

“The Raven” teaching materials

Thanks for purchasing this one-hour lesson plan covering Edgar Allan Poe’s poetic masterpiece, “The Raven.”

1. Begin by launching the Prezi lecture materials located here:

http://prezi.com/eybypjl2vbxk/?utm_campaign=share&utm_medium=copy

(Due to the large size of this animated multimedia file, I was not able to upload it to the TpT website. To access the file, you’ll need to copy-and-paste the address above into your web-browser. The link will always be live and available to you at this address. Also, be sure to click the button located in the lower right-hand corner of the Prezi screen to enjoy full-screen viewing with your class. It looks like this:



2. When you get to the slide with the audio file, hand out copies of the poem (pg. 2 of this PDF file) to your students so they can follow along and annotate their thoughts/questions as the poem is read. I also click the Prezi along with the reader’s voice, so each stanza is projected as he is reading it aloud. This gives a nice effect and holds the students’ attention. Students really enjoy this audio version, which runs about 9 minutes.

3. Continue with the Prezi until you get to the final slide. If you don’t want to include the Faux Poe creative writing assignment, just don’t show the class the final Prezi slide. If you do want to include the assignment, hand out a copy of the assignment to each student (pg. 3 of this file).

4. I allow students to work in teams of two as they figure out the meter/syllable beats. Once the class has worked through this for a few minutes, I give the correct answers, located on the key on pg. 4. Then, students are assigned to work individually to complete the rest of the writing assignment.

WARNING: There are many parody versions of “The Raven” on the internet. To prevent plagiarism, I often assign a topic to the students who want Option #1. The topic can be anything you like; I often have them write about our school or current pop musicians or sea

creatures. By narrowing the topic, you’ll prevent a lot of attempts at cheating. Sometimes, I save the creative writing task for the next day and have them work on the assignment in class, which also works well, but does take quite a bit of class time. Pacing of the week often determines which strategy I use.

5. On the following day, I have students share their poems in small groups of four and then have a few volunteers share their work aloud with the class. It’s a good time. I also usually show The Simpsons’ version from the Halloween special, but that clip is not available online. My school’s library has a copy that I borrow each year.

That’s it! I hope you like this product and that it pulls your students into the awesomeness of Poe.

Please stop by my store at

<http://www.teacherspayteachers.com/Store/Laura-Randazzo>
for more visually dynamic lesson plans designed to engage teen eyes and brains.

Thanks again!

Laura



The Raven

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thence is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o’er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamplight gloating o’er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming
And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!



Faux Poe

The Lighter Side of Gothic Poetry

Look at any stanza from Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven."
Figure out the number of syllables Poe uses per line and
record your findings here:

Line 1 = _____ syllables

Line 2 = _____ syllables

Line 3 = _____ syllables

Line 4 = _____ syllables

Line 5 = _____ syllables

Line 6 = _____ syllables

Using the ABCBBB external rhyme scheme, the 1st line and 3rd/4th line internal rhyme structure, and the syllable beats per line you just discovered, you will now create a work of Faux Poe poetry.

Choose ONE of the two options below:

Option #1:

Write a Raven-style poem on your own original topic. Your poem must follow the structure mentioned above and be a minimum of two stanzas (12 total lines). Need inspiration? Here's a sample to get your creative juices flowing:

*Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,
Program manuals piled high, and wasted paper on the floor,
Longing for the warmth of bedsheets, still I sat there, doing spreadsheets
For the high and mighty deadbeats whom I do computing for-
For the overpaid executives who left at half past four-
Too important to ignore...*

Option #2:

Mimic the style of "The Raven" and create at least two stanzas that could seamlessly fit into Poe's original poem. Your mission is to sound like Poe, so you'll want to use a similar voice and vocabulary. For each stanza, be sure to state between which two existing stanzas you would place your "faux Poe" lines.





KEY

Faux Poe

The Lighter Side of Gothic Poetry

Look at any stanza from Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven."
Figure out the number of syllables Poe uses per line and
record your findings here:

Line 1 = 16 syllables

Line 2 = 15 syllables

Line 3 = 16 syllables

Line 4 = 15 syllables

Line 5 = 15 syllables

Line 6 = 7 syllables

Note: The only exception is the last line of Stanza 11. It sounds like 6 syllables, but I tell my class you could pronounce "Of" with two syllables to make the line work.

Using the ABCBBB external rhyme scheme, the 1st line and 3rd/4th line internal rhyme structure, and the syllable beats per line you just discovered, you will now create a work of Faux Poe poetry.

Choose ONE of the two options below:

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