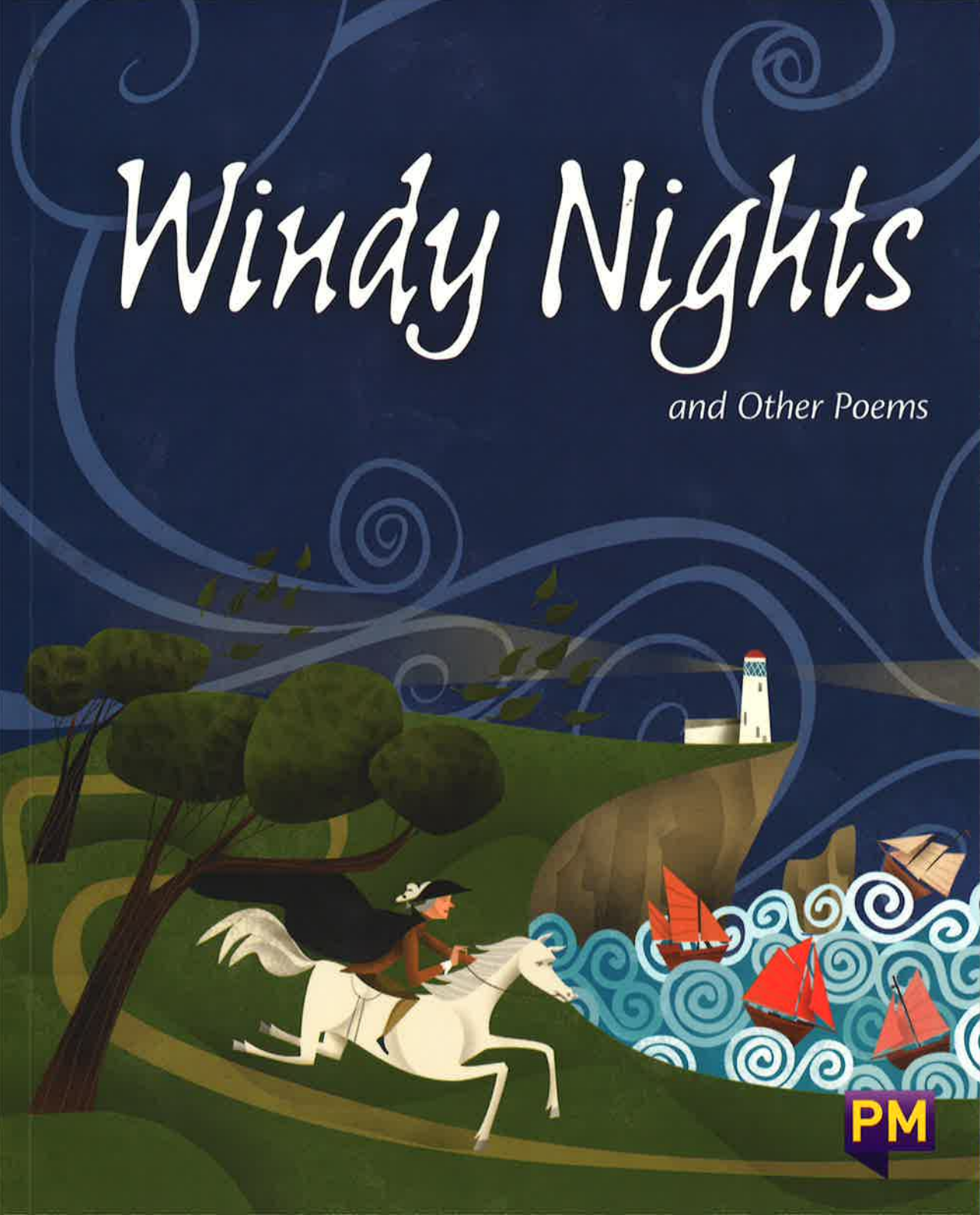
Windy Nights

and Other Poems



PM

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Windy Nights and Other Poems

Level 24

Text Type Poetry (Imaginative)

Curriculum Areas Literacy; Literature

Retelling to encourage critical thinking about the content

Ask each student to retell the poems in his or her own words.

Record the retelling for further discussion and reflection.

Questions to reinforce meaning and stimulate discussion

Literal

1 Who wrote the poem 'The Cow'?

2 What is Meems?

3 What does the Triantiwontigongolope eat?

Inferential

4 In 'Windy Nights', why does the man *gallop and gallop about*?

5 In 'Snowsheeting', why was the girl *sweating with the heat* in the snow?

6 What is meant by *a high lonesome hill*, in 'The Flood'?

7 Why do people stay quiet and still on an underground train ('The Underground Train')?

8 In 'Building a Skyscraper', why did the author use the words *swarm of workmen*?

Applied Knowledge

9 Who was Robert Louis Stevenson?

10 What does 'Anonymous' mean?

11 Why is the poem 'The Eagle', by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, famous?

Links with other PM Guided Reading Books and Cards

Level 24	Card	Poetry	*The Bushfire*
Level 24	Book	Play	*Sleeping Beauty: A Modern Tale*
Level 24	Book	Narrative	*Our Brother Andy*

Windy Nights

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Waking Up 11
The Underground Train 12
Building a Skyscraper 14
The Eagle 16
The Duck 17
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Meems 19
The Triantiwontigongolope 20
If Pigs Could Fly 24

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Windy Nights

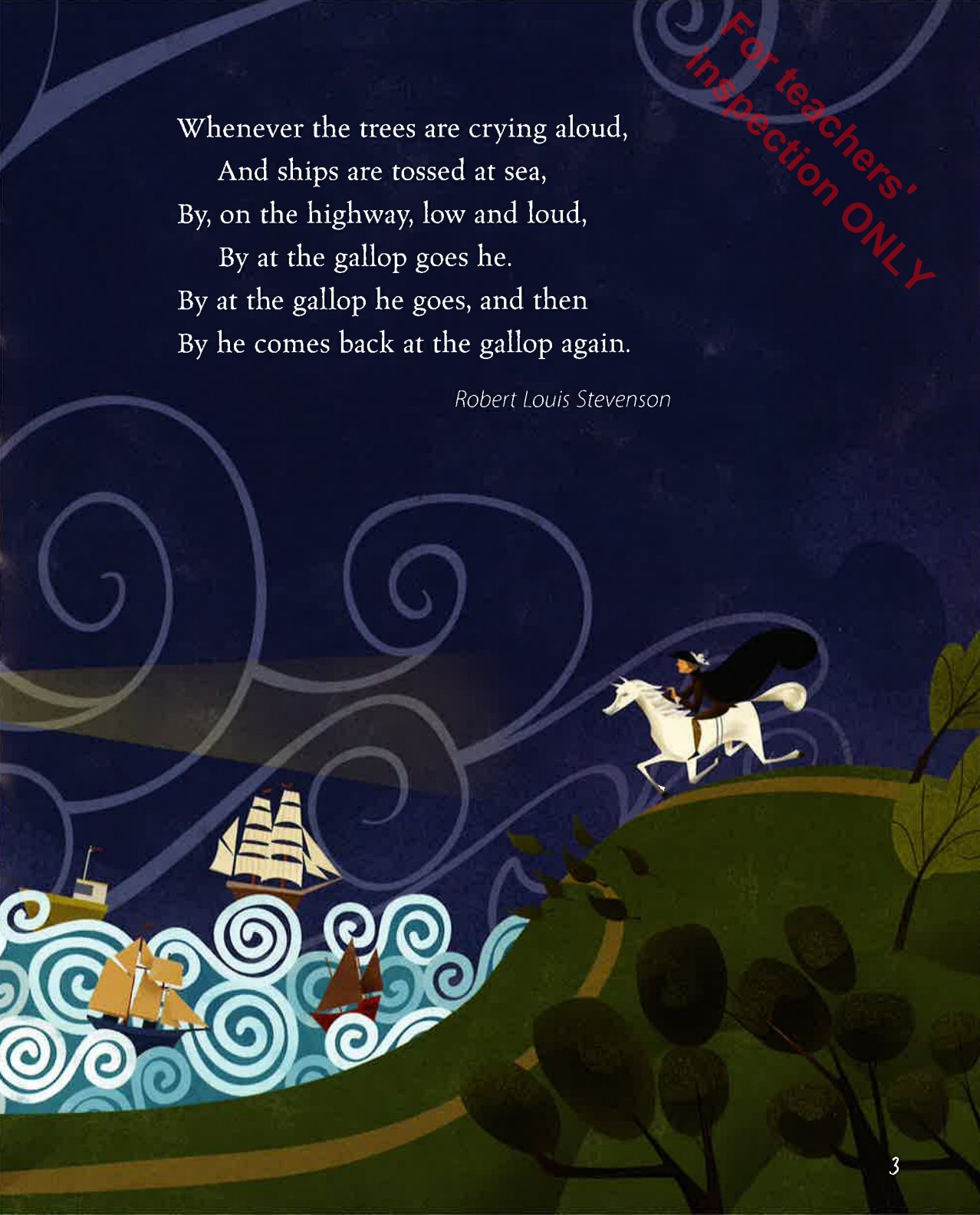
Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?



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Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson



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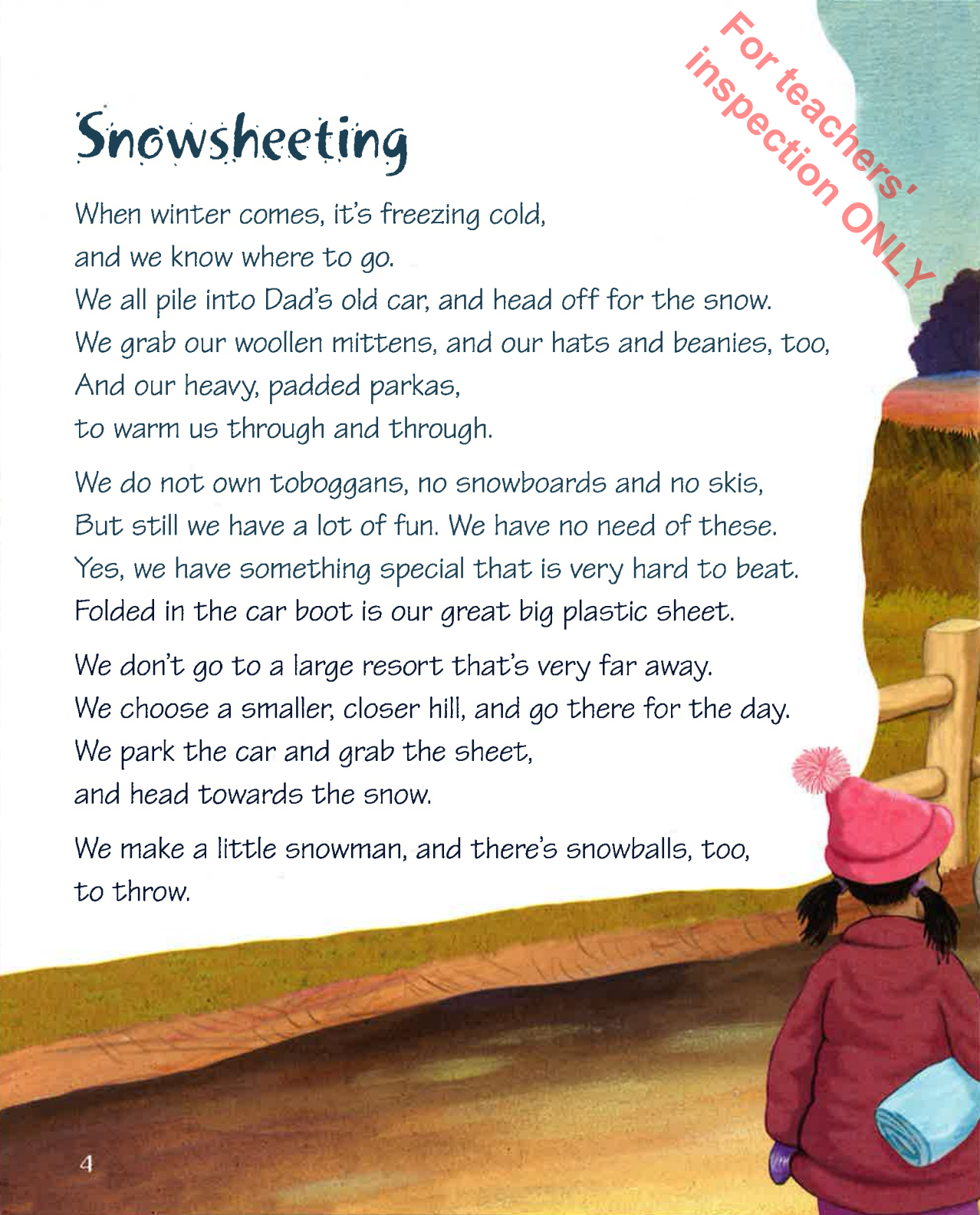
Snowsheeting

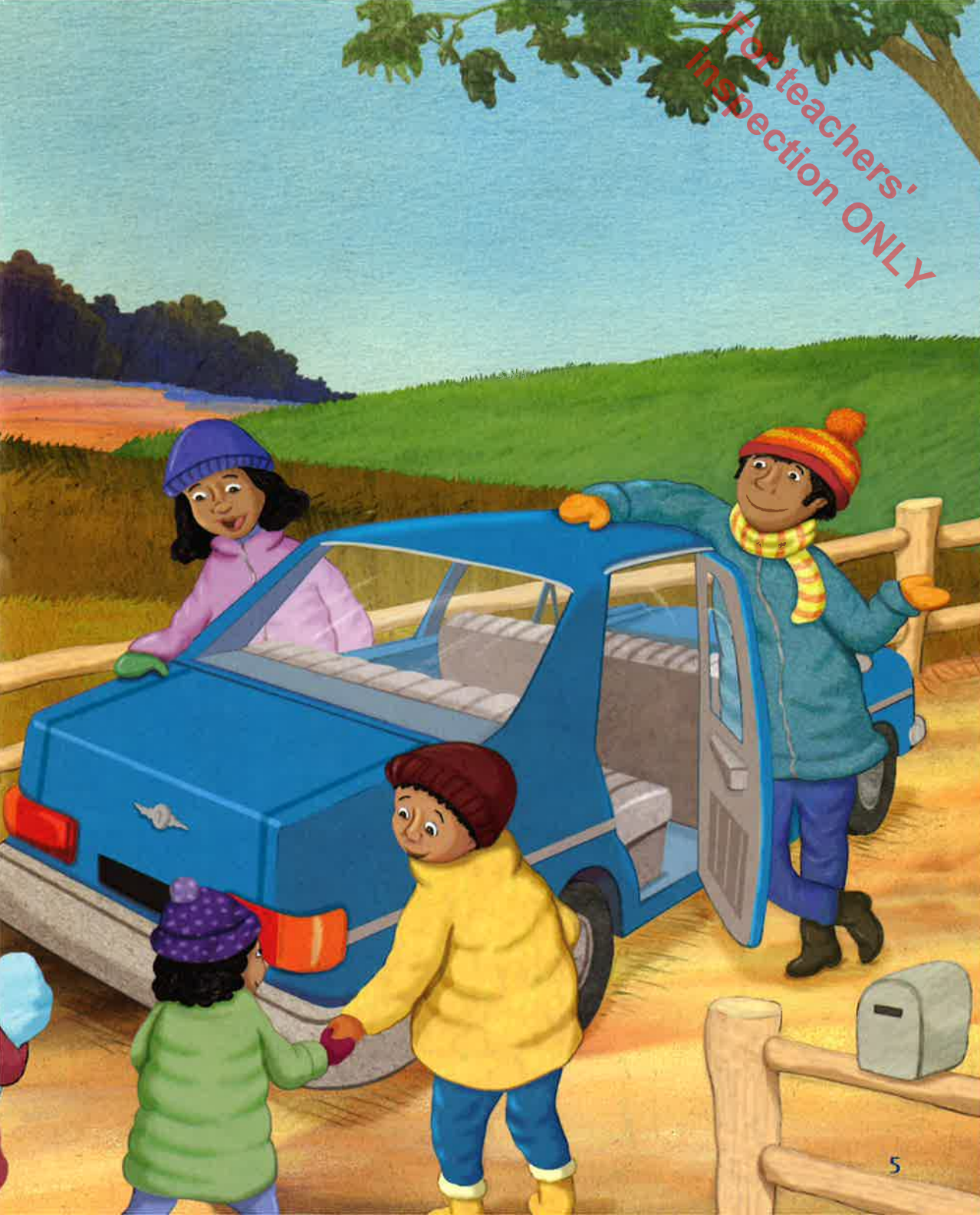
When winter comes, it's freezing cold,
and we know where to go.
We all pile into Dad's old car, and head off for the snow.
We grab our woollen mittens, and our hats and beanies, too,
And our heavy, padded parkas,
to warm us through and through.

We do not own toboggans, no snowboards and no skis,
But still we have a lot of fun. We have no need of these.
Yes, we have something special that is very hard to beat.
Folded in the car boot is our great big plastic sheet.

We don't go to a large resort that's very far away.
We choose a smaller, closer hill, and go there for the day.
We park the car and grab the sheet,
and head towards the snow.

We make a little snowman, and there's snowballs, too,
to throw.





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And so we take it turn by turn, clomping to the hill,
Then sliding to the bottom on our plastic – what a thrill!
Snow slops down inside my shirt. It drops into my boots.
It's up my sleeve and down my pants,
but I don't give two hoots!

I'm climbing, climbing, climbing,
and I'm sweating with the heat,
Then I'm sliding, sliding, sliding
on our mighty slippery sheet.
We take a break to get the thermos – hot tomato soup,
And homemade cake and sandwiches
to feed the starving troop.

At last, alas, the time arrives that homeward we must drive.
What a mighty day it's been! It's great to be alive!
It's very dark outside the car, as home again we creep,
But long before we reach our door, we kids are fast asleep!

Stephen Whiteside

