

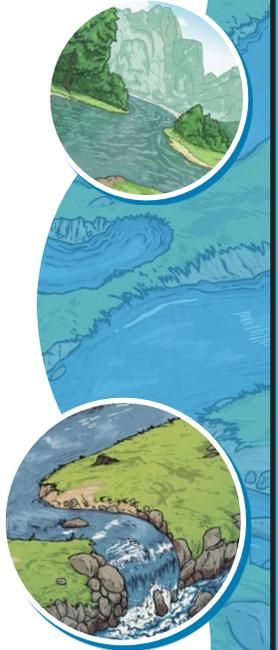
Test One

It starts in the sky, I gather.
 Trickling, drizzling, pitter-patter.
 The downfalls commence. Soaking into the thirsty earth.
 I rise. Springing from below. My source is set.
 Bubbling to the surface; the journey begins.

Racing, chasing, assembling.
 Mustering strength and speed.
 Springs become streams become flumes.
 My meandering banks hold no currency,
 I am on my way now. Onwards.

My relentless force.
 Gushing, rushing, tumbling.
 Wider I grow, my plains expanding beside me.
 Tributaries join, bolstering my vigour.
 My destination summons me, beckoning.

I can taste it, I take the shortest route.
 My briny haven, the place I must reach.
 Deltas form, I leave my wastes behind.
 Wider, proud and glorious; my pilgrimage draws to a close.
 Gaping my vivacious mouth wide, I arrive.



1 Find and copy one word which is a synonym for 'gathering'.

2 Compare how the river changed from the first verse to the third verse.

3 Why do you think the poet decided to write from the river's point of view?

4 What is the poet talking about when the river says **My briny haven**?

5 Give **two** examples of how the poet gives the impression that the river is powerful.

1. _____

2. _____

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