



The Sounds in the Evening

...when the sounds take over

CONNECT *What are the things you like to do in the evening?*

REFLECT *How is the evening different from the morning? Make a list of as many differences as you can.*

IMAGINE *Draw and describe a beautiful evening scene.*

BEFORE YOU READ



Eleanor Farjeon was an English author of stories, poems and plays for children. She was born in 1881. Her father and two brothers were also writers. When she was young, she played a game with her brother in which they created their own imaginary world and characters. They continued making up stories well into their twenties! Farjeon won many awards for her work. An award named after her is presented every year to a work of children's literature.

The Sounds in the Evening describes the many sounds that can be heard in the evening. Farjeon liked to write about a wide range of things, from history to family relationships. Her poetry was funny and easy to read, like this poem on sounds. As you read it, think about the sounds you hear in your home, around bedtime. Make a list in your notebook.

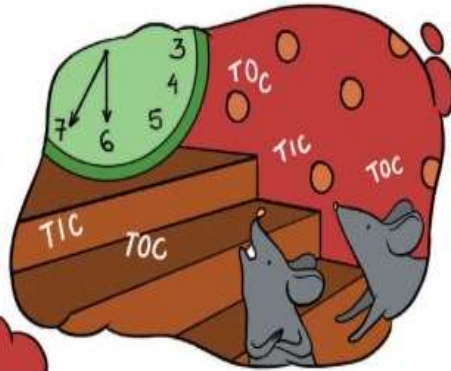


READ

The sounds in the evening
Go all through the house,
The click of the clock
And the pick of the mouse,

The footsteps of people
Upon the top floor,
The skirts of my mother
That brush by the door,

The crick in the boards,
And the creek of the chairs,
The fluttering **murmurs**
Outside on the stairs,
The ring of the bell,
The arrival of guests,
The laugh of my father
At one of his **jests**,
The clashing of dishes
As dinner goes in,
The **babble** of voices
That distance makes thin,



murmurs: speaking softly in a way that is difficult to understand
jests: jokes
babble: speech that is difficult to understand

The mewing of cats
That seem just by my ear,
The hooting of owls
That can never seem near,
The **queer** little noises
That no one explains...



Till the moon
through the **slats**
Of my window-blind rains,
And the world of my eyes
And my ears melts
like steam
As I find my pillow
The world of my dream.

Brainstorm

What are some of the sounds you hear in the evening or night? Are any of the sounds you hear mentioned in the poem?



queer: odd or strange
slats: thin flat pieces of wood used in window blinds or other furniture