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| **Slate**  **There is no beginning. We saw Lewis**  **laid down, when there was not much but thunder**  **and volcanic fires; watched long seas plunder**  **faults; laughed as Staffa cooled. Drumlins blue as**  **bruises were grated off like nutmegs; bens,**  **and a great glen, gave a rough back we like**  **to think the ages must streak, surely strike,**  **seldom stroke, but raised and shaken, with tens**  **of thousands of rains, blizzards, sea-poundings**  **shouldered off into night and memory.**  **Memory of men! That was to come. Great**  **in their empty hunger these surroundings**  **threw walls to the sky, the sorry glory**  **of a rainbow. Their heels kicked flint, chalk, slate.** | **Title –** hard grey mountain rock  This is the island of Lewis being made.  **Word choice –** dangerous and noisy start  **Word choice –** dangerous sounding  More islands forming. ‘We’ are indistinct spirits.  Two similes to show us the blue shades and the jaggedness of hills  A glen is the ‘backbone’ of Scotland.  **Alliteration** of ‘s’ shows Scotland was hit into shape.  Number shows how much weather was shaping Scotland  **List** of harsh violent brutal weathers that shaped land.  The humans will arrive and they bring thought.  Human’s lives are short compared to Scotland.  **List** shows us that Scotland, made of stone, will last. |