

Brief Overview of IB Senior English:

The IB senior year English course covers two parts of the IB curriculum.

Part 2 – Fall Semester (Multiple Genre Study)

Selected poetry by Emily Dickinson

Wuthering Heights, a novel by Emily Brontë

Selected essays (author to be announced)

Part 3 – Spring Semester (Drama Study)

The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark by William Shakespeare

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead by Tom Stoppard

“Master Harold”... and the boys by Athol Fugard

A Streetcar Named Desire by Tennessee Williams

You will need a copy of *Wuthering Heights* and a copy of each of the plays. **Bring your copy of *Wuthering Heights* on the first day of school.** (I have some copies of the plays to loan you, but you should buy a copy if you want to annotate the work.)

Fall Semester Assessment: The Individual Oral Commentary (IOC)

It is **30%** of your IB English score. It is internally scored (Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Smith), but sent to IB and externally moderated. This year, the twenty-minute commentary is new, so I will fill you in when school starts. This sounds intimidating, but we will practice, practice, practice, and practice. You will be ready.

Spring Semester Assessments: Paper I and Paper II

Paper I: Explications of a poem and a prose passage. This exam requires you to explicate unseen works. You have two hours to write the explications, and it is **20%** of your IB English score.

Paper II: Write about the plays studied. This exam requires you to discuss two of the plays you have studied in a detailed response to one of the prompts. You have two hours to write the paper, and it is **25%** of your IB English score.

For the summer:

Print this packet of Emily Dickinson's poems. Annotate the poems and identify and discover the purpose of the listed literary devices. **This is due on the first day of class.** We do not have a large number of grades class first semester because we spend a lot of time practicing for the IOC. **You cannot afford to make a zero on this assignment.** **Once we return to class, you will have a quiz and write an explication.**

*Do this work on your own. It may seem easier to Google the poems, but it will make things MUCH harder later when it counts because you will not have these resources available when you present your IOC or write Paper I. IB places a lot of emphasis on personal response, and by that they mean YOUR response, not someone else's. Using someone else's work should not even be a consideration for an IB student who truly wants to learn. If you don't want to learn, you are in the wrong course.

Please email me at ctgriffin@mcpss.com if you have any questions or concerns.

Have a great summer!



(First lines of poems are bolded for document clarity. The brief, humorous summaries following the poems are adapted from *The Emily Dickinson Reader: An English-to-English Translation of Emily Dickinson's Complete Poems* by Paul Legault.)

A narrow fellow in the grass

(1866)

Occasionally rides;
You may have met him—did you not?
His notice sudden is

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a boy, and barefoot,
I more than once, at noon,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun—
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

Assonance:

Shift:

Anastrophe:

Antithesis:

Simile:

Alliteration:

Implied metaphor:

Antimetabole:

(I saw a snake.)

A Bird came down the Walk –

(1891)

He did not know I saw –

He bit an Anglemorm in halves

And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew

From a convenient Grass –

And then hopped sidewise to the Wall

To let a beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes

That hurried all around –

They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –

He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,

I offered him a Crumb

And he unrolled his feathers

And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divided the Ocean

Too silver for a seam –

Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon

Leap, plashless as they swim.

Personification:

Anthropomorphism:

Irony:

Simile:

(I saw this bird.)

I never saw a Moor—

(1863-1869)

I never saw the Sea—

Yet know I how the Heather looks

And what a Billow be.

I never spoke with God

Nor visited in Heaven—

Yet certain am I of the spot

As if the Checks were given—

Anaphora:

Anastrophe:

Alliteration:

Implied metaphor:

(God owes me a lot, but I know he's good for it.)

I died for Beauty—but was scarce

(1862)

Adjusted in the Tomb

When One who died for Truth, was lain

In an adjoining Room—

He questioned softly “Why I failed”?

“For Beauty,” I replied—

“And I—for Truth—Themselves are One—

We Bretheren, are,” He said—

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night—
We talked between the Rooms—
Until the Moss had reached our lips—
And covered up—our names—

Metaphor:

Slant Rhyme:

Anastrophe:

Meiosis:

Anthropomorphism:

(Now that I'm a zombie, I have sleepovers all the time.)

My life closed twice before its close—

It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Personification:

Paradox:

Tone:

Polyptoton:

Alliteration:

Implied Metaphor:

Assonance:

(Remembering stinks.)

Because I could not stop for Death—

(1863-1869)

He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—
The Dews drew quivering and chill—
For only Gossamer, my Gown—
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Roof was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses Heads
Were toward Eternity—

Irony:

Shift:

Litotes:

Syllepsis:

Synecdoche:

Alliteration:

Anaphora:

Extended metaphor:

Allusion:

Implied metaphor:

Slant rhyme:

Hyperbole:

Polyptoton:

(I went on a date with this guy, and it was nice but in a boring kind of way. Then it was getting late and I was getting cold because I was wearing this really skimpy dress, but luckily we finally got to his place. It wasn't so much a place as it was the underworld, but it's not like I could say, hey, hold on, buddy. I was already dead. Whatever.)

I heard a Fly buzz—when I died—

(1862)

The Stillness in the Room

Was like the Stillness in the Air—

Between the Heaves of Storm—

The Eyes around—had wrung them dry—

And Breaths were gathering firm

For that last Onset—when the King

Be witnessed—in the Room—

I willed my Keepsakes—Signed away

What portion of me be

IB English 12, Summer of 2020
Assignable—and then it was
There interposed a Fly—

C. Griffin

With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz—
Between the light—and me—
And then the Windows failed—and then
I could not see to see—

Onomatopoeia:

Simile:

Allusion:

Polyptoton:

Assonance:

Consonance:

Metonymy:

Synecdoche:

Antanaclasis:

Irony:

Mood:

Tone:

(Hearing is the last thing to leave the body and is thus perhaps the most horrifying of the senses.)

I taste a Liquor never brewed—
From Tankards scooped in Pearl—
Not all the Vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an Alcohol!

(Published 4 May 1861)

Inebriate of Air—am I—
And Debauchee of Dew—
Reeling—thro endless summer days—
From inns of Molten Blue—

When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove’s door—
When Butterflies—renounce their “drams”—
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats—
And Saints—to windows run—
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the—Sun—

Slant rhyme:

Allusion:

Anastrophe:

Tone:

Metonymy:

Implied metaphor:

Anaphora:

Paronomasia:

Conceit:

(I just did ecstasy for the first time. It reminded me of the first time I got drunk. It also reminded me of that time when I reeled through endless summer days from inns of molten blue. You know. That time.)

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church—
I keep it, staying at Home—

(Published 12 March 1864)

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With a Bobolink for a Chorister—
And an Orchard, for a Dome—

C. Griffin

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice—
I just wear my Wings—
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
Our little Sexton—sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman—
And the sermon is never long,
So instead of getting to Heaven, at last—
I'm going, all along.

Metaphor:

Alliteration:

Anaphora:

Meiosis:

Litotes:

Transcendence:

Extended metaphor:

(I don't go to church. I am the church.)

Success is counted sweetest

(Published 27 April 1864)

By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of Victory

As he defeated—dying—
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

Allusion:

Metaphor:

Periphrasis:

Assonance:

Synecdoche:

Analogy:

Imagery:

(You only want what you can't have. That's why dying people are so sad.)

There's a certain Slant of Light,

(1861)

Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the Seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –

Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

Shift:

Oxymoron:

Paradox:

Personification:

Alliteration:

(I am dramatically affected by changes in the light. It might be because I'm a vampire.)

We grow accustomed to the Dark—

(1862)

When Light is put away—
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
To witness her Goodbye—

A Moment—We uncertain step
For newness of the night—
Then—fit our Vision to the Dark—
And meet the Road—erect—

And so of larger—Darkness—
Those Evenings of the Brain—
When not a Moon discloses a sign—
Or Star—come out –within—

The Bravest—grope a little—
And sometimes hit a Tree
Directly in the Forehead—
But as they learn to see—

Either the Darkness alters—
Or something in the sight

IB English 12, Summer of 2020
Adjusts itself to Midnight—
And Life steps almost straight.

C. Griffin

Anastrophe

Alliteration

Simile

Personification

(In dim light or darkness, the human eye adapts by widening its pupil to let in as much light as possible. This slow adjustment to the dark is not unlike how you gradually get used to being a vampire.)

This is my letter to the World

That never wrote to Me—
The simple News that Nature told—
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see—
for love of Her—Sweet—countrymen
Judge tenderly—of Me

Anthropomorphism:

Symbol:

Alliteration:

Synecdoche:

Polyptoton:

Syllepsis:

(Both the problem with and the genesis of my seemingly limitless passion is the one-sided nature of myself and everything that makes me up.)