**Language Arts 9 Name: ( )**

**Unit 3 – Lesson 3 – S1**

**Enter your responses between the** *(blue)* **parentheses below each item.**

**Section 1 Identifying Sensory Imagery**

Choose **one** of the following poems and complete the chart below.



|  |  |
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| Wasps’ NestMichael Schmidt It was the fruit I wanted, not the nest. The nest was hanging like the richest fruit against the sun. I took the nestand with it came the heart, and in my handthe kingdom and the queen, frail surfaces, rested for a moment. Then the dronesawoke and did their painful business. I let the city drop upon the stones. It split to its deep palaces and combs.It bled the insect gold,the pupa queens like tiny eyeswriggled from their sockets, and somewherethe monarch cowered in a veil of wingsin passages through which at eveningthe labourers had homed,burdened with silence and the garden scents.The secret heart was broken suddenly.I, to whom the knowledge had been given,who was not after knowledge but a fruit,remember how a knot of pains swelled my hand to a round nest;blood throbbed in the hurt veinsas if an unseen swarm mined there. The nest oozed bitter honey.I swaddled my fat hand in cotton. After a week pain gave it back to mescarred and weakened like a shrivelled skin.A second fruit is growing on the tree.Identical—the droning in the leaves.It ripens. I have another hand. | The GroundswellJohn Gould FletcherWith heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day.The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away.The cold and naked wind runs shivering over the sands.Salt are its eyes, open its mouth, its brow wet, blue its hands.It finds naught but a starving gull whose wings trail at its side.And the dull battered wreckage, grey jetsam of the tide.The lifeless chilly slaty sky with no blue hope is lit,A rusty waddling steamer plants a smudge of smoke on it.Stupidly stand the factory chimneys staring over all.The grey grows ever denser, and soon the night will fall:The wind runs sobbing over the beach and touches with its handsStraw, chaff, old bottles, broken crates, the litter of the sands.Sometimes the bloated carcass of a dog or fish is found,Sometimes the rumpled feathers of a sea-gull shot or drowned.Last year it was an unknown man who came up from the sea,There is his grave hard by the dunes under a stunted tree.With heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day.The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away.Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs, And towards our distant rest began to trudge. Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots, But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots Of gas-shells dropping softly behind. Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time, But someone still was yelling out and stumbling And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime.—Dim through the misty panes and thick green light, As under a green sea, I saw him drowning. In all my dreams before my helpless sight, He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning. If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace Behind the wagon that we flung him in, And watch the white eyes writhing in his face, His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin; If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs, Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,— My friend, you would not tell with such high zest To children ardent for some desperate glory, The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est* *Pro patria mori.* |
| Combing Gladys CardiffBending, I bow my headand lay my hands uponher hair, combing, and thinkhow women do this foreach other. My daughter’s haircurls against the comb,wet and fragrant— orangeparings. Her face, downcast,is quiet for one so young.I take her place. Beneathmy mother’s hands I feelthe braids drawn up tightas piano wires and singing,vinegar-rinsed. Sittingbefore the oven I hearthe orange coils tickthe early hour before school.She combed her grandmotherMathilda’s hair usinga comb made out of bone.Mathilda rocked her oak woodchair, her face downcast,intent on tearing rags in strips to braid a cottonrug from bits of orangeand brown. A simple actPreparing hair. Somethingwomen do for each other,plaiting the generations. | Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori (How Sweet and Beautiful It is to Die for One’s Country)Wilfred OwenBent double, like old beggars under sacks, Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge, Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs, And towards our distant rest began to trudge. Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots, But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots Of gas-shells dropping softly behind. Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time, But someone still was yelling out and stumbling And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime.—Dim through the misty panes and thick green light, As under a green sea, I saw him drowning. … Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  |

1. Complete the table with **one example for each sense**: visual (sight), auditory (hearing), gustatory (taste), tactile (touch), and olfactory (smell). If no taste imagery is used, then choose two visual images.

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| --- |
| **Observations** of the poem ( )by ( ) (poet) |
| **Example** | **Type of Imagery** |
| *“In the pond in the park all things are doubled”* | visual imagery  |
| Example: ( )  | ( )   |
| Example: ( )  | ( )  |
| Example: ( )  | ( )  |
| Example: ( )   | ( )  |
| Example: ( )  | ( )  |

**Total of Section 1: /5 marks**

**Student Comments:**

( )

* **Be sure to save your file** to your folder before submitting it to the LA9 Assignment 3-3-S1 Submission Box: (YOURNAME)la9-3-3-S1
* **Check the Submission Box again** in a few days to retrieve your marked assignment and review the feedback from your teacher.

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**Assignment Total: ( /5) = Percent: ( %)**

**Teacher Comments:**

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