



SESSION 21 - TEACHING NOTES - Magical Poetry – ‘Rooms in the Emporium’ - Monday 19th April 2021 9.30 – 10.30 am

Creative Game

As usual, the show begins with a game for children to play. Make sure that they have their notebooks and pencils ready and listen carefully. The game does NOT involve using the padlet. The games can be played in pairs or solo, as a group or class. Children at home either play with a sibling or parent or write ideas rapidly in their notebooks.

Today's Game – I wish I was

The challenge is to create a rapid list of magical wishes, using the frame, ‘I wish I was’. The children should be capable of doing this rapidly and the challenge is whether in 4 minutes on the timer they can produce at least 50 ideas. This could be played in solo, pairs or as a class together. The children will be given a set time limit to play the game. David and Pie will model the game first bouncing ideas back and forth.

The Objective – to enjoy the creative challenge of rapidly generating ideas in sentences.

Padlet – to get everyone back into the swing of things, this first programme is really aimed at rebuilding confidence and drawing on all the different poetic techniques that we have touched on during the last two terms. This activity is aimed at beginning to build possibilities for creating magical rooms in the Emporium and what might happen when you enter. We begin by looking at a simple frame that provides couplets and plays with alliteration and the senses. You will notice how the second line relates back to the first line showing a consequence:

In the room of suns,
I grilled an iceberg.

In the room of sunsets,
I slept under a duvet of darkness

In the room of trees,
I sprouted leaves each Spring.

In the room of pencils,
every time I spoke my words appeared.

In the room of bees,
I was stung into action.

In the room of stones,
a spark hid inside a rock.

In the room of snow,
an icicle hung from my tongue.

Reminders:

- *Use accurate punctuation.*
- *Use concrete images and describe details.*
- *Use your senses - what you saw, heard, etc.*
- *Each word earns its place.*
- *No overwriting.*
- *Alliteration, similes and metaphors to build pictures.*
- *Personification to add atmosphere – the wind moans.*
- *Name it – ‘Mr Jabbers’ not ‘the man’; ‘Kings Street’ not ‘the road’.*

Objective – writing couplets using linking the 2nd line to the first playfully.

Children's Audio – encourage children to listen carefully to the reading as it was chosen because it was well written but also because it was read aloud effectively. Later on, get the class to discuss why they think the reading was chosen.

The Objective – to listen attentively, enjoy and reflect on what makes effective writing and performance.

Jotcast activity – Playful couplets using more techniques -

This is aimed at encouraging children to build on the pattern but drawing on different techniques that we have already used. There is a slightly different format to try:

I stood in the room of frail ribbons
and rainbows wriggled, as they wrapped themselves
into knots of nuisance.

I stood in the room of furious phones
and my ears rang with forgotten messages.

I stood in the room of pianos playing silent songs
and ivory teeth chattered tunes as bright as a canary.

I stood in the room of curious cars
and my hands became a map of possibilities.

I stood in the room of books
and the pages fluttered like a pigeon's wings.

Finally, I wandered into the room of lightning,
and received a nasty shock.

Possible techniques to try:

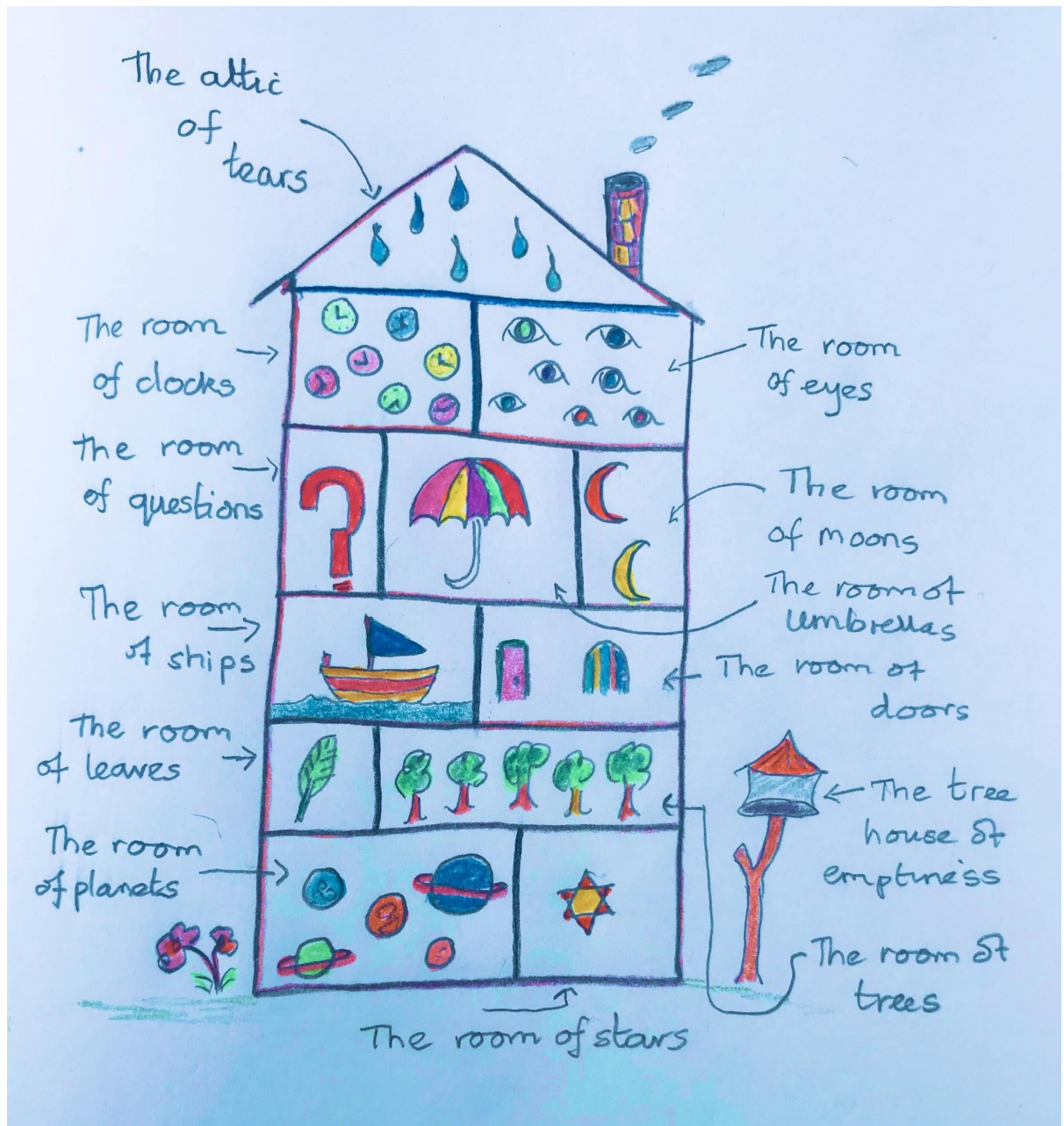
- alliteration – furious phones
- similes using ‘like’ – like a pigeon’s wings
- similes using ‘as’ – as bright as a canary
- juxtaposing ideas – silent songs
- transformations – my hands be came maps
- personification – furious phones
- name it – canary (not bird)
- word play – nasty shock

Objective – writing imaginative couplets, playing with language.

Gallery Challenge – This week the challenge is to draw a section of a building, revealing all the rooms and write ideas into each room. *See image in appendix.*

Blogging Activity – Write a magical poem in couplets describing different rooms and what might happen within them - *the children should have a copy of Pie’s 4 poems so that they can see the way in which he plays with the ideas. The 3rd plays with abstract rooms and the 4th shows how you might take one room and then explore it. The texts are below and provide different levels of challenge.* *Objective – develop their own poem based on the notion of creating magical rooms and drawing on the range of techniques introduced over the last few terms without running the impact of their writing.*

Audio Challenge – If children want to record their own blog ensure that they have read it aloud a number of times. They should read it slowly and clearly with expression. This could be worked on in pairs or threes so that children can develop their performance. ***Please do not duplicate, pass on, sell or upload notes on the internet. This is for your use in your classroom. © Pie Corbett 2021***



In The Magical Emporium

In the room of suns,
I grilled an iceberg.

In the room of sunsets,
I slept under a duvet of darkness

In the room of trees,
I sprouted leaves each Spring.

In the room of pencils,
whenever I spoke, my words appeared.

In the room of bees,
I was stung into action.

In the room of stones,
a spark hid inside a rock.

In the room of snow,
an icicle hung from my tongue.

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Frail Ribbons

I stood in the room of frail ribbons
and rainbows wriggled, as they wrapped themselves
into knots of nuisance.

I stood in the room of furious phones
and my ears rang with forgotten messages.

I stood in the room of pianos playing silent songs
and ivory teeth chattered tunes as bright as a canary.

I stood in the room of curious cars
and my hands became a map of possibilities.

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Abstract Rooms

In the room of confusion,
I mistook a hatstand for a heron
and an umbrella for a bony swan.

In the room of anger,
I boiled an egg with my rage.

In the room of greed,
I found a stash of straw spun into gold.

In the room of joy,
the cushions burst into songs of celebration
and the carpet giggled
as the chairs began to dance.

In the room of discovery,
I found a forgotten memory
that I would rather have left
in the dust beneath the sofa.

In the room of slumber,
sleep curled up in the corner
and I heard a faint snore
from the curtains.

In the room of surprises
the kettle began to whistle a tune,
a cheese grater grated its teeth,
and the microwave waved.

The Room of Cats

I walk into the room of cats -
and the furniture purrs.

Saucers of cream line the wall;
green eyes flicker from furniture.

Tails curl round chair legs
and pink tongues lick the carpet clean.

Soft ears prick, listening
for the scent of sardines.

A distant dog barks;
fur bristles like electricity.

A shadow arches its back,
ready to scratch and hiss,

then curls into an empty space
the shape of a lap.

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