

CAE assignment 3 instruction sheet

Dear Students,

Assignment 3 will be two-fold. I am including below a short excerpt from a memoir by Russell Baker (former columnist at the New York Times). This excerpt is a description of the place he grew up in and his approach, which we can use as a model, is interesting. What he seems to do is to allow the senses to elicit the images. By senses I mean of course the five we possess: sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell. So for instance in paragraph 1 "sunlight yellow with buttercups" might correspond to the sense of sight; in paragraph 2 "the creak of a porch swing" with hearing (there are many sounds in this piece).

So, for task 1 decide which senses are being used in each paragraph and list those images that correspond to them; it is sometimes not so clear and disagreements often arise, but use your dictionary as well as your intuition.

In task 2 take a sheet of paper and write down the five senses, then think of a place that was/is special to you and note down what you hear, see, smell etc there. This is for you not me, so you can use words, phrases or squiggles, but using these notes you should then write a description of your special place. Here grammar and vocabulary is important. You can use Mr. Russell's description as a model both for form and length. And this writing is what will be sent.

To repeat the HW is 1/ a breakdown of the Baker excerpt specifying sense and corresponding images, and 2/ a rich description of your place filled with lights and sounds and smells, etc.

I hope this is clear. Any questions just write. This is a bit of work, so the due date is in two weeks; Tues 28 April.

Good Luck,
Jacob

Baker Description:

Morrisonville was a poor place to prepare for a struggle with the twentieth century, but a delightful place to spend a childhood. It was summer days drenched with sunlight, fields yellow with buttercups (SIGHT), and barn lofts sweet with hay. Clusters of purple grapes dangled from backyard arbors (SIGHT), lavender wisteria blossoms perfumed (SMELL) the air from the great vine enclosing the end of my grandmother's porch, and wild roses covered the fences (SIGHT).

On a broiling afternoon when all the men were away at work and all the women napped, I moved through majestic depths of silences, silences so immense I could hear the corn growing (HEARING). Under these silences there was an orchestra of natural music playing notes (HEARING) no city child would ever hear. A certain cackle (HEARING) from the henhouse meant we had gained an egg. The creak of a porch swing (HEARING) told of a momentary breeze blowing across my grandmother's yard. Moving past Liz Virt's barn as quietly as an Indian, I could hear the swish of a horse's tail (HEARING) and knew the horseflies were out in strength. As I tiptoed along a mossy bank to surprise a frog, a faint splash (HEARING) told me the quarry had spotted me and slipped into the stream. Wandering among the sleeping houses, I learned that tin roofs crackle (HEARING) under the power of the sun, and when I tired and came back to my grandmother's house, I padded into her dark

cool living room, lay flat on the floor, and listened (HEARING) to the hypnotic beat of her pendulum clock on the wall ticking the meaningless hours away.

BRNO

Brno was a poor place to get around by subway, but still a delightful place to spend my college days. During day time it is a lively city, with a wonderful compact city center allowing you to walk by foot almost everywhere and immerse yourself in the chatter of young people and locals, bicyclists whizzing by, numerous buskers singing and playing instruments, while letting pavement cafés entice you with the smell of freshly ground coffee beans. You can feast your eyes on the perfect mix of historic and modern buildings, shop windows of fashionable boutiques and timeless pieces of street art completing the whole spectacle.

A/The Profusion of restaurants behind every corner offers many possibilities for satisfying your picky tongue when you get hungry, along with plenty of parks allowing you to escape from the crowd, relax in the shadow and for a while listen to the birds instead of the roar of traffic.

The bustle and hustle of Brno never comes to a halt. At night it can surprise you with its festive atmosphere. It is hard to decide how to spend warm summer evenings, if sipping beer outside under the sparkling stars or diving into some of the cosy cocktail bars and savouring a couple of colourful, tasty drinks. If you are not in the mood for live music emanating from the clubs, you can decide for a calm tearoom or just walk up the hill and appreciate the remote humming and glittering of the nightlife from above.

Johana Žížalová, 28. 4. 2020

Nicely done!
Rich vocabulary -
Thanks, f-

The sound of tap dripping kept me awake all night.

The rain is really pelting down. We can't possibly go out in it.

There was a loud gurgling sound as the bathwater ran down the plugh.

Be careful how you pour my beer!

There was a splash as my camera fell into the river.

As I lay in my cabin I heard the gentle sound of waves lapping against the hull.

The River Swift rises in the hills and then flows south west to the sea.

A water main had burst and water was gushing out of the ground with great force.

Moisture from the fish had seeped through the paper bag and made rest of the shopping damp.

Rain was falling on my collar and trickling unpleasantly down my neck.

The new Tarantino's film has caused a big splash all over the world. *nice!*

I poured my heart out to my mother yesterday about my boss stressing me.

Thousands of people poured along the main shopping street. *→ doesn't work / better idiom: "streamed through"*

Stop pouring honey into my ear, I want to know the whole truth!

nice! She was pouring money down the drain and now she is homeless.

I poured oil on troubled waters by buying her a bunch of flowers and she forgave me.

I drove at full pelt and fortunately managed to get there on time. *with "pour" here not common usage.*

nice! Trickle-down economics results in greater prosperity for society. *→ doesn't work!*

He is finally on the last lap, hopefully he will finish his studies next month. *→ better "drive/go at full tilt"*

I saw a man standing in his pelt by the river. *→ "pelt" here meaning, of course, the skin of an animal.*

CAE instruction sheet 4

Dear Students,

Many thanks for your rich descriptions. The choices you made in breaking down the Baker excerpt are of course subjective; where I disagreed I commented and where I think you misunderstood a phrase I also commented. Beyond that we cannot go. Many of you included "majestic depths of silence" and "the corn growing" as sounds; clearly, however, these are metaphors used to emphasize the lack of "civilized" sounds.

I am including in the worksheet folder a poem by the Irish writer William Butler Yeats written in the 1890s. Although written quite a while ago the language is not unclear, and he is solving the same problem that you have just solved. That is, he's describing a place using sight, sound, etc. Also it's short. In the poem he describes water as "lapping", which leads to the exercise following the poem, which lists *verbs* used to describe *the movement of liquid*. Here is the task: first, complete the exercise (these words I believe are not so simple, so use the Webster's Dictionary as well as the Thesaurus), then, write some sentences using these words. The number of sentences are up to you; words can be used more than once; see if you can dig out some idiomatic usages in writing your sentences (dictionary).

As for the poem itself. The task is merely to read it. Also, if you're interested, there are some old recordings on YouTube of Yeats himself reading this poem. Quite dramatic stuff. Enjoy. Due Date Wed 13 May.

We are soon arriving at the end of this strange term. (22May), so aside from corrections and any questions, this will be your final assignment. Good Luck, Jacob

Excellent idioms!! Thanks!

just a couple don't work...