**Oral Response to Literature**

**Grade 12, 2010-04-19**

**Format: Radio Programme**

Instructions:

* You can work as an individual or you can work in as a group.
* Your personal time speaking must be about two minutes.
* You must record your radio programme on your cellphone or computer.
* Your cellphone must have Blue Tooth technology so that you can transfer your oral to your teacher’s phone. You can record your speech on a memory stick and transfer it to your teacher’s computer.
* Your teacher will listen to your oral presentation and award marks.

Topic

* You must analyse one of the three poems given.
* Give a short biography of the writer.
* Comment on the poetic devices used in the poem.
* Briefly say what you think this poem is about: literally & figuratively.
* Comment on the diction used in the poem. Is there anything special about it or is it ordinary?
* Make sure you announce in your program who is speaking.
* Give your programme a name and pretend you broadcast for a radio station you have invented.

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| Rubric | Excellent | Average | Not achieved to almost achieved |
| Introduction | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| Conclusion | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| Biography of writer | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| Poetic Devices | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| What is the poem about: Literally and Figuratively? | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| Diction | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |
| Audio Presentation | 5-4 | 3 | 2-0 |

Total: \_\_\_\_\_ ÷3.5

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The oral must be completed and delivered before or on 17 May 2010.

**Poem 1**

Mending wall Robert Frost

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,

That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it

And spills the upper boulders in the sun,

And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

The work of hunters is another thing: 5

I have come after them and made repair

Where they have left not one stone on a stone,

But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,

To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,

No one has seen them made or heard them made, 10

But at spring mending-time we find them there.

I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;

And on a day we meet to walk the line

And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go. 15

To each the boulders that have fallen to each.

And some are loaves and some so nearly balls

We have to use a spell to make them balance:

"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"

We wear our fingers rough with handling them. 20

Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,

One on a side. It comes to little more:

There where it is we do not need the wall:

He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across 25

And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.

He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder

If I could put a notion in his head:

"*Why* do they make good neighbors? Isn't it 30

Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know

What I was walling in or walling out,

And to whom I was like to give offense.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall, 35

That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather

He said it for himself. I see him there,

Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top

In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed. 40

He moves in darkness as it seems to me,

Not of woods only and the shade of trees.

He will not go behind his father's saying,

And he likes having thought of it so well

He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors." 45

**Poem 2**

**An abandoned bundle**

The morning mist and chimney smoke of White Cíty Jabavu flowed thick yellow as pus oozing from a gigantic sore.

It smothered our líttle houses like fish caught in a net.

Scavenging dogs

draped in red bandanas of blood

fought fiercely

for a squirming bundle.

I threw a brick;

they bared fangs

flicked velvet tongues of scarlet

and scurried away,

leaving a mutilated corpse —

an infant dumped on a rubbish heap -

'Oh! Baby in the Manger

sleep well

on human dung.'

Its mother

had melted into the rays of the rising sun,

her face glittering with innocence

her heart as pure as untrampled dew.

**Poem 3**

**D. H. Lawrence**

**Snake**

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before
me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of
the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
i o And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.
The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him? Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him? Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
*If you were not afraid, you would kill him!*

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid, But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste.
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate:
A pettiness.

*Taormina, 1923*