Year 9 End of Year Revision Booklet

Reading Section: In the Reading Section, you will be given one of the Power and Conflict poems to analyse and compare to another poem.

Here is a list of techniques that you should know. Can you match these techniques to the correct definitions?

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A) A ‘doing’ or ‘being’ word
B) A comparison made by using ‘like’ or ‘as’
C) A type of imagery where something not human is described as having human features or movements.
D) Putting words together which start with the same sound
E) When a sentence runs onto the next line
F) A word which describes HOW an action is performed – often ending in ‘ly’
G) A comparison made by saying something ‘IS’ something else.
H) A word which sounds like the sound it describes
I) A word which describes a noun.
J) A group of lines in a poem
K) When a word or phrase is written more than once for effect

The List of Poems:
- Remains by Simon Armitage
- Exposure by Wilfred Owen
- Charge of the Light Brigade by Alfred Tennyson
- Bayonet Charge by Ted Hughes
- War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy
- Poppies by Jane Weir

You can find additional information and help here:

http://www.bbc.co.uk/schools/gcsebitesize/english_literature/

http://www.shmoop.com/

You can also use your books to help you.

How to learn quotes:

There’s no quick way, I’m afraid; however, it’s not difficult either! 😊

Repetition – write them out over and over again.
Cue Cards – put the name of the poem on one side and the quote on the other.
Missing words – when you write the quote out, underline or highlight specific words that people can miss out when they say them to you. The test will be to see if you can fill in the missing words.
After a while, get the person testing you to just say the underlined words and see if you can give them the whole quote.
Write the quote out and draw a picture that will jog your memory of it.
Make a poster of a poem and surround the title/picture with quotes in different colours.
Remains

On another occasion, we got sent out
to tackle looters raiding a bank.
And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.

Well myself and somebody else and somebody else
are all of the same mind,
so all three of us open fire.
Three of a kind all letting fly, and I swear

I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.
So we’ve hit this looter a dozen times
and he’s there on the ground, sort of inside out,
pain itself, the image of agony.
One of my mates goes by
and tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he’s carted off in the back of a lorry.

End of story, except not really.
His blood-shadow stays on the street, and out on patrol
I walk right over it week after week.
Then I’m home on leave. But I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he’s probably armed, and possibly not.
Dream, and he’s torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the drugs won’t flush him out –

he’s here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,

but near to the knuckle, here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.
Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that
knive us.
We tired we keep awake because the night is silent...
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire.
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow . . .
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of gray,
But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,
snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires glozed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors all closed: on us the doors are closed—
We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Nor ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.
For God's invincibles spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

To-night, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands and puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in their shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.
The Charge of the Light Brigade

1.
Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!' Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4.
Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plung'd in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

5.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them
Left of six hundred.

6.
When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON
Bayonet Charge

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –
In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running, and his foot hung like
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame
And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide
Open silent, its eyes standing out.
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,
King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm
To get out of that blue crackling air
His terror’s touchy dynamite.

TED HUGHES
Poppies
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,
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
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
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
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.
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.

On reaching the top of the hill I traced
the inscriptions on the war memorial,
leaned against it like a wishbone.
The dove pulled freely against the sky,
an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind.

JANE WEIR
War Photographer

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don’t explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger’s features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man’s wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday’s supplement. The reader’s eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.
### The Charge of the Light Brigade - Alfred Lord Tennyson

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<td>‘running- raw In raw-seamed hot khaki’</td>
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<td>’the world overflowing like a treasure chest’</td>
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<td>’released a song bird from its cage’</td>
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<td>’leaned against it like a wishbone’</td>
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<td>’The dove pulled freely against the sky, an ornamental stitch’</td>
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<tr>
<td>‘spools of suffering set out in ordered row’</td>
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<td>Juxtaposition of order and chaos of war</td>
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<td>‘as though this were a church’</td>
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<td>Bitter tone</td>
<td>Verb ‘prick’</td>
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<td>Internal rhyme</td>
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Use GCSE Bitesize to find out information about the CONTEXT of each poem. Jot down 2-3 things you learn.

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Making Links: In the exam, you will be asked to write up a comparison (two paragraphs). If you follow this structure, it will help:

**First Paragraph**

Comparative statement: **Both poems**...
Point about poem 1: *(Poet 1) uses (a technique)/presents*...
Evidence: **A quote to support this is “...**
Explain: **This suggests**...
Zoom in on key words: **An important word is**....
Link to reader AND CONTEXT: **This causes the reader to**...
The poet may have been inspired by...

**Second Paragraph**

Comparative point linking 1<sup>st</sup> poem to 2<sup>nd</sup> poem: *(Connective)*,
*(Poet 2) also uses (a technique) to/presents*....
Evidence: **A quote to support this is “...**
Explain: **This suggests**...
Zoom in on key words: **An important word is**....
Link to reader AND CONTEXT: **This causes the reader to**...
The poet may have been inspired by...
Writing Section: In the writing section, you will be asked to write a description from the perspective of a character from Macbeth. You will need to write accurately whilst using a variety of techniques and interesting words.

One of the most important skills that you will need will be your literacy skills. You must use capital letters and full stops accurately throughout your writing. Can you correct the mistakes in this paragraph?

he ran across the gravel as fast as his legs could carry him the noise following him was quickening and rapidly catching up with him suddenly he stopped his heart was racing and he could hear the thumping of blood pounding in his ears the scratching sound crept closer and closer he couldn’t run any more his muscles were burning all he could do was lie down and wait

These words are over used and boring. Can you use a thesaurus to find better words that mean either the same or similar
bad good dark light big small scary happy

You will also need to know the characters in Macbeth. Can you match them to their description?

<table>
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<th>Description</th>
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<td>A. A good king who values loyalty.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Banquo</td>
<td>B. Supernatural creatures that predict the future.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Lady Macbeth</td>
<td>C. A soldier who is told his children will be kings.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. The witches</td>
<td>E. A soldier who is promoted and very ambitious.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Underneath is a character and a moment in the play. Decide how they would be feeling at this time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Point in the Play</th>
<th>Feelings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>Just after he’s ordered Banquo to be killed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady Macbeth</td>
<td>As she is waiting for Macbeth to come back from killing Duncan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banquo</td>
<td>As he is being attacked by the assassins.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan</td>
<td>When he finds out that the old Thane of Cawdor has betrayed him.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Witches</td>
<td>When they hear that Macduff has summoned an army against Macbeth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Possible Revision Tasks for Creative Writing:

Write a diary entry from the perspective of your favourite character when they are happiest in the play.

Write a diary entry from the perspective of your favourite character when they are saddest in the play.

Create a leaflet describing Scotland before and after Macbeth becomes king.

Write a newspaper article written by Macduff after the play is finished.

Imagine you are Lady Macbeth’s doctor. Describe what she looks like and how she is acting in her sleepwalking episodes.

Imagine you are a servant in Macbeth’s castle. Describe your experiences between you and your master. How does he treat you? How does he behave when he’s at home? What have you over-heard?

Notes: