**Class Schedule**

1. Vocab Bingo (15 mins)
2. Opening Activity (10 mins)
3. Read extract (10 mins)
4. Comprehension questions (15 mins)
5. Read through new vocab (10 mins)

**Vocabulary Bingo!**

* Spot check on definitions, antonyms and synonyms of last week’s words (use the words in sentences)

**Opening Activity**

*Match the word to the definition!*

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| 1. Impetuous 2. Transient 3. Placid 4. Remnant 5. Submissive 6. Remonstrance 7. Sanguinary 8. Rhetoric 9. Comely 10. Rapt | 1. Lasting only for a short time; impermeant 2. The art of speaking or writing persuasively using figures of speech 3. Completely fascinated or absorbed by what one is seeing or hearing 4. Ready to conform to the authority or will of others; obedient or passive 5. Involving or causing much bloodshed 6. A forcefully reproachful protest 7. A part that is left after the greater part has been used 8. Not easily upset or excited 9. Pleasant to look at; attractive 10. Acting or done quickly without thought or care |

The Mill on the Floss by George Elliot

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an **impetuous** embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships—**laden** with the fresh-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal—are **borne** along to the town of St. Ogg’s, which shows its aged, **fluted** red roofs and the broad **gables** of its **wharves** between the low wooded hill and the river brink, **tinging** the water with a soft purple hue under the **transient** glance of this February sun. Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the **tint** of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a **remnant** still of the last year’s golden clusters of beehive **ricks** rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the **tributary** Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low **placid** voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge.  
  
And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at—perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little **withy** plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the **croft** in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple **boughs**, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.  
  
The rush of the water, and the booming of the mill, bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered waggon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest waggoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses,—the strong, **submissive**, **meek**-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their **blinkers**, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner as if they needed that hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling **haunches**! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered waggon disappears at the turning behind the trees.  
  
Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too: she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white **cur** with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in **ineffectual** **remonstrance** with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so **rapt** in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening grey of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. . . .  
  
Ah, my arms are really **benumbed**. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon many years ago. Before I dozed off, I was going to tell you what Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were talking about, as they sat by the bright fire in the left-hand **parlour**, on that very afternoon I have been dreaming of.  
  
Chapter ii Mr. Tulliver, of Dorlcote Mill, Declares His **Resolution** About Tom  
  
“What I want, you know,” said Mr. Tulliver—“what I want is to give Tom a good eddication; an eddication as’ll be a bread to him. That was what I was thinking of when I gave notice for him to leave the academy at Ladyday. I mean to put him to a downright good school at Midsummer. The two years at th’ academy ’ud ha’ done well enough, if I’d meant to make a miller and farmer of him, for he’s had a fine sight more schoolin’ nor I ever got: all the learnin’ my father ever paid for was a bit o’ birch at one end and the alphabet at th’ other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholard, so as he might be up to the tricks o’ these fellows as talk fine and write with a **flourish**. It ’ud be a help to me wi’ these lawsuits, and **arbitrations**, and things. I wouldn’t make a downright lawyer o’ the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill—but a sort o’ engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and vallyer, like Riley, or one o’ them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool. They’re pretty nigh all one, and they’re not far off being even wi’ the law, I believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Wakem i the face as hard as one cat looks another. He’s none frightened at him.”  
  
Mr. Tulliver was speaking to his wife, a blond **comely** woman in a fan-shaped cap (I am afraid to think how long it is since fan-shaped caps were worn—they must be so near coming in again. At that time, when Mrs. Tulliver was nearly forty, they were new at St. Ogg’s, and considered sweet things).  
  
“Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best: I’ve no objections. But hadn’t I better kill a couple o’ **fowl** and have th’ aunts and uncles to dinner next week, so as you may hear what sister Glegg and sister Pullet have got to say about it? There’s a couple o’ fowl wants killing!”  
  
“You may kill every fowl i’ the yard, if you like, Bessy; but I shall ask neither aunt nor uncle what I’m to do wi’ my own lad,” said Mr. Tulliver, **defiantly**.  
  
“Dear heart!” said Mrs. Tulliver, shocked at this **sanguinary** **rhetoric**, “how can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? But it’s your way to speak disrespectful o’ my family; and sister Glegg throws all the blame upo’ me, though I’m sure I’m as innocent as the babe unborn. For nobody’s ever heard me say as it wasn’t lucky for my children to have aunts and uncles as can live independent. Howiver, if Tom’s to go to a new school, I should like him to go where I can wash him and mend him; else he might as well have **calico** as linen, for they’d be one as yallow as th’ other before they’d been washed half-a-dozen times. And then, when the box is goin backards and forrards, I could send the lad a cake, or a pork-pie, or an apple; for he can do with an extry bit, bless him, whether they stint him at the meals or no. My children can eat as much **victuals** as most, thank God.”  
  
“Well, well, we won’t send him out o’ reach o’ the carrier’s cart, if other things fit in,” said Mr. Tulliver. “But you mustn’t put a spoke i the wheel about the washin’, if we can’t get a school near enough. That’s the fault I have to find wi’ you, Bessy; if you see a stick i’ the road, you’re allays thinkin’ you can’t step over it. You’d want me not to hire a good waggoner, ’cause he’d got a mole on his face.”

**Comprehension Questions**

1. Summarise the extract in a few sentences.
2. Who is the narrator in this extract, and what is her attitude to her surroundings?
3. What is our first impression of Mr and Mrs Tulliver?
4. What can wel tell about them from the way that they speak?
5. How is nature described in this extract?
6. The real author’s name is Mary Anne Evans. Why might she have wanted to change her name?
7. What do we think this novel will be about?

**Vocabulary**

* *Define each word, put it into one of four categories (noun, adjective, verb or adverb) and, where applicable, note down a synonym or antonym.*

1. Impetuous
2. Laden
3. Borne
4. Fluted
5. Gables
6. Wharves
7. Tinging
8. Transient
9. Tint
10. Remnant
11. Ricks
12. Tributary
13. Placid
14. Withy
15. Croft
16. Bough
17. Submissive
18. Meek
19. Blinker
20. Haunch
21. Ineffectual
22. Remonstrance
23. Rapt
24. Benumbed
25. Parlour
26. Resolution
27. Flourish
28. Arbitrations
29. Comely
30. Fowl
31. Defiantly
32. Sanguinary
33. Rhetoric
34. Calico
35. Victual

**Homework**

* Revise the vocabulary we have learned today.
* Using the narrator’s description of the scene at the Floss for inspiration, write a description of a beautiful view.