

CLASS C' LYCEUM

UNIT 6- HOME

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TASK 1

Read the two poems by Claire Angelides and do the questions that follow.

LAST WORD

Keep the key safe. It's the key to the house.
When you get there, use it to open the door.
Keep it in a safe place
And clean it from time to time.
It must not go rusty.
It should be ready, as soon as they tell you
to go back...
I double locked the front door.
You have to push it outwards
don't forget...
I won't be returning, as I had expected.
You are the one to go back.
You will see the orchard and the walnut tree
I planted...
Take care of the key.
The garden will be full of the sweet scent
of jasmine.
The vine will certainly be laden with fruit
It's just that no one has pruned it for so many
years.
When you go, get Minas to prune it.
And don't forget the basil in the pots.
Our garden will look beautiful.
Don't cry.
Just keep the key safe.
Do you realise the difficulty you will be in if
you lose it?
Where will you find a craftsman to change the
lock,
when you return to the Town?

THAT HOUSE

That house buried in citrus
lilies and jasmine
that house has become one with my soul
one with my dreams
That house buried in citrus
lilies and jasmine
has become one with my soul
my dreams
Every corner is a song
Every step a longing.
That house has a soul
that house has a soul,
it weeps endlessly and bitterly at night
That house in Ammochostos
is my house.



1. How are the poems similar? Mention two details.

2. What is the tone of each poem?

3. How does the poet evoke happy memories of the past in each poem? Mention two details for each poem.

4. Why does the poet repeat certain lines in both poems?

5. Which techniques does the poet use, apart from repetition, in order to make the poems more vivid? Give examples to support your answer.

6. How does the poem make you feel?

TASK 2

Read the extract from an article about a refugee's return to her hometown and answer the questions that follow.

The Return

I was born in Morphou but grew up in London after my parents moved to the UK in the 50s. Like so many other Cypriots, they left an impoverished Cyprus to find work and to help their families back home. In 1969 I moved to Cyprus, but my parents remained in London planning to move to Cyprus in the near future. I met my husband, married, had my daughter in 1972 and lived a wonderful life until the dreadful summer of 1974 when my life and the lives of the Cypriot people were shattered with the Turkish invasion.



My husband, along with all the young men of Cyprus was mobilised and I was left to look after my 2-year-old daughter. I did not know where he was stationed or what had become of him once the fighting had started. Then the planes came – dropping their bombs. My grandparents, my daughter and I crouched under the stairs. Every time we heard the roar of a fighter jet we would run and hide. The sound of a plane overhead still makes my blood run cold.

The memories of those days will forever haunt me. We had to flee our home, leaving everything behind. The Turkish army was advancing. I tried not to go to pieces. I packed a suitcase with some clothes for my daughter and me, locked the house and left. My family escaped into the mountains, sleeping wherever they could – in barns, tents, under trees and in cars. We were lucky my parents were in the UK. We boarded a ship to Athens and then flew to the UK where we started our life, hoping that we would soon return home. 49 years later and we are still here...

When the so-called 'border' in 2003 was opened, I didn't want to go – why should I show my passport to go to my own town and why should I knock on my own front door and ask to be allowed in? I was fighting a silent battle within – a part of me longed to hear the whispering sea and smell the scent of lemons in the air. Three years later I gave in and crossed over so that I could see for myself and eventually take my daughter to see her birthplace.

We drove into Morphou through empty streets towards my house. Why did the roads and the houses seem so small? My house was in view – I could see rusty railings, peeling

paint and crumbling plaster on the walls, window shutters hanging off and in need of painting. The beautiful orchard across the street was no more – the trees had died long ago. Where were the three old ladies that sat in the shade and gossiped about everyone and anyone? Where were the women laughing and joking with each other from their windows – cleaning until everything was spick and span – the smell of their cooking wafting through the house and into the air?

My ‘tenant’ opened the door and showed us into my house. The rooms were the same, even the paint on the walls was the same colour, but there was none of my furniture, except for a corner unit in the study and the lampshade in the hallway. The family were the second to occupy the house, so they found nothing except for some old photographs and a set of encyclopaedias which we were given on leaving. Memories flashed through my mind as I looked at the photos. Photos of myself holding my daughter, photos of family gatherings...my grandfather, grandmother and uncles also stood there in the photograph. Tears started trickling down my eyes. I came back to find ruins but strangely enough, they felt home.

As soon as we left Morphou and crossed over the border I felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted off me and I could breathe again. I have been back three times and walked the routes that I had taken many times during the happy years. I went again with my daughter and her husband, who, seeing Morphou as it has become, could not understand what it was that made me love the town so much. But she did not know the Morphou I knew – the people, the family, the warmth, the laughter, the community. And what breaks my heart is that she will probably never get to experience what I experienced in the short time I lived there.

Adapted from: <https://lobbyforcyprus.wordpress>

1. The author’s parents ____.

- A.** left Cyprus for the UK because of persecution
- B.** arrived in the UK as economic migrants
- C.** fled Cyprus and sought asylum in the UK
- D.** relocated to the UK and got refugee status

2. The phrase “49 years later and we are still here...” conveys the writer’s feelings of ____.

- A.** bewilderment
- B.** outrage
- C.** despair
- D.** exhilaration

2. Which of the following sentences is correct?

- A. The Turkish invasion left an indelible mark on the author's life.
- B. The author has developed a fear of flying after her dreadful experience.
- C. The author feels optimistic about returning to her home in Morphou.
- D. The authors feels lucky to have escaped the harrowing experience of the Turkish invasion unscathed.

3. The prospect of visiting her hometown when the "borders" opened filled the author with a sense of ____ .

- A. eagerness
- B. reluctance
- C. indifference
- D. responsibility

4. The author's use of words and writing style convey feelings of nostalgia and ____ .

- A. optimism
- B. regret
- C. betrayal
- D. distrust

5. Which quotation is in line with the content of the passage?

- A. "There is nothing more important than a good, safe, secure home."
- B. "A house is made of bricks and beams. A home is made of hopes and dreams."
- C. "The magic thing about home is that it feels good to leave, and it feels even better to come back."
- D. "Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts."

TASK 3

Your school is organising a photography exhibition entitled “Home”. You recently came across a photo of the house mentioned in the poems and decided to take part in the exhibition with it. Write an email to an English-speaking friend to tell him/her about it. In your email, you should:

- describe the house in the photo
- explain why you chose this photo for the exhibition
- say how the photo makes you feel.

