

Week 1

Lesson 1 – In this lesson we are looking at the ideas of war and conflict.

Task 1 – mind map what both words 'War' and 'conflict' mean.

Task 2 - Consider examples of war and conflict today and in the past.

Task 3 - Read the non-fiction text from The Guardian by Carol Ann Duffy. Consider why poets focus on war and Conflict in their poetry. Answer questions on the article. **(on the next page)**

1. What does Plato believe is the poet's obligation?
2. Name one First World War poet or 'war poet'.
3. What does Duffy mean in the simile, 'such lines are part of the English poetry DNA, injected during school days like a vaccine.'
4. Did poets in the early 21st century always go to war?
5. What does Duffy mean when she says, 'war, it seems, makes poets of soldiers and not the other way round.'
6. How do poets largely experience war today?

Consider 'The Main Image' – this is the main idea in a piece of writing.

Task 4 - Look at a selection of modern poems written by a selection of poets. Consider the main image in each poem.

PLENARY – consider why poets write about conflict and war – what perspectives might they have on these different themes and ideas?

Exit wounds July 2009

With the conflict in Afghanistan escalating and the Iraq inquiry pending, poet laureate Carol Ann Duffy commissions war poetry for today

Poets, from ancient times, have written about war. It is the poet's obligation, wrote Plato, to bear witness. In modern times, the young soldiers of the first world war turned the horrors they endured and witnessed in trench combat - which slaughtered them in their millions - into a vividly new kind of poetry, and most of us, when we think of "war poetry" will find the names of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon coming first to our lips, with Ivor Gurney, Isaac Rosenberg, Rupert Brooke ... What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? ... There's some corner of a foreign field ... Such lines are part of the English poetry reader's DNA, injected during schooldays like a vaccine.

But other poems - not all by soldiers - also come to mind: Walt Whitman's civil war poems; the poetry of Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelstam, written (or memorised) during the Stalinist terrors; Lorca's poems from the Spanish civil war; the poems of the brilliant young Keith Douglas who was killed in the second world war; the poetry of Zbigniew Herbert from eastern Europe and Mahmoud Darwish from the Middle East, and of Seamus Heaney and Michael Longley from Northern Ireland.

British poets in our early 21st century do not go to war, as Keith Douglas did and Edward Thomas before him. They might be poet-journalists like James Fenton, the last foreign correspondent to leave Saigon after it fell to the Viet Cong in 1975, or electrifying anti-war performance poets, like the late Adrian Mitchell, or brilliant retellers of Homer's Trojan wars, like Christopher Logue. War, it seems, makes poets of soldiers and not the other way round. Today, as most of us do, poets largely experience war - wherever it rages - through emails or texts from friends or colleagues in war zones, through radio or newsprint or television, through blogs or tweets or interviews. With the official inquiry into Iraq imminent and the war in Afghanistan returning dead teenagers to the streets of Wootton Bassett, I invited a range of my fellow poets to bear witness, each in their own way, to these matters of war.

In Times of Peace

by John Agard

That finger - index to be exact -
so used to a trigger's warmth
how will it begin to deal with skin
that threatens only to embrace?

Those feet, so at home in heavy boots
and stepping over bodies -
how will they cope with a bubble bath
when foam is all there is for ambush?

And what of hearts in times of peace?
Will war-worn hearts grow sluggish
like Valentine roses wilting
without the adrenalin of a bullet's blood-rush?

When the dust of peace has settled on a nation,
how will human arms handle the death of weapons?
And what of ears, are ears so tuned to sirens
that the closing of wings causes a tremor?

As for eyes, are eyes ready for the soft dance
of a butterfly's bootless invasion?



What is the main image in each poem?

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Afghanistan

by Paul Muldoon

It's getting dark, but not dark enough to see
An exit wound as an exit strategy

War on Terror

by Fred D'Aguiar

Lasts for as long as nightmares
paint behind the eyelids

as long as a piece of string
cut from a navel remains buried under a tamarind tree

as long as radar from a whale
sounds like my child crying in her sleep

not long after the eyes wash away
last nights paint

no longer than a piece of string
tied at a navel

shorter than this war in this time under
this government that drowns our children in their sleep

Lesson2

Task 1 – Consider – what is poetry?

Task 2 – Watch a series of videos – consider what makes each poetry.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1RIbQNxhAMs>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uBsV8wAEhw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I5jRp9bQL7w>

Task 3 – Try to remember devices used in poetry. Think back to year 8. Look up definitions for each one.

STRUCTURE:

1. Stanza
2. Volta
3. Rhythm
4. Rhyme
5. Form
6. Caesura
7. Enjambment

LANGUAGE:

1. Semantic field of words
2. Alliteration
3. Assonance
4. Sibilance
5. Onomatopoeia

Imagery:

1. Metaphor
2. Simile
3. Personification
4. Hyperbole
5. The senses
6. Juxtaposition
7. Oxymoron

Task 4 – complete the recipe on the next page – write a recipe for a poem What should you include and how do you make a poem?



RECIPE _____

X _____
 _____
 _____

From the kitchen of _____

Ingredients

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Directions

Notes



Lesson 3

Task 1 – consider what you think about the statement – ‘It is right and fitting to die for your country.

Task 2 – Patriotism - *The feeling of loving your country more than any others and being proud of it.* Now watch this version of a famous speech from Henry V – decide whether this is patriotic or not.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VOOZDO5KDv4>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mKEA-l6sShM>

Read through the speech – here is some vocabulary to help:

Vocabulary:

Humility - the quality of having a modest or low view of one's importance.

Sinews - a piece of tough fibrous tissue uniting muscle to bone; a tendon or ligament.

Pry - inquire too closely into a person's private affairs.

portage - the carrying of a boat or its cargo between two navigable waters.

galled rock – a rock worn down from wear.

jutty - a projecting part of a building.

Swill'd - wash or rinse out (an area or container) by pouring large amounts of water or other liquid over or into it.

Sheathed - put (a weapon such as a knife or sword) into a sheath.

Yeoman - a servant in a royal or noble household, ranking between a sergeant and a groom or a squire and a page

Mettle - a person's ability to cope well with difficulties; spirit and resilience.

Lustre - a gentle sheen or soft glow.

Task 3 – answer the question - how does Shakespeare present attitudes to war in this speech? Use What / How/ Why

Speech: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more" BY [WILLIAM](#)

[SHAKESPEARE](#)

(from Henry V, spoken by King Henry)

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

Lesson 4

Persuasive and argument writing

In and on – how do we persuade people?

Watch the video and take notes: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gf81d0YS58E>

Consider this statement - **War is inevitable and justified**

Mind map what you think.

Watch the videos and take notes – create a for and against grid.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IWQafHqfNy0>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RBQ-loHfimQ>

War is inevitable	War is not inevitable

War is justified	War is not justified

Consider what the counter arguments to your points of view might be. Choose one of your arguments and write down what the opposition might argue

Lesson 5

In this lesson you will write up your argument.

Task 1 – which introduction is better and why?

War is a bad thing. It is always going to happen, but why? If we consider war to be a good thing, we are all madmen! War should be stopped. People should not have to die because someone tells them to fight for their country. Soldiers should not be sent to different countries and be told to kill people because that's not right.

If war is inevitable, is it ever truly justified? Looking back in history, a dark picture emerges, a mosaic of past mistakes, knitted into our rich tapestry of life. It drowns out the cries of patriots, holding banners, encouraging futile missions with disastrous consequences. The world needs conflict to survive, to grow, to learn, but if the only way we, as humans, can do this is with guns, knives, tanks; fuelled by anger, we will never learn an alternative route to change.

Look through the example below of how to use a counter argument:

MY ARGUMENT – War is only rarely justified

COUNTER ARGUMENT – war is always justified

MY ARGUMENT AGAINST THE COUNTER ARGUMENT

Although some people may argue that war is always justified, I see this view with a heavy heart. If we are to only listen to those in power, this is the view we might take, but those of us who see the disastrous effects of war, the injuries; physical, emotional and mental, we would not be so biased and naïve to state that war is always justified. There are of course times when war can be justified, but it is very rarely that this sort of situation occurs. To say that war is always justified, is to deny that there are numerous situations in which this is not the case.

Write up your response. Self assess using the grid.

Have I used these methods?	Peer assessment	Self assessment
A) Pathos		
B) Logos		
C) Ethos		
D) A variety of sentence structures		
E) A Clear and consistent point of view		
F) A counter argument		
G) An argument against the counter argument		
H) A structured argument		
Total	/8	/8

Week 2

This week we are focusing on World War I poetry.

Lesson 1

Task 1 – write down everything you already know about World War I

Task 2 – watch the video and answer the questions: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nj43X-VBEPE>

1. Who was the Emperor of Germany in the late 19th Century?
2. Who was shot by Gavrilo Princip?
3. Who were Belgium allied with?
4. By November 1914 how many miles of barbed wire stretched from the Alps to Belgium?
5. Where did Commonwealth soldiers arrive from?
6. Who made tremendous contributions to the war effort?
7. Who were achieving some successes on the Eastern Front?
8. What fatal calculation did Germany make in 1917?
9. Who declared War in Germany after they had been attacked?
10. Who overtakes the Tsar in Russia in 1917?
11. By May 1918 how many American troops were arriving per month to help the allies?
12. What happened at 11am on the 11th of November 1918?

Task 3 – read the poem – Jessie Pope is comparing war to a foot ball game. In what way is a football game similar or different to war?

'Who's for the game?' by Jessie Pope

Who's for the game, the biggest that's played,
The red crashing game of a fight?
Who'll grip and tackle the job unafraid?
And who thinks he'd rather sit tight?
Who'll toe the line for the signal to 'Go!'
Who'll give his country a hand?
Who wants a turn to himself in the show?
And who wants a seat in the stand?
Who knows it won't be a picnic – not much-
Yet eagerly shoulders a gun?
Who would much rather come back with a crutch
Than lie low and be out of the fun?
Come along, lads –
But you'll come on all right –
For there's only one course to pursue,
Your country is up to her neck in a fight,
And she's looking and calling for you.

Task 4 THE QUESTION- How does Jessie Pope present war in this poem? **WHAT** is she saying about war? **HOW** is she telling her reader this? **WHY** is she presenting war in this way?

Lesson 2

Task 1 – research life in the trenches in World War I and make notes.

Watch the video to help:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FvYIIluxh2kY>

Task 2 – read the information about Isaac Rosenberg and take notes:

Isaac Rosenberg may be remembered as an Anglo-Jewish war poet, but his poetry stretches beyond those narrow categories. Since Rosenberg was only 28 when he died, most critics have tended to treat his corpus as a promising but flawed start, and they wonder if he would have become a great poet had he lived. His poetic legacy is thus still being debated: he was a Jewish poet, he was an English poet; he was a war poet, he was a painter-poet; he was a young poet; he was a great poet and a minor poet. In his brief career, Rosenberg created a small selection of poems and a great many questions. His career was cut tragically short when he was killed while fighting in World War I.

Task 3 – read the poem – here are some definitions to help:

Druid, member of the learned class among the ancient Celts. They acted as priests, teachers, and judges.

Parapet - a protective wall or earth defense along the top of a trench or other place of concealment for troops.

sardonic - grimly mocking or cynical.

Droll - curious or unusual in a way that provokes dry amusement.

Cosmopolitan - including people from many different countries.

Haughty - arrogantly superior and disdainful.

Whim - a sudden desire or change of mind, especially one that is unusual or unexplained.

Quaver - (of a person's voice) shake or tremble in speaking, typically through nervousness or emotion.

Aghast - filled with horror or shock.

Task 4 – Write a comparative paragraph – Compare the ways in which Jessie Pope and Isaac Rosenberg present conflict in 'Who's for the game?' and 'Break of day in the trenches'.

POEM IS ON THE NEXT PAGE>

Break of Day in the Trenches

Launch Audio in a New Window

BY [ISAAC ROSENBERG](#)

The darkness crumbles away.

It is the same old druid Time as ever,

Only a live thing leaps my hand,

A queer sardonic rat,

As I pull the parapet's poppy

To stick behind my ear.

Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew

Your cosmopolitan sympathies.

Now you have touched this English hand

You will do the same to a German

Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure

To cross the sleeping green between.

It seems you inwardly grin as you pass

Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,

Less chanced than you for life,

Bonds to the whims of murder,

Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,

The torn fields of France.

What do you see in our eyes

At the shrieking iron and flame

Hurled through still heavens?

What quaver—what heart aghast?

Poppies whose roots are in man's veins

Drop, and are ever dropping;

But mine in my ear is safe—

Just a little white with the dust.

Lesson 3

Task 1 – research what we mean by the word ‘sentry’.

Task 2 – read the information about Wilfred Owen and take notes:

Wilfred Owen, who wrote some of the best British poetry on World War I, composed nearly all of his poems in slightly over a year, from August 1917 to September 1918. In November 1918 he was killed in action at the age of 25, one week before the Armistice.

In September 1915, nearly a year after the United Kingdom and Germany had gone to war, Owen returned to England, uncertain as to whether he should enlist. By October he had enlisted and was at first in the Artists’ Rifles. In June 1916 he received a commission as lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment, and on December 29, 1916 he left for France with the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Judging by his first letters to his mother from France, one might have anticipated that Owen would write poetry in the idealistic vein of [Rupert Brooke](#): “There is a fine heroic feeling about being in France. ...” But by January 6, 1917 he wrote of the marching, “The awful state of the roads, and the enormous weight carried was too much for scores of men.” Outfitted in hip-length rubber waders, on January 8, he had waded through two and a half miles of trenches with “a mean depth of two feet of water.”

One wet night during this time he was blown into the air while he slept. For the next several days he hid in a hole too small for his body, with the body of a friend, now dead, huddled in a similar hole opposite him, and less than six feet away. In these letters to his mother he directed his bitterness not at the enemy but at the people back in England “who might relieve us and will not.”

Having endured such experiences in January, March, and April, Owen was sent to a series of hospitals between May 1 and June 26, 1917 because of severe headaches. He thought them related to his brain concussion, but they were eventually diagnosed as symptoms of shell shock, and he was sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh to become a patient of Dr. A. Brock, the associate of Dr. W.H.R. Rivers, the noted neurologist and psychologist to whom Siegfried Sassoon was assigned when he arrived six weeks later.

C. Day Lewis, in the introduction to *The Collected Poems of Wilfred Owen* (1963), judiciously praised Owen’s poems for “the originality and force of their language, the passionate nature of the indignation and pity they express, their blending of harsh realism with a sensuousness unatrophied by the horrors from which they flowered.” Day Lewis’s view that Owen’s poems were “certainly the finest written by any English poet of the First War” is incontestable.

Task 3 – read the poem and answer these questions:

What does the poem tell us about the tragedy and horror of war?

How does the Wilfred Owen present the horrors and tragedies of war?

Why does Wilfred Owen present the tragedies and horrors of war in this way? (Consider context – when was he writing? Who was his audience?)

Task 4 - Consider the ways in which different poets presented World War I.

Jessie Pope, in the poem 'Who's for the game?' presented World War One as.....

Isaac Rosenberg, in the poem 'Break of day in the trenches' presented war as.....

Wilfred Owen, in the poem 'The Sentry' presents war as.....

The Sentry by Wilfred Owen

We'd found an old Boche dug-out, and he knew,
And gave us hell, for shell on frantic shell
Hammered on top, but never quite burst through.
Rain, guttering down in waterfalls of slime
Kept slush waist high, that rising hour by hour,
Choked up the steps too thick with clay to climb.
What murk of air remained stank old, and sour
With fumes of whizz-bangs, and the smell of men
Who'd lived there years, and left their curse in the den,
If not their corpses. . . .

There we herded from the blast
Of whizz-bangs, but one found our door at last.
Buffeting eyes and breath, snuffing the candles.
And thud! flump! thud! down the steep steps came thumping
And splashing in the flood, deluging muck --
The sentry's body; then his rifle, handles
Of old Boche bombs, and mud in ruck on ruck.
We dredged him up, for killed, until he whined
"O sir, my eyes -- I'm blind -- I'm blind, I'm blind!"
Coaxing, I held a flame against his lids
And said if he could see the least blurred light
He was not blind; in time he'd get all right.
"I can't," he sobbed. Eyeballs, huge-bulged like squids
Watch my dreams still; but I forgot him there
In posting next for duty, and sending a scout
To beg a stretcher somewhere, and floundering about
To other posts under the shrieking air.

Those other wretches, how they bled and spewed,
And one who would have drowned himself for good, --
I try not to remember these things now.
Let dread hark back for one word only: how
Half-listening to that sentry's moans and jumps,
And the wild chattering of his broken teeth,
Renewed most horribly whenever crumps
Pummelled the roof and slogged the air beneath --
Through the dense din, I say, we heard him shout
"I see your lights!" But ours had long died out.

Lessons 4 and 5

You are going to write a description of being in the trenches in World War One. You can do this from the viewpoint of a soldier. Use the examples and videos to help you. Remember to focus on a short period of time.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G4ZY66BG38>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FvYIIluxh2kY>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i_8Gk0zKPz8

Example from 'Private Peaceful:

Gas! Gas!"

The cry goes up and is echoed all along the trench. For a moment we are frozen with panic. We have trained for this time and again, but nonetheless we fumble clumsily, feverishly with our gas masks.

"Fix bayonets!" Hanley's yelling while we're still trying frantically to pull on our gas masks. We grab our rifles and fix bayonets. We're on the firestep looking out into no-man's-land, and we see it rolling towards us, this dreaded killer cloud we have heard so much about but have never seen for ourselves until now. Its deadly tendrils are searching ahead, feeling their way forward in long yellow wisps, scenting me, searching for me. Then finding me out, the gas turns and drifts straight for me. I'm shouting inside my gas mask.

"Christ! Christ!" Still the gas comes on, through our wire, swallowing everything in its path.

I hear again in my head the instructor's voice, see him shouting at me through his mask when we went out on our last exercise. "You're panicking in there, Peaceful. A gas mask is like God, son. It'll work bloody miracles for you, but you've got to believe in it." But I don't believe in it! I don't believe in miracles.

The gas is only feet away now. In a moment it will be on me, around me, in me. I crouch down, hiding my face between my knees, hands over my helmet, praying it will float over my head, over the top of the trench, seek out someone else. But it does not. It's all around me. I tell myself I will not breathe, I must not breathe. Through a yellow mist I see the trench filling up with it. It drifts into the dugouts, snaking into every nook and cranny, looking for me. I see men running, staggering, falling. I see Pete shouting out for me. Then he's grabbing me and we run. Half-blinded by my mask I trip and fall, crashing my head against the trench wall, knocking myself half-senseless. My gas mask has come off. I pull it down, but I have breathed in and know already it's too late. My eyes are stinging. My lungs are burning. I am coughing, retching, choking. I don't care where I'm running so long as it is away from the gas. At last I'm in the reserve trench and it is clear of gas. I'm out of it. I wrench off my mask, gasping for good air. Then I am on my hands and knees, vomiting violently. When at last the worst is over I look up through blurred and weeping eyes. A Hun in a gas mask is standing over me, his rifle aimed at my head.

Task - In writing a piece of descriptive writing, it is important to focus on a short period of time, but describe it in detail. Instead of focusing on hours or weeks or years, focus on 5 to 10 minutes. Consider how some of these ideas might be things you could focus each paragraph on.

Write your description.

Week 3 – the aftermath of war.

Lesson 1 - Formative assessment – Comparative ‘Who’s for the Game?’ compared to either ‘The Sentry’ or ‘Break of Day in the Trenches.’

Lesson 2

In and On..

How would you feel if you returned from war?

What might you struggle with?

Imagine you came back with a physical disability – how would this effect you? What challenges would it create?

Watch this video to help you with ideas - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pXCJ6HHtzyg>

Task 1 – read the information about the poem.

The poem we are going to look at today is called 'Disabled'. It was written by Wilfred Owen. Wilfred Owen is a famous World War One poet. He is famously known for writing the poem 'Dulce et Decorum Est' which was a reply to Jessie Pope's poem 'Who's for the game?'. It told of the realities and cruelty of war. He was born on 18 March 1893 and died on 4 November 1918. He was one of the leading poets of the First World War. His war poetry on the horrors of trenches and gas warfare was much influenced by his mentor Siegfried Sassoon and stood in contrast to the public perception of war at the time and to the confidently patriotic verse written by earlier war poets such as Rupert Brooke

Task 2 – read through the poem and annotate it. What are your initial thoughts? The poem is on the next page.

Task 3 – Write a What/How /Why paragraph comparing the poem to ‘Who’s for the game?’

In the poem 'Disabled' Wilfred Owen describes the feelings of a man who has been injured in war. He shows a.....perspective on war and its aftermath.

However in Jessie Pope's poem 'Who's for the game?' Pope has a much more.....attitude and perspective on war.....

WHAT - In the poem 'Disabled' Wilfred Owen describes the feelings of a man who has been injured in war as..... by.....

HOW – this can be seen in the use of (name a method) for example.....

WHY – he does this in order to.....

HOWEVER in 'Who's for the game?' Jessie Pope's perspective on war is.....

HOW – this can be seen when / in the (method)

WHY – she does this to show.....

Disabled BY [WILFRED OWEN](#)

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,
And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,
Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park
Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,
Voices of play and pleasure after day,
Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time Town used to swing so gay
When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees,
And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim,—
In the old times, before he threw away his knees.
Now he will never feel again how slim
Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands,
All of them touch him like some queer disease.

There was an artist silly for his face,
For it was younger than his youth, last year.
Now, he is old; his back will never brace;
He's lost his colour very far from here,
Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,
And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race
And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,
After the matches carried shoulder-high.
It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,
He thought he'd better join. He wonders why.
Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts.
That's why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg,
Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts,
He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;
Smiling they wrote his lie: aged nineteen years.
Germans he scarcely thought of, all their guilt,
And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears
Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts
For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;
And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears;
Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.
And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers.
Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.
Only a solemn man who brought him fruits
Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul.

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,
And do what things the rules consider wise,
And take whatever pity they may dole.
Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes
Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
How cold and late it is! Why don't they come
And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

Lesson 3

Using the title of the poem – what do you think it is about? ‘Remains’

Task 1 - Read the information about the poet, Simon Armitage and take notes.

Simon Armitage was born in 1963 in the village of Marsden and lives in West Yorkshire. He is a graduate of Portsmouth University, where he studied Geography. As a post-graduate student at Manchester University, his MA thesis concerned the effects of television violence on young offenders. Until 1994 he worked as a Probation Officer in Greater Manchester.

Simon Armitage is the current national Poet Laureate (2019-2029).

He is Professor of Poetry at the University of Leeds and was elected to serve as Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford for 2015-2019. In Spring 2019, he held the post of Holmes Visiting Professor at Princeton University, USA.

Previously, he taught at the University of Leeds, the University of Iowa’s Writers’ Workshop and Manchester Metropolitan University before his 2011 appointment as Professor of Poetry at the University of Sheffield and Visiting Professor at the University of Falmouth.

Task 2 – Read through the poems and annotate it. What is the poet trying to tell the reader about the effects of war? The poem is on the next page.

Task 3 – write a what/how/why paragraph answering the question – how does the poet present the effects of war in the poem ‘Remains’?

CHALLENGE – compare the poem to another poem you have looked at and write a comparison.

Remains

by **Simon Armitage**

On another occasion, we got 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, and 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.

Lessons 4 and 5 – using flashbacks in my creative writing.

Task 1 – imagine that you have returned from war – what might you remember from the fighting?

Task 2 – decide on an initial place you are going to be when you have a flashback to war.

Task 3 – read through the example plan and then write your own.

My example plan:

- Paragraph 1 – focus on the living room. The fire – the feeling of being warm inside.
- Paragraph 2 – Focus on looking outside – the quiet stillness. Start to focus on the bench I used to sit on with his friend who I fought with in Afghanistan.
- Paragraph 3 – focus on the memories on the bench with my friend. Flashback to the war – focus on the surroundings. Feelings of fear. Extreme oppressive heat.
- Paragraph 4 – Focus on the mission I went on with his friend. My friend never returned.
- Paragraph 5 – Back in the present – look at the bench. Feelings of normality seem strange – focus on the photo of my friend.

Task 4 - Now this is a rough write up of the plan. What went well and what could be improved?

Paragraph 1 - The autumn leaves were scattered across the grass outside, while the fire burned with intensity in the warm inside. Everything was the same; the same musty smell from the furniture, the faint sound of food cooking in the kitchen and the crackling sparks of the fire. Although it felt the same, I began to feel constantly more and more distant from this reality. Day by day the photos felt like they didn't belong to me. My family no longer felt like my family, they seemed to be the family of someone else, someone younger, more full of life and positivity. As the breeze wiped its way across the windows, I looked out at the splatters of rain on the glass, making strange patterns from the past.

Paragraph 2 start - Example: The outside crunched with the curdling colours of Autumn. The grass was frosty now, a faint dew like a blanket of white, tiny buds of green life poking up from the ground, smothered by the mist.

Paragraph 3 flashback- The sun lifted its tired head, sinking slowly in the growing darkness. I could see his ghost now, sitting next to me on the bench. This was the place we had made plans for life abroad, full of those promises of patriotic dreams. Now I see his ghost disappear into the sands of war. The heat of the sun consuming us as we lie in the dunes, guns strapped to our hands, shaking with fear as we hear the blasts and shrieks from all around.

Paragraph 4 flashback- I could hear the fire of guns rattling through the air, splitting open the sky, but the house was eerily silent amidst the chaos. I could hear the faint footsteps above me, cracking the floorboards, sending plumes of dust into the room. Alan had already entered, but I could no longer see him in the darkness. The only sounds I can remember is a shout, then a scream, then the fatal thud of a body on the ceiling above.

Paragraph 5 – back to the present - The bench sat so still in the garden now. The leaves littered in a collage like discarded remnants of life. I could see Alan there, his ghostly figure sipping tea from a thermos. He never aged, not like me. I was so much older now, still haunted by the shadows that lurked in my head, the sound of that thud locked in. The kettle whistled, I wheeled myself to the kitchen and poured the hot water into his thermos. Claspng it in my hands I slowly pushed myself to the window, looking out at the distant sky's growing darkness, as the leaves rustled in the wind. The only sound; the crackling embers of the fading fire.

YOUR TASK – plan and write a piece of descriptive writing in which you clearly show the feelings of a character using flashbacks. Make sure you focus on small details. Do not say too much. Keep information from the reader.

Week 4 – Structure in poetry – modern conflict – assessment preparation and assessment

Lesson 1

The poem you will be looking at is called – ‘Belfast Confetti’ – mind map what you think the connotations of both words are.

Task 1 – read through the poem and circle any words that describe a piece of punctuation. Consider what these punctuation marks could represent.

Task 2 – research ‘The Troubles’ in Northern Ireland and take notes. There are some videos that might help:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/m0008c47/spotlight-on-the-troubles-a-secret-history-series-1-episode-1>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b_2tOfHiVyg

Research the following:

Labyrinth

Balaklava

Raglan, Inkerman,

Odessa Street

Makrolon face-shields

Kremlin-2 mesh

Fusillade

A Saracen

Answer the question – How does the poet use structure and punctuation to present conflict in the poem ‘Belfast Confetti’?

Belfast Confetti

by Ciaran Carson

Suddenly as the riot squad moved in it was raining exclamation

marks,

Nuts, bolts, nails, car-keys. A fount of broken type. And

the explosion.

Itself — an asterisk on the map. This hyphenated line, a burst

of rapid fire ...

I was trying to complete a sentence in my head, but it kept

stuttering,

All the alleyways and side streets blocked with stops and

colons.

I know this labyrinth so well — Balaklava, Raglan, Inkerman,

Odessa Street —

Why can't I escape? Every move is punctuated. Crimea Street.

Dead end again.

A Saracen, Kremlin-2 mesh. Makrolon face-shields. Walkie-

talkies. What is

My name? Where am I coming from? Where am I going?

A fusillade of question-marks.

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People who don't work hard have everything.	Lots of people appear to have everything, but they have worked hard for it.

Task – you are going to write your response to the statement.

Plan your answer using this structure:

Personal argument: Explaining why this subject is an issue to you personally.

Social argument: Explaining why this subject is an issue to wider society.

Historical argument: Comparing this issue to historical examples/how have attitudes to this subject changed over time?

Prospective argument: Projecting forward. How will things change/develop if this problem is/isn't addressed?

Plan and write your response.

Week 5 – this week we are looking at racial conflict.

Lesson 1 – read the information about the poem we are looking at in this lesson. Take notes.

Some background information

"**Strange Fruit**" is a song recorded by Billie Holiday in 1939, written by Abel Meeropol and published in 1937. It protests the lynching of Black Americans, with lyrics that compare the victims to the fruit of trees. Such lynchings had reached a peak in the Southern United States at the turn of the 20th century, and the great majority of victims were black. The song has been called "a declaration of war" and "the beginning of the civil rights movement".

"Strange Fruit" originated as a poem written by Jewish-American writer, teacher and songwriter Abel Meeropol, under his pseudonym Lewis Allan, as a protest against lynchings. In the poem, Meeropol expressed his horror at lynchings, inspired by Lawrence Beitler's photograph of the 1930 lynching of Thomas Shipp and Abram Smith in Marion, Indiana.

Meeropol published the poem under the title "Bitter Fruit" in January 1937 in *The New York Teacher*, a union magazine of the Teachers Union. Though Meeropol had asked others (notably Earl Robinson) to set his poems to music, he set "Strange Fruit" to music himself. First performed by Meeropol's wife and their friends in social contexts, his protest song gained a certain success in and around New York. Meeropol, his wife, and black vocalist Laura Duncan performed it at Madison Square Garden. The lyrics are under copyright but have been republished in full in an academic journal, with permission.

Task 2 – listen to the song and write down what you think it is about.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wHGAMjwr_j8

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ughAVo2ZAag&list=RDughAVo2ZAag&start_radio=1&t=4

Task 3 – read the poem and consider the images in the poem.

Strange Fruit by Abel Meeropol

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black body swinging in the Southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh,
And the sudden smell of burning flesh!

Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,
For the sun to rot, for a tree to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Now watch these videos to help you understand the meaning of the poem and what it tells the listener / reader about racial conflict.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2OudNvGIUuw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YDhX9PJsGTA>

Task 3 – annotate the poem – consider the images used to present lynching’s.

Complete a what / how / why paragraph – how does the poet present racial conflict in this poem?

Here are some starter sentences if you need them:

Abel Meeropol presents racial conflict in the poem 'Strange Fruit' using imagery, comparing.....

This is most evident in the image.....

The poet presents racial conflict in this way to make the reader feel / think.....

Lesson 2

We are going to be looking at a song by Nina Simone today. Watch this trailer for a documentary and consider what you learn about Nina Simone.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z7jIOawq8y8>

Task 2 – read the information about Nina Simone. Write notes and write down why you think she might have been talking about racial injustice.

Eunice Kathleen Waymon (February 21, 1933 – April 21, 2003), known professionally as **Nina Simone**, was an American singer, songwriter, musician, arranger, and civil rights activist. Her music spanned a broad range of musical styles including classical, jazz, blues, folk, R&B, gospel, and pop.

The sixth of eight children born to a poor family in Tryon, North Carolina, Simone initially aspired to be a concert pianist. With the help of a few supporters in her hometown, she enrolled in the Juilliard School of Music in New York City. She then applied for a scholarship to study at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where she was denied admission despite a well-received audition, which she attributed to racial discrimination. In 2003, just days before her death, the Institute awarded her an honorary degree.

Simone's consciousness on the racial and social discourse was prompted by her friendship with black playwright Lorraine Hansberry. The influence of Hansberry planted the seed for the provocative social commentary that became an expectation in Simone's repertoire. One of Nina's more hopeful activism anthems, "To Be Young, Gifted and Black", was written with collaborator Weldon Irvine in the years following the playwright's passing, acquiring the title of one of Hansberry's unpublished plays.

Simone's social commentary was not limited to the civil rights movement; the song "Four Women" exposed the eurocentric appearance standards imposed on black women in America, as it explored the internalized dilemma of beauty that is experienced between four black women with skin tones ranging from light to dark. She explains in her autobiography *I Put a Spell on You* that the purpose of the song was to inspire black

women to define beauty and identity for themselves without the influence of societal impositions.

Task 3 – read through the lyrics of the song and listen to it:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HDqmJEWOJRI>

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free by Nina Simone

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free
I wish I could break all the chains holding me
I wish I could say all the things that I should say
Say 'em loud, say 'em clear
For the whole round world to hear

I wish I could share all the love that's in my heart
Remove all the bars that keep us apart
I wish you could know what it means to be me
Then you'd see and agree
That every man should be free

I wish I could give all I'm longing to give
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live
I wish I could do all the things that I can do
Though I'm way overdue, I'd be starting anew

Well, I wish I could be like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly
Oh, I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea
And then I'd sing 'cause I'd know, yeah
Then I'd sing 'cause I'd know, yeah
Then I'd sing 'cause I'd know
I'd know how it feels
I'd know how it feels to be free, yeah, yeah
Oh, I'd know how it feels
Yes, I'd know, I'd know how it feels
How it feels to be free, Lord, Lord, Lord, yeah

Task 4 – Answer this question - How does Nina Simone present the conflict between those in power and those who are discriminated against in society?

Lesson 3 – Mind map everything you think about when you hear the term ‘Still I Rise.’

Task 1 -

Dr. Maya Angelou was an author, actress, singer, and most notably a poet. Known for her command of language, the poem “Still I Rise” is one of her most acclaimed works that speaks about overcoming oppression.

Let's read the poem to start with.

Still I Rise BY [MAYA ANGELOU](#)

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

https://www.tes.com/lessons/QbtuumjQE9dL_A/maya-angelou-still-i-rise

by Serena Williams.

Answer this question using what / how / why

How does Maya Angelou present the conflict between her views of herself and the views others have of her?

Lessons 3 and 4 – persuasive writing.

In and On..

What do you feel the problems are with modern society?

Focus on this statement:

'There are too many people living in poverty and this must change.'

Write a newspaper article arguing your point of view.

Consider the question and write your initial thoughts.

Task 2 – watch these three videos – how are they persuasive? Which persuasive appeal is each using? Pathos / ethos / logos?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j7KKZ6v5o34>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HEB4tvIRTXo>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8gA97UjCOUI>

Task 3 - Writing the opening to your response to the statement:

'There are too many people living in poverty and this must change.'

Write a newspaper article arguing your point of view.

Task 4 - Now plan your answer / response.

Personal argument: Explaining why this subject is an issue to you personally.

Social argument: Explaining why this subject is an issue to wider society.

Historical argument: Comparing this issue to historical examples/how have attitudes to this subject changed over time?

Prospective argument: Projecting forward. How will things change/develop if this problem is/isn't addressed?

Task 5 – complete your response using the above structure.

Week 6

Lesson 1

Task 1 – read through the poem – some vocabulary to help.

Key vocabulary:

Gallant - (of a person or their behaviour) brave; heroic.

Multitude - a large number of people or things.

Pestilence - a fatal epidemic disease, especially bubonic plague.

The Falling Leaves

BY [MARGARET POSTGATE COLE](#)

November 1915

Today, as I rode by,
I saw the brown leaves dropping from their tree
In a still afternoon,
When no wind whirled them whistling to the sky,
But thickly, silently,
They fell, like snowflakes wiping out the noon;
And wandered slowly thence
For thinking of a gallant multitude
Which now all withering lay,
Slain by no wind of age or pestilence,
But in their beauty strewed
Like snowflakes falling on the Flemish clay.

Task 2 – read the information and make notes.

Author and political reformer Margaret Postgate Cole was born in Cambridge, England, into an intellectual family. Her father was a fellow at Trinity College, Cambridge and later a Latin professor at Liverpool. Cole studied at Girton College, Cambridge, where she read widely among authors committed to British socialism. Cole became increasingly politically engaged during World War I. She helped her brother secure conscientious objector status and generally took part in the campaign against conscription. During this time she wrote her most famous poem, "The Falling Leaves." It was one of the first anti-war poems from a woman's perspective.

Task 3 – answer these questions about the poem.

Answer these questions in your books:

1. If the 'brown leaves' represent the soldiers, why do you think Cole has chosen to use this image to describe the soldiers.
2. What do you think is the effect of the stillness in the poem? How does 'still afternoon' and 'thickly, silently' effect the reader?
3. Look at the simile, 'they fell, like snowflakes wiping out the noon.' Why do you think Cole chose to use this simile to describe the soldiers?
4. What do you think Cole is referring to in the lines, 'Which now all withering lay, slain by no wind of age or pestilence'?
5. Look at the last lines of the poem, 'but in their beauty strewed like snowflakes falling on the flemish clay'. What do you think is the effect of this ending? Would you see it as positive or negative as an ending?

Task 4 – now read the poem 'Mametz Wood'. Read the information first:

Mametz Wood was the objective of the [38th \(Welsh\) Division](#) during the [First Battle of the Somme](#). The attack was made in a northerly direction over a ridge, focusing on the German positions in the wood, between 7 July and 12 July 1916. On 7 July the men formed the first wave intending to take the wood in a matter of hours. However, strong fortification, machineguns and shelling killed and injured over 400 soldiers before they reached the wood. Further attacks by the 17th Division on 8 July failed to improve the position.

'Mametz Wood' by Owen Sheers

For years afterwards the farmers found them –
the wasted young, turning up under their plough blades
as they tended the land back into itself.

A chit of bone, the china plate of a shoulder blade,
the relic of a finger, the blown
and broken bird's egg of a skull,

all mimicked now in flint, breaking blue in white
across this field where they were told to walk, not run,
towards the wood and its nesting machine guns.

And even now the earth stands sentinel,
reaching back into itself for reminders of what happened
like a wound working a foreign body to the surface of the skin.

This morning, twenty men buried in one long grave,
a broken mosaic of bone linked arm in arm,
their skeletons paused mid dance-macabre

in boots that outlasted them,
their socketed heads tilted back at an angle
and their jaws, those that have them, dropped open.

As if the notes they had sung
have only now, with this unearthing,
slipped from their absent tongues.

Task 4 – write a what / how / why paragraph about the poem:

Here is some help if you need it:

Owen Sheers presents war / the aftermath of war as.....

In particular the image in the line.....makes the
reader feel / think.....Sheers describes war
as.....in order to.....

Task 5 – now for a comparison:

Looking at both poems, how do the poets use imagery to present war?

In 'Falling Leaves' Cole uses images of.....to describe
war as.....

While in 'Mametz Wood' Owen Sheers uses images
of.....to present war
as.....

Lesson 2

Task – you are going to read through two poems. Both the poems are about 9/11, but from different perspectives. Read through ‘Spared’. This poem is from the perspective of someone imagining what it would have been like if someone they knew or loved had been in the twin towers when they were attacked.

Spared- Wendy Cope

“That Love is all there is,
Is all we know of Love...”

Emily Dickinson

It wasn't you, it wasn't me,
Up there, two thousand feet above
A New York street. We're safe and free,
A little while, to live and love,

Imagining what might have been –
The phone-call from the blazing tower,
A last farewell on the machine,
While someone sleeps another hour,

Or worse, perhaps, to say goodbye
And listen to each other's pain,
Send helpless love across the sky,
Knowing we'll never meet again,

Or jump together, hand in hand,
To certain death. Spared all of this
For now, how well I understand
That love is all, is all there is.

Task – Now you are going to write a response.

How does Wendy Cope present conflict in this poem?

Task 2 – read the second poem ‘Out of the Blue’. This poem is from the perspective of someone in the twin towers when they were attacked. Consider how this differs to the first poem.

Out of the Blue by Simon Armitage

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.

Task 3- read through the example response to the question -

Compare the way in which these two poems use structural features for effect

Example answer: Although both poems are about the 9/11 tragedy, they are written from different perspectives, which is highlighted in their differing structures. 'Spared' by Wendy Cope is written from the perspective of someone who is imagining that their partner or loved one was in the twin towers when it fell. However 'Out of the Blue' is written from the perspective of someone who is in the Twin towers as they

fall. Although both poems use four line stanzas there is a very clear difference in their use of rhythm and rhyme. In 'Spared' each line of the poem has eight syllables and there is an ABAB rhyme scheme. This clear organization and structure of the poem makes it feel quite controlled and perhaps reflects the sense of reason with which the narrator is able to have because they are outside of the situation and imagining it as a prospect rather than actually experiencing the chaos of the disaster. However, in 'Out of the Blue' the syllables in each line, the line lengths and the rhyme scheme are disordered and lack control. An example of this is 'Are your eyes believing,

believing that here in the gills I am still breathing.' The lack of a clear and preconstructed order to the rhythm and rhyme creates a feeling of chaos and a lack of control, reflecting the feelings and thoughts of the narrator who is calling out for help and has no power over the situation. Although both poems depict 9/11, the structure of each poem clearly shows the different perspectives of the narrative voices in each.

Task 4 – write a response to the following questions:

Compare the ways in which the poems present the attack on the twin towers.

Lesson 3

Task – read through the poem – what do you think it tells you about conflict?

Universal Soldier by Buffy Sainte-Marie

He's five foot-two, and he's six feet-four,
He fights with missiles and with spears.
He's all of thirty-one, and he's only seventeen,
He's been a soldier for a thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain,
A Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.
And he knows he shouldn't kill,
And he knows he always will,
Kill you for me my friend and me for you.

And he's fighting for Canada,
He's fighting for France,
He's fighting for the USA,
And he's fighting for the Russians,
And he's fighting for Japan,
And he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.

And he's fighting for Democracy,
He's fighting for the Reds,
He says it's for the peace of all.
He's the one who must decide,
Who's to live and who's to die,
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

But without him,
How would Hitler have condemned him at Labau?
Without him Caesar would have stood alone,
He's the one who gives his body
As a weapon of the war,
And without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame,
His orders come from far away no more,
They come from here and there and you and me,
And brothers can't you see,
This is not the way we put an end to war.

Task – The poem presents war and conflict as.....

Lessons 4 and 5

Choose one of the writing tasks you have done over the scheme.

Decide which one you want to work on. Read the piece through and re-draft it making improvement.