

	Meaning A01	NITS
who is being spoken to or addressed?		Meaning, Imagery, Tone, Structure, Language (My Itchy Toes Smell Loads)
<ul> <li>Theme(s) of the poem - what is it really about?</li> <li>Setting/culture - where's the poem set? Culture it is from/about?</li> </ul>		<u>Always</u> link everything to meaning. Ask yourself how does this contributes to the meaning? Why has the poet used this technique?
• where does the poem "get to" from start to end?		
Stru Rhyme - is there a rhyme scheme? Couplets? Internal rhyme?	<u>Structure</u>	osta
<ul> <li>Rhythm - how many syllables per line? Is it regular or free verse? Why are some different lengths?</li> </ul>	hy are	Language
Stanzas - How many? How do they change? Is there a narrative?		What kinds of words are used?
<ul> <li>Lines - how many are their in each verse? Do some stand out?</li> <li>Enjambment - do the lines "run on" to the next line or stanza?</li> </ul>		<ul> <li>Puns - a pun is a play on words - "Shear Class!" if Shearer scores.</li> <li>Connotation - associations that words have (as "stallion" connotes a cer ain that of home with potentia potential.</li> </ul>
<ul> <li>End stopping - does each line finish at the end of a sentence?</li> <li>Form - does the poem have a shape to it?</li> </ul>	A02	<ul> <li>Double meanings - "butts in" - putting bottoms in or interrupting.</li> <li>Ambiguity - is the word or phrase deliberately unclear? Could it mean</li> </ul>
	Imagery	<ul> <li>opposite things or many different things?.</li> <li>Word order - are the words in an unusual order - why?</li> </ul>
<ul> <li>Alliteration - the repeating of initial sounds.</li> <li>Assonance - is the term used for the repetition of vowel sounds within</li> </ul>	thin	<ul> <li>Adjectives - what are the key describing words?</li> <li>Key words and phrases - do any of the words or phrases stand out? Do</li> </ul>
Metaphor - comparing two things by saying one is the other.		Slang or unusual words and misspellings - Does the poet use
<ul> <li>Simile - comparing two things saying one is like or as the other.</li> </ul>		slang or informal language? Are American words used?
<ul> <li>Onomatopoeia - words that sound like the thing they describe.</li> </ul>		Style - does the poet copy another style? (Newspaper, play etc)
Repetition - does the poet repeat words or phrases?	A02	Characters - if there are characters how do they speak? AOX

## Paper 1, Section A: Unseen Poetry

In Section A of the Literature exam you will be presented with an 'unseen' poem – this means a poem that you have not studied before in class.

You should spend about **45 minutes** reading and analysing the poem as well as answering the question.

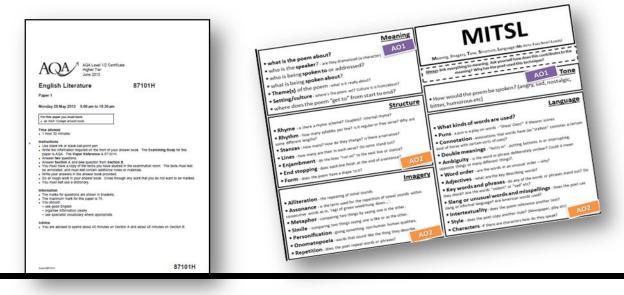
#### **Typical Questions:**

# What feelings does the narrator of the poem have about his students and his job as a teacher and how does Lawrence convey these feelings to the reader?

- The first part of the question will ask you to think about the meaning and tone of the poem. Try to use a wide range of adjectives to sum up the feelings e.g. nostalgic, melancholy, thoughtful, dreamy, romantic, hopeless etc. and use evidence to support your points. AO1.
- 2. The second part of the question will ask you to think about the **methods** used e.g. **LANGUAGE, STRUCTRE, IMAGERY. AO2.**

#### Methods – AO2

- Don't worry too much if you cannot remember the name for a method/technique if you think the quotation is interesting and powerful use it anyway and talk about the effect of the words. Refer to it as **'emotive language'**.
- Methods: remember to write about STRUCTURE as well as LANGUAGE and IMAGERY.
- Remember MITSL Meaning/Imagery/Tone/Structure/Language = My Itchy Toes Smell Loads.



## What to Do in the Exam

**Read the question** before you read the poem – it will give you a clue for what to look for.

**Read the poem** through once and highlight words and phrases that may help you answer the question.

**Read the poem** through a second time and this time write down what those highlighted phrases tell you. Start to analyse.

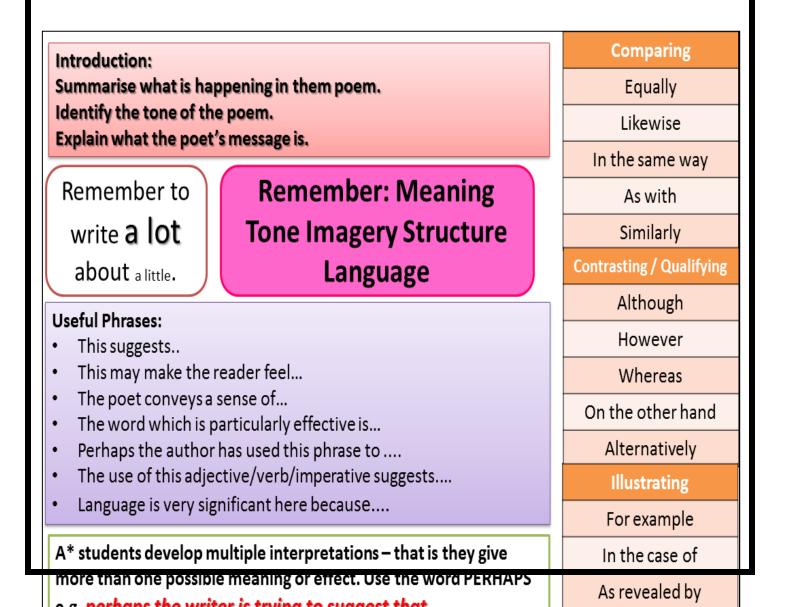
**Read the poem** through a third time looking for more techniques and annotate the effect of the techniques around the poem.

**Answer** the question carefully aiming to write at least two sides of detailed analysis.

**Proofread** your answer carefully – make sure you have used a wide range of quotations and are constantly providing different interpretations to the question.

## What to Do if You Get Really Stuck...

- ✓ Count the number of lines in each verse. Does the number of lines in each verse change? Think of a rease for this.
- ✓ Look at the punctuation !?... Think of a reason for why the punctuation has been used.
- ✓ Focus on individual words. Which words really stand out
   what might be the effect?

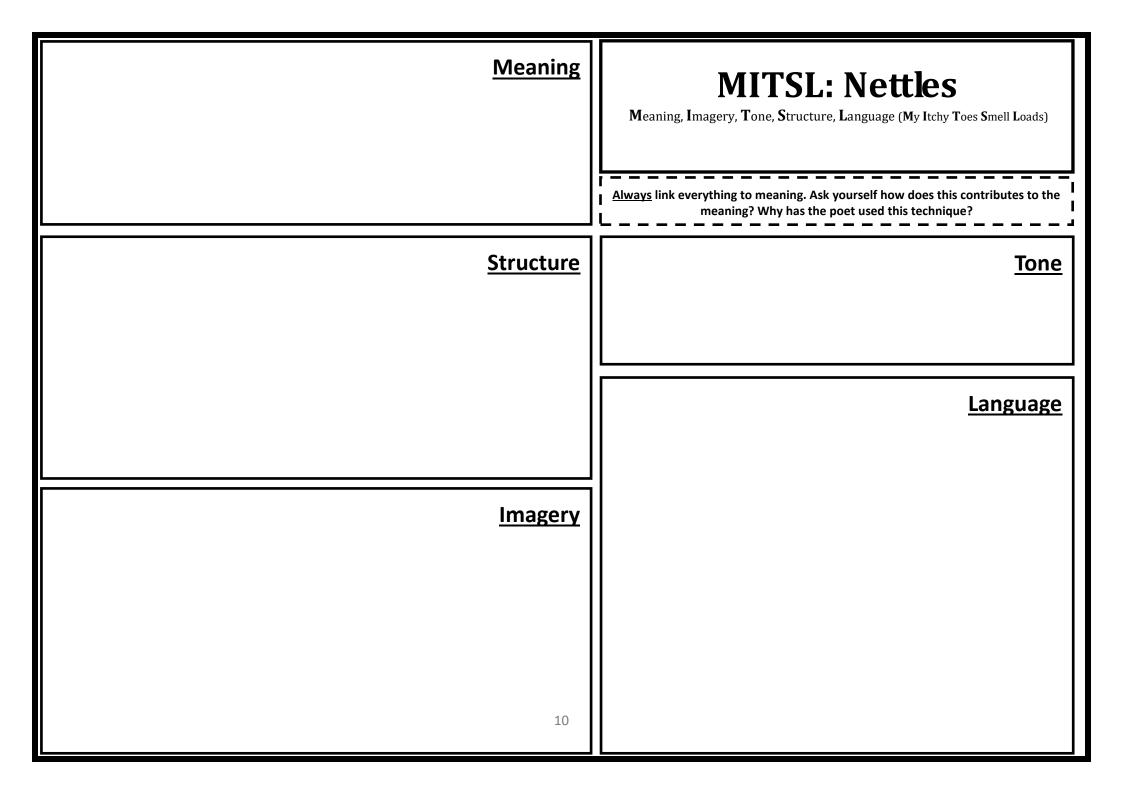


#### **Nettles**

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed. 'Bed' seemed a curious name for those green spears, That regiment of spite behind the shed: It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears The boy came seeking comfort and I saw White blisters beaded on his tender skin. We soothed him till his pain was not so raw. At last he offered us a watery grin, And then I took my billhook, honed the blade And went outside and slashed in fury with it Till not a nettle in that fierce parade Stood upright any more. And then I lit A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead, But in two weeks the busy sun and rain Had called up tall recruits behind the shed: My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

### **Vernon Scannell**

Noun- Mrs Tilcher - importance of primary school teacher	Personification: "The laugh of a bell." (Imagination of children/enthusiasm)
Adverbs - "The scent of a pencil slowly" -	The inky tadpoles changed from commas into exclamation marks: (sense of passing/ giving up) "A thunderstorm." (Refer to adolescence)
Verb- You kicked him'	children) Metaphors:"
Adjectives- 'rough boy'	memories- a place of adventure and dreams) "Brady and Hindley faded, like the faint uneasy smudge of a mistake." (Naivety of
<b>Pronouns-</b> "You". Brings us into the poem, makes realit to the reader. We can relate to the child's experiences as a reader.	Imagery (LANGUAGE) Similes: 'The classroom glowed like a sweet shop' (easy to relate the child
Language	Written in the second person, so reader identifies with "you" of poem, who could be poet or any child at schod. A mix of narration and description but with chronological movement - ends with leaving primary school for good.
<b>Tone</b> The tone of the poem is one of warmth, affection, and of love. It communicates the headlong excitement of being young. The final stanza introduces a slightly more troubled tone, but there is still the sense of wonder and enthusiasm for life.	Short sentences - "This was better than home" (clear enjoyment of the lesson) Enjambment: Continual memories of time as a child/growing up is inevitable. Free verse- Irregular stanzas-
contributes to the meaning? Why has the poet used this technique?	Christing
Always link everything to QUESTION. Ask yourself how does this	children to do this this.
MITSL: In Mrs Tilcher's Class Meaning, Imagery, Tone, Structure, Language (My Inchy Tone Smell Loads)	Meaning- Answer the question as an introduction What is it about? In this poem, Duffy affectionately remembers here specience of one year in her primary school, in particular the class of Mrs Tilscher. School, and especially Mrs Tilscher's class, was a place of security and adventure. The idea of child innocence and growing up are important. Childhood is seen as a time of learning and the school is seen as a safe environment for



### **Welltread**

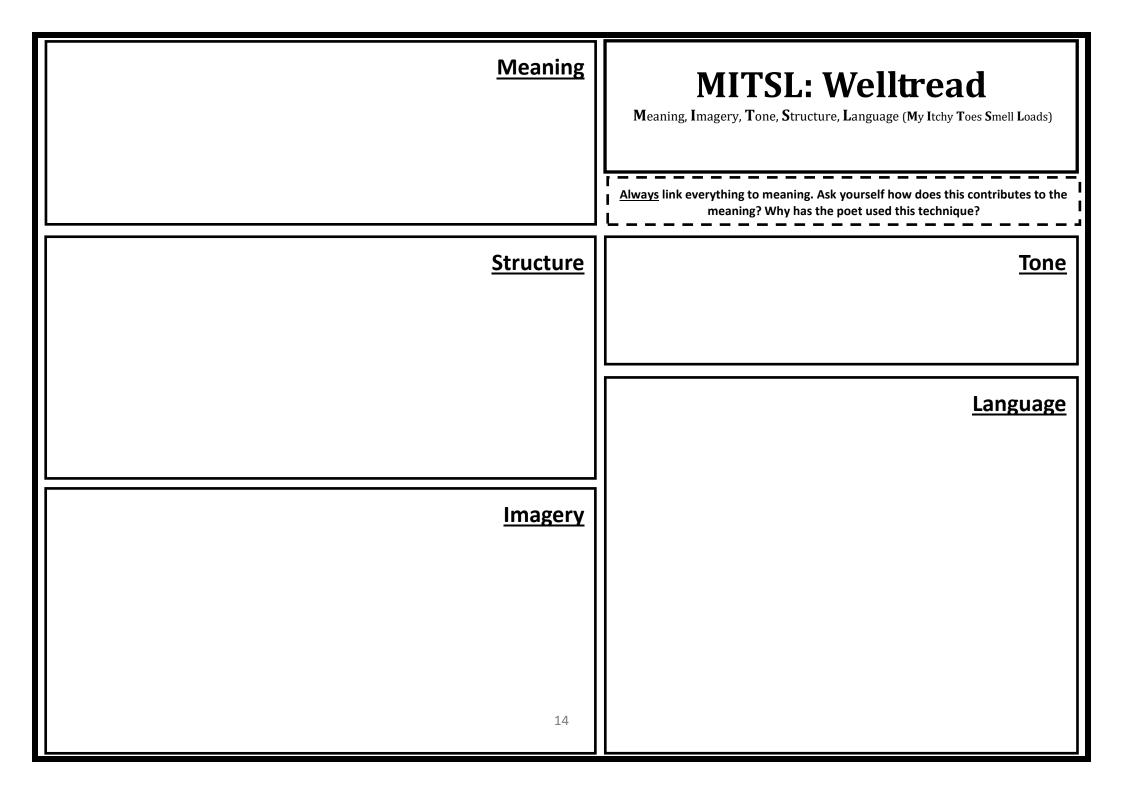
Welltread was the Head and the Head's face was a fist. Yes, I've got him. Spelling and Punishment. A big brass bell dumb on his desk till only he shook it, and children ran shrieking in the locked yard. Mr Welltread, Sir

He meant well. They all did then. The loud, inarticulate dads the mothers who spat on hankies and rubbed you away. but Welltread looked like a gangster. Welltread stalked the forms, collecting thrupenny bits in a soft black hat.

We prayed for Aberfan, vaguely reprieved. My socks dissolved, two grey pools at my ankles, at the shock of my name called out. The memory brings me to my feet as a foul would. The wrong child for a trite crime.

And all I could say was *No.* Welltread straightened my hand as though he could read the future there, then hurt himself more than he hurt me. There was no cause for complaint. There was the burn of a cane in my palm, still smouldering.

## **Carol Ann Duffy**



#### **Hard Frost**

Frost called to water 'Halt!' And crushed the most snow with sparkling salt; Brooks, their own bridges, stop, And icicles in long stalactites drop, And tench in water-holes Lurk under gluey glass like fish in bowls.

In the hard-rutted lane

At every footstep breaks a brittle pane,

And twinkling trees ice-bound

Changed into weeping willows, sweep the ground;

Dead boughs take root in ponds

And ferns on windows shoot their ghostly fronds.

But vainly the fierce frost

Interns poor fish, ranks trees in harmed host,

Hangs daggers from house-eaves

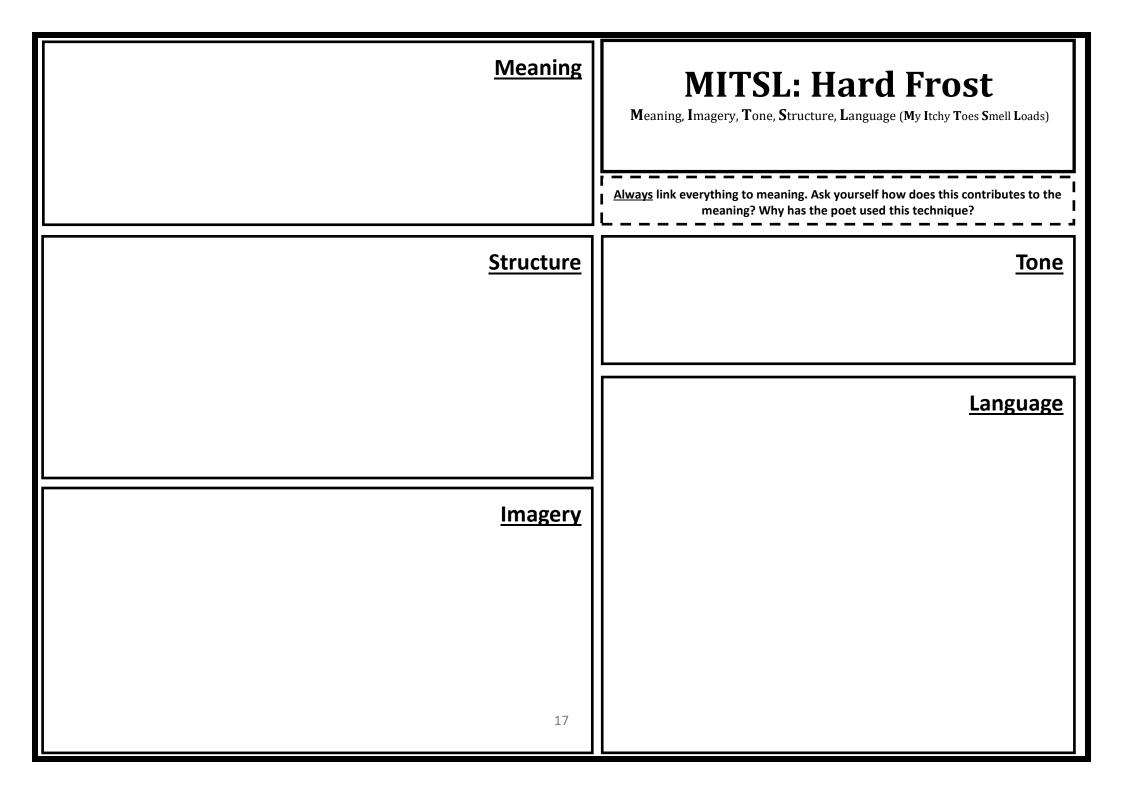
And on the windows ferny ambush weaves;

In the long war grown warmer

The sun will strike him dead and strip his armour.

#### Glossary:

- Brooks streams
- Stalactites rocks hanging from cave ceiling
- Tench fish
- Boughs branches
- Fronds leaves
- Interns keeps



#### <u>Hour</u>

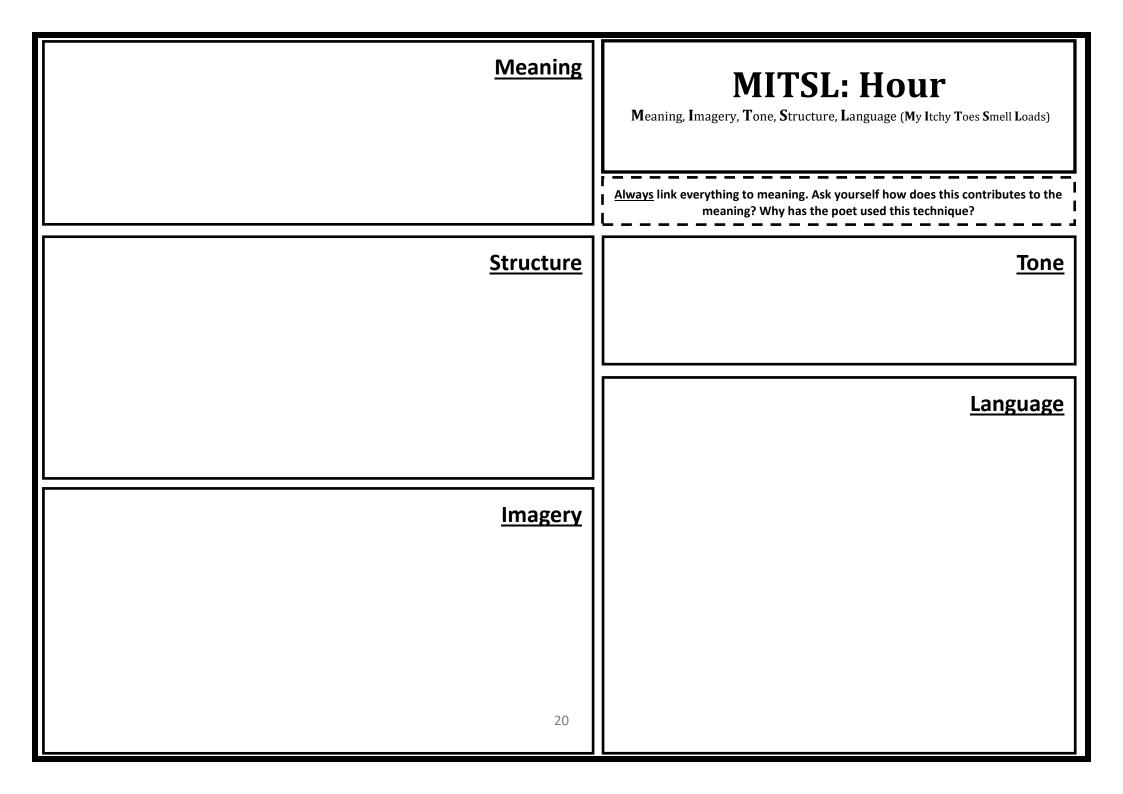
Love's time's beggar, but even a single hour, bright as a dropped coin, makes love rich. We find an hour together, spend it not on flowers or wine, but the whole of the summer sky and a grass ditch.

> For thousands of seconds we kiss; your hair like treasure on the ground; the Midas light turning your limbs to gold. Time slows, for here we are millionaires, backhanding the night

so nothing dark will end our shining hour, no jewel hold a candle to the cuckoo spit hung from the blade of grass at your ear, no chandelier or spotlight see you better lit

than here. Now. Time hates love, wants love poor, but love spins gold, gold, gold from straw.

## **Carol Ann Duffy**



### **Catrin**

I can remember you, child, As I stood in a hot, white Room at the window watching The people and cars taking Turn at the traffic lights. I can remember you, our first Fierce confrontation, the tight Red rope of love which we both Fought over. It was square Environmental blank, disinfected Of paintings or toys. I wrote All over the walls with my Words, coloured the clean squares With the wild, tender circles Of our struggle to become Separate. We want, we shouted, To be two, to be ourselves. Neither won nor lost the struggle In the glass tank clouded with feelings Which changed us both. Still I am fighting You off, as you stand there With your straight, strong, long Brown hair and your rosy

Defiant glare, bringing up

From the heart's pool that old rope,

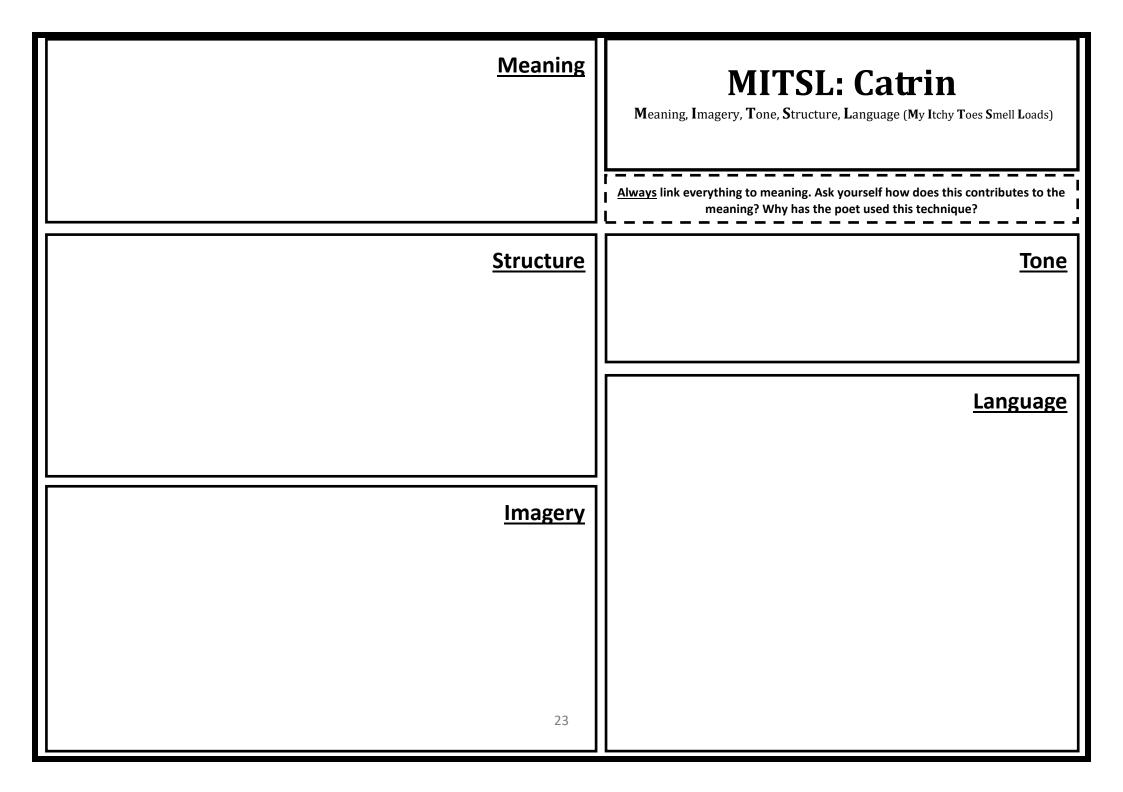
Tightening about my life,

Trailing love and conflict,

As you ask may you skate

In the dark, for one more hour.

**Gillian Clark** 



#### **Brothers**

Saddled with you for the afternoon, me and Paul ambled across the threadbare field to the bus stop, talking over Sheffield Wednesday's chances in the Cup while you skipped beside us in your ridiculous tank-top, spouting six-year-old views on Rotherham United.

Suddenly you froze, said you hadn't any bus fare. I sighed, said you should go and ask Mum and while you windmilled home I looked at Paul. His smile, like mine, said I was nine and he was ten and we must stroll the town, doing what grown-ups do.

As a bus crested the hill we chased Olympic Gold. Looking back I saw you spring towards the gate, your hand holding out what must have been a coin. I ran on, unable to close the distance I'd set in motion.

#### **Andrew Forster**

Meaning	<b>MITSL: Brothers</b> Meaning, Imagery, Tone, Structure, Language (My Itchy Toes Smell Loads)
	<u>Always</u> link everything to meaning. Ask yourself how does this contributes to the meaning? Why has the poet used this technique?
<u>Structure</u>	<u>Tone</u>
	Language
<u>Imagery</u>	
26	

#### **Extract from Out of the Blue**

You have picked me out. Through a distant shot of a building burning you have noticed now that a white cotton shirt is twirling, turning.

In fact I am waving, waving. Small in the clouds, but waving, waving. Does anyone see

a soul worth saving?

So when will you come?

Do you think you are watching, watching

a man shaking crumbs

or pegging out washing?

I am trying and trying. The heat behind me is bullying, driving, but the white of surrender is not yet flying. I am not at the point of leaving, diving.

A bird goes by.

The depth is appalling. Appalling

that others like me

should be wind-milling, wheeling, spiralling, falling.

Are your eyes believing,

believing

that here in the gills

I am still breathing.

But tiring, tiring.

Sirens below are wailing, firing.

My arm is numb and my nerves are sagging.

Do you see me, my love. I am failing, flagging.

#### Simon Armitage

