

Points for Discussion

Instructions:

1. Take it in turns to reread **Windy Nights** and then discuss your group's answers to each of the questions below.
Note down your answers so that you are ready to share them in the plenary.

Ring the word or words that you think best describe the poem.

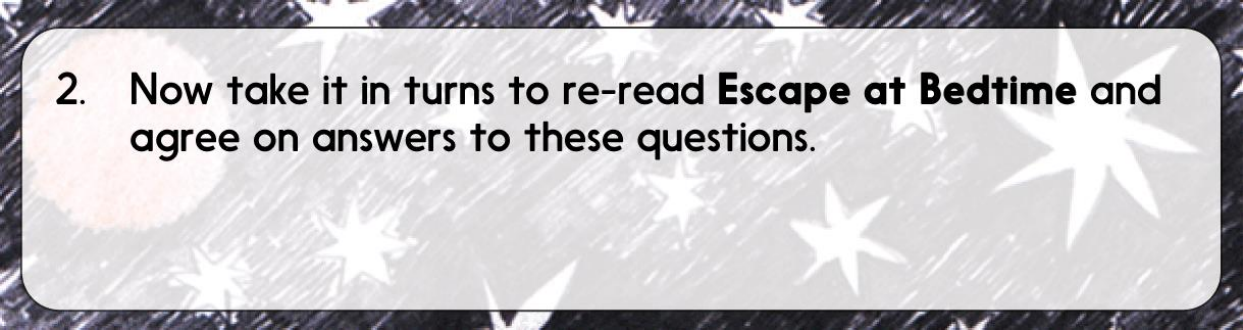
exciting silly scary gentle

What other words could you use to describe the mood or atmosphere of the poem?

What do you think are the best describing words (adjectives) used in the poem?

What are the best action words (verbs) in the poem?

What do you think might happen next? You can record several ideas, not just one.



2. Now take it in turns to re-read **Escape at Bedtime** and agree on answers to these questions.

How did this poem make you feel?

What do you think the best describing words (adjectives) in this poem are?

What are the best action words (verbs) in the poem?

What do you think could happen next? You can record several ideas, not just one.

3. Of the two poems, which was your favourite? Be ready to say why later.



Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set*,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson

* have come out



Escape at Bedtime

The lights from the parlour* and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er** were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in ~~shrine~~ or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down on me,
And that glistened and winked in the dark.
The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky and the pail*** by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

Robert Louis Stevenson

* a downstairs room in the house

** never

*** a bucket