



## Alfred Lord Tennyson - Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,

That hoard and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed

Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am part of all that I have met;

Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vest the dim sea: I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honoured of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough

Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades

For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!

As though to breath were life. Life piled on life

Were all to little, and of one to me

Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill

This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and through soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere

cool word choice / tone addition

Shows how time has gone by

Speaks about Ulysses as a person

Metaphoric

sad makes the storyline seem old / which it is

hollow  
and quietly  
interesting  
word choice

negative tone

Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.  
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age had yet his honour and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
We are not now that strength which in the old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are,  
One equal-temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Reading Log #1

Your Name: Leila Flanagan

"Books break the shackles of time – proof that humans can work magic." – Carl Sagan

Book (Title and Author)	Reading Progress
The Summer I turned Pretty By: Jenny Han	Page you Are On: 174 Total Number of Pages in Book: 276

1. **Selection from the Text:** Find a selection that relates to something you like or dislike about your book or something you think is interesting or important. **Write it out and properly cite it below.**

"So Which one of those guys was your first kiss?" "I told you that?" "yup. you said your first kiss was a boy at the beach when you were thirteen." "Oh." I looked up at his face in the moonlight, and he was still smiling. "guess." Immediately he said, "The older one, Conrad." "Why'd you give him?" He shrugged. "Just a feeling, the way he looks at you." "He hardly looks at me at all," I told him. And you're wrong, sextus. It was ~~Jeremiah~~ Jeremiah" (172).

2.

**Context:** What was going on in this part. Provide any background information needed to understand this selection.

Belly (main character) is walking on the beach with her new boyfriend. They are talking and Cam asks which one of her mom's friend's son was her first kiss. Cam assumes it was Conrad (Belly has had a crush on him since she was little) and Belly informs him that it was Jeremiah.

Turn Over



**3. Analysis:** Dig deeper into your selection above and analyze why you liked it, disliked it, or found it interesting/important. Did it highlight something about the author's style of writing that you like or dislike? Did it use interesting words or a literary device?

Make sure you include direct references back to the selection in your analysis.

The way Belly says "He hardly looks at me at all" ~~implies~~

that although she feels prettier, happier and better about herself,

she is still insecure. The way Belly also seems almost

surprised that Cam thought her and Conrad had a relationship?

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