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| **Text** | **Glossary:** |
| **Bereft** by Robert Frost | Bereft : feeling very sad and lonely, Bereaved, Mourning, Grieving, Orphaned, Widowed |
| Where had I heard this wind before |  |
| Change like this to a deeper roar? | Change: Exchange, Alter, Modify, Vary, Transform, Adjust, Amend, shiftRoar: Rumble, Thunder, Crash, Grumble, Reverberation, Boom  |
| What would it take my standing there for, |  |
| Holding open a restive door, | Restive: restless, twitchy, agitated, impatient, uneasy |
| Looking down hill to a frothy shore? | Frothy: foamy, foam-covered, lathered, soapy, bubbly, fizzing, sudsyShore: coast, beach, seashore, coastline, seaboard, oceanfront |
| Summer was past and the day was past. | Summer: sun, sunshine, summertime, warmthPast: previous, earlier, former, gone  |
| Somber clouds in the west were massed. | Somber: muted, subdued, drab, dull, dark, gloomy, dingy, dismal, toned-downCloud: fog, haze, raincloudMass: bulk, quantity, essence, majority, accumulation, gathering, collection, group, crowd, throng, bunch, heap |
| Out on the porch’s sagging floor, | Porch: entrance, doorway, entry, entryway, entranceway, veranda, verandah, portal, terrace, deckSagging: drooping, flabby, baggy, flaccid, slumped, bending, floppy, drooping, wilting, dropping, slumping, flagging, lolling, bagging, bending, hang, downFloor: ground, base, flooring, surface, flat |
| Leaves got up in a coil and hissed, | Leaf: foliage Coil: curl, loop, spiral, twist, twirl, helix, wind, twineHiss: whisper, murmur, rustle, whistle, susurrate, shush, sound of snake  |
| Blindly striking at my knee and missed. | Blindly: sightlessly, unseeingly, dimly, thoughtlessly, instinctively, carelessly, recklessly,  Strike: raid, attack, assault, foray, slowdown, go-slow, hit, collide with, crash into, smash into, run into, come into contact withKnee: lap, kneesMiss: failure, error, slip, miscue, blunder, false, step, neglect, ignore, muff, fail to spot, let pass, fail to notice, fail to catch, skip, escape, avoid, forget, fail to attend, pass on, lose, pass up, let, pass |
| Something sinister in the tone | Sinister: menacing, ominous, threatening, evil, disturbing, creepy, balefulTone: pitch, quality, timbre, feel, feeling, climate, mood, ambience, atmosphere |
| Told me my secret my be known: | Secret: undisclosed, underground, furtive, underhand, covert, confidential, private, restricted, confidence |
| Word I was in the house alone | Word: term, expression, statement, declaration, information, news, infoAlone: unaccompanied, by yourself, on your own, single-handedly, without help and no-one else, lonely, lonesome, abandoned, deserted, isolated, solitary |
| Somehow must have gotten abroad, | Abroad: away, overseas, out of the country |
| Word I was in my life alone, |  |
| Word I had no one left but God. |  |

I wondered (was curious) in what place (where) I had heard this sound of wind which was getting louder and louder. 👎[I don’t know how to survive for] [I don’t know what the benefits of standing there]👎 While I (stood high up in the mountain, I looked downwards and saw the foamy beach) looked down the highland and saw the foamy beach, I worried that I couldn’t stand there to keep the swaying open door. The hottest season was gone and the night came. [The dark and gloomy clouds were gathered in the west.] [The gloomy haze gathered densely towards the sun set.] On the wavy surface of the outside verandah, the leaves grew winding and made a hissed sound, and I didn’t realized that they hit my knee but fail. I heard the cynical sound that told (telling) me my secret, that in fact I was lonely in my cabin. I didn’t have to stay anymore here in my place. The fact that no one else in my life and no one accompanied me except God.

In what place before had this deepening howl of the storm-breezes reached my ears? What would the wind think of my presence just inside, as I grasped the open door which tried to swing back and forth in its gusts, while I gazed beyond the sloping lawn to the waves foaming on the beach? The hottest season was gone; night had come. Solemn thunderheads gathered densely where the sun had set. Beyond me on the slumping boards of the veranda, dried foliage from the trees gathered into a whirlwind and made a sound like a snake, then sightlessly leaped at my legs and fell away without touching me. That snaky sound held something evil that made me realize that the thing I had hoped to keep private must have been broadcast: the fact that I was at home by myself must have gotten out, how I don’t know – the fact that I was by myself in my daily existence, that I had only the Deity with me.