

The Raven

ACTIVITY

READING AND IMAGINATION

1. Read “The Raven” together. Visualize the poem.
2. Write down unfamiliar words you and your partner encounter.
3. Use context clues from the poem. What do you think these words mean?
4. What does the setting look like (write it down or draw it on the back of this page)?
5. What does the main character look like (write it down or draw)?
6. What are some other parts of the poem you can visualize? What does it look like?



VR ACTIVITY

The Raven VR Experience: As you go through the VR experience, tell your partner things you notice about the visual representation of the poem or contextual clues that help you understand any of your unfamiliar words from the pre-VR activity.

LIVE TWEETING: Time to put on the shoes of the main character. You and your partner are to create 3 “live” tweets. Keep in mind Twitter has character limits. You must use at least 1 unfamiliar word correctly in each tweet. Be creative.



THE RAVEN

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

1 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
2 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
3 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
4 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
5 “’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
6 Only this and nothing more.”
7
8 Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
9 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
10 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
11 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
12 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
13 Nameless *here* for evermore.
14
15 And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
16 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
17 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
18 “’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
19 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
20 This it is and nothing more.”
21
22 Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
23 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
24 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
25 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
26 That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—
27 Darkness there and nothing more.
28
29 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
30 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
31 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
32 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
33 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—
34 Merely this and nothing more.



35 Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
36 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
37 “Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
38 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
39 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
40 ’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

41
42 Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
43 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
44 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
45 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
46 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
47 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

48
49 Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
50 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
51 “Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
52 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
53 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
54 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

55
56 Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
57 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
58 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
59 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
60 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
61 With such name as “Nevermore.”

62 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
63 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
64 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
65 Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—
66 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
67 Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

68
69 Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
70 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store
71 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
72 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
73 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
74 Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”



75 But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
76 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
77 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
78 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
79 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
80 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”
81
82 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
83 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;
84 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
85 On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
86 But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,
87 *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!
88
89 Then, me thought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
90 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
91 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
92 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
93 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”
94 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”
95
96 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
97 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
98 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
99 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
100 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
101 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”
102
103 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
104 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
105 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
106 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
107 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
108 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”
109
110
111
112
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114



115 “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
116 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
117 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
118 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
119 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
120 Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

121
122 And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
123 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
124 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
125 And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
126 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
127 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

