

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like

Practicing Similes

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My feet are like ice.

Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

Object 2: \_\_\_\_\_

How Object 2 helps describe Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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She ran like lightning.

Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

Object 2: \_\_\_\_\_

How Object 2 helps describe Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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The lion's purr was like thunder.

Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

Object 2: \_\_\_\_\_

How Object 2 helps describe Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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This cookie is like a rock.

Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

Object 2: \_\_\_\_\_

How Object 2 helps describe Object 1: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

Practicing Similes

Examples of similes from famous works of literature:

Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

—Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*, Chapter 9

“It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wasn’t it?” Mr. Darling would say, scorning himself; and indeed he had been like a tornado.

—J.M. Barrie, *Peter Pan*, Chapter 2

Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Chapter 6

Clinging to one of the greasy rocks and blending almost perfectly with it was a large, unkempt, and exceedingly soiled bird who looked more like a dirty floor mop than anything else.

—Norton Juster, *The Phantom Tollbooth*, Chapter 16

Peter Blood pounced like a hawk upon the obvious truth.

—Rafael Sabatini, *Captain Blood*, Chapter 6

She wore a gown of shimmering grey silk, and a scarlet rose, fresh-gathered, was pinned at her breast like a splash of blood.

—Rafael Sabatini, *Captain Blood*, Chapter 24

She entered with ungainly struggle like some huge awkward chicken, torn, squawking, out of its coop.

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, “The Adventure of the Three Gables”

The glorious sunlight filled the valley with purple fire. Before him, to left, to right, waving, rolling, sinking, rising, like low swells of a purple sea, stretched the sage.

—Zane Grey, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, Chapter 3

The long vacation saunters on towards term-time,\* like an idle river very leisurely strolling down a flat country to the sea.

—Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*, Chapter 20

\* “Term-time” here means the time when students must return to school for a new term.

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

“È un foco quel d’amore”

Ottone is not the only one who has noticed Poppea’s beauty—Nerone and Claudio have declared their love for her, as well. Yet Poppea cares nothing for the attentions of the emperor Claudio or the prince Nerone. She loves only the simple soldier Ottone. As she sits at home in Act I, waiting for Ottone’s return, Poppea reflects on what a strange thing love is: Although it can never be explained, it is more powerful (and potentially more destructive) than anything else on earth.

**POPPEA:** È un foco quel d’amore  
che penetra nel core.  
Ma come? Non si sa.  
S’accende a poco a poco,  
ma poi non trova loco,  
e consumar ti fa.

The fire of love  
is a fire that burns in the heart.  
But how does it get there? No one knows.  
It starts very slowly,  
but then runs out of room,  
and consumes you completely.

THIS POEM IN MY OWN WORDS:

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THE SIMILE(S):

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\_\_\_\_\_ is compared to \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_ is compared to \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

“Ogni vento ch’al porto lo spinga”

At the end of Act II, all of Agrippina’s well-laid plans are crumbling around her: Pallante and Narciso have discovered her two-timing promises, Poppea has figured out that Ottone isn’t actually trying to steal Claudio’s throne, and Ottone has figured out that Agrippina is telling treasonous lies about him. And yet, although Agrippina is ready to apologize and admit her guilt if she absolutely must, she still harbors a faint hope that Nerone will become emperor.

**AGRIPPINA:** Ogni vento ch’al porto lo spinga,  
e benchè fiero minacci tempeste,  
l’ampie vele gli spande il nocchier.  
Regni il figlio, mia sola lusinga,  
sian le stelle in aspetto funeste,  
senza pena le guarda il pensier.

No matter how menacing a storm may be,  
the sailor caught in the storm will turn his sails  
to catch any wind that might push him back to port.  
May my son, my only joy, sit on the throne.  
Even if the stars may seem foreboding,\*  
I will look to them without fear.

*\*Here, Agrippina is looking to the stars for signs of the future.*

THIS POEM IN MY OWN WORDS:

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THE SIMILE(S):

\_\_\_\_\_ is compared to \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ is compared to \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

“Come nube che fugge dal vento”

When Agrippina hears how Poppea tricked Nerone at the beginning of Act III, she is not happy. She chastises Nerone and tells him to refocus on their joint goal: getting him crowned emperor. Nerone replies that he will abandon his love for Poppea immediately.

**NERONE:** Come nube che fugge dal vento,  
abbandono sdegnato quel volto.  
Il mio foco nel seno già spento,  
di quest'alma già il laccio è disciolto.

Like a cloud that flees the wind,  
I, hurt and deceived, will happily forget her face.  
The fire in my heart is already smothered,  
And the ties that bind me to her are already broken.

THIS POEM IN MY OWN WORDS:

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THE SIMILE(S):

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is compared to \_\_\_\_\_  

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is compared to \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

## Writing a Simile Aria

My scene:

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What's happening in this scene (in my own words):

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How this character is feeling (in a few descriptive words):

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Possible similes to illustrate these feelings:

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The simile(s) I'm going to use:

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### CLASSROOM ACTIVITY

## Tell Me What You Feel Like (CONTINUED)

# My Simile Aria

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