

TUESDAY Week 2

Complete the 'starters', 'mains' and 'deserts' as required.

Complete both 'starters' 1 and 2

STARTERS

1. Have a first attempt at guessing the meaning of some mystery words (you will need the word sheet)



2. Write the actual meaning for the words you guessed. You need to read the meaning from the sheet provided.

Complete one from the 'mains'.

MAINS

1. Create a visual representation of the poem (poster) – what imagery does it create?

2. Create a comic strip which shows the story portrayed in the poem.

3. Write a script based on what happens in the poem – must be set out correctly. This could be people talking at a crime scene / cops talking etc.



THURSDAY Week 2

Complete two from the 'desert' menu

DESSERTS

1. Create a wanted poster for the cat using evidence from the text (there is a template).



2. Write a mini review for the poem – give it a rating out of 5.

FRIDAY Week 2

Task: Create a 'wanted' poster for Macavity (The Mystery Cat). Use the description given in the poem to draw a suitable image of this feline fiend. Write a description in the box – try using quotations from the poem.

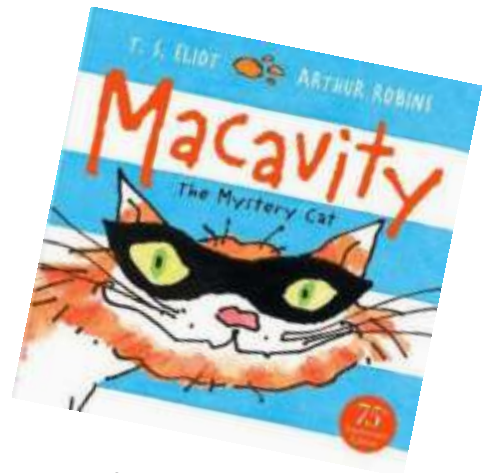


Macavity: The Mystery Cat
T. S. Eliot - 1888-1965

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the
Hidden Paw—
For he's the master criminal who can defy
the Law.

He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the
Flying Squad's despair:

For when they reach the scene of crime—*Macavity's not
there!*



Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime—*Macavity's not there!*
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air—
But I tell you once and once again, *Macavity's not there!*

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square—
But when a crime's discovered, then *Macavity's not there!*

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair—
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! *Macavity's not there!*

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair—
But it's useless to investigate—*Macavity's not there!*
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
'It *must* have been Macavity!'—but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs;
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

A poem reading

https://www.google.co.uk/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=4&ved=2ahUKEwiY97CS4L3pAhUFQUEAHcU2BO4QwqsBMAN6BAgMEA4&url=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.youtube.com%2Fwatch%3Fv%3D7LjaTP0T3Ew&usg=AOvVaw22XW1UiXerA2_dP9gGDTFB

