rhyme scheme in the poem? Explain the effect it has.

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**Q4** What is the effect of the caesura in "**And strangled her. No pain felt she**" (line 41)?

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**Q5** For each of the following, give an example of the technique from the poem and explain its effect.

**a) Alliteration**

Quote: .....

Effect: .....

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**b) Simile**

Quote: .....

Effect: .....

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**Q6** Why do you think the speaker chose that particular moment to kill Porphyria? Use evidence to support your answer.

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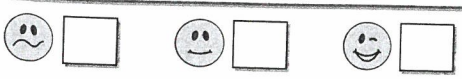
COMPARE POEMS

***Well that was intense — I think I need a lie down...***

Read 'The Farmer's Bride' by Charlotte Mew, on page 12, and compare it with 'Porphyria's Lover'.

- How does each poet use language to emphasise the destructive nature of each speaker's longing?
- What does each poem's form tell you about the speakers in the poems?



# Sonnet 29 — 'I think of thee!'

I think of thee! – my thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee
Drop heavily down, – burst, shattered, everywhere!
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,
I do not think of thee – I am too near thee.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

**Q1** What do you learn about the speaker from the opening phrase "**I think of thee!**"?

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**Q2** Find an example of a metaphor the speaker uses to describe her lover. What does the metaphor suggest about her lover?

**Metaphor:** .....

**Explanation:** .....

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**Q3** Petrarchan sonnets normally have their volta (turning point) at the end of line 8. Why do you think the poet chose to have the volta arrive early in this poem?

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**Q4** Lines 10, 12 and 14 all end with the same word — "**thee**". Explain what effect this has.

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**Q5** Find a quote to illustrate each of the following techniques.
Explain the effect of the technique in each quote.

| Technique | Quote | Explanation |
|---|---|---|
| Sibilance | | |
| Imperatives | | |

**Q6** Do you think the speaker's longing is more emotional or physical? Explain your choice.

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**Q7** How does the speaker use natural imagery to present the love she feels for her lover?

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Nigel's trunk proved to be effective at rustling boughs.

***Instantly renew thy presence — I've got a task for you...***

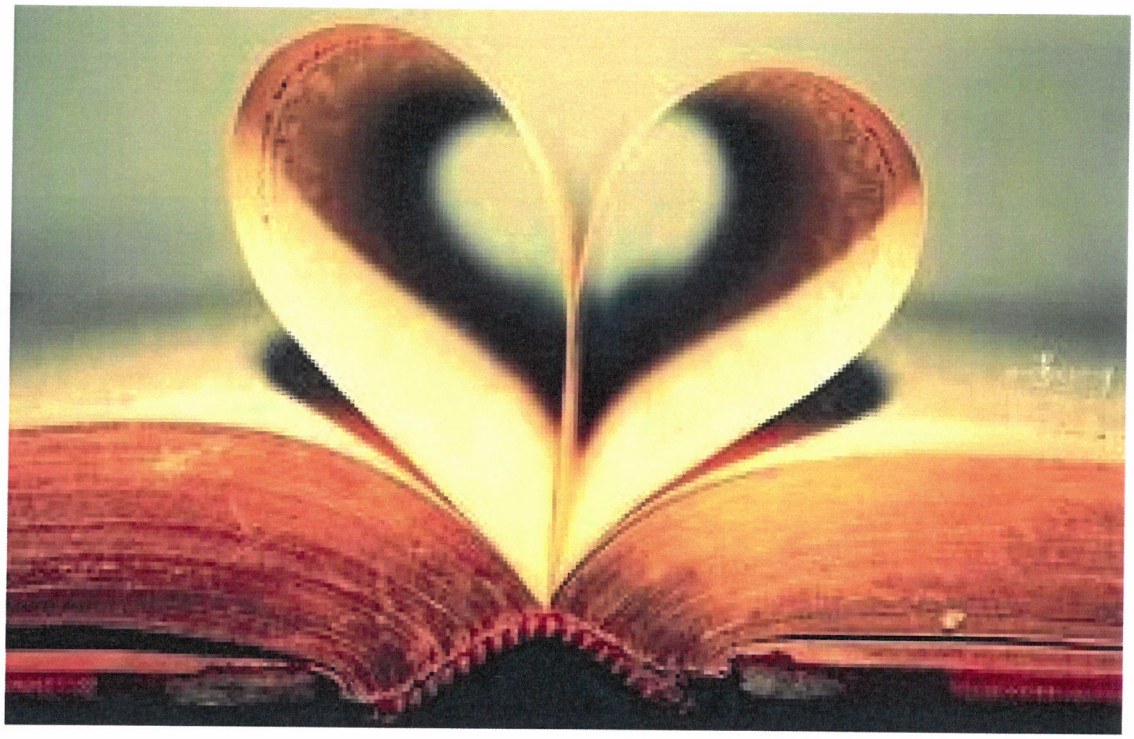
How does the poem explore the theme of distance? Write a couple of paragraphs about:

- The language used to portray the distance between the speaker and her lover.
- How the speaker attempts to overcome the distance she experiences.

**Year 9**

**Homework**

**May 2019**



**Match the poem to the description:**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sonnet 29 | | The speaker recalls the day he and his lover separated. |
| When We Two Parted | | The speaker is trying to persuade a woman to be with him. |
| Love's Philosophy | | The mentally disturbed speaker is visited by his lover on a stormy night. |
| Porphyria's Lover | | The speaker tells her lover how much she thinks of him when he is away. |

**Comparison question:**

Compare how poets present desire in 'Sonnet 29' and one other poem from Love and Relationships'?

Sonnet 29 'I think of thee'

Elilzabeth Barrett Browning

I think of thee!—my thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,
Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee
Drop heavily down,—burst, shattered, everywhere!
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,
I do not think of thee—I am too near thee.

| **What other poems include the theme of desire?** | |
|---|---|
| **Two pieces of evidence from both poems that show desire:** | |
| "Renew thy presence; as a strong tree<br><br>should" | " |
| " | " |
| **Analysis of evidence** | |
| • Imperatives and alliteration emphasise how much she wants him to act<br>• Sibilant sounds reflect the rustling of the tree's leaves. | |
| | |

| How are these themes presented? Similarities/differences? |
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| • <br><br>• |

**DNA by Dennis Kelly. Read the article and bullet point the key information:**

*Dennis Kelly: Rioters thought there were no rules - but my characters know right from wrong*

*Dennis Kelly, talks to Daisy Bowie-Sell about how his play DNA shows how easy it is for young people to get dragged into bad situations.*

By Daisy Bowie-Sell

Playwright Dennis Kelly is on a high. His plays, though littered with humour, often cover the murky edges of society, violence and the conflict between right and wrong. In his 2005 play Osama the Hero, a young boy chooses Osama bin Laden as his personal hero for a school project and as a result is hunted down and tortured by his neighbours. In Taking Care of Baby (2007) Kelly wrote a fictional verbatim play about a woman who is convicted of infanticide. His sentences are realistic in the way they trail away - very little is ever explicit, the dialogue leaves crumbs of suggestion and lets the audience's imagination do the rest.

But Kelly has always found it hard to describe his plays as dark: "I don't deliberately write things to be brutal or to shock people" he says when we meet for coffee, "I don't think I write characters that are bad, I think I write characters that are trying to do the right thing but are failing."

This is certainly the case in his play DNA, which was first staged in 2007 at the National Theatre and is about to go on national tour for the first time. It is about a group of 14-year-olds who accidentally kill one of their classmates. When they realise the terrible mistake they've made, they try to cover up the crime, but inadvertently implicate an innocent man in the process. At each moment when they could come clean, the group instead weave a darker, more complex web of lies.

One of the characters in the play, Phil, doesn't actually commit the crime, but he puts into motion the cover-up plan. People have suggested he has the cold, calm veneer of a psychopath. But Kelly disagrees: "I don't think he's getting any kind of enjoyment out of it. He's trying to make the best out of a bad situation – what he does is flawed but it's also natural. When I was a kid I felt that parents and adults weren't anything to do with my

world. We sorted out our own problems, often in a terrifying way, and I think he's actually trying to do something good."

The characters have an understanding that what they're doing is wrong, but they carry on regardless, which may have been the pattern of behaviour with last summer's rioters. "[My characters] do know right from wrong," Kelly says "I think that is a primal instinct within all humans, but people hide it under layers of justification for all the bad things they're tempted to do ... if I was that age, [the night of the riots] I would have thought – 'F**k it – I want to see what's going on' and gone down to where people were rioting. People who weren't necessarily involved in [the rioting] went and found that there were no rules."

In actual fact, his own experience of those days last summer was similar to the majority: 'glued to the TV'. He was living in South East London and 'could smell burning.' But what really made an impact on him was the way people took to the streets with their brooms to clear up.

The riots showed the best and worst of what human beings are capable of, which is what Kelly's plays often also do: "people are really varied, so why shouldn't plays be incredibly varied as well?"

Some might call Kelly's plays dark, but at their core is an understanding that human beings and the actions they choose to undertake, are never black and white: "I think that there are such things in the world as truly good people and truly bad people but they are tiny percentages at the end of a great big spectrum … the rest of us are just somewhere in the big grey area in the middle."

| Key information: |
| --- |
| |

# Exercise A — Mr Norris Changes Trains

## Extract from Chapter 2

Written from the perspective of narrator William Bradshaw, Christopher Isherwood's 1935 novel explores the character of Mr Norris, a Communist living in Germany during the rise of Nazism. William and Mr Norris meet on a train and become friends. As the story unfolds, William discovers unusual things about his new friend. In this extract, William has just arrived at Mr Norris's flat.

A moment later Mr Norris himself came into the room, nervously rubbing his manicured hands together.

'My dear boy, this is indeed an honour! Delighted to welcome you under the shadow of my humble roof-tree.'

He didn't look well, I thought. His face wasn't so rosy today, and there were rings under his eyes. He sat down for a moment in an armchair, but rose again immediately, as if he were not in the mood for sitting still. He must have been wearing a different wig, for the joins in this one showed as plain as murder.

'You'd like to see over the flat, I expect?' he asked, nervously touching his temples with the tips of his fingers.

'I should, very much.' I smiled, puzzled because Mr Norris was obviously in a great hurry about something. With fussy haste, he took me by the elbow, steering me towards the door in the opposite wall, from which he himself had just emerged.

'We'll go this way first, yes.'

But hardly had we taken a couple of steps when there was a sudden outburst of voices from the entrance hall.

'You can't. It's impossible,' came the voice of the young man who had ushered me into the flat. And a strange, loud, angry voice answered: 'That's a dirty lie! I tell you he's here!'

Mr Norris stopped as suddenly as if he'd been shot. 'Oh dear!' he whispered, hardly audible. 'Oh dear!' Stricken with indecision and alarm, he stood still in the middle of the room, as though desperately considering which way to turn. His grip on my arm tightened, either for support or merely to implore me to keep quiet.

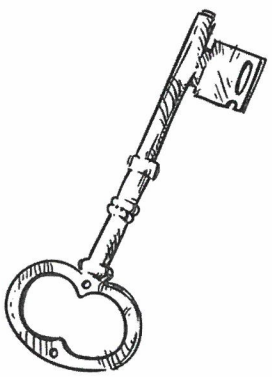
'Mr Norris will not be back until late this evening.' The young man's voice was no longer apologetic, but firm. 'It's no good your waiting.'

He seemed to have shifted his position and to be just outside, perhaps barring the way into the sitting-room. And, the next moment, the sitting-room door was quietly shut, with a click of a key being turned. We were locked in.

'He's in there!' shouted the strange voice, loud and menacing. There was a scuffling, followed by a heavy thud, as if the young man had been flung violently against the door. The thud roused Mr Norris to action. With a single, surprisingly agile movement, he dragged me after him into the adjoining room. We stood there together in the doorway, ready, at any moment, for further retreat. I could hear him panting heavily at my side.

Meanwhile, the stranger was rattling the sitting-room door as if he meant to burst it open: 'You damned swindler!' he shouted in a terrible voice. 'You wait till I get my hands on you!'

It was all so very extraordinary that I quite forgot to feel frightened, although it might well be supposed that the person on the other side of the door was either raving drunk or insane. I cast a questioning glance at Mr Norris, who whispered reassuringly: 'He'll go away in a minute, I think.' The curious thing was that, although scared, he didn't seem at all surprised by what was taking place. It might have been imagined, from his tone, that he was referring to an unpleasant but frequently recurring natural phenomenon: a violent thunder-storm, for instance. His blue eyes were warily, uneasily alert. His hands rested on the door handle, prepared to slam it shut at an instant's notice.





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**Q1** In this passage, Isherwood vividly describes the character of Mr Norris.

a) List four things about Mr Norris's appearance that you are told in lines 1-6.

1. .....

2. .....

3. .....

4. .....

b) What is your impression of Mr Norris from these lines? Use examples from the text in your answer.

You might want to use your answers to part a) as evidence for this question.

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This extract is tense from the very start thanks to Mr Norris's nervous behaviour. This tension steadily builds as the intruder arrives and then tries to force his way into Mr Norris's flat.

**Q2** Isherwood uses language to increase tension when describing Mr Norris and the intruder in lines 13-20. Choose one example for each character and explain how the use of language increases the tension.

Mr Norris: .....

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Intruder: .....

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**Q3** From line 13 to the end of the extract, the focus alternates between the action outside the flat, and Mr Norris and William inside the flat. How does this help to create tension?

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**Q4** Isherwood uses descriptions of sound in lines 23-32.

Choose two sounds from these lines. What effect do each of these sounds have?

1. .....

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2. .....

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**Q5** "The narrative viewpoint is what keeps the reader interested in the text." How far do you agree with this?

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**Extension Activity**

Isherwood keeps the reader in the dark about what's going on. Have a go at writing about a time when someone was secretive towards you — it could be real or made-up. How did they behave? How did it make you feel? You could then write about discovering what their secret was.



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# Exercise B — The Thirteenth Tale

## Extract from Chapter 1

This extract from Diane Setterfield's 2006 novel is part of a letter from Vida Winter, an ageing author, to Margaret Lea, an amateur biographer. For years, Winter has told lies about herself to inquisitive journalists, but now she has decided to ask Lea to publish the truth about her life.

I've nothing against people who love truth. Apart from the fact that they make dull companions. Just so long as they don't start on about storytelling and honesty, the way some of them do. Naturally that annoys me. Provided they leave me alone, I won't hurt them.

My gripe is not with lovers of truth but with truth herself. What succour*, what consolation is there in truth, compared to a story? What good is truth, at midnight, in the dark, when the wind is roaring like a bear in the chimney? When the lightning strikes shadows on the bedroom wall and the rain taps at the window with its long fingernails? No. When fear and cold make a statue of you in your bed, don't expect hard-boned and fleshless truth to come running to your aid. What you need are the plump comforts of a story. The soothing, rocking safety of a lie.

Some writers don't like interviews, of course. They get cross about it. 'Same old questions,' they complain. Well, what do they expect? Reporters are hacks. We writers are the real thing. Just because they always ask the same questions, it doesn't mean we have to give them the same old answers, does it? I mean, making things up, it's what we do for a living. So I give dozens of interviews a year. Hundreds over the course of a lifetime. For I have never believed that genius needs to be locked away out of sight to thrive. My genius is not so frail a thing that it cowers from the dirty fingers of the newspaper men.

In the early years they used to try and catch me out. They would do research, come along with a little piece of truth concealed in their pocket, draw it out at an opportune moment and hope to startle me into revealing more. I had to be careful. Inch them in the direction I wanted them to take, use my bait to draw them gently, imperceptibly*, towards a prettier story than the one they had their eye on. A delicate operation. Their eyes would start to shine, and their grasp on the little chip of truth would loosen, until it dropped from their hand and fell, disregarded, by the wayside. It never failed. A good story is always more dazzling than a broken piece of truth.

Afterwards, once I became famous, the Vida Winter interview became a sort of rite of passage for journalists. They knew roughly what to expect, would have been disappointed to leave without the story. A quick run through the normal questions (Where do you get your inspiration? Are your characters based on real people? How much of your main character is you?) and the shorter my answers the better they liked it (Inside my head. No. None.) Then, the bit they were waiting for, the thing they had really come for. A dreamy, expectant look stole across their faces. They were like children at bedtime. And you, Miss Winter, they said. Tell me about yourself.

And I told. Simple little stories really, not much to them. Just a few strands, woven together in a pretty pattern, a memorable motif here, a couple of sequins there. Mere scraps from the bottom of my rag-bag. Hundreds more where they came from. Offcuts from novels and stories, plots that never got finished, stillborn characters, picturesque locations I never found a use for. Odds and ends that fell out in the editing. Then it's just a matter of neatening the edges, stitching in the ends, and it's done. Another brand new biography.

Glossary:
succour — support or help
imperceptibly — in a slight and unnoticeable way

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**Q1** Winter discusses truth and lies in the first two paragraphs of this extract.

a) Based on the first two paragraphs, describe Winter's attitude to truth.

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b) Read lines 7-9 again. How is language used to describe truth? What effect does this have?

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c) How is language used to describe lies in lines 7-9? What effect does this have?

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**Q2** In the third, fourth and fifth paragraphs, Winter describes her experiences with reporters.

a) What do the third and fourth paragraphs tell you about Winter's attitude towards reporters? Use examples from the text in your answer.

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b) How does the writer use structure for effect in the third, fourth and fifth paragraphs?

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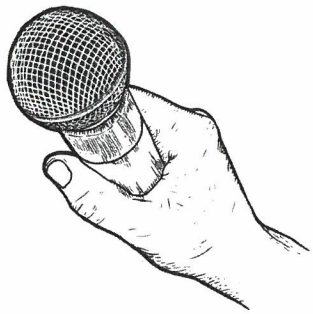
**Q3** "My genius is not so frail a thing that it cowers from the dirty fingers of the newspaper men." (line 15). How is language used here to suggest that Winter is a confident character?

**Q4** Vida Winter frequently lies about her life. How does the writer use language in this extract to suggest that Winter is an effective liar?

You might want to think about:

- which words and phrases the writer has chosen
- how the writer has used imagery.



**Think about the text's narrative voice...**

Writers make deliberate choices when deciding which narrative viewpoint to use. A first-person narrator can establish a strong connection with the reader, a second-person narrator often tries to make the reader feel what the character is feeling, and a third-person narrator can create a more detached viewpoint. It's important to think about why the writer has chosen a certain narrative viewpoint and the effect it has.

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