Mark the pronunciation of the following words according to the accented and unaccented syllables.

1. because
2. daily
3. delight
4. answer
5. below
6. David
7. Leanne
8. merrily
9. tambourine
10. Eric

B. There are four common patterns of metrical feet we need to remember. Write the correct pattern next to each foot.

Patterns

\[ /uv \quad /u \quad u/v \quad v/l \]

Feet
1. iambic = __________
2. trochaic = __________
3. anapestic = __________
4. dactylic = __________

C. Scan the following lines. Go through all steps!
1. Mark the accented and unaccented syllables.
2. (Try all four possibilities--iambic, trochaic, anapestic, dactylic.)
3. Identify the metrical foot and how many feet there are in the line.

a. The hills, the meadows, and the lakes.
   metrical foot How many are there? = metrical line

b. Sunday's dinner's sad and thankless.
   metrical foot How many are there? = metrical line

c. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

EC: What type of verse has no end rhyme but is written in ___?
Isaac Asimov's Super Quiz

Score 1 point for each correct answer on the freshman level, 2 points on the graduate level and 3 points on the Ph.D. level.

OXYMORONS
Provide the second word to complete the oxymoron. (e.g., Found M___.
Answer: Missing).

FRESHMAN LEVEL
1. Genuine I___.
2. Almost E___.
3. Alone T___.

GRADUATE LEVEL
4. Soft R___.
5. New C___.
6. Sweet S___.

PH.D. LEVEL
7. Extinct L___.
8. Tight S___.
9. Definite M___.

* Sonnet type:

____

B

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace,
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use,
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints--I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and, if God choo
I shall but love thee better after death.

* Sonnet type:

____

C

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.
And with old woes new wail my dear time's wast
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow.
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night
And week a fresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sigh
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of forebemoaned moan,
Which I new-pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.