

DAY 1

LESSON PLAN

Subject:	English Literature
Unit:	Term 1- Unit 1
Theme:	Health & Nutrition
Grade:	8
Time:	1 hour
Focus Strand/Sub-strand:	Reading for Meaning and Enjoyment (Literature)
Topic:	Elements of Literature
Sub-topic:	Point of View & Characterization

Attainment Target:

Recognize and comment on the elements of literature in its different genres

Objectives

By the end of the lesson students should be able to:

1. Review different types of point of view through movement strategy
2. Infer point of view by exploring and analyzing poetry and prose
3. Explain how point- of view impacts characterization
4. Compare and contrast how point of view impacts characterization in poetry and prose
5. Work collaboratively with peers to analyze, share and respond to information on point of view and characterization

Previous Knowledge: Students already know the definition of Point View, as well as types of Point of View

Resources: ball, Point of View Power Point, Short Story “The Luncheon” by William Somerset Maugham, Poem -

Engagement

Activity- Pass the Ball

Review point of view by playing Pass the Ball game. Each group is given a snippet of a narrative on a sheet to read for three minutes. The ball will be thrown randomly to different students within the groups who will be required to read aloud the extract and say from which point of view it is written. The targeted student should throw the ball back to the facilitator after answering or failing to answer.

Exploration

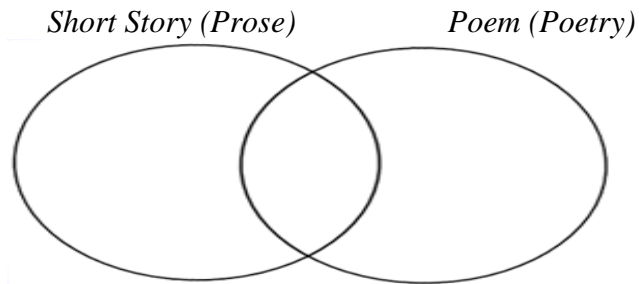
In groups (which include leader/coordinator, reader, recorder and other participant (s)), students will read the short story - the Luncheon by William Somerset Maugham and do the following:

- Decide on the Point of view used in the narrative
- Identify the main characters in the story
- Discuss how the point of view helps them to learn about the main character(s)
- Identify some of what is revealed about the main character(s)
- Discuss the level of objectivity which is reflected through this point of view
- Discuss how the main characters may have been portrayed differently had the point of view changed

Record ideas on flip chart paper and post around classroom in designated corners

Extension

- Do Gallery Walk and respond to the ideas posted by peers on the story read. Leave a written feedback on each presentation - a commendation or query
- View Power point to clarify knowledge about Point of View and characterization
- Participate in whole group discussion of same and extract notes as necessary.
- In pairs, read poem- the Ballad of the Glutton by Norman Roland Gale
 - identify point of view and to say how the character is revealed through the point of view and comment on the objectivity of the perspective
 - Compare/Contrast how point of view impacts characterization in short story (narrative) and the poem (poetry) by using Venn Diagram Strategy



Teacher will work with directly with groups that need step by step support, as well as assist those who request assistance throughout this segment of the lesson.

Explanation

Activity -Tell Someone

Students move around room to music being played. They may walk, dance, run or skip. When the music stops, each student should face the person closest to him/her to form a pair. If a student is left without a partner, he/she must partner with the teacher. The pairs will explain to each other what they learnt about point of view and characterization.

Evaluation (Assessment)

Students and teacher will evaluate the following elements as lesson progresses:

- Accurate concept of point of view communicated throughout activities
- Accurate and adequate understanding of types of Point of View
- Adequate understanding of how Point of View may determine portrayal of characters
- Ability to work cooperatively with peers in analyzing and sharing information
- Ability to provide meaningful feedback to peers

Overall Evaluation of Lesson:

The Luncheon

William Somerset Maugham

I caught sight of her at the play, and in answer to her beckoning, I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her, and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I would have recognized her.

She addressed me brightly.

"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin quarter overlooking a cemetery, and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat with me; but her time was limited, and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday; she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat, and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered, and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence to a woman what they say.) I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me the rest of the month, and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend-by correspondence-at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was, in fact, a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated. But she reassured me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon," she said.

"Oh, don't say that!" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little

fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing unless you have a little caviare, I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell her that. I

told the waiter by all means to bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you are unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she proceeded as though I had not spoken.

"These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked, hospitable still, but not exactly effusive.

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne."

I fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle. I mentioned casually that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it."

"I am only going to eat one thing." I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.

She waved him aside with an airy gesture.

"No. no. I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should

be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops, and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus." I asked the waiter.

I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus."

I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

"No, I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate by all the meat you eat."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now of how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had, and if the bill came to

more I had made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course, it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be to leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent, and appetizing. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthfuls, and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice cream and coffee," she answered.

I was past caring now. So I ordered coffee for myself and an ice cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the

morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee, the head waiter, with an ingratiating smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl; they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too what they cost-a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absentmindedly took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"-my one miserable little chop- "and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack and I shall enjoy a peach."

The bill came and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter, and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hand, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I retorted. "I'll eat nothing for dinner to-night."

"Humorist!" she cried gaily, jumping into a cab, "you're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive man, but when the immortal gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency. Today she weighs twenty-one stone*.

(* One stone equals fourteen pounds.)

Food Poem: The Ballad Of The Glutton By Norman Rowland Gale

I'm greedy by nature, and often in vain
Have lingered too long o'er the succulent hare,
Accepting the jelly, ignoring the pain,
Intent on receiving far more than my share.
I worship the plover's egg, tasty and rare,
And idolize fanciful French fricasses;
But what, darling dainties, with you can compare,
Soused salmon and lamb and young ducks and green peas?

I ask for real turtle, again and again—
Observe the Lord Mayor's John Thomases stare!
For kitchen-recitals to Susan and Jane,
And powdered impertinence, what do I care?
I sit down to eat, and I vow and declare,
I'd honour a dish were it made of stewed bees,
Though loyal to you, should you chance to be there,
Soused salmon and lamb and young ducks and green peas.

I cherish a chef, be he Grecian or Dane;
I even can relish a collop of bear;
I love ev'ry calf—if it boasts a fine brain—
And melt at a pullet, or even a pair.
Though gold's on the table and stately the fare,
I greet a grand entree with almost a sneeze
If you, dearest dainties, are sweet on the air—
Soused salmon and lamb and young ducks and green peas.

L'envoi:

O Redcoats of England, who struggle and dare,
Your glory's a morsel no glutton can please;
My yearning is all for a soft-cushioned chair,
Soused salmon and lamb and young ducks and green peas.