

Key Stage Four

GCSE English Literature

Poetry: Identity Cluster



Name:
Class:
Teacher:

CONTENTS PAGE

General	Front cover	1
	Contents page	2
UNDERSTANDING POWER		
Background reading and writing	'Checking Out Me History': <i>Adventures of Mrs Seacole In Many Lands</i> by Mary Seacole	4-6
	'The Emigree': <i>Refugee</i> by Alan Gratz	7-9
	'Kamikaze': <i>A Matter of Honour</i> by M. Stanley Bubien	10-12
	'Poppies': <i>The Vendetta</i> by Guy de Maupassant	13-15
	'Tissue': <i>The Treasure in the Forest</i> by HG Wells	16-18
	Additional creative writing space	19
EXPLORING THE POEMS		
'Checking Out Me History'	Introductory tasks	21
	'Checking Out Me History' by John Agard	22
	Quotation analysis	23
	Consolidating understanding	24
'The Emigree'	Introductory tasks	25
	'The Emigree' by Carol Rumens	26
	Quotation analysis	27
	Consolidating understanding	28
'Kamikaze'	Introductory tasks	29
	'Kamikaze' by Beatrice Garland	30
	Quotation analysis	31
	Consolidating understanding	32
'Poppies'	Introductory tasks	33
	'Poppies' by Jane Weir	34
	Quotation analysis	35
	Consolidating understanding	36
'Tissue'	Introductory tasks	37
	'Tissue' by Imtiaz Dharker	38
	Quotation analysis	39
	Consolidating understanding	40
CONNECTING THE POEMS		
Comparison and summary tasks	Five poems comparison grid	42-43
	Matching poems to summary and images	44



SECTION 1: UNDERSTANDING IDENTITY



A historical figure

The extract is from autobiography of Mary Seacole. Mary Seacole was a black nurse who asked the British War Office to be sent to the Crimean War to support the doctors. She was refused, so funded her own trip to Crimea and set up the British Hospital with Thomas Day. The soldiers called her 'Mother Seacole'.

I HOPE the reader will give me credit for the assertion that I am about to make, that I enter upon the particulars of this chapter with great reluctance; but I cannot omit them, for the simple reason that they strengthen my one and only claim to interest the public, viz., my services to the brave British army in the Crimea. But fortunately, I can follow a course which will not only render it unnecessary for me to sound my own trumpet, but will be more satisfactory to the reader. I can put on record the written opinions of those had ample means of judging and ascertaining how I fulfilled the great object which I had in view in leaving England for the Crimea; and before I do so, I must solicit my readers' attention to the position I held in the camp as doctress, nurse, and "mother."

I have never been long in any place before I have found my practical experience in the science of medicine useful. Even in London I have found it of service to others. And in the Crimea, where the doctors were so overworked, and sickness was so prevalent, I could not be long idle; for I never forgot that my intention in seeking the army was to help the kind-hearted doctors, to be useful to whom I have ever looked upon and still regard as so high a privilege.

But before very long I found myself surrounded with patients of my own, and this for two simple reasons. In the first place, the men (I am speaking of the "ranks" now) had a very serious objection to going into hospital for any but urgent reasons, and the regimental doctors were rather fond of sending them there; and, in the second place, they could and did get at my store sick-comforts and nourishing food, which the heads of the medical staff would sometimes find it difficult to procure. These reasons, with the additional one that I was very familiar with the diseases which they suffered most from, and successful in their treatment (I say this in no spirit of vanity), were quite sufficient to account for the numbers who came daily to the British Hotel for medical treatment.

That the officers were glad of me as a doctress and nurse may be easily understood. When a poor fellow lay sickening in his cheerless hut and sent down to me, he knew very well that I should not ride up in answer to his message empty-handed. When we lie ill at home surrounded with comfort, we never think of feeling any special gratitude for the sick-room delicacies which we accept as a consequence of our illness; but the poor officer lying ill and weary in his crazy hut, dependent for the merest necessities of existence upon a clumsy, ignorant soldier-cook, who would almost prefer eating his meat raw to having the trouble of cooking it.

Don't you think, reader, if you were lying, with parched lips and fading appetite, thousands of miles from mother, wife, or sister, loathing the rough food by your side, and thinking regretfully of that English home where nothing that could minister to your great need would be left untried - don't you think that you would welcome the familiar figure of the stout lady whose bony horse has just pulled up at the door of your hut, and whose panniers contain some cooling drink, a little broth, some homely cake, or a dish of jelly or blanc-mange.

I tell you, reader, I have seen many a bold fellow's eyes moisten at such a season, when a woman's voice and a woman's care have brought to their minds recollections of those happy English homes which some of them never saw again; but many did, who will remember their woman-comrade upon the bleak and barren heights before Sebastopol (a city in Crimea).

Then their calling me "mother" was not, I think, altogether unmeaning. I used to fancy that there was something homely in the word; and, reader, you cannot think how dear to them was the smallest thing that reminded them of home.

Some of my Crimean patients, who were glad of me as nurse and doctress, bore names familiar to all England, and perhaps, did I ask them, they would allow me to publish those names.

I have a book filled with hundreds of the names of those who came to me for medicines and other aids; and never a train of sick or wounded men from the front passed the British Hotel but its hostess was awaiting them to offer comforts to the poor fellows, for whose suffering her heart bled.

TASK 1: Read the source on page 4.

TASK 2: Using the extract, list four things you learn about Mary Seacole from the reading. *Try to give four specific details, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 3: How has the writer used language to present the suffering of the soldiers in Crimea? Fill in the grid below for the selected quotations.

<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Method and meaning created</i>	<i>Key word and impact created</i>
“if you were lying, with parched lips and fading appetite, thousands of miles from mother, wife, or sister”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
“a poor fellow lay sickening in his cheerless hut”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
“I tell you, reader, I have seen many a bold fellow's eyes moisten at”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:

TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Creative writing 1: A Conflict Hospital



Write a paragraph from the perspective of someone involved in the Crimean War. Use your knowledge from the extract of from reading and analysing 'Charge of the Light Brigade'. The pictures might help.

The experience of a refugee

The extract is from the beginning of *Refugee* by Alan Gratz, published in 2017.

In this section we learn about a Syrian refugee, Mahmoud, and his life before and after leaving Syria.

Mahmoud Bishara was invisible, and that's exactly how he wanted it. Being invisible was how he survived. He wasn't literally invisible. If you really looked at Mahmoud, got a glimpse under the hoodie he kept pulled down over his face, you would see a twelve- year- old boy with a long, strong nose, thick black eyebrows, and short cropped black hair. He was stocky, his shoulders wide and muscular despite the food shortages. But Mahmoud did every thing he could to hide his size and his face, to stay under the radar. Random death from a fighter jet's missile or a soldier's rocket launcher might come at any moment, when you least expected it. To walk around getting noticed by the Syrian army or the rebels fighting them was just inviting trouble. Mahmoud sat in the middle row of desks in his classroom, where the teacher wouldn't call on him. The desks were wide enough for three students at each, and Mahmoud sat between two other boys named Ahmed and Nedhal. Ahmed and Nedhal weren't his friends. Mahmoud didn't have any friends.

It was easier to stay invisible that way. One of the teachers walked up and down the hall ringing a handbell, and Mahmoud collected his backpack and went to find his little brother, Waleed. Waleed was ten years old and two grades below Mahmoud in school. He too wore his black hair cropped short, but he looked more like their mother, with narrower shoulders, thinner eyebrows, a flatter nose, and bigger ears. His teeth looked too big for his head, and when he smiled he looked like a cartoon squirrel. Not that Waleed smiled much anymore. Mahmoud couldn't remember the last time he'd seen his brother laugh, or cry, or show any emotion whatsoever. The war had made Mahmoud nervous. Twitchy. Paranoid. It had made his little brother a robot. Even though their apartment wasn't far away, Mahmoud led Waleed on a different route home every day. Sometimes it was the back alleys; there could be fighters in the streets, who were always targets for the opposition. Bombed-out buildings were good too. Mahmoud and Waleed could disappear among the heaps of twisted metal and broken cement, and there were no walls to fall on them if an artillery shell went whizzing overhead. If a plane dropped a barrel bomb, though, you needed walls. Barrel bombs were filled with nails and scrap metal, and if you didn't have a wall to duck behind you'd be shredded to pieces.

It hadn't always been this way. Just four years ago, their home city of Aleppo had been the biggest, brightest, most modern city in Syria. A crown jewel of the Middle East. Mahmoud remembered neon malls, glittering skyscrapers, soccer stadiums, movie theaters, museums. Aleppo had history too—a long history. The Old City, at the heart of Aleppo, was built in the twelfth century, and people had lived in the area as early as 6,000 BCE. Aleppo had been an amazing city to grow up in. Until 2011, when the Arab Spring came to Syria. They didn't call it that then. Nobody knew a wave of revolutions would sweep through the Middle East, toppling governments and overthrowing dictators and starting civil wars. All they knew from images on TV and posts on Facebook and Twitter was that people in Tunisia and Libya and Yemen were rioting in the streets, and as each country stood up and said "Enough!" so did the next one, and the next one, until at last the Arab Spring came to Syria. But Syrians knew protesting in the streets was dangerous. Syria was ruled by Bashar al-Assad, who had twice been "elected" president when no one was allowed to run against him. Assad made people who didn't like him disappear. Forever. Every one was afraid of what he would do if the Arab Spring swept through Syria. There was an old Arabic proverb that said, "Close the door that brings the wind and relax," and that's exactly what they did; while the rest of the Middle East was rioting, Syrians stayed inside and locked their doors and waited to see what would happen. But they hadn't closed the door tight enough. A man in Damascus, the capital of Syria, was imprisoned for speaking out against Assad. Some kids in Daraa, a city in southern Syria, were arrested and abused by the police for writing anti- Assad slogans on walls. And then the whole country seemed to go crazy all at once.

TASK 1: Read the source on page 7.

TASK 2: Using lines 1-5, list four things you learn about Mahmoud Bishara from this section. *Try to give four specific details, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 3: Use lines 26-35. How has the writer used language to present Aleppo? Fill in the grid below after selecting quotations from the given lines.

<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Method and meaning created</i>	<i>Key word and impact created</i>
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:

TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Handwriting practice lines for the analysis paragraph.

Creative writing 2 : An unwanted journey



TASK 1: Write the opening of a story about a journey you do not want to take. Remember to think about your vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

A Matter of Honour

The extract is from the opening of a short story, *A Matter of Honour*, written by M. Stanley Bubien. It focuses on a Japanese soldier and his actions during an attack during World War Two.

Yoshiro Mastumoto sat in his wheelchair, his face a staunch, unyielding stone--the same mask that he'd worn so many times over the past fifty years. The funeral progressed before him, yet neither the flag-covered coffin, nor the mourners, veiled in black, hands clutching handkerchiefs, moved Yoshiro to alter his expression. "These Americans," he thought, "they are a people without honour." And with those words, he confirmed yet again that he, Yoshiro Mastumoto, belonged amongst them.

A young man stepped past the row of soldiers wearing dress-black uniforms, standing at attention in perfect stillness. The wind whisked across his suit as he approached the podium with head bowed and hands clasped behind his back. He paused before the microphone, taking a breath, and, finally facing the crowd, he said, "Thank you all for coming. I am saddened by the passing of my father, but at the same time, I am proud--proud of who he was, and proud of what he accomplished. I thank you for coming to pay him homage, as he was the last living veteran of both World War One and World War Two---a war, by all rights, he should not have survived." And, with those words, the young man turned toward Yoshiro.

"Yes," Yoshiro thought, pressing his lips together to keep his composure. "Yes. And if I had any honour in my bones, he would have died fifty years ago." And the memory of that day returned to him, unbidden, yet unshackled, at that very moment.

The island name had faded long ago, but not the image of the traditional uniform donned, the traditional rifle borne, by him, the traditional Japanese soldier. It was like a flash of lightning, the attack that hit his compound. The mortars exploded around the encampment, destroying most of the makeshift buildings, killing every single Japanese soldier within.

Yoshiro, however, survived. For, just before the attack, he wandered into the jungle to relieve himself. The shock-waves from the mortar fire knocked him to the ground and left him unconscious.

It was the deep thump of a land mine, away in the night-shrouded jungle, that finally shook Yoshiro to consciousness. His mind reeled briefly, but he focused himself. His squad had certainly been attacked, an attack which probably left them either all killed or captured, for the only sounds that reached him now were those of the jungle night---a silent void, empty of the rifle cracks or mortar booming that battle inevitably brought.

Yoshiro also knew a land mine had exploded nearby. Likely, it was one of the attackers. But there remained the possibility that one of his fellow Japanese, fleeing the onslaught, stumbled blindly into the mine field.

Silently, as the well-trained soldier he was, he crawled toward the mine field, and there, at its edge, he spotted the body. The darkness shrouded it, though, and Yoshiro was unable to discern from which army the man hailed. Cautiously, Yoshiro approached. He was nearly atop the soldier before he could make out the uniform. An American. And even through the dark, Yoshiro saw the thick fluid dripping from the man's shattered leg, and, just a meter away, a shredded boot lay, still tied to the foot that had once been a part of that leg.

The American groaned softly. Yoshiro stiffened in surprise, for he had thought the man dead. The night seemed to darken further about him and he felt his nostrils flare. He touched his still-holstered pistol. An oath spun in his head, and on his stomach, Yoshiro pushed himself toward the American. He watched the man's face as he palmed the grey metal, rolling it in his hand, wet and warm from the tropical night. Slowly, he brought the firearm forward.

He placed the barrel lightly against the man's temple. His hand trembled. He pressed his lips tightly together, trying to force the trembling away. He took deep breaths, flaring his nostrils further, and focused on the oath--his soldier's oath---to fight the enemies of his people. And these Americans were the enemies of the Japanese Empire. Yoshiro had sworn---fight them to the death---and he was honour-bound to do so.

"Yes!" He nodded to himself. "Honour binds me. Fight to the death!" Maybe his comrades were all lost, but on this night, by his oath, at least one American would die!

Yoshiro gritted his teeth and crushed the barrel harder against the American's fleshy temple, and fingering the trigger, he squeezed slowly, slowly, slowly. But the man's quiet moaning found him and touched him. Yoshiro hesitated, head cocked sidelong. That sound. It was so familiar, like... like... utterances---yes, he remembered now. His Japanese brothers, falling at his side in battle, suffering and yet trying to mask their distress so no one could see or hear. But Yoshiro was hunched down low amongst them, near enough to see, to look into their white shining orbs betraying the pain within. Yoshiro had heard too. Yes. Their utterances...

TASK 1: Read the source on page 10.

TASK 2: Using lines 1-5, list four things you learn about the funeral the main character is attending. *Try to give four specific details, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 3: Using lines 16-26. How has the writer used language to describe the main character and the attack on the island?

Fill in the grid below after selecting key quotations from the extract.

<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Method and meaning created</i>	<i>Key word and impact created</i>
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:

TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Handwriting practice lines for the analysis paragraph.

Creative writing 3: a jungle setting



TASK 1: Using the images above, write a description of an event in the jungle. You could use the attack from the extract if you want, or make up another event. Remember to think about your vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

A mother's revenge

The following extract is from Guy de Maupassant, *The Vendetta*, published in 1883. The story focuses on a widow who loses her son, and her plot for revenge following his murder.

5 The widow of Paolo Saverini lived alone with her son in a poor little house on the outskirts of Bonifacio. The town, built on an outjutting part of the mountain, in places even overhanging the sea, looks across the straits, full of sandbanks, towards the southernmost coast of Sardinia. Beneath it, on the other side and almost surrounding it, is a cleft in the cliff like an immense corridor which serves as a harbor, and along it the little
10 Italian and Sardinian fishing boats come by a circuitous route between precipitous cliffs as far as the first houses, and every two weeks the old, wheezy steamer which makes the trip to Ajaccio. On the white mountain the houses, massed together, makes an even whiter spot. They look like the nests of wild birds, clinging to this peak, overlooking this terrible passage, where vessels rarely venture. The wind, which blows uninterruptedly, has swept bare the forbidding coast; it drives through the narrow straits and lays waste both sides. The pale streaks of foam, clinging to the black rocks, whose countless peaks rise up out of the water, look like bits of rag floating and drifting on the surface of the sea.
15 The house of widow Saverini, clinging to the very edge of the precipice, looks out, through its three windows, over this wild and desolate picture. She lived there alone, with her son Antonia and their dog "Semillante," a big, thin beast, with a long rough coat, of the sheep-dog breed. The young man took her with him when out hunting.
20 One night, after some kind of a quarrel, Antoine Saverini was treacherously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who escaped the same evening to Sardinia. When the old mother received the body of her child, which the neighbors had brought back to her, she did not cry, but she stayed there for a long time motionless, watching him. Then, stretching her wrinkled hand over the body, she promised him a vendetta. She did not wish anybody near her, and she shut herself up beside the body with the dog, which howled continuously, standing at the foot of the bed, her head stretched towards her master and her tail between her legs. She did not move any more than did the mother, who, now leaning over the body with a blank stare, was weeping silently and watching it.
25 The young man, lying on his back, dressed in his jacket of coarse cloth, torn at the chest, seemed to be asleep. But he had blood all over him; on his shirt, which had been torn off in order to administer the first aid; on his vest, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood had hardened in his beard and in his hair. His old mother began to talk to him. At the sound of this voice the dog quieted down.
30 "Never fear, my boy, my little baby, you shall be avenged. Sleep, sleep; you shall be avenged. Do you hear? It's your mother's promise! And she always keeps her word, your mother does, you know she does."
35 Slowly she leaned over him, pressing her cold lips to his dead ones. Then Semillante began to howl again with a long, monotonous, penetrating, horrible howl. The two of them, the woman and the dog, remained there until morning. Antoine Saverini was buried the next day and soon his name ceased to be mentioned in Bonifacio. He had neither brothers nor cousins. No man was there to carry on the vendetta. His mother, the old woman, alone pondered over it.
40 On the other side of the straits she saw, from morning until night, a little white speck on the coast. It was the little Sardinian village Longosardo, where Corsican criminals take refuge when they are too closely pursued. They compose almost the entire population of this hamlet, opposite their native island, awaiting the time to return, to go back to the "maquis." She knew that Nicolas Ravolati had sought refuge in this village.
45 All alone, all day long, seated at her window, she was looking over there and thinking of revenge. How could she do anything without help--she, an invalid and so near death? But she had promised, she had sworn on the body. She could not forget, she could not wait. What could she do? She no longer slept at night; she had neither rest nor peace of mind; she thought persistently. The dog, dozing at her feet, would sometimes lift her head and howl. Since her master's death she often howled thus, as though she were calling him, as though her beast's soul, inconsolable too, had also retained a recollection that nothing could wipe out.
One night, as Semillante began to howl, the mother suddenly got hold of an idea, a savage, vindictive, fierce idea. She thought it over until morning. Then, having arisen at daybreak she went to church. She prayed, prostrate on the floor, begging the Lord to help her, to support her, to give to her poor, broken-down body the strength which she needed in order to avenge her son.

TASK 1: Read the source on page 13.

TASK 2: Using lines 1-6, list four things you learn about Bonifacio, the location of the story. Try to give four specific details, in full clear sentences.

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 2: Using lines 7-15, how has the writer used language to present the setting? Select quotations which will allow you to analyse methods and words.

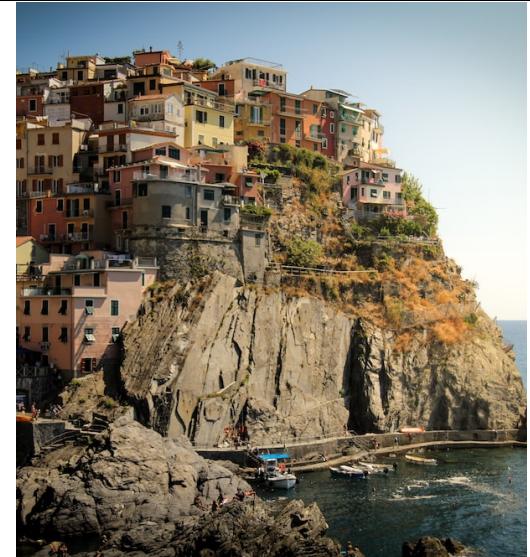
<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Method and meaning created</i>	<i>Key word and impact created</i>
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:

TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Creative writing 4 : an house on a cliff



TASK 1: Using the images above, write a description of living in one of these locations. Remember to think about vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

The Power of Paper

The following extract is from *The Treasure in the Forest*, written by HG Wells published in 1894. This extract is from the opening of the story, where two men, Hooker and Evans, have an important piece of paper.

	The canoe was now approaching the land. The bay opened out, and a gap in the white surf of the reef marked where the little river ran out to the sea; the thicker and deeper green of the virgin forest showed its course down the distant hill slope. The forest here came close to the beach. Far beyond, dim and almost cloudlike in texture, rose the mountains, like suddenly frozen waves. The sea was still save for an almost imperceptible swell. The sky blazed.
5	The man with the carved paddle stopped. "It should be somewhere here," he said. He shipped the paddle and held his arms out straight before him.
10	The other man had been in the fore part of the canoe, closely scrutinising the land. He had a sheet of yellow paper on his knee.
15	"Come and look at this, Evans," he said.
20	Both men spoke in low tones, and their lips were hard and dry.
25	The man called Evans came swaying along the canoe until he could look over his companion's shoulder.
30	The paper had the appearance of a rough map. By much folding it was creased and worn to the pitch of separation, and the second man held the discoloured fragments together where they had parted. On it one could dimly make out, in almost obliterated pencil, the outline of the bay.
35	"Here," said Evans, "is the reef, and here is the gap." He ran his thumb-nail over the chart. "This curved and twisting line is the river--I could do with a drink now!--and this star is the place."
40	"You see this dotted line," said the man with the map; "it is a straight line, and runs from the opening of the reef to a clump of palm-trees. The star comes just where it cuts the river. We must mark the place as we go into the lagoon."
45	"It's queer," said Evans, after a pause, "what these little marks down here are for. It looks like the plan of a house or something; but what all these little dashes, pointing this way and that, may mean I can't get a notion. And what's the writing?"

TASK 1: Read the source on page 16.

TASK 2: Using lines 1-5, list four things you learn about the setting of the story. *Try to give four specific details, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 3: How has the writer used language to present the setting and its impact on the men? Fill in the grid below for the selected quotations.

<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Method and meaning created</i>	<i>Key word and impact created</i>
“dim and almost cloudlike in texture, rose the mountains, like suddenly frozen waves”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
“thought of sweet water rippling in the river, and to the almost unendurable dryness of his lips and throat”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:
“The sky was like a furnace, for the sun was near the zenith”	Method: Meaning:	Word: Effect:

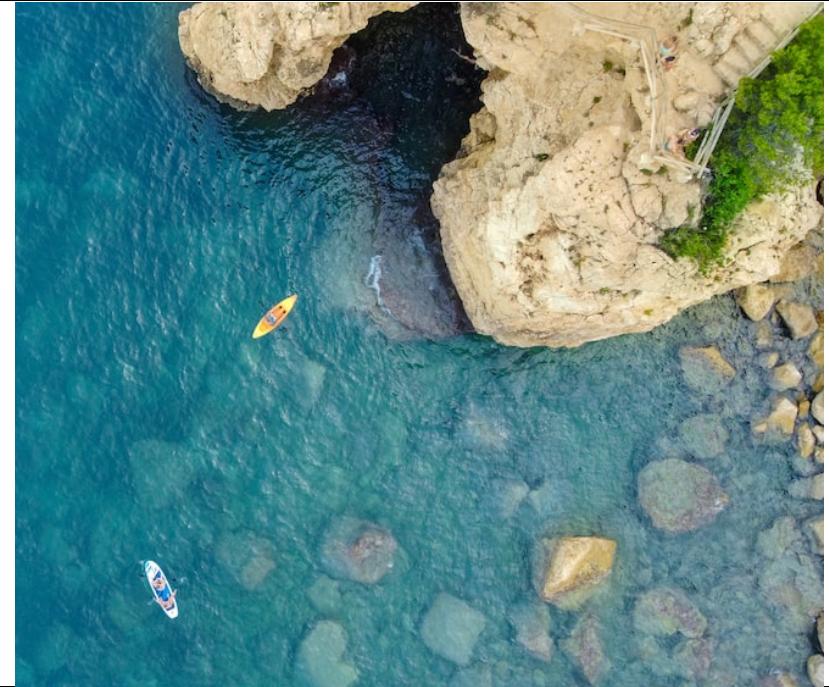
TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Handwriting practice lines for the analysis paragraph.

Creative writing 5 : A canoe journey



TASK 1: Using the images above, write a description of a journey through any location of your choice on a canoe. The pictures above are there to inspire you. Remember to think about your vocabulary, sentence structure, spelling and punctuation.

Additional creative writing space



SECTION 2: EXPLORING THE POEMS



‘Checking Out Me History’: Introductory Tasks

TASK 1: What did you learn from the extract on page 4 about Mary Seacole and her role in the Crimean War? *Did you already know about Mary Seacole?*

TASK 2: We are going to watch the poet, John Agard, reading the poem. Use the space below to record your initial reaction to the poem.

You may want to record what the poem is about, your reaction, what the message might be, key images.

TASK 3: We are now going to watch a video with the poet discussing his poem. Answer the questions below as you watch the video.

What view is there of history? What example does Agard give?	
Agard says that...	<i>“the retelling of _____ depends on who is telling the _____”</i>
What side does the poem have, and what examples does Agard give of this?	
Poetry is not	► ►
Agard explains the poem is a “counterpoint of two voices” – what voices are they?	<i>Voice 1:</i> <i>Voice 2:</i>
What comments does Agard offer about Nanny de Maroon?	
Why does Agard use his registers of speech in the poem?	
What does Agard explain about music and poetry?	
What does poetry keep us in contact with?	

'Checking Out Me History' by John Agard

1 Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

5 Bandage up me eye with me own history
5 Blind me to my own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L'Ouverture
no dem never tell me bout dat

10 *Toussaint
a slave
with vision
lick back
Napoleon
battalion
and first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
to de French
20 Toussaint de beacon
of de Haitian Revolution*

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
and de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish run away with de spoon
25 but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

30 *Nanny
see-far woman
of mountain dream
fire-woman struggle
hopeful stream
to freedom river*

what is happening? 1-9

what is happening? 10-21

what is happening? 22-31

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492

35 but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
and how Robin Hood used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
but dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

what is happening? 32-39

40 *From Jamaica
she travel far
to the Crimean War
she volunteer to go
and even when de British said no*

45 *she still brave the Russian snow
a healing star
among the wounded
a yellow sunrise
to the dying*

50 Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
carving out me identity

- John Agard, published in 2005

what is happening? 40-53



SUMMARY

SEMANTIC FIELDS

8-8

Restriction

blind

bandage

tell

Hope

beacon

Fear

grave

“Dem tell me wha
dem want to tell me” 

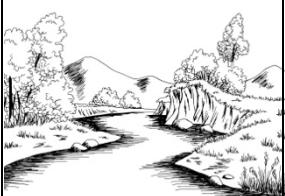
 “Bandage up me
eye [...] blind me

“I carving out
me identity” 

‘Checking Out Me History’: Consolidation Tasks



TASK 1: Find a quotation from the poem to describe each of the images



TASK 2: Explain Agard's message about power and conflict in the space below. Consider what Wordsworth might be showing about nature's power.

Conflict:

Power:

TASK 3: Explore how Agard presents ideas about identity in 'Checking Out Me History'. This requires a *What, How, Why* paragraph to explain your ideas in detail.

‘The Emigree’ : Introductory Tasks

TASK 1: We are going to watch a video that explains the Migrant crisis. Mind-map below what the video explains about the crisis.

'THE MIGRANT CRISIS' VIDEO

TASK 2: We are going to watch a video animation of the poem. Use the space below to record your thoughts and feelings about the poem. You may want to record what the poem is about, your reaction, what the message might be, key images.

11. *What is the primary purpose of the following sentence?*

TASK 3: Using your own knowledge, the reading of *The Refugee* and the video above to explain what it could be like to be forced to leave your homeland, and go to another country, without being able to go back.

'The Emigree' by Carol Rumens



1 There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
5 The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the **bright, filled paperweight**.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am **branded by an impression of sunlight**.



10 The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
15 It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of **sunlight**.

what is happening?



I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
20 I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city **hides behind me**. They mutter death,
25 and my shadow falls as evidence of **sunlight**.

what is happening?

what is happening?

POEM:

Link one

POEM:

Link two

POEM:

Link three

SUMMARY	SEMANTIC FIELDS ⁽⁸⁾ 8-8	
	Power	Speech
	tyrant	tongue
	accuse	
	war	
	Fear	Light
	accuse	



“bright, filled
paperweight”



“branded by an
impression of
sunlight”

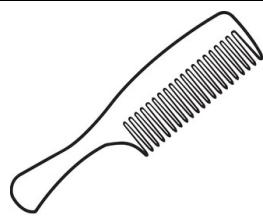
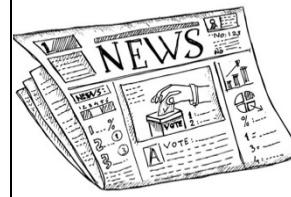
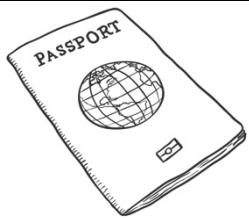


“My city hides
behind me”

‘The Emigree’ : Consolidation Tasks



TASK 1: Find a quotation from the poem to describe each of the images



TASK 2: Explain Rumens' message about power and conflict in the space below. Consider what Rumens is showing about human power and what conflict causes.

Conflict:

Power:

TASK 3: Explore OR Compare how Rumens presents ideas about the power of memory in 'The Emigree' and one other poem.

'Kamikaze': Introductory Tasks

TASK 1: What did you learn from the extract on page 10 about how a Japanese soldier views honour and strength? Why might this be the case?

TASK 2: We are going to watch a reading of the poem. Use the space below to record your thoughts and feelings about the poem. You may want to record what the poem is about, your reaction, what the message might be, key images.

TASK 3: We are now going to watch a video which discusses the role of a kamikaze pilot. Answer the questions below as you watch the video.

How is death seen by the soldiers?	
How did they react when selected?	
What does the soldier think when the emperor visits?	► ►
How is the emperor seen in Japan?	
What is bushido?	
What must the soldiers do before they complete their mission?	
What did the soldiers have to do on their mission?	
Who were they doing the mission for?	► <i>On the surface,</i> ► <i>In reality,</i>
What did they make themselves believe? What did they have to do?	
What happened on 11 May 1945?	
What goes through his mind when the war ended?	
How would his friends be remembered?	
What did he feel and wish?	► <i>He felt</i> ► <i>He wished</i>

'Kamikaze' by Beatrice Garland



1 Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
 in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
5 and enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,
recounting it later to her children,
he must have looked far down

10 at the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes
like a huge flag waved first one way

15 then the other in a figure of eight,
the dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver as their bellies
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he

20 and his brothers waiting on the shore
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles
to see whose withstood longest
the turbulent inrush of breakers
bringing their father's boat safe

25 – yes, grandfather's boat – safe
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash
with cloud-marked mackerel,
black crabs, feathery prawns,
the loose silver of whitebait and once

30 a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

And though he came back
my mother never spoke again
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes
and the neighbours too, they treated him
35 as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed

 till gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned, that this
40 was no longer the father we loved.
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

what is happening? 1

what is happening? 2-3

what is happening? 4-5

what is happening? 6-7

- Beatrice Garland, published in 2013

SUMMARY	SEMANTIC FIELDS	
	Memory	Noise
	history	chattered
	remembered	
	returned	
	Family	Nature
	brother	

“a shaven head/
full of powerful
incantations”



“gradually we
too learned/
to be silent”



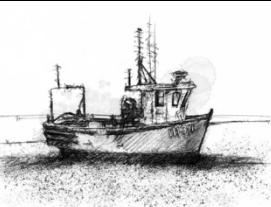
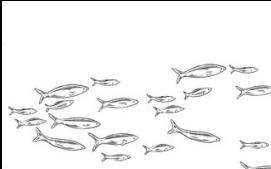
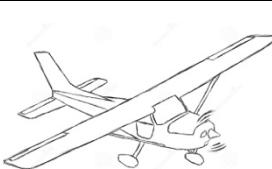
“wondered/ which
had been the
better way to die”



‘Kamikaze’ : Consolidation Tasks



TASK 1: Find a quotation from the poem to describe each of the images



TASK 2: Explain Garland's message about power and conflict in the space below. Consider what Shelley is saying about what and who ultimately has power.

Conflict:

Power:

TASK 3: Explore OR Compare how Garland presents ideas about the impact of war in 'Kamikaze'. *This requires a **What, How, Why** paragraph.*

‘Poppies’: Introductory Tasks

TASK 1: We are going to watch a video about a family who preserved their son’s bedroom following his death at war. What does this tell you about the impact of death in war on families? Why might they do this?

TASK 2: We are going to watch a video animation of the poem. Use the space below to record your thoughts and feelings about the poem.

You may want to record what the poem is about, your reaction, what the message might be, key images.

TASK 3: We are now going to watch a video where the poet, Jane Weir, discusses her poem. Answer the questions below as you watch the video.

What location inspired the poem?	
What did she notice here?	
What idea did these walks lead to?	
What position did Weir imagine?	
What is ‘Poppies’ a poem of?	
How is the memorial mentioned in the poem?	
What can be heard from the memorial?	
In particular, what should we remember about these people?	
What comments does Weir offer about “all my words flattened, rolled, turned into felt, slowly melting” and how making felt links to grieving a loss?	

'Poppies' by Jane Weir

1 Three days before Armistice Sunday
and poppies had already been placed
on individual war graves. Before you left,
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,
5 spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand,
I rounded up as many white cat hairs
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's
10 upturned collar, steeled the softening
of my face. I wanted to graze my nose
across the tip of your nose, play at
being Eskimos like we did when
you were little. I resisted the impulse
15 to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,

slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
20 it open, the world overflowing
like a treasure chest. A split second
and you were away, intoxicated.
After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,
released a song bird from its cage.
25 Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,
and this is where it has led me,
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy
making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.



- Jane Weir, published in 2005

what is happening?

what is happening?

what is happening?

what is happening?

Link one

POEM:

Link two

POEM:

Link three

POEM:

SUMMARY	SEMANTIC FIELDS ⁽⁸⁾ 8-8	
	Regret	Conflict
	steeled	Armistice
	wanted	
	resisted	
	Childhood	Nature
	eskimos	

“released a songbird
from its cage”



“leaned against it
like a wishbone”

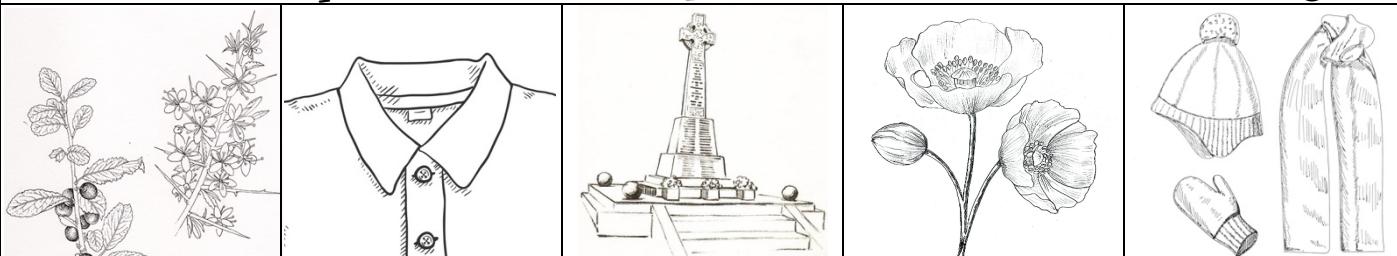


“hoping to hear/
your playground voice”



'Poppies': Consolidation Tasks

TASK 1: Find a quotation from the poem to describe each of the images



TASK 2: Explain Weir's message about power and conflict in the space below. Consider what Weir is saying about how being powerless and the impact of conflict.

Conflict:

Power:

TASK 3: Explore OR Compare how Weir presents the impact of death in 'Poppies'. This requires a **What, How, Why** paragraph on one poem OR two.

'Tissue' : Introductory Tasks

TASK 1: The extract you read was about an important piece of paper, in this case a map. What other pieces of paper are considered important?

IMPORTANT USES FOR PAPER

TASK 2: We are going to watch a video animation of the poem. Use the space below to record your thoughts and feelings about the poem.

You may want to record what the poem is about, your reaction, what the message might be, key images.

TASK 3: We are now going to watch a video where the poet, Imtiaz Dharker, is interviewed about her poem 'Tissue'. Answer the questions below as you watch the video.

What was Dharker inspired by?	
What did Dharker then begin to think about?	
What suggestions does Dharker make about what causes conflict?	► <i>strict social structures</i> ► ►
What does Dharker say about paper?	<i>Even though we throw it away because we think it means nothing, actually...</i>
What does she relate paper to?	
What idea was Dharker exploring in the poem?	
What poem inspired Dharker?	
What is the link she gives between these poems?	► ►

'Tissue' by Imtiaz Dharker

1 Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,

5 the kind you find in well-used books,
the back of the Koran, where a hand
has written in the names and histories,
who was born to whom,

the height and weight, who
10 died where and how, on which sepia date,
 **pages smoothed and stroked and turned**
transparent with attention.

If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily
15 they fall away on a sigh, a shift
in the direction of the wind.

Maps too. The sun shines through
their borderlines, the marks
that rivers make, roads,
20 railtracks, mountainfolds,

Fine slips from grocery shops
that say how much was sold
and what was paid by credit card
 **might fly our lives like paper kites.**

25 An architect could use all this,
place layer over layer, luminous
script over numbers over line,
and never wish to build again with brick


or block, but **let the daylight break**
30 **through** capitals and monoliths,
through the shapes that pride can make,
find a way to trace a grand design

with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,
35 of paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,

turned into your skin.

- Imtiaz Dharker, published 2006

what is happening? 1-3

what is happening? 4-6

what is happening? 7-9

Link One

POEM:

Link two

POEM:

SUMMARY	SEMANTIC FIELDS ⁽⁸⁾ 8-8	
	Paper	Money
	script	slips
	books	
	tissue	
	Documents	Nature
	maps	

“pages smoothed and
stroked and turned/
transparent” 

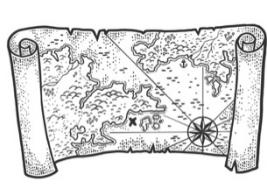
“might fly our lives
like paper kites” 

“let the daylight
break/ through” 

‘Tissue’ : Consolidation Tasks



TASK 1: Find a quotation from the poem to describe each of the images



TASK 2: Explain Dharker's message about power and conflict in the space below. Consider what Dharker is saying about what we give power to and the conflict it creates.

Conflict:

Power:

TASK 3: Explore OR compare how Dharker presents ideas about the power of humans in 'Tissue'. This requires a *What, How, Why* paragraph.



SECTION 3: CONNECTING THE POEMS



COMPARISON

	COMH	TE
‘Checking Out Me History’ COMH	SUMMARY OF COMH:	SIMILARITY TE + COMH:
‘Storm on the Island’ TE	DIFFERENCE COMH + TE:	SUMMARY OF TE:
‘Kamikaze KA	DIFFERENCE COMH + KA:	DIFFERENCE TE + KA:
‘Poppies’ PO	DIFFERENCE COMH + PO:	DIFFERENCE TE + PO:
‘Tissue’ TI	DIFFERENCE COMH + TI:	DIFFERENCE TE + TI:

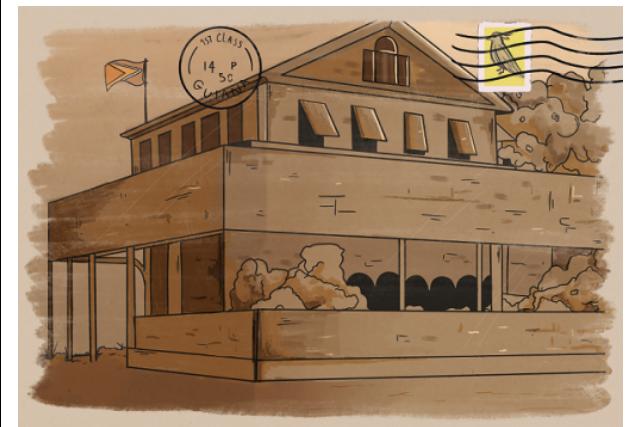
GRID		
KA	PO	TI
SIMILARITY KA + COMH:	SIMILARITY PO + COMH:	SIMILARITY TI + COMH:
SIMILARITY KA + TE:	SIMILARITY PO+TE:	SIMILARITY TI + TE:
SUMMARY OF KA:	SIMILARITY PO + KA:	SIMILARITY TI + KA:
DIFFERENCE KA +PO:	SUMMARY OF PO:	SIMILARITY TI + PO:
DIFFERENCE KA + TI:	DIFFERENCE PO + TI:	SUMMARY OF TI:

MATCHING POEMS

You have been given five images and simple summaries of each poem.

Use the codes below to name the poem for each image and each summary.

Checking Out Me History	COMH
The Emigree	TE
Kamikaze	KA
Poppies	PO
Tissue	TI



We give power to paper which is ultimately fragile - like humans

A pilot turns back from his mission and is disowned by his community

A mother comes to terms with the loss of her son at war

A speaker conveys his anger about the Eurocentric history he is taught

A woman positively remembers her homeland which is now in conflict