



St. Mary's English Department

Year 8:

Work to support
academic progress

Last term you read Shakespeare's *Henry V* and a selection of poetry. This term you are studying Orwell's *Animal Farm* and a selection of short stories.

War and Conflict Poetry

- 1. Read the poems *Everyone Sang* by Siegfried Sassoon**
- 2. Complete the tasks below**

Everyone Sang by Siegfried Sassoon

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on - on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

Questions on comprehension and meaning: answer the questions in full sentences, trying to extend your ideas and write in detail

1. What emotions does Sassoon make clear in the first two lines? What tone does this set for the rest of the poem? Write a brief paragraph
2. What lines do you think link to a sense of celebration?
3. Siegfried Sassoon is a very famous World War One poet. What do you think the poem could be about?
4. Why do you think the poem is called 'Everyone Sang'?

Questions on the writer's methods: answer the questions in full sentences, trying to extend your ideas and write in detail

1. Check you understand the term 'imagery'.
2. Check you understand the term 'stanza'.
3. Where does Sassoon use natural imagery and what is the effect?
4. How does the end of the first stanza "winging wildly across the white orchards..." create a sense of space and freedom? Why might Sassoon want to emphasise this?
5. Explain the use of the metaphor "O, but Everyone was a bird"
6. Explain what you think the final line means
7. *Harder question: why do you think Sassoon chooses to close the poem with "and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done."?*

George Orwell

Below is an extract from his non-fictional novel 'Down and Out in Paris and London' where Orwell describes his time living in poverty. At this point in the text, he is describing working at a busy café in Paris.

The work in the cafeteria was spasmodic. We were never idle, but the real work only came in bursts of two hours at a time—we called each burst 'un coup de feu'. The first coup de feu came at eight, when the guests upstairs began to wake up and demand breakfast. At eight a sudden banging and yelling would break out all through the basement; bells rang on all sides, blue-aproned men rushed through the passages, our service lifts came down with a simultaneous crash, and the waiters on all five floors began shouting Italian oaths down the shafts. I don't remember all our duties, but they included making tea, coffee and chocolate, fetching meals from the kitchen, wines from the cellar and fruit and so forth from the dining-room, slicing bread, making toast, rolling pats of butter, measuring jam, opening milk-cans, counting lumps of sugar, boiling eggs, cooking porridge, pounding ice, grinding coffee—all this for from a hundred to two hundred customers. The kitchen was thirty yards away, and the dining-room sixty or seventy yards. Everything we sent up in the service lifts had to be covered by a voucher, and the vouchers had to be carefully filed, and there was trouble if even a lump of sugar was lost. Besides this, we had to supply the staff with bread and coffee, and fetch the meals for the waiters upstairs. All in all, it was a complicated job.

I calculated that one had to walk and run about fifteen miles during the day, and yet the strain of the work was more mental than physical. Nothing could be easier, on the face of it, than this stupid scullion work, but it is astonishingly hard when one is in a hurry. One has to leap to and fro between a multitude of jobs—it is like sorting a pack of cards against the clock. You are, for example, making toast, when bang! down comes a service lift with an order for tea, rolls and three different kinds of jam, and simultaneously bang! down comes another demanding scrambled eggs, coffee and grapefruit; you run to the kitchen for the eggs and to the dining-room for the fruit, going like lightning so as to be back before your toast burns, and having to remember about the tea and coffee, besides half a dozen other orders that are still pending; and at the same time some waiter is following you and making trouble about a lost bottle of soda-water, and you are arguing with him. It needs more brains than one might think. Mario said, no doubt truly, that it took a year to make a reliable cafetier.

The time between eight and half past ten was a sort of delirium. Sometimes we were going as though we had only five minutes to live; sometimes there were sudden lulls when the orders stopped and everything seemed quiet for a moment. Then we swept up the litter from the floor, threw down fresh sawdust, and swallowed gallipots of wine or coffee or water—anything, so long as it was wet. Very often we used to break off chunks of ice and suck them while we worked. The heat among the gas-fires was nauseating; we swallowed quarts of drink during the day, and after a few hours even our aprons were drenched with sweat. At times we were hopelessly behind with the work, and some of the customers would have gone without their breakfast, but Mario always pulled us through. He had worked fourteen years in the cafeteria, and he had the skill that never wastes a second between jobs. The Magyar was very stupid and I was inexperienced, and Boris was inclined to shirk, partly because of his lame leg, partly because he was ashamed of working in the cafeteria after being a waiter; but Mario

was wonderful. The way he would stretch his great arms right across the cafeteria to fill a coffee-pot with one hand and boil an egg with the other, at the same time watching toast and shouting directions to the Magyar, and between whiles singing snatches from Rigoletto, was beyond all praise. The patron knew his value, and he was paid a thousand francs a month, instead of five hundred like the rest of us.*

*music from an opera

Comprehension questions:

1. Look up definitions for the following words:
 - a) Idle
 - b) Shirk
 - c) Spasmodic
 - d) Scullion
 - e) Delirium
2. What is the atmosphere like working in the *cafeteria*?
3. Describe sorts of jobs that Orwell has to do
4. Why does Orwell feel that work is hard and difficult to do?
5. Reread the final paragraph and describe why Mario is paid more than the other workers.

Questions on the writer's methods

1. Identify where Orwell uses a list. In a paragraph, explain how this creates a chaotic and busy atmosphere
2. Reread the second paragraph. What is the effect of the repetition of "bang!" in the long, complex sentence?
3. Explain the effect of the simile "going like lightening". How does this reinforce a sense of speed and commotion?
4. How are the guests portrayed in the extract?