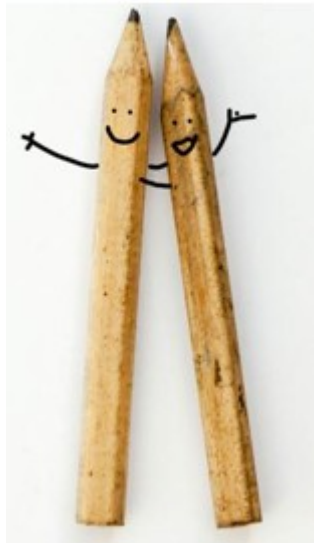


Can you remember what personification is ?

It is when you give human qualities, feelings and characteristics , to an object.

( You make an object into a person )



Imagine you are the mirror in The Lady of Shalott, you have human qualities, feelings and abilities ... you are able to talk to her .

I can write a short dialogue between the mirror and The Lady of Shalott.

Think about these ideas:

If the mirror in the poem could speak what would it say to The Lady of Shalott about looking out the window?

What would the conversation be between them?

What would the mirror be thinking?

Here is my example :

Daily, I bragged to The Lady of Shalott about how handsome Sir Lancelot was with his plumed helmet , sparkling amour , and dark curls twirling around his face.

“My lady , my lady, oh I see the most handsome young knight outside, ” I shrieked excitedly.

“ Ugh the curse forbids me to go to the casement so I cannot see him , you will have to be my eyes , tell me more !” she wept .

That's when her sadness was reflected in me. I begged her not to walk towards the casement, but she didn't listen, she wouldn't listen, she left her loom, took three paces around the room.

“ Stop now ,” I yelled .

“ But I want to see this knight for myself, ” the lady insisted .

“ No , no remember the curse, ” I pleaded.

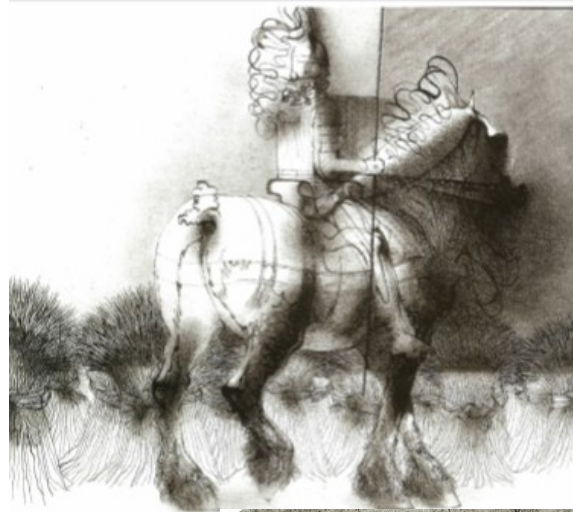
“I am sick of just seeing shadows and reflections,” she screamed.

That' s when she ran to the window !

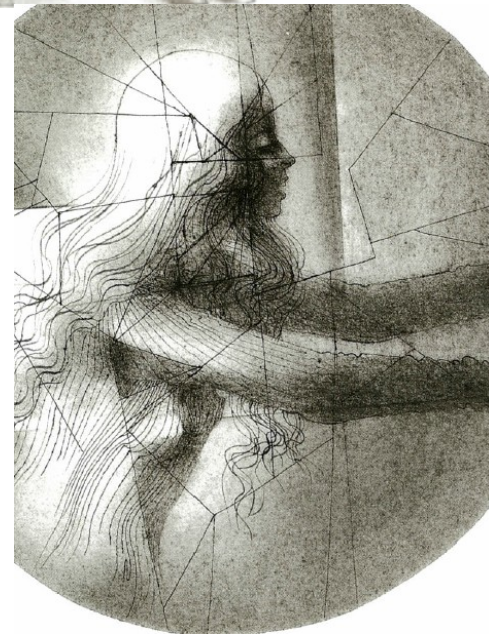


Before you begin your writing you might want to re read or listen to these verses again.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
    As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
    Sang Sir Lancelot.



She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
    She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
'The curse is come upon me!' cried  
    The Lady of Shalott.



Now write yours

I can write a short dialogue between the mirror and The Lady of Shalott.

In tomorrow's lesson you will be editing and up levelling your writing so you do not have to send it in to your teacher today .