



# Transformation

## Narrative Writing

A creative piece inspired  
by a poem

### The Task:

Write a narrative piece, using an established poem as its stimulus. This narrative does not have to conform to any narrative present in the original poem - which is only intended as a starting point.

### Choose a poem

- Get to know the poem. Identify some of its key themes, some of the language effects and the context in which it was written
- You can use selected words or phrases from the original poem in your creative piece, but the new piece will be substantially prose in its form and should be a distinct unique piece of writing

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### APPROACHES

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1. Take the position of a character in the original poem and write a dramatic monologue from that point of view
2. Select appropriate music to match the mood and atmosphere you are trying to create and listen to this while you write your draft
3. Consider employing some of the language effects used in the stimulus poem
4. Concentrate on developing a narrative structure (a storyline) that suits your plan. Most of the source texts lack a 'narrative' element, so this will be for you to develop yourself.

**IGCSE English Language  
Coursework, Component 2  
Due: 4th January 2015**

For years afterwards the farmers found them –  
the wasted young, turning up under their plough blades  
as they tended the land back into itself.

A chit of bone, the china plate of a shoulder blade,  
the relic of a finger, the blown  
and broken bird's egg of a skull,

all mimicked now in flint, breaking blue in white  
across this field where they were told to walk, not run,  
towards the wood and its nesting machine guns.

## Mametz Wood

Owen Sheers

2005

And even now the earth stands sentinel,  
reaching back into itself for reminders of what happened  
like a wound working a foreign body to the surface of the  
skin.

This morning, twenty men buried in one long grave,  
a broken mosaic of bone linked arm in arm,  
their skeletons paused mid dance-macabre

in boots that outlasted them,  
their socketed heads tilted back at an angle  
and their jaws, those that have them, dropped open.

As if the notes they had sung  
have only now, with this unearthing,  
slipped from their absent tongues.

## Hawk Roosting

Ted Hughes

1960

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.  
It took the whole of Creation  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -  
I kill where I please because it is all mine.  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living.  
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep things like this.

**Futility**  
Wilfred Owen

1918

Move him into the sun—  
Gently its touch awoke him once,  
At home, whispering of fields unsown.  
Always it awoke him, even in France,  
Until this morning and this snow.  
If anything might rouse him now  
The kind old sun will know.  
Think how it wakes the seeds—  
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.  
Are limbs so dear-achieved, are sides  
Full-nerved,—still warm,—too hard to stir?  
Was it for this the clay grew tall? —  
O what made fatuous sunbeams toil  
To break earth's sleep at all?