

“My Ghost Sister” by Kate Wakeling

Watch Kate’s introduction to 3EE [here \(https://vimeo.com/418408494\)](https://vimeo.com/418408494)

Then listen to Kate read her poem “My Ghost Sister” [here \(https://vimeo.com/418411869\)](https://vimeo.com/418411869)

1. Look at the way Kate has typed this poem and listen to the way she reads it. There are several big spaces between words and between lines. Pick an example and explain why you think she has written it this way. What effect do these spaces create and add to the poem?
2. Look at the way she typed “rain” on the first page – why did she type it that way? Can you think of ways you might type the words “float” or “bounce” in a poem to bring those words to life on the page?
3. Who or what do you think her ghost sister is? What makes you think this? Try to back up your ideas with examples from the poem.
4. Kate uses plenty of adjectives in the poem to make it more descriptive. Circle all of the adjectives you can find throughout the poem.
5. The character telling the poem has a very special relationship with her ghost sister. What things do they have in common, and what makes their relationship special?
6. This poem is about a strong relationship with someone special. Think of someone special to you – what makes your relationship special and strong? What do you enjoy most about it?

Photography component

Choose someone special in your life – a friend, a family member or maybe your pet. Take a portrait photo of that special person or thing and write about what makes them special to you. Try to take the photo in a place or way that shows your special relationship or bond. Photos can say so much without words – try to capture that feeling.

My Ghost Sister

I see her
though nobody else can.

Her nose is the same as mine,
but she's taller – thinner too:

I think I could throw a ball right through her.

I see her in the blue gleam of computer screens

and in the r
a
i
n
on windowpanes.

Sometimes she sits in my room at night,

her pale hands still,
her misty breath quiet as a cloud.

Her ghost bones glow.

A while ago I told Dad
about my ghost sister
and he looked tired and grey.

He said: *Good to know she's about.*

Best keep it quiet though.

My Ghost Sister

So I do.

But when I'm stuck or hurt or low,

I know she's close

with her softest sister-ghost hello,

for we're not ready,

not just yet,

to say

goodbye.

Hair Piece

