

EXAMINATION BLUES

This poem describes someone's experience in an exam.

The Maths Exam



Like the sinking Titanic
My heart drowns in panic
Approaching the dark, icy room.
My lack of revision
Of basic division
Multiplies feelings of doom.



The problems with measure
Don't give me much pleasure,
Producing pulsating reactions.
Mean, median and mode,
Like a spy's secret code,
Are as clear as decimal fractions.



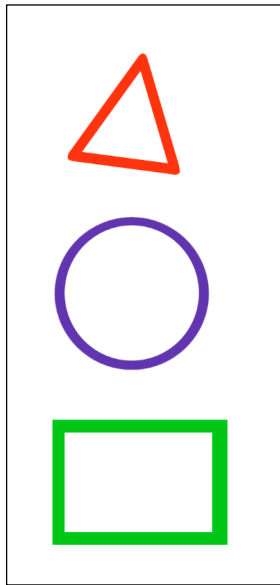
Sizing trapeziums
Should really be easy sums
But I'm growing hysterical.
My brain's an old boot
With cube number and root.
Is this simple shape squarish or spherical?



When I'm finding the factor
Do I need a protractor
Or is that for data-analysis?
In my estimation
This shape needs translation
But oh! My mental paralysis!

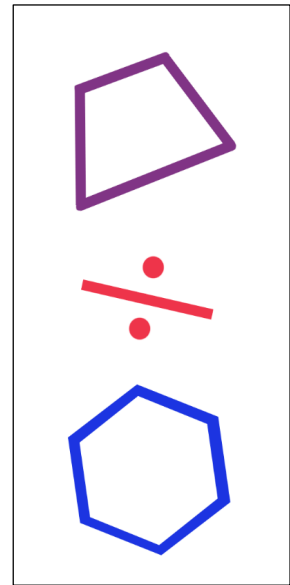
But my brain stops its fluttering
When I begin muttering
The properties of quadrilaterals
As well as the geometry
Of angles and symmetry,
Isosceles and equilaterals.





Times tables, I sense,
Give me great confidence
To tackle the hard calculations.
Line graph and pie chart
Excite me and my heart
Stops its wild palpitations.

Ratio, proportions
Induce no contortions
And I feel a buzzing sensation
Of being in charge
Of sums small and large
In this trouble-free examination.



1. Write down **two** examples of simile.

2. Write down **two** examples of onomatopoeia.

3. Write down **two** examples of alliteration.

4. Find the metaphor.

THE CHASE

Personification is a special kind of metaphor in which an object or an idea is given human characteristics, for example: *The sunflowers nodded as I cycled by*. Circle the examples of personification in this short episode.

Every creak of a floorboard prodded my snoring guard in the shoulder, but he didn't wake up. The sleeping pills, which earlier I had surreptitiously dropped into his coffee were doing their work. As the candle flame danced around the cold, stone walls of my cell, I balanced on top of my chair on top of the table and hauled myself up to the tiny window.

Far below was the overgrown moat of this lost and long-abandoned castle, and, beyond, miles of dense forest crowded in. The trees were dressed in white and winter's grip squeezed my fingers as I pulled myself through the opening. It was a long climb down. The thorns of the ancient rose cut my hands and bits of ivy broke away to prevent my escape, but no alarm had summoned my enemy's soldiers out of the main gate. I told myself that the northerly wind was the sweet kiss of freedom and I struggled on.

The General's car was parked where he always left it. I knew that, as soon as it stirred into life, everyone would know of my escape attempt. And so it was. I hurtled into the awaiting arms of the forest with a troop of soldiers giving chase, less than half-a-mile behind. Skidding and lurching along the icy road, I reached the far side of the ridge. Here, the trees thinned and a valley bathed itself in moonlight. That's when the car slowed to a crawl, and, out of petrol, the engine coughed its last.

My dream was not going to die. I scrambled down the gentle slope. Though the wind howled, I could still hear the General's voice echoing across the snowy landscape: "Run as fast as you can! Death will catch you up!"

I smiled. Life had slapped him in the face and he did not like it. I moved on to the city that keeps its secrets. Safe for now.



A TALENT FOR TALKING

The judges of this talent show have a way with words. Read what they have to say.



The first contestant was one in a million. Her voice was like a nightingale sitting on the wing of an angel. But talent is one thing. If she wants to do anything with it, she'll have to work harder than Noah works on his quiff. If she fails in the final round, she needs to know that future success is just a performance away. I'd say that music is food and water to this girl.



As the great Bob Marley said: when the music hits you, you feel no pain. But listening to the second contestant was like listening to a poet reciting words to his sweetheart. This guy has a voice that could make the rocks weep tears of joy. It's as if he's captured the sun's brilliance and worked on it and worked on it until it is pure energy. He's one-of-a-kind.



My choice is No. 4. I hope he'll go through. He has a unique sound: it's dark chocolate with more chocolate on top. My only concern is that he thinks that talent is all you need. You have to work at it. After all, what's the use of a camel in the snow – if you get my drift? But for now, I'd say his music shapes the air into exquisite sculptures.



Listening to the other judges, you'd think they were hearing something out of the ordinary. I've heard better sounds scraping jam on my toast. Talent is a window in a palace and No. 3 has been shining it tirelessly. The rendition of her song cleansed my dusty soul. She is the icing on the cake, the rose among the nettles, the honey in my porridge.

1. Ricky uses the phrase **something out of the ordinary**. The other three judges use words and phrases that mean something similar. What are they?

2. Write down similes used by Kitty and Noah.

3. Write down the examples of personification used by Noah and Carrie.

4. Carrie uses two metaphors. What are they?

5. Ricky goes overboard with his metaphors. Write down **two** of them.

6. They all have something similar to say about talent. What is it?

7. Both Kitty and Ricky use colourful comparisons to tease their fellow judges and their choice of contestants. What do they say?
