

Day 1 Poetry

This week we are going to look at the poetry of a famous poet - Robert
Louis Stevenson

- Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850.
- He loved writing stories and poems when he was a child and went on to become an author. His most famous children's book is *Treasure Island*, which tells of the adventures of a boy called Jim Hawkins who finds a treasure map, and a pirate called Long John Silver.
- His most famous book of poems is *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which he wrote when he was ill in bed.

- Stevenson was often ill as a child as he had serious lung problems. He read a great deal about travel and adventure. A combination of his love of adventure and his ill health led him to spend many years as a writer travelling the world in search of a climate that was healthier than Britain's.

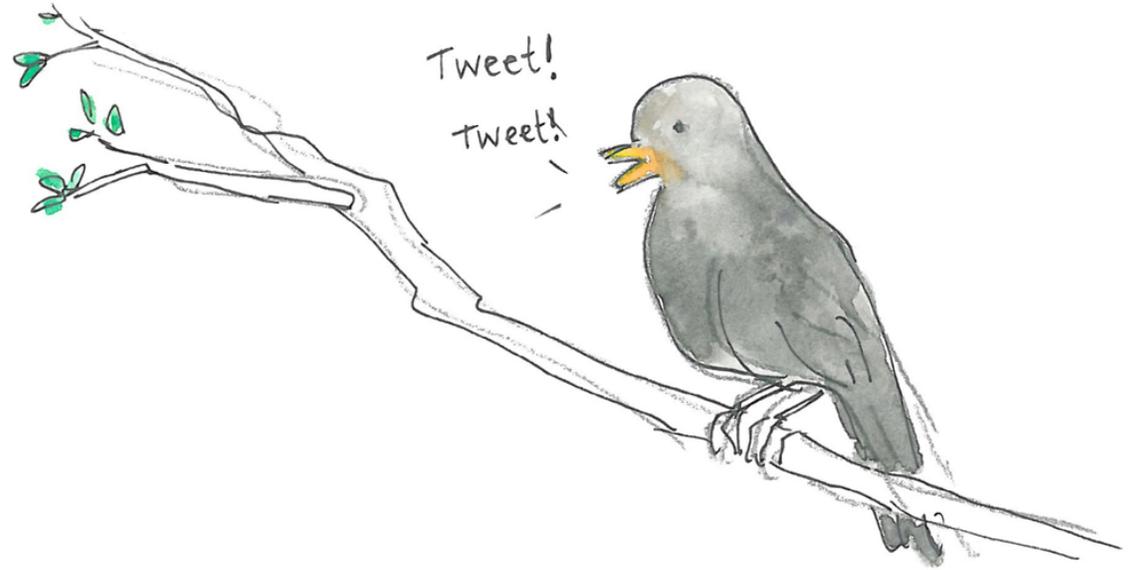
Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping in the tree.
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson



Please write down the answers to these questions about 'Bed in Summer':

1. What is happening to the boy in the poem?
2. How does he feel about his situation?
3. What is your bedtime routine?
4. In summer, does it feel strange being in bed when it's still light outside and you can hear older children still up or your mum or dad downstairs?
5. Write down any words you didn't understand. Can you ask a parent what they mean?

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow –
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow.
For he sometimes shoots up tall, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson



Challenge

Please write down the answers to 'My Shadow'

1. Write down any words you don't know the meaning of.
2. Look them up in a dictionary or ask a parent what they mean and write down the meanings.
3. Has the boy's shadow really stayed in bed?
4. Why can't the boy see his shadow at this time?