

Easter Revision: Literature

PLAN FOR THE DAY

12:00-12:30 *Macbeth*

12:00-12:30 *A Christmas Carol*

1:00-1:15 *Break*

1:15-1:45 *An Inspector Calls*

1:45-2:15 *Poetry*

2:15-2:30 *An Inspector Calls*

PLAN FOR EACH TEXT

1: 2-3 mins. Brain drop!

You will be given a character or theme. You have 5 minutes to force your brain to remember everything you know about that topic – including quotations!

2: 2 mins. Read the question.

You will be given the relevant extract/question and you will have some time to annotate and discuss as a group.

3: 5 mins. Planning time.

You will have five minutes of silence to plan your own response to the question.

4: 5 mins. Write a paragraph.

You will be given 10 minutes to choose one paragraph to write. You may do this independently or collaboratively.

Ideas Box

Use this box however you want to. You might:

- Create a mind-map of ideas.
- Jot down lists using different headings (quotations, events etc.).
- List vocabulary which might be useful relating to the topic.

Planning Box

Use this box to create a plan you can understand/explain. You must include

- At least four quotations.
- A clear point for each quote.
- Methods you can analyse in each quotation.

Question Box

For 'Macbeth' I would expect you to highlight the extract and question.

For the poetry you may want to highlight key quotations and annotate the poem where necessary.

For 'An Inspector Calls' listen to the discussions over the question and add any useful comments to the question.

Paragraph Box

Each paragraph *should* include:

- Reference to the question + quotation
- Analysis point - 2 minimum
- Effect on reader/audience explored
- Consideration of the writer's intentions

Ideas Box.

Theme: Power in 'Macbeth'

Question Box.

Read the following extract from act 3 scene 1. Macbeth is asking the murderers to kill Banquo and his son, Fleance.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents Macbeth as powerful in 'Macbeth'.

Second Murderer

We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer

Though our lives--

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

Exeunt Murderers

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Exit

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Theme: Kingship in 'Macbeth'

Question Box.

Read the extract from act 5, scene 5. Macbeth is defending his castle from Macloim and Macduff's army.

Starting with this extract, how does Shakespeare ideas about what makes a good King in 'Macbeth'?

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours

MACBETH

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry of women within

What is that noise?

SEYTON

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Exit

MACBETH

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me.

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Theme: Money and business in 'A Christmas Carol'

Question Box.

Read the following extract from stave 1. Jacob Marley's ghost is discussing the afterlife with Scrooge.

Starting with this extract, explore how Dickens presents ideas about money and business in 'A Christmas Carol'

'But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,' faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

'Business!' cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. 'Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!'

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

'At this time of the rolling year,' the spectre said 'I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me!'

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

'Hear me!' cried the Ghost. 'My time is nearly gone.' 'I will,' said Scrooge. 'But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!' 'How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day.'

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Theme: Redemption in 'A Christmas Carol'

Question Box.

Read the following extract from stave 5. Scrooge is making decisions and changing his behaviour following his interactions with the spirits.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents ideas about redemption in 'A Christmas Carol'

'My dear sir. I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir.'

'Mr Scrooge.'

'Yes,' said Scrooge. 'That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness' -- here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

'Lord bless me.' cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. 'My dear Mr Scrooge, are you serious.'

'If you please,' said Scrooge. 'Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour.'

'My dear sir,' said the other, shaking hands with him. 'I don't know what to say to such munificence.'

'Don't say anything please,' retorted Scrooge. 'Come and see me. Will you come and see me.'

'I will.' cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

'Thank you,' said Scrooge. 'I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you.'

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk -- that anything -- could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Poetry about war (excluding 'Poppies')

Question Box.

Compare the ways poets present war in 'Poppies' and one other poem.

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

Ideas Box.

Poetry including anger (excluding 'Remains')

Question Box. Compare the ways poets present the feeling of anger in in 'Remains' and one other poem.

Remains

On another occasion, we get 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, 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.
-Simon Armitage

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Character: Inspector in 'An Inspector Calls'

Question Box.

How does Priestley present the inspector as the most important character in 'An Inspector Calls'?

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Theme: Age in 'An Inspector Calls'

Question Box.

How does Priestley explore ideas about age in 'An Inspector Calls'?

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Unseen Poetry – Section A

In 'Born Yesterday' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about the newborn child?

'Born Yesterday'

Tightly-folded bud,
I have wished you something
None of the others would:
Not the usual stuff
About being beautiful,
Or running off a spring
Of innocence and love –
They will all wish you that,
And should it prove possible,
Well, you're a lucky girl.

But if it shouldn't, then
May you be ordinary;
Have, like other women,
An average of talents:
Not ugly, not good-looking,
Nothing uncustomary
To pull you off your balance,
That, unworkable itself,
Stops all the rest from working.
In fact, may you be dull –
If that is what a skilled,
Vigilant, flexible,
Unemphasised, enthralled
Catching of happiness is called.

-Philip Larkin

Unseen Poetry – Section B

In both 'Born Yesterday' and 'POEM', the speakers describe feelings about BLANK. What are the similarities and/or differences between the methods the poets use to present these feelings?

'I know a baby, such a baby'

I know a baby, such a baby, -
Round blue eyes and cheeks of pink,
Such an elbow furrowed with dimples,
Such a wrist where creases sink.
'Cuddle and love me, cuddle and love me,'
Crowns the mouth of coral pink:
Oh, the bald head, and, oh, the sweet lips,
And, oh, the sleepy eyes that wink!

Christina Georgina Rossetti

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