The Sound Collector

A stranger called this morning Dressed all in black and grey Put every sound into a bag And carried them away.

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping sound it makes

The hissing of the frying-pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window-pane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning He didn't leave his name Left us only silence Life will never be the same.

By Roger McGough

	Challenge I	
(1	What word tells us that the poet does not know who the sound collector is?	
2	What object in the poem makes a whistling sound?	l mar
3	Find two things in the poem that make a ticking sound.	I mark
L	According to the poem, what did the sound collector leave behind?	2 marks
5	'On the window-pane' What is the 'pane' of a window usually made	I mark
	nallenge 2	
	'The turning of the lock' What word could you use to describe the sound of a lock being turned?	
2	'The crunching of the flakes' What are the 'flakes' in this line? How do you know?	I mark
	On what do you think marmalade is being spread? Give two reasons	2 marks

	Alliteration is where two words close together start with the same Find and copy an example from the fourth verse.	soui
h	allenge 3	
	What does the stranger do in the first verse, and why is it odd?	
		4
		2 m
	How do you think the narrator feels about living without all of the sounds? Give a reason for your answer.	
	If this were to happen to you, which of the sounds mentioned would you miss the most, and why?	2 m
	Total: / 19 n	nar
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Had a go Getting there

