

# Chapter 1, page: 11–12

## **Twinkle twinkle little star**

Twinkle twinkle little star  
How I wonder what you are  
Up above the world so high  
Like a diamond in the sky

How I wonder what you are  
Like a diamond in the sky  
Up above the world so high  
Twinkle twinkle little star

# Chapter 1, page: 13–14

## Romeo and Juliet

**Juliet** Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**Romeo** Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**Romeo** O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:  
They pray. Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

**Romeo** [Approaching JULIET.]  
If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**Juliet** Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's sake.

**Juliet** Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**Romeo** Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

**Juliet** Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

**Romeo** Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.  
[Kisses her.]  
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.

# Chapter 1, page: 13

## Shakespeare's Sonnet 18

And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,

# Chapter 1, page: 14

## Romeo and Juliet 2

[Kisses her.]

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
Give me my sin again.  
If I profane with my unwortheiest hand

**Juliet** Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**Juliet** Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

**Juliet** Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's sake.

**Juliet** Then have my lips the sin that they have took.  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

**Romeo** [Approaching JULIET.]

**Romeo** Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**Romeo** O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:

**Romeo** Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

**Romeo** Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.  
They pray. Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:  
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

# Chapter 1, page: 15

## Mystery Text

The \_\_\_\_\_, then as now, are kitchen \_\_\_\_\_ which do not sit neatly and demurely on one side of the house as a European herb \_\_\_\_\_ might, but encircle it with some abandon. \_\_\_\_\_ often disappear entirely within their verdant, forest-like \_\_\_\_\_. Black pepper vines clamber tenaciously up mango \_\_\_\_\_, the peppercorns huddling together in bright green clusters like bunches of embryo grapes. Nutmeg fruit hang like tennis balls, ready to split open and offer both their nuts and their special bonus, curls of tangerine-coloured mace. Cinnamon, clove and tamarind \_\_\_\_\_ compete for a view of the sky while cardamom stays close to the ground, hugging its mother \_\_\_\_\_. There are ginger and turmeric plants as well, sending fingers of their tubers into the cool dark \_\_\_\_\_. Above all, there are the two \_\_\_\_\_ that give the foods of Kerala their special character – the sweetly aromatic curry leaf \_\_\_\_\_ and the arching, swaying coconut palm.

## Chapter 1, page: 16–17

a abroad all amid and and and and and and apples bees bend bless bosom-  
friend budding by cease cells clammy close conspiring core cottage-trees  
days fill find flowers for for fruit fruit fruitfulness gourd hair has hath  
hazel him how kernel later load maturing may mellow mists more more  
moss'd never not o'er-brimm'd of of oft plump ripeness round run season  
seeks seen set shells soft-lifted sometimes still store summer sun sweet  
swell that thatch-eves the the the the the the the the thee their they  
think thy thy to to to to to to until vines warm who whoever will wind  
winnowing with with with with with

# Chapter 1, page: 16

## John Clare's sonnet 'I love to see the summer beaming forth'

a about again and and and and and and beaming beetles blobs bright bright  
bull clear clear clouds clumps come day deep drain flag floating floods  
flower flowers forth from gold grass half happy hay head hen her her  
hiding l l l l in in insects its lake lake leaning like like lilies love love love  
mare meadow meadow moor nest north o'er on place play pushes reed  
rushes rustle sack sailing see see see seeks shook shore sport stain stand  
summer summer swings that the the the the the the the the the the  
the to to to to to upon water way when where where white whiten wild  
willow wind winds wings with wood wool

# Chapter 1, page: 17

## The Good Pub Guide.

17<sup>th</sup> a a a a a a a also an and and and and are at attractive banquettes bar beaten been below black brass bronze built-in button-back century chairs chimney-piece coal coal colours comfortable corner curving decorated end feel finish fire fire great gun-dog hand has has have horse-race houses in inglenook inn into is it its lamp left lived-in lively low mantelpiece modern must now of of of of of of on on once one one part plush print problematic red right room shiny small small snug soft spindleback sporting statuette tables taking The the the the the the the them there this three two-roomed up village wall warm watercolour what white whole with wooden



# Chapter 1, page: 18

Nouns/Adjectives/Verbs table

Nouns	Adjectives	Verbs
banquettes	attractive	beaten
bar	black	<u>colours</u>
chimney-piece	brass	<b>curving</b>
chairs	bronze	
coal	built-in	
<u>colours</u>	button-back	
<i>corner</i>	seventeenth century	
	coal	
	comfortable	
	<i>corner</i>	
	<b>curving</b>	

# Chapter 1, page: 19

## Keats' 'To Autumn'

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring **with** him how to load and bless  
**With** fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend **with** apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit **with** ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
**With** a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

# Chapter 1, page: 19–20

## G. M. Hopkins' 'Pied Beauty'

Glory be to God for dappled things --  
For s<sup>k</sup>ies of c<sup>o</sup>uple-c<sup>o</sup>lour as a brinded c<sup>o</sup>w;  
For ro<sup>s</sup>e-mole<sup>s</sup> all in s<sup>t</sup>ipple upon trout that s<sup>w</sup>im;  
F<sup>r</sup>esh-f<sup>i</sup>re<sup>c</sup>oal c<sup>h</sup>estnut-f<sup>a</sup>lls; f<sup>i</sup>n<sup>ch</sup>es' wings;  
Land<sup>s</sup>c<sup>a</sup>pe plotted and pie<sup>c</sup>ed – f<sup>o</sup>ld, f<sup>a</sup>llow, and plough;  
And all trade<sup>s</sup>, their gear and ta<sup>ck</sup>le and trim.  
All thing<sup>s</sup> c<sup>o</sup>unter, original, s<sup>p</sup>are, s<sup>t</sup>rangle;  
Whatever is f<sup>i</sup>ck<sup>l</sup>e, fr<sup>e</sup>ck<sup>l</sup>ed, (who k<sup>n</sup>ow<sup>s</sup> how?)  
With s<sup>w</sup>ift, s<sup>l</sup>ow; s<sup>w</sup>ee<sup>t</sup>, s<sup>o</sup>ur; adazzle, dim;  
He f<sup>a</sup>ther<sup>s</sup>-f<sup>o</sup>rth who<sup>s</sup>e beauty is past c<sup>h</sup>ange:  
Praise him.

# Chapter 1, page: 19–20

## G. M. Hopkins' 'Pied Beauty'

Glory be to God **f**or dappled thing, --  
**F**or <sup>k</sup>ie, **o**f <sup>c</sup>ouple-colour a, a brinded <sup>c</sup>ow;  
**F**or ro<sup>s</sup>e-mole, all in <sup>s</sup>tipple upon trout that <sup>s</sup>wim;  
**F**re<sup>s</sup>h-fire<sup>c</sup>oal <sup>t</sup>he<sup>s</sup>tnut-fall<sup>s</sup>; **f**in<sup>t</sup>he<sup>s</sup>' wing<sup>s</sup>;  
Land<sup>s</sup>c<sup>a</sup>p<sup>e</sup> plotted and pie<sup>c</sup>ed – **f**old, **f**allow, and plough;  
And all trade<sup>s</sup>, their gear and ta<sup>ck</sup>le and trim.  
All thing<sup>s</sup> <sup>c</sup>ounter, original, <sup>s</sup>pare, <sup>s</sup>trange;  
Whatever i<sup>s</sup> **f**ickle, **f**re<sup>ck</sup>led, (who <sup>k</sup>now<sup>s</sup> how?)  
With <sup>s</sup>wift, <sup>s</sup>low; <sup>s</sup>weet, <sup>s</sup>our; adazzle, dim;  
He **f**ather<sup>s</sup>-**f**orth who<sup>s</sup>e beauty i<sup>s</sup> pa<sup>s</sup>t <sup>c</sup>hange:  
Prai<sup>s</sup>e him.

# Chapter 1, page: 20

## Act IV of Much Ado About Nothing

**Benedick:** By my sword, Beatrice, *thou* lovest me.

**Beatrice:** Do not swear, and eat it.

**Benedick:** I will swear by it that **you** love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not **you**.

**Beatrice:** Will **you** not eat **your** word?

**Benedick:** With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love *thee*.

**Beatrice:** Why, then, God forgive me!

**Benedick:** What offence, sweet Beatrice?

**Beatrice:** **You** have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved **you**.

**Benedick:** And do it with all *thy* heart.

**Beatrice:** I love **you** with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

**Benedick:** Come, bid me do any thing for *thee*.

**Beatrice:** Kill Claudio.