# Compare the ways in which Pope and Owen present attitudes to conflict.

* Complete the Venn diagram below, looking at the similarities and differences between the poems ‘Who’s for the Game?’ by Jessie Pope and ‘Dulce et Decorum Est’ by Wilfred Owen.
* Once you have completed your Venn diagram, write an essay style answer to the comparison question above. You will also need to explore relevant links to the social and historical context of each poem.

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| **Who’s for the Game? by Jessie Pope**  Who’s for the game, the biggest that’s played,  The red crashing game of a fight?  Who’ll grip and tackle the job unafraid?  And who thinks he’d rather sit tight?  Who’ll toe the line for the signal to ‘Go!’?  Who’ll give his country a hand?  Who wants a turn to himself in the show?  And who wants a seat in the stand?  Who knows it won’t be a picnic – not much-  Yet eagerly shoulders a gun?  Who would much rather come back with a crutch  Than lie low and be out of the fun?  Come along, lads –  But you’ll come on all right –  For there’s only one course to pursue,  Your country is up to her neck in a fight,  And she’s looking and calling for you. |

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| **Dulce et Decorum Est**  Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,  But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.  Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling  Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime.—  Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  In all my dreams before my helpless sight,  He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace  Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;  If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  To children ardent for some desperate glory,  The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est  Pro patria mori. |

Similar in both poems

**‘*Who’s for the Game?*’**

Only in this poem

***‘Dulce et Decorum Est’***

Only in this poem