

1. Outline

Cross-referenced Epitaphs Plan Sheet

Names of Characters	Juliet	Capulet
Occupation/How Days are Spent	Thirteen-year-old; study music lessons (?), attending balls & feasts; talking to Nurse;	Rich and influential leader of Capulet family. Hates Montague family for reasons unknown
Hobbies/Leisure Activities	keeping parents happy by being a "good girl"; dressing up in fancy clothes appropriate for one of her station in life	looks for good potential husbands for daughter he adores.
Details of Character's Death	She kills herself upon discovering Romeo has done likewise when he thought she was dead.	He dies old and alone, having learned his lesson too late.
Significant Life Events	Fell in love with Romeo, an enemy of his family. Secretly married him, thus causing many complications for them both.	Always fought w/ Montagues. Many children died young, so Juliet is his own pride & joy. Ended feud w/ Montague - brought peace to Verona
Outlook on Life and/or Advice	Break from the bonds of tradition and family for true love.	Wishes he had not quit so long - feels he should have known better than to continue a stupid feud.
Feelings about Other Character	He was a cruel and distant father, more concerned about appearances than his daughter's happiness.	He loved her more than she knew.
Likenesses and/or Differences	They are both surprisingly unknown.	Will have it their own way at all costs.
Significant Physical Traits or Abilities	"Beauty beyond compare" "She doth teach the torches to burn bright"	Good at maintaining nobility and the appearances required of nobility.
Tone of Epitaph (specific adjective)	Indignant (like a teenager)	Regretful

Use the outline above to write (on separate pages) a pair of cross-referenced epitaphs like those in the *Spoon River Anthology*. Write in first-person (*I, me, mine*), assuming the voice and tone of the character. What does each character feel strongly about? What diction (word choice, imagery, and figurative language) will best express the tone of the speaker? Let the thoughts and strong emotions of the character come out in a poetic way that will create the desired mood in the reader. Make conscious choices about where line breaks occur; the physical arrangement of the lines will contribute to the epitaph's effectiveness. The final draft of your epitaphs should be neat and free of errors, and they must include the following poetic elements:

- Descriptive Imagery
- Figurative Language: 1) metaphor or extended metaphor; 2) personification or symbolism; 3) irony (any type)
- Poetic Devices: 1) alliteration or assonance; 2) repetition or refrain; 3) parallel structure; 4) rhetorical question
- NO RHYME

All of these concepts are defined on the handout called *Poetry Terms*.

2. Drafts

While drafting the epitaphs, try to discover the "voice" of the character. Choose words that "sound like" the character.

Juliet

It seems so unfair!

I was a dutiful daughter,
doing my parents' bidding for
almost 14 years: grammar school,
music lessons,

I excelled in language at school

I excelled in music at home.

I excelled in propriety

I was known throughout Verona
as the perfect child: darling, obedient,
and socially adept.

There was nothing more I could do
to make him proud, and proud he was.

Until Romeo.

You know that story, how I came
to lie here ^{part of Friar's} once as a complicated scheme
— done at my own hand.

Before my light burned out for the
last time, I thought not of Romeo.

I was thinking of my father
I'll need to forgive him.

It wasn't love for Romeo that
brought me here.

It was revenge against my father.

Drafts

Consider the spacing of lines.
Make the epitaphs look like
poems rather than prose.

Cupulet

When I saw the bloody knife, I knew what she'd done.
I loved her more than she knew

~~and more than I was able to tell her.~~

So proud she made me so proud, yet

she was so proud.

~~We were doomed to~~

Her pride ^{met} and my pride ^{headlong,} smashed

raging bears battling ^{one for territory} ~~for territory~~

his place in the world, her identity,

the other to protect his baby ^{sub.}

I know she ~~didn't~~ felt nothing for Paris
but he could provide, provide, provide.

He had the means and the money to
care for her when I was gone!

Oh my child! Why do you press before
your father to the grave?

It seems so unfair!

use her birth
to end the feud
rather than her death

~~Oh my child!~~

But if I could go back, I'd
shake Montague's hand before
Juliet was born, and the feud,
apologize, make amends, that I
might have known her ~~longer~~ to old
age, met my grandchild

3. FINAL Version

Juliet

It seems so unfair!
I, the dutiful daughter, did my parents' bidding
for almost 14 years:
 Excelling in language at school,
 Excelling in propriety at home.
Throughout Verona, I was known as the perfect child:
 Darling, obedient, socially adept.
No more could I do to make him proud,
 And proud he was.
 Until...
You know the story -- how I came to lie here:
 Once part of Friar's complicated scheme,
 Again by my own hand.
But it was my dad who complicated everything!
Bad enough to continue a feud for unremembered reasons,
 But what was he thinking when he promised me as a bride?
I was nothing more than cattle --
 Raised on only the finest grasses and grains,
 Nursed and weaned by one who would betray me,
 Readied for market by a conniving mother,
 Paraded in finest array before leering eyes,
 And sold to a butcher named Paris.
 All for the price of an old man's pride!

It was not love for Romeo that brought me here.

Before extinguishing my own brief candle,
 I thought of my father.
 And revenge.

Lord Capulet

When I saw the bloody knife, I knew what she'd done.

I loved her more than I was able to tell her.
 She made me so proud!
 She *was* so proud!

Her pride met mine headlong:
 Teeth and claws bared,
 Snarling in fury and ripping flesh,
 These raging bears battled,
 one for territory, her place in the world, her identity;
 the other only to protect his cub.

I knew she felt nothing for Paris, but he was a noble figure to
 Provide for her needs,
 Treat her with kindness
 Care for her when I was gone.

If I could live again, I would forgo tradition:
 Apologize, make amends, and shake Montague's hand,
 Not on the day of Juliet's funeral,
 But on the day of her birth!
 That I might have known her into my old age,
 Seen her married to the one she loved,
 Met my grandchildren.

Cruel stars!
 Why does she press before me to the grave?
 It seems so unfair!

4. FINAL Version (Annotated)

Juliet

It seems so unfair!

I, the dutiful daughter, did my parents' bidding
for almost 14 years:

Excelling in language at school,
Excelling in propriety at home. } parallel structure

Throughout Verona, I was known as the perfect child:

Darling, obedient, socially adept.

No more could I do to make him proud,
And proud he was.

Until...

You know the story -- how I came to lie here:

Once part of Friar's complicated scheme,
Again by my own hand.

But it was my dad who complicated everything!

Bad enough to continue a feud for unremembered reasons,

But what was he thinking when he promised me as a bride?

I was nothing more than cattle –

Raised on only the finest grasses and grains,
Nursed and weaned by one who would betray me,
Readied for market by a conniving mother,
Paraded in finest array before leering eyes,
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Her pride met mine headlong:

Teeth and claws bared,

Snarling in fury and ripping flesh,

These raging bears battled,

one for territory, her place in the world, her identity;

the other only to protect his cub.

I knew she felt nothing for Paris, but he was a noble figure to

Provide for her needs,

Treat her with kindness

Care for her when I was gone.

If I could live again, I would forgo tradition:

Apologize, make amends, and shake Montague's hand,

Not on the day of Juliet's funeral,

But on the day of her birth!

That I might have known her into my old age,

Seen her married to the one she loved,

Met my grandchildren.

Cruel stars!

Why does she press before me to the grave?

It seems so unfair!

CROSS-REFERENCE - REPETITION

EMERGING METAPHOR

← alliteration

} parallel structure

↓ personification

↑ imagery ↑

REPETITION

EXTENDED METAPHOR

→ IRONY: SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH HE CARES FOR HER.

↳ RHETORICAL QUESTION

— RHETORICAL QUESTION