**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.



|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Wasps’ Nest  Michael Schmidt  It was the fruit I wanted, not the nest.  The nest was hanging like the richest fruit  against the sun. I took the nest  and with it came the heart, and in my hand  the kingdom and the queen, frail surfaces,  rested for a moment. Then the drones  awoke 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 eyes  wriggled from their sockets, and somewhere  the monarch cowered in a veil of wings  in passages through which at evening  the 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 veins  as 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 me  scarred 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 Groundswell  John Gould Fletcher  With 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 hands  Straw, 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 Cardiff  Bending, I bow my head  and lay my hands upon  her hair, combing, and think  how women do this for  each other. My daughter’s hair  curls against the comb,  wet and fragrant— orange  parings. Her face, downcast,  is quiet for one so young.  I take her place. Beneath  my mother’s hands I feel  the braids drawn up tight  as piano wires and singing,  vinegar-rinsed. Sitting  before the oven I hear  the orange coils tick  the early hour before school.  She combed her grandmother  Mathilda’s hair using  a comb made out of bone.  Mathilda rocked her oak wood  chair, her face downcast,  intent on tearing rags  in strips to braid a cotton  rug from bits of orange  and brown. A simple act  Preparing hair. Something  women 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 Owen  Bent 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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