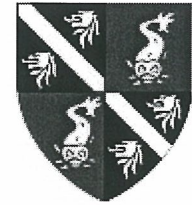


Wallasey School Review Day

Year 10 *English Work*



You will be working on two poems to explore the CONFLICT theme.

Task 1. Read each poem 2-3 times to gain understanding of the main idea, the themes, the rhythm, the tone.

Task 2. Annotate the poems, underlining words which suggest CONFLICT

Task 3. Answer the following questions for each poem in full sentences:

1. Why has the poet chosen the particular title of each poem?
2. Which words / phrases suggest CONFLICT and why?
3. Choose three images that you find powerful and say why.
4. Choose three examples of effective vocabulary and say why.
5. Make a list of similarities and differences between the poems.

Task 4. Choose **one** of the poems and write a short analysis (1side) of the poem – as you would a written extract of a text.

For example

The first line of the poem suggests.....

The poet uses the words `.....' and `.....' to tell the reader.....

Trace through the poem from beginning to end commenting on language, devices, structure.

Name: _____

English Teacher _____

Task 1

Read this poem 2-3 times to gain understanding of the main idea, the themes, the rhythm, the tone.



Wilfred Owen

Dulce et Decorum est

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! — An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. —
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, —
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

Task 2

Annotate the poems, underlining words which suggest CONFLICT

