**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. Profusion
2. Confound
3. Persistent
4. Indefatigable
5. Penitence
6. Semblance
7. Promptitude
8. Helter Skelter
9. Blanch
10. Mellow
 | 1. (of a person or their efforts) persisting tirelessly
2. (of a sound, flavour or colour) pleasantly smooth or soft; (of a person) relaxed and good-humoured
3. Continuing firmly in an opinion or course of action despite opposition or difficulty
4. The action of feeling or showing sorrow and regret for having done wrong
5. Make white or pale by extracting colour; flinch or grow pale from shock
6. An abundance or large quantity of something
7. The outward appearance or apparent form of something, particularly when the reality is different
8. The quality of acting quickly and without delay
9. Involving disorderly haste or confusion
10. To cause surprise or confusion in someone
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To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf

So with the lamps all put out, the moon sunk, and a thin rain drumming on the roof a downpouring of **immense** darkness began. Nothing, it seemed, could survive the flood, the **profusion** of darkness which, creeping in at keyholes and **crevices**, stole round window blinds, came into bedrooms, swallowed up here a jug and basin, there a bowl of red and yellow **dahlias**, there the sharp edges and firm bulk of a chest of drawers. Not only was furniture **confounded**; there was scarcely anything left of body or mind by which one could say, “This is he” or “This is she.” Sometimes a hand was raised as if to clutch something or ward off something, or somebody groaned, or somebody laughed aloud as if sharing a joke with nothingness.

Nothing stirred in the drawing-room or in the dining-room or on the staircase. Only through the rusty hinges and swollen sea-moistened woodwork certain airs, detached from the body of the wind (the house was **ramshackle** after all) crept round corners and **ventured** indoors. Almost one might imagine them, as they entered the drawing-room questioning and wondering, toying with the flap of hanging wall-paper, asking, would it hang much longer, when would it fall? Then smoothly brushing the walls, they passed on **musingly** as if asking the red and yellow roses on the wall-paper whether they would fade, and questioning (gently, for there was time at their disposal) the torn letters in the wastepaper basket, the flowers, the books, all of which were now open to them and asking, Were they **allies**? Were they enemies? How long would they **endure**?

So some random light directing them with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, from some uncovered star, or wandering ship, or the Lighthouse even, with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, the little airs mounted the staircase and nosed round bedroom doors. But here surely, they must cease. Whatever else may **perish** and disappear, what lies here is **steadfast**. Here one might say to those sliding lights, those fumbling airs that breathe and bend over the bed itself, here you can neither touch nor destroy. Upon which, wearily, ghostlily, as if they had feather-light fingers and the light **persistency** of feathers, they would look, once, on the shut eyes, and the loosely clasping fingers, and fold their garments wearily and disappear. And so, nosing, rubbing, they went to the window on the staircase, to the servants’ bedrooms, to the boxes in the attics; descending, **blanched** the apples on the dining-room table, fumbled the petals of roses, tried the picture on the easel, brushed the mat and blew a little sand along the floor. At length, **desisting**, all ceased together, gathered together, all sighed together; all together gave off an aimless gust of **lamentation** to which some door in the kitchen replied; swung wide; admitted nothing; and slammed to.

[Here Mr. Carmichael, who was reading Virgil, blew out his candle. It was past midnight.]

**3**

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with **indefatigable** fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold **aloft** clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags **kindling** in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees **gleam** in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which **mellows** the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

It seemed now as if, touched by human **penitence** and all its toil, divine goodness had parted the curtain and displayed behind it, single, distinct, the hare erect; the wave falling; the boat rocking; which, did we deserve them, should be ours always. But **alas**, divine goodness, twitching the cord, draws the curtain; it does not please him; he covers his treasures in a drench of hail, and so breaks them, so confuses them that it seems impossible that their calm should ever return or that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole or read in the littered pieces the clear words of truth. For our penitence deserves a glimpse only; our toil **respite** only.

The nights now are full of wind and destruction; the trees plunge and bend and their leaves fly **helter** **skelter** until the lawn is plastered with them and they lie packed in gutters and choke rain pipes and scatter damp paths. Also the sea tosses itself and breaks itself, and should any sleeper fancying that he might find on the beach an answer to his doubts, a sharer of his solitude, throw off his bedclothes and go down by himself to walk on the sand, no image with **semblance** of serving and divine **promptitude** comes readily to hand bringing the night to order and making the world reflect the compass of the soul. The hand **dwindles** in his hand; the voice **bellows** in his ear. Almost it would appear that it is useless in such confusion to ask the night those questions as to what, and why, and wherefore, which tempt the sleeper from his bed to seek an answer.

[Mr. Ramsay, stumbling along a passage one dark morning, stretched his arms out, but Mrs. Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before, his arms, though stretched out, remained empty.]]

**Comprehension Questions**

1. Summarise the extract in a few sentences.
2. What is the tone of this extract? How does it make you feel?
3. What do we think this novel is about?
4. Where do we think this extract occurs in the novel?
5. What is interesting about Virginia Woolf’s use of language?

**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. Immense
2. Profusion
3. Crevice
4. Dahlia
5. Confounded
6. Ramshackle
7. Venture
8. Musing
9. Ally
10. Endure
11. Perish
12. Steadfast
13. Persistent
14. Blanche
15. Desisting
16. Lament
17. Indefatigable
18. Aloft
19. Kindle
20. Gleam
21. Mellow
22. Penitence
23. Alas
24. Respite
25. Helter Skelter
26. Semblance
27. Promptitude
28. Dwindle
29. Bellow

**Homework**

* Revise the vocabulary we have learned today.
* You are wondering through a derelict house, thinking about its past inhabitants. Describe what you can see using ten of the words from the vocab list above.