

The Sound Collector by Roger McGough

A stranger called this morning

Dressed all in black and grey

Put every sound into a bag

And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle

The turning of the lock

The purring of the kitten

The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster

The crunching of the flakes

When you spread the marmalade

The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan

The ticking of the grill

The bubbling of the bathtub

As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops

On the windowpane

When you do the washing-up

The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby

The squeaking of the chair

The swishing of the curtain

The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning

He didn't leave his name

Left us only silence

Life will never be the same

- 1) What is the poet describing in the line 'The crunching of the flakes'?
Eating cereal (cornflakes)
- 2) Who is the Sound Collector?
**The stranger who called.
A person dressed in black and grey**
- 3) What did the stranger leave behind?
Silence
- 4) Why do you think the stranger is dressed in black and grey?
**It makes him seem more mysterious.
The lack of colour makes him seem a negative character.**
- 5) Why do you think the poet used the word *drumming* to describe the raindrops?
The poem is all about sounds. Raindrops can sound like the beating of a drum when they fall onto the roof. The poet was showing that it was raining loudly.
- 6) Why will life never be the same after the stranger called?
Life will not be normal again without all of the sounds we hear.