

Lesson Plan for WJEC Metacognition Resources Project

Group: Year 11 English	Time: 1 hour
Lesson objectives: Understand symbolic and metaphorical references in poetry. Discuss different uses of narrative voice.	
Link to prior learning: Pupils have already analysed a range of poetic devices in a variety of poems.	Resources: 'Not Waving But Drowning' by Stevie Smith Prose introduction (attached).
Learning activities: Starter - read out the prose passage. In pairs get them to either continue the narrative for a further paragraph, or get them to list the emotions that the narrator feels during the passage (anything really to get them to engage with it as a piece of narrative). Brief class feedback/ discussion. Main activity - Read 'Not Waving But Drowning' by Stevie Smith. Group task - how many 'voices' are there in the poem? They can be given about 10 mins to discuss this. It leads on nicely from the prose passage above, where there is only one voice. Class discussion - Feedback from main activity. This will engender a good discussion. The key point will revolve around round the fact that one of the voices is 'the dead man'. How can dead men talk? Only if they are dead metaphorically. They students can/should be nudged towards this conclusion. Plenary - exit ticket Students reflect on the reading strategies and the thinking skills they have acquired during the lesson. Ultimately, the exit ticket informs the teacher whether thinking developed and how.	
Differentiation: <ul style="list-style-type: none">➤ The initial writing exercise can be scaffolded to provide additional support and some of the different 'voices' in the poem can be pre-identified for the students.➤ Additional challenge - identify the key phrases which develop a symbolic understanding of the poem.	
Opportunities for developing metacognition: Metacognition - In the class discussion, the students need to be prompted to reflect on the kind of thinking that helps them to make better sense of poetry. The key cognitive step that they need to reflect upon, and articulate, is that a process of testing out different things/ ideas in a poem and seeing if they can be read symbolically or metaphorically, will often as not, lead to a deeper understanding.	

Lesson Plan for WJEC Metacognition Resources Project

My friend and I were like brothers, but we were big rivals as well. We were virtually inseparable and we went everywhere together. It's funny but we were always drawn to the woods at the far edge of town, and although they were a dark and lonely place we used to enjoy hanging out there. In particular we were drawn to the lake and we would swim in it in all weathers

I remember once - we were big rivals remember - we went into the woods at night and started swimming. It was a stormy night and the wind and rain were whipping across like nothing I'd seen before. We started swimming across. It wasn't a race really but it turned into one and we were both trying to get ahead through the churning, choppy water. We were laughing at first, what with the rain and the crazy wind, but as we got out to the middle, and it got rougher, and windier, we both stopped laughing and swam harder and harder. I can remember the sound of my own breathing, rasping, and I was struggling to see through the waves and the darkness.

I knew I was tiring and each stroke was becoming a struggle and I could hear him swimming and splashing behind me. I continued on and on through the waves. I knew the other shore must be getting closer, and after an age there I was and I could feel the rough stones and shingle under my feet. I crawled out onto the bank and turned, wiping the water from my eyes, expecting to see him just behind me, but he wasn't there. I peered into the wind and rain and could see him back in the lake, shouting with his head barely above the water.

At that moment I knew we were in trouble and I started to shake...

Not Waving But Drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man,

But still he lay moaning:

I was much further out than you thought

And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking

And now he's dead

It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,

They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always

(Still the dead one lay moaning)

I was much too far out all my life

And not waving but drowning.

Stevie Smith