

Read the following poem by Roger McGough. Picture it in your mind as you read it.

The sound collector

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the windowpane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same

Now answer the following questions:

1. Why is the stranger dressed in black and grey?

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2. Where does the poem take place? Explain how you know.

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3. What time of day did the sound collector arrive? Explain how you know.

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4. Why do you think the poet used 'drumming' to describe the raindrops?

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5. What did the sound collector leave behind?

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6. What do you think this means for the family?

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7. What is the poem about?

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8. What tense is it written in?

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