

# 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: Love in 'Romeo and Juliet'

## Question Box.

Read the following extract from act 1 scene 5. Romeo has just seen Juliet and then Tybalt notices him at the party.

Starting with this extract, explore how Shakespeare presents the theme of love in 'Romeo and Juliet'.

### **ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

### **TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

### **CAPULET**

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

### **TYBALT**

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
A villain that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

### **CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

### **TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

## Ideas Box.

Character: Romeo in 'Romeo and Juliet'

## Question Box.

Read the extract from act 3, scene 1, where Mercutio has just been killed by Tybalt.

Starting with this extract, how does Shakespeare present Romeo as brave in 'Romeo and Juliet'

### **BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

### **ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

*Re-enter TYBALT*

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

### **TYBALT**

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

### **ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

*They fight; TYBALT falls*

### **BENVOLIO**

Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

### **ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

## Ideas Box.

Theme: Violence in 'Jekyll and Hyde'

## Question Box.

Read the following extract from chapter 4, where a description of Carew's murder is given.

Starting with this extract, explore how Stevenson presents ideas about violence and fear in 'Jekyll and Hyde'

Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter--the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer.

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

Ideas Box.

Character: Hyde in 'Jekyll and Hyde'

Question Box.

Read the following extract from chapter 10, where Jekyll describes his choice to return to being Hyde.

Starting with this extract, explore how Stevenson presents the character of Hyde in 'Jekyll and Hyde'

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

I do not suppose that, when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice, he is once out of five hundred times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill.

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

Planning Box.

Paragraph Box.

## 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,'  
Crows 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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