**Short Story**

**The Sailboat**

A young man once dreamt of owning his own sailboat. He would daydream of traveling around the world, with a small crew and visiting different ports along the way. Finally, after years of hard work, and sacrifice, the man was able to buy a beautiful boat. He showed his friends and family his new pride and joy and asked those close to him to be his crew. He loved the attention, the freedom and the pride of his accomplishment. He kept the boat well maintained. Actually, he took better care of it than himself. Over the years, folks started to associate him with this boat. So much so they began to refer to him as, "The Guy with the Boat." Some remembered him before the boat. However, they didn't care who he was as long as they were able to sail freely with him and take full advantage of his hospitality. The young man thought that life could be worse. I'm happy and my friends and family are happy and that's all that matters. Eventually, he became known as "The Wonderful Guy with the Boat". The man with it all!

Years quickly past and both man and boat began to weather with age. In his heart of hearts he sadly realized that the boat wasn't as seaworthy as it used to be and that trying to keep it maintained in the fashion he had come accustom was becoming tedious work. Both small and large tasks were overwhelming and extremely time consuming. And as the boat began to deteriorate, most of his maintenance went unnoticed. Ironically, he had just purchased a new lifeboat a few months before. He decided to set sail for one final voyage . . . this time he sailed alone! He thought he would visit a new and exciting port. He set course to an exotic island. A place he would remember for the rest of his life. He sailed for days and finally he could see the vague outline of the island on the horizon. As he got closer, he noticed his boat started to take on water. Just a little bit at first then much more. The more he pumped and bailed, the more water the boat took on. He was too far from the island to continue sailing and too attached to his boat to admit it was no long seaworthy and sinking. He was so close to his beautiful island and unable to reach it in the boat he had meticulously maintained and treasured for so many years. He was dangerously alone.

As his boat continued to sink he sat at the helm and reminisced about his maiden voyage, his past adventures and reflected on his lost dream. Being the dedicated captain and committed man that he was, he knew no other way but to go down with his boat. After all, what would my family and friends think? Abandoning my boat would be a dishonor. To have anyone think I'm a failure would be a fate worse that my impending fate. And, a commitment is a commitment no matter how grave the consequences. He thought, it's what any good man would do, right? So he cut loose the lifeboat and went down with his treasured old boat with no one around to acknowledge his bravery, selflessness and generosity. As man and boat disappeared beneath the surface, the lifeboat remained afloat, eventually drifting to shore of his exotic island where his true friends had gathered to thank him for all of his years of generosity, sacrifice and love. As for his fair-weather friends they never asked of his whereabouts and went on with their lives.

**Novel**

**Noli Me Tangere**

Having completed his studies in Europe, young Juan Crisostomo Ibarra comes back to his motherland after a 7-year absence. In his honor, Capitan Tiago (Don Santiago de los Santos) throws a get-together party, which is attended by Fray Damaso, Fray Sibyla, Lieutenant Guevarra, Doña Victorina, and other prominent figures. In an unfortunate incident, Fray Damaso, former curate of San Diego, belittles and slanders the young man. But the ever-gracious and diplomatic Ibarra brushes off the insult and takes no offense, instead politely excusing himself and leaving the party because of an allegedly important task. Ibarra has a sweetheart by the name of Maria Clara, an extraordinarily beautiful lady. She is known as the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, an affluent resident of Binundo. The day after the humbling party, he goes to see Maria Clara. Their long-standing love for each other is clearly manifested in this meeting, and Maria Clara cannot help but reread the letters her sweetheart had written her before he went to Europe. Before Ibarra left for San Diego, Lieutenant Guevarra (a Guardia Civil), reveals to him the incidents preceding the death of his father Don Rafael. Don Rafael was a rich haciendero of the town.

According to the Lieutenant, Don Rafael was unjustly accused of being a heretic, in addition to being a filibuster--an allegation brought forth by Fray Damaso because of Don Rafael's non-participation in confession and Mass rites. Fray Damaso's animosity against Ibarra's father is aggravated by another incident. Once Don Rafael saw a tax collector and a student fighting. Out of compassion, he helped the child. The tax collector was greatly irked and picked a fight with Don Rafael. Unfortunately, the Spanish tax collector fell, hit his head against a rock, and died. The collector's death was blamed on Don Rafael, and he was arrested. Suddenly, all of those who think ill of him surfaced with additional complaints. He was imprisoned, and just when the matter was almost settled, he got sick and died in jail. Still not contented with what he had done, Fray Damaso arranged for Don Rafael's corpse to be dug up and transferred from the Catholic cemetery to the Chinese cemetery, because he thought it inappropriate to allow a heretic such as Don Rafael a Catholic burial ground. Unfortunately, it was raining and because of the bothersome weight of the cadaver, the one in charge of burying the body decided to throw it in the river.

Revenge was not in Ibarra's plans; instead he carries through his father's plan of putting up a school, since he believes that education is a liberating factor.

During the inauguration of the school, Ibarra would have been killed in a sabotage had Elias not saved him. Instead the hired killer was the one who was killed. Because of this unfortunate incident, Maria Clara got sick but was luckily cured by the medicine Ibarra sent her.

After the inauguration, Ibarra hosts a luncheon during which Fray Damaso again insults him. Ibarra ignores the priest's insolence, but when the latter slanders the memory of his dead father, he is no longer able to restrain himself and lunges at Fray Damaso, prepared to stab the latter for his impudence. His beloved Maria Clara stops him just in time.

Because of the aforementioned incident, the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church excommunicates Ibarra. Fray Damaso takes this opportunity to persuade the already-hesitant parents of Maria Clara to forbid their daughter from marrying Ibarra. The priest wishes Maria Clara to marry a Spanish named Linares who just arrived from Spain.

With the help of the Captain General, Ibarra's excommunication is nullified and the Archbishop decides to accept him as a member of the Roman Catholic Church once again. But, as fate would have it, some incident of which Ibarra had known nothing about is blamed on him, and he is wrongly arrested and imprisoned. But the accusation against him is overruled because during the litigation that followed, nobody could testify that he was indeed involved in the trouble. Unfortunately, his letter to Maria Clara had somehow gets into the hands of the jury and is manipulated such that it then becomes evidence against him.

Meanwhile, in Capitan Tiyago's residence, a party is being held to announce the upcoming wedding of Maria Clara and Linares. Ibarra, with the help of Elias, takes this opportunity and escapes from prison. But before leaving, Ibarra talks to Maria Clara and accuses her of betraying him, thinking that she gave the lettter he wrote her to the jury. Maria Clara explains to Ibarra that she will never conspire against him and that the letter in the jury's possession is not the letter he wrote her, but instead were a couple of letters written by her mother even before she, Maria Clara, was born. The letter states that her mother was raped by Fray Damaso and that she is therefore not the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, but of Fray Damaso.

Afterwards, Ibarra and Elias boards a boat and flees the place. Elias instructs Ibarra to lie down and the former covers the latter with grass to conceal the latter's presence. As luck would have it, they are spotted by their enemies. Elias thinks he could outsmart them and jumps into the water. The men rain shots on the person in the water, all the while not knowing that they are hitting the wrong person.

It reaches Maria Clara's knowledge that Ibarra was killed in a shooting incident, and she is greatly overcome with grief. Robbed of hope and severely disillusioned, she asks Fray Damaso to confine her into a nunnery. Fray Damaso reluctantly agrees because Maria Clara explicitly threatens to take her own life if she is not allowed to become a nun.

But what Maria Clara reads in the papers is untrue, since Ibarra is not dead; he is not the one who has taken the shots of the enemies.

It is Christmas Eve when Elias arrives at the Ibarra forest, gravely wounded and barely alive. It is in this forest that Elias finds Basilio and his lifeless mother, Sisa. Elias dies without having seen the liberation of his country.

**Tale**

**The Clever Weaver**

ONCE the king of a far country was sitting on his throne, listening to the complaints of his people, and judging between them. That morning there had been fewer cases than usual to deal with, and the king was about to rise and go into his gardens, when a sudden stir was heard outside, and his prime minister came in and asked if he would receive the ambassador of a powerful emperor who lived in the east and was greatly feared by the neighbouring sovereigns. The king was as afraid of the emperor as the rest, and they let in the envoy at once.

A banquet was speedily prepared. The king settled himself again on his throne and wondered what the envoy had to say. The envoy said nothing. He went up to the throne where the king was waiting for him and stooping down, traced a black circle on the floor with a rod. Then he sat down on a nearby seat and took no further notice of anyone there.

The king and his courtiers were mystified and enraged at the envoy's odd conduct, but now that he sat as calm and still as an image, it was plain that they would get no explanation from him. The ministers were hastily summoned, but not one of them could tell why that had happened. This made the king's anger grow, and he told them that unless they could find someone capable of solving the mystery before sunset, he would have them all hanged.

The ministers knew the king's word was to be trusted. Now they quickly mapped out the city into districts, so that they might visit house by house, and ask all who lived there if they could understand what the ambassador had meant by what he did. Most of them only got a puzzled stare.

But one of them entered an empty cottage where a swing was swinging of itself, so he began to think it might be worth while to see who owned it. He opened a door to another room, and there he found a second swing, swinging gently like the first, and from the window he beheld a patch of corn, and a willow which kept on moving without any wind blowing, just to frighten away sparrows. His curiosity grew, and he went down the stairs and found himself in a large light workshop where a weaver sat at his loom. But all the weaver did was to guide his threads, for the machine that he had invented to move the swings and the willow pole, made the loom work.

The minister sighed with relief when he saw the great wheel in the corner and had guessed the use of it: If the weaver could not guess the riddle, he might at least put the minister on the right track. So the minister told the story of the circle, and also told that a nice reward waited the one who could explain it.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The sun is low and there is no time to lose."

The weaver stood thinking for a moment and then walked across to a window. Outside it was a hen-coop with two knuckle-bones lying beside it. These he picked up, and taking the hen from the coop, he tucked it under his arm.

"I'm as ready as can be," he answered, turning to the minister.

In the hall the king still sat on his throne and the envoy on his seat. Giving signs to the minister to remain where he was, the weaver went up to the envoy and placed the knuckle-bones on the floor beside him. For answer, the envoy took a handful of millet seed out of his pocket and scattered it round. At this the weaver set down the hen, who ate it up in a moment. That made the envoy rise and leave without a word.

As soon as the envoy had left the hall, the king beckoned to the weaver.

"You alone seem to have guessed the riddle," said he, "and you will be handsomely rewarded. But tell me, what did it mean?"

"The meaning, king," replied the weaver, "is this:

The circle drawn by the envoy round your throne is the message of the emperor, and signifies, "If I send an army and surround your capital, will you lay down your arms?" The knuckle-bones which I placed before him told him, "You are but children compared to us. Toys like these are the only playthings you are fit for." The millet that he scattered was an emblem of the number of soldiers that his master can bring into the field; but by the hen which ate up the seed he understood that one of our men could destroy a host of theirs."

"I don't think the emperor will declare war," he added.

"You have saved me and my honour," said the king, "and wealth and glory shall be heaped on you. Name your reward, and you shall have it, even up to the half of my kingdom."

"All I ask is the small farm outside the city gates as a marriage portion for my daughter, sir," said the weaver, and it was all he would accept. "But please remember that weavers also are of value, and sometimes as clever as ministers, if not more so."

**Essay**

**Descriptive Essay about Beach:**

On a hot summer day, the only good place to go is to the lake. You would go out to the lake to enjoy the water, the sun, the activities that are happening, or just to be with family and friends.

When you're at the lake, there are some very distinct smells. The hickey smell of campfire smoke always lets you know that there are marshmallows and hotdogs being roasted. You'll never want to touch your hair from putting your fingers on the sticky marshmallow, to me it's just crazy glue. But you can always enjoy the sweet coconut smell of sun tanning lotion that people put on themselves while they lay into the sun to basically "cook."

If you're looking for a quiet relaxation at the lake, I don't think that will work out too well. The lake is always really loud throughout the day. You can hear the loud motors of the boat and the waves of the water as the boat comes crashing through.

You'll definitely be able to hear the laughter and the excitement of the kids as they splash around in the lake.

While you're at the lake you can always get involved in some fun activities, if you aren't able to relax. You can go fishing, if you like touching the slimy scales of the fish and the soft touch of the cold water. Just make sure you don't get the rough, coarse sand in your shorts because you won't like that too much.

Overall the lake is lots of fun to go to if you just want to get away from the busy, smelly city that you live in. If you are there early enough, for instance if you were camping out in the rocky wilderness you will be able to see a beautiful, bright sunrise and if you enjoy staying out on the beach until the evening, I'm sure you can catch a calming and loving sunset. After the sun has gone down for the night, you can lay in the sand and stare up at the amazing, twinkling stars.

**Journal**

**Description**

Dr. Miller has been a high school principal for 16 years, with 12 years here at Stanford High School. I am lucky to have her for my site supervisor because she is willing to talk to me about her work and what she thinks of it. I really enjoy our discussions of what roles a principal has to play every day on the job. This week, we got into a discussion about how much influence an administrator really has over what teachers do in their classrooms. She pointed out a number of things that I hadn’t really thought about before.

One of the things that Dr. Miller said that impressed me was how time consuming it can be to help teachers with disciplinary problems, especially when parents become actively involved. As she put it, “Things can get nasty, and you have to be a kind of politician to keep them under control.” She felt that as a result of many societal influences, such as the decline of the importance of religion and government institutions and the increasingly negative attitudes toward authority, some parents have a very negative reaction toward attempts by teachers and schools to discipline their children. Too often, she said, they are antagonistic and make the situation worse. They say things like, “Why are you picking on my kid?” and “It’s the school’s fault, not his!” And, maybe worse, they just refuse to take an interest in what their children are doing in school. Administrators can play an important part in helping teachers deal with difficult behavior problems, or they can sort of step back and say, “Let the teachers deal with it.”

Now, Dr. Miller is a staunch supporter of her teachers. She starts with the assumption that her teachers are professionals and have reasons for the actions they take—especially in confrontations with students. However, the attitude of many parents forces her to put teachers through what may seem to them to be “the third degree.” She does this to ensure that she knows what actually did happen and what did not happen. When dealing with aggressive parents, Dr. Miller says she has to know that what teachers do is appropriate and defensible. This is absolutely necessary because of increasing legal considerations. She is afraid, however, that her close questioning of teachers may be seen as a lack of confidence in them. “Communication is the most important part of handling these situations,” she said. “You have to make things very clear to everybody.”

**Analysis**

I find it ironic that steps taken by administrators to support the efforts and decisions of teachers may be perceived by them as a challenge to their judgment. I also think that most teachers may not understand or appreciate the personal, logistical, and legal complexity of dealing with volatile situations. People are willing to sue over just about anything now days. Principals have to know what the law has to say about the liability of the school and the teachers. And, they have to be very careful in supporting their staff in the most constructive way. Every situation has to be taken seriously. You can’t just assume anything.

Another aspect of her job that Dr. Miller talked about is how little time she has to visit classes and talk to teachers about instruction. She said that she likes to sit in on classes and on teachers’ discussions about teaching, but other than classroom visits to meet teacher evaluation requirements, she doesn’t have enough time to do that. Dr. Miller stressed that student academic success is of primary importance, and there are a lot of curriculum issues that need to be addressed. But she knows that she cannot be an expert in math, science, English, P.E. and all the other subjects, yet people, especially in the community, expect her to be able to answer any question about what is taught in the school. Dr. Miller believes that the teachers, much more than the principal, are the “front line” people of the school, and have the biggest impact on the school culture and the academic performance of the students. As she put it, “Good teachers can only make the principal look better. You have to hire the best.”

**Interpretation**

I still see administrators as managers for the most part. They have to see that the school is up and running each day and that everything goes smoothly. On the other hand, they also have to be willing to let others take the initiative, even encourage teachers to be creative and to handle problems on their own. At the same time, however, if a principal does encourage teachers to act as professionals, she must be willing to accept their approaches, methods, and philosophies, even if they are different from hers. I don’t think you can have it both ways. I think that above all, administrators have to be tolerant, not only because people disagree and society’s values change, but because they have to be open to new ideas and new ways of doing things. You can’t just sit in your office and do things “by the book” if you want to be a school leader.

Dr. Miller told this story from her first job as principal of a small rural high school in Southern Illinois. The building had a very old heating system with a boiler that was cantankerous and living on borrowed time. It seems the principal before her had some mechanical ability and was able to keep the system running. Dr. Miller had to rely on others to coax the thing to work when the weather got cold. As a result, everyone blamed her when it stopped working. The community’s estimate of her job as principal became linked to whether or not the boiler worked. As far as the public was concerned, if she couldn’t do that, how could she be expected to run a school? It didn’t matter how many other things she did well, if the school was cold, she was not doing her job.

**Biography**

**Benjamin Franklin**

*Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston on January 17, 1706. He was the tenth son of soap maker, Josiah Franklin. Benjamin's mother was Abiah Folger, the second wife of Josiah. In all, Josiah would father 17 children.*

*Josiah intended for Benjamin to enter into the clergy. However, Josiah could only afford to send his son to school for one year and clergymen needed years of schooling. But, as young Benjamin loved to read he had him apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer. After helping James compose pamphlets and set type which was grueling work, 12-year-old Benjamin would sell their products in the streets.*

*When Benjamin was 15 his brother started The New England Courant the first "newspaper" in Boston. Though there were two papers in the city before James's Courant, they only reprinted news from abroad. James's paper carried articles, opinion pieces written by James's friends, advertisements, and news of ship schedules.*

*After 16 letters, Ben confessed that he had been writing the letters all along. While James's friends thought Ben was quite precocious and funny, James scolded his brother and was very jealous of the attention paid to him.*

*Before long the Franklins found themselves at odds with Boston's powerful Puritan preachers, the Mathers. Smallpox was a deadly disease in those times, and the Mathers supported inoculation; the Franklins' believed inoculation only made people sicker. And while most Bostonians agreed with the Franklins, they did not like the way James made fun of the clergy, during the debate. Ultimately, James was thrown in jail for his views, and Benjamin was left to run the paper for several issues.*

*Upon release from jail, James was not grateful to Ben for keeping the paper going. Instead he kept harassing his younger brother and administering beatings from time to time. Ben could not take it and decided to run away in 1723.*

**Autobiography**

*I was born and brought up in Houston, Texas. Ours is a family of four with my parents, me and my younger brother. The schooling years of my life were toughest. I struggled a lot in my studies. The standardized procedure of education never interested me.  
  
I was an average student throughout my academic life. Extra-curricular activities like sports, drawing, crafts, etc. were my favorite things. I just remember that it was the second semester of 8th grade when I stood first in class. However, it didn't serve any purpose in motivating me to take up studies seriously. I enjoyed understanding the concepts more than just memorizing ready made notes. After completion of my schooling and college in the science stream, I chose to become a writer. It was a weird decision taken by me at that time. Today, however, I don't regret it at all.  
  
My career in writing began a smoothly and I was more than happy to grab the right opportunity for which I was waiting so long. Today, I am happy with my life and enjoy it to the fullest. The positive attitude to face hardships brought out the best in me. Today I am looking forward to face the challenges of life in a positive manner.*

**Legend**

**The Legend of Sampaguita**

A long time ago, there were neighboring Baranggays named Balintawak and Gagalangin. Between the two baranggay, is a very sturdy fence made up of dried bamboo. Every five years, they destroy it and build a new fence. Sometimes, the guardsmen from Balintawak watch over the fence, oftentimes the guardsmen from Gagalangin. Everything is working according to the rules of each datu.

The datu of Barangay Balintawak has a daughter with incomparable beauty and kindness. Her name is Rosita. Her mother died when she was young, however, she has four maids to assist her every need. There are a lot of handsome young men who admires her. But the only man who captured her heart is the son of Gagalangin’s datu, whose name is Delfin.

The conflict between their parents did not stopped Delfin and Rosita from loving each other. At the end of the bamboo fence lies there secret lair. Every night when the moon is bright, they meet at the end of the fence and stroll along with Rosita’s maids. Their relationship is hidden from both of their datu parents.

One day, the datu of Gagalangin heard that the fence is being destroyed by the servants of datu Balintawak so that they can build a new one. He asked one of his guards to watch at the said fence-making. When the guard came back, he told the datu that the new fence was moved. He was mad because the datu of Balintawak took five meters of their land. Immediately, he sent a man to the datu of the neighboring baranggay.

”Tell the datu of Balintawak to put the fence back where it is supposed to be. They are being unlawful and stealing one’s land is a crime!” said the datu of Gagalangin.

When the datu of Balintawak heard about it, he became furious and asked the servant to give a message to their datu. “Tell your datu that I never stole anything from him. I just placed the bamboo fences at its right place according to the documents that I discovered, written by my ancestors.”

Delfin’s father was very much displeased with the other datu’s response. This kind of conflicts usually results bloodshed among the two baranggays.

The datu of Gagalangin prepared his unit for the upcoming battle. He needs to get their baranggay’s stolen land even by violent means.When the news reached the datu of Balintawak, he eagerly prepared his battle unit as well. The two leaders are now ready for a never-ending war.

A few days before Gagalangins planned to attack the Balintawak, the datu got sick. He became seriously ill that lead him to his death. The responsibility was then handed to Delfin. He will be the one to lead the battle troops of baranggay Gagalangin.

The female servants told Rosita what was about to happen and she started to become frightened. Delfin is so young and does not have any experience when it comes to war. His father, on the other hand, had been trained to fight since he was still a child. She worried too much. She wanted to talk to Delfin and ask him to forfeit the war and simply talk to his father and settle the conflict peacefully. However, they do not have time to converse anymore. Tomorrow is the start of an endless battle between the two baranggays.

Both parties lost so many lives. Delfin was badly hurt and shed a lot of blood. He started to be blurry. He was half conscious when he fell to the ground. Before his last breath, he told one of his comrades to bury him near the end of the fence where he and Rosita used to secretly see each other.

Nobody can ever tell what really happened to the young lovers or the result of the war. All they knew is that Rosita became seriously ill when she knew that Delfin died in the battle. Her father called for so many doctors to make her feel well but neither one of them can treat Rosita. When she was about to die, Rosita told her father to bury her near Delfin, at the end of the bamboo fence. Though it is hard for the datu to do, she still obeyed her daughter’s last wish.

Many years had passed and the existence of baranggays gradually disappeared. Spaniards came and the city of Manila was established. Balintawak and Gagalangin became populated. But all the people living in these two places were having a mysterious experience. During the month of May, especially when the moon is bright, they hear a mystical sweet voice of a lady saying “Sumpa kita! ... Sumpa kita!” (I swear, I swear) but nobody can see from whom it is coming from. It seems as if it comes from the bushes where little white flowers grow. Although the flowers are so tiny, it bursts out a different kind of scent that everybody loves to smell. That’s what usually happens every month of May, each year.

Because everyone was so curious about the voice, they all decided to dig up the spot and uncover the mystery behind it. To their surprise, they found the roots of the bushes where the lovely flower grows, comes from the mouth of the two bodies buried not so far from each other. The elders remembered the memoir of the two lovers – Delfin and Rosita.

The story spread fast. The words “Sumpa kita” evolved as “Sampaguita” that signifies an everlasting love of Delfin and Rosita.

**Ode**

**The Ship of State**   
*Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

On Ship! New billows sweep thee out

Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout  
See'st not thy mast  
How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?

Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,  
Can ill sustain  
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,

From whom yet once they need might aid require,  
Oh Pontic Pine,  
The first of woodland stocks is thine.

Yet race and name are but as dust,

Not painted sterns gave storm-tost seamen trust;  
Unless thou dare  
To be the sport of storms, beware.

O fold at best a weary weight,

A yearning care and constant strain of late,  
O shun the seas  
That girt those glittering Cyclades

**Metrical Tale**

**Paul Revere’s Ride**

Listen, my children and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere

On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:

Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend – “If the British march

By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch

Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light, -

One if by land, and two if by sea;

And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,

For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war:

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar.

**Ballad**

**The Rime of the Ancient Mariner**  
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! Unhand me, gray-beard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye–

The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years’ child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,

Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

**Tragedy**

[**Antony and Cleopatra**](http://2dayspoem.blogspot.com/2009/01/antony-and-cleopatra-from-act-1-scene.html)

I am dying, Egypt, dying.      Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows      Gather on the evening blast; Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,      Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Listen to the great heart-secrets,      Thou, and thou alone, must hear. Though my scarr'd and veteran legions      Bear their eagles high no more, And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys      Strew dark Actium's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me,      Prompt to do their master's will, I must perish like a Roman,      Die the great Triumvir still. Let not Cæsar's servile minions      Mock the lion thus laid low; 'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him,      'Twas his own that struck the blow; His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,      Turn'd aside from glory's ray, His who, drunk with thy caresses,      Madly threw a world away. Should the base plebeian rabble      Dare assail my name at Rome, Where my noble spouse, Octavia,      Weeps within her widow'd home, Seek her; say the gods bear witness--      Altars, augurs, circling wings-- That her blood, with mine commingled,      Yet shall mount the throne of kings. As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,      Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors      With the splendors of thy smile. Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,      Let his brow the laurel twine; I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,      Triumphing in love like thine. I am dying, Egypt, dying;      Hark! the insulting foeman's cry. They are coming! quick, my falchion,      Let me front them ere I die. Ah! no more amid the battle      Shall my heart exulting swell; Isis and Osiris guard thee!      Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

**Melodrama**

**Annabel Lee**

It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of ANNABEL LEE;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea;

But we loved with a love that was more than love-

I and my Annabel Lee;

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven

Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,

In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling

My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsman came

And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulchre

In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,

Went envying her and me-

Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,

In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,

Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love

Of those who were older than we-

Of many far wiser than we-

And neither the angels in heaven above,

Nor the demons down under the sea,

Can ever dissever my soul from the soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side

Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,

In the sepulchre there by the sea,

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

**Metrical Romance**

***The Lady of Shallot***

***Alfred Lord Tennyson***

Part I

On either side the river lie

Long fields of barley and of rye,

That clothe the wold and meet the sky;

And thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot;

And up and down the people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below,

The island of Shallot.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,

Little breezes dusk and shiver

Thro' the wave that runs for ever

By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,

Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shallot.

By the margin, willow veil'd,

Slide the heavy barges trail'd

By slow horses; and unhail'd

The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?

Or at the casement seen her stand?

Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shallot?

Only reapers, reaping early

In among the bearded barley,

Hear a song that echoes cheerly

From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,

Piling sheaves in uplands airy,

Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy

Lady of Shallot."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day

A magic web with colours gay.

She has heard a whisper say,

A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,

And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,

The Lady of Shallot.

And moving thro' a mirror clear

That hangs before her all the year,

Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot:

There the river eddy whirls,

And there the surly village-churls,

And the red cloaks of market girls,

Pass onward from Shallot.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,

An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,

Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,

Goes by to tower'd Camelot;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue

The knights come riding two and two:

She hath no loyal knight and true,

The Lady of Shallot.

But in her web she still delights

To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot:

Or when the moon was overhead,

Came two young lovers lately wed:

"I am half sick of shadows," said

The Lady of Shallot.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,

He rode between the barley-sheaves,

The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,

And flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd

To a lady in his shield,

That sparkled on the yellow field,

Beside remote Shallot.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,

Like to some branch of stars we see

Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazon'd baldric slung

A mighty silver bugle hung,

And as he rode his armour rung,

Beside remote Shallot.

All in the blue unclouded weather

Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,

The helmet and the helmet-feather

Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,

Below the starry clusters bright,

Some bearded meteor, trailing light,

Moves over still Shallot.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;

On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;

From underneath his helmet flow'd

His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river

He flash'd into the crystal mirror,

"Tirra lirra," by the river

Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,

She made three paces thro' the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,

She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;

The mirror crack'd from side to side;

"The curse is come upon me," cried

The Lady of Shallot.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,

The pale yellow woods were waning,

The broad stream in his banks complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat

Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she wrote

The Lady of Shallot.

And down the river's dim expanse

Like some bold seer in a trance,

Seeing all his own mischance--

With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;

The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shallot.

Lying, robed in snowy white

That loosely flew to left and right--

The leaves upon her falling light--

Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,

They heard her singing her last song,

The Lady of Shallot.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,

Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,

Till her blood was frozen slowly,

And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide

The first house by the water-side,

Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shallot.

Under tower and balcony,

By garden-wall and gallery,

A gleaming shape she floated by,

Dead-pale between the houses high,

Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,

Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

And round the prow they read her name,

The Lady of Shallot.

Who is this? and what is here?

And in the lighted palace near

Died the sound of royal cheer;

And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;

He said, "She has a lovely face;

God in his mercy lend her grace,

The Lady of Shallot."

**Epic**

**Hiawatha's Departure from The Song of Hiawatha***by  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

By the shore of Gitchie Gumee,   
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,   
At the doorway of his wigwam,   
In the pleasant Summer morning,   
Hiawatha stood and waited.   
All the air was full of freshness,   
All the earth was bright and joyous,   
And before him through the sunshine,   
Westward toward the neighboring forest   
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,   
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,   
Burning, singing in the sunshine.   
Bright above him shown the heavens,   
Level spread the lake before him;   
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,   
Aparkling, flashing in the sunshine;   
On its margin the great forest   
Stood reflected in the water,   
Every tree-top had its shadow,   
Motionless beneath the water.   
From the brow of Hiawatha   
Gone was every trace of sorrow,   
As the fog from off the water,   
And the mist from off the meadow.   
With a smile of joy and triumph,   
With a look of exultation,   
As of one who in a vision   
Sees what is to be, but is not,   
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

**Sonnet**

**Her Wilting Regrets**

By Paul McCann

She was found to wilt .   
With words she scours .   
Ivory towers .   
The thick walls she built .   
Well tarnished with guilt .   
She hides , she cowers .   
In empty bowers .   
With her red wine spilt .   
She can never sip .   
And she has not health .   
She's buttoned her lip .   
She hears no one else .   
In walls ten miles thick,   
she grieves for her

**Epigram**

**Epigrams by John Donne**

A Lame Beggar  
I am unable, yonder beggar cries,   
To stand, or move; if he say true, he lies.

Hero and Leander  
Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;  
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Antiquary  
If in his study he hath so much care  
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware

**Elegy**

**An Elegy Of The Earth**

I before my death,

Have composed,

An elegy of the Earth,

Which (after war)

Roodali of the Air will sing,

Weeping and wailing,

Sitting amid the burnt

Decomposed bodies.

The Decree of Death

Has been written,

On the pale forehead of the Earth;

Only time is to be fixed.

We are neither afraid of death,

Nor covetous for life,

We only wish to relish in full,

Our natural life before the final ruin,

And it is our right too.

If war is indispensable,

We shall fight it only for our existence,

For our dreams are not

The fuel for the wars being fought on rent.