

Name: _____

Death Be Not Proud by John Donne Analyze and interact with the poem as you read.		
How does John Donne feel about death? What is this Poem's message? What tone or mood would you say accurately captures this poem?		
What evidence can you find to show Donne's attitude about death? How does he validate his feelings?		
Examples of Personification (Death's Characteristics)		
Questions or Comments to John Donne or Death.	Hey John...	Hey Death...
4 Most Important Words/Lines (Put a "V" next to things that help support the voice trait and an "ID" next to those that support idea development.)		

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Idea Generator For My Own Poem	
My Name _____	
Idea/Object I Have Something To Say to	
Possible Tones or Moods to convey	
Some Unique Characteristics and Details About My Idea/Object	
Some Things I Might Like To Say	
Some Ways My Topic Might Be Personified	One thing it might: Say- Think- Act Like- Feel- Enjoy- Hate- Other-

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The Book Thief...death according to Death		
My role, duties, responsibilities...		Human misconceptions about me...
How I feel about my job...		How I feel about humans...
How I feel about color...	How I feel about war...	My personality...
These are some of my favorite things...		These are some of my least favorite things...

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Compare/Contrast death in the two mentor texts...	
The Book Thief	Death Be Not Proud
Where it lives:	Where it lives:
Personality:	Personality:
Roles/Duties/Responsibilities:	Roles/Duties/Responsibilities:
Likes:	Likes:
Dislikes:	Dislikes:
How humans feel about you:	How humans feel about you:
How you feel about humans:	How you feel about humans:
Other:	Other:

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A Dialogue With Death	
<p style="text-align: center;">Death Be Not Proud By John Donne</p> <p>Death, be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so; For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me; From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be, Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow, And soonest our best men with thee do go, Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men, And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell, And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then? One short sleep past, we wake eternally, And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Human Be Not _____ By Death</p> <p>Human, be not</p>

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My poem to an abstract idea/object...	My idea/object's response to me...