

EXAMINATION BLUES

This poem describes someone's experience in an exam.

The Maths Exam



Like the sinking Titanic
My heart drowns in panic
Approaching the dark, icy room.
My lack of revision
Of basic division
Multiplies feelings of doom.

The problems with measure
Don't give me much pleasure,
Producing pulsating reactions.
Mean, median and mode,
Like a spy's secret code,
Are as clear as decimal fractions.

Sizing trapeziums
Should really be easy sums
But I'm growing hysterical.
My brain's an old boot
With cube number and root.
Is this simple shape squarish or spherical?

When I'm finding the factor
Do I need a protractor
Or is that for data-analysis?
In my estimation
This shape needs translation
But oh! My mental paralysis!

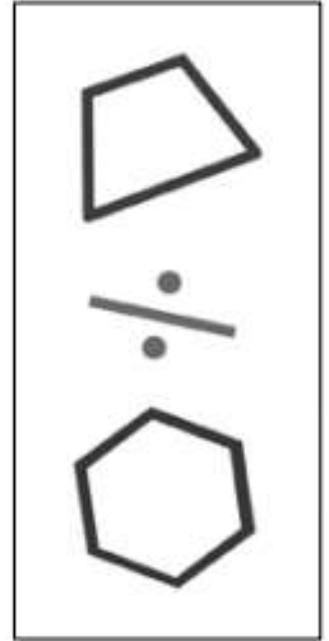
But my brain stops its fluttering
When I begin muttering
The properties of quadrilaterals
As well as the geometry
Of angles and symmetry,
Isosceles and equilaterals.





Times tables, I sense,
Give me great confidence
To tackle the hard calculations.
Line graph and pie chart
Excite me and my heart
Stops its wild palpitations.

Ratio, proportions
Induce no contortions
And I feel a buzzing sensation
Of being in charge
Of sums small and large
In this trouble-free examination.



1. Write down **two** examples of simile.

2. Write down **two** examples of onomatopoeia.

3. Write down **two** examples of alliteration.

4. Find the metaphor.
