

Literature:
Language, form and structure

Language

TECHNIQUES	WORD CHOICE	WORD CLASS
METAPHOR SIMILE PERSONIFICATION ALLITERATION ONOMATOPOEIA SIBILANCE IMAGERY SYMBOLISM PATHETIC FALLACY ANAPHORA SUPERLATIVES REPETITION	THE WORD ' _____ ' SUGGESTS THAT.... CONVEYS THAT... IMPLIES THAT... HAS CONNOTATIONS OF... SYMBOLISES...	PERSONAL PRONOUNS VERBS NOUNS THIRD PERSON FIRST PERSON IMPERATIVES ADJECTIVES SENTENCE STRUCTURE- SIMPLE, COMPOUND, COMPLEX

Steps to success

1. Find it
2. Label it
3. Analyse it (effects and writer's intentions)

Woman in Black

Triples

- Doubtless, in such a place as this, with its eerie marshes, sudden fogs, moaning winds... any poor old woman might be looked at askance; once upon a time, after all, she would have been branded as a witch...

Adjective choice

Plosive alliteration
and connotations of
the word 'witch'

Form

Novel	Poetry
Novella Cyclical Gothic horror Text/ prose Paragraphs/ chapters Reader Modern form of text- personal interaction More accessible to the masses Character development Social commentary and public reception of the texts	Sonnet Free verse Song lyrics Ghazal Ballad- narrative Rhythm and rhyme Dramatic monologue Stanzas/ verses -Literary Heritage -Contemporary Popularity of form and change in delivery- read a loud to personal interaction with collections of poetry Higher form of literature Audience perception of forms- Shakespearian sonnet

Ghazal

If I am the grass and you the breeze,
 blow through me.
If I am the rose and you the bird, then
 woo me.
If you are the rhyme and I the refrain,
 don't hang
on my lips, come and I'll come too when
 you cue me.
If yours is the iron fist in the velvet glove
when the arrow flies, the heart is
 pierced, tattoo me.
If mine is the venomous tongue, the
 serpent's tail,
charmer, use your charm, weave a spell
 and subdue me.
If I am the laurel leaf in your crown, you
 are
the arms around my bark, arms that
 never knew me.

POINTS OF COMPARISON

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Structure

Zoom out	Zoom in
Foreshadowing	Sentence structure
Cyclical	Repeated symbolism
Start/ middle/ end of page, chapter, book	Punctuation- caesura/ enjambment/ hyphens
Retrospective narrative	Tension and suspense
Climax/ escalation of events	
Resolution/ cliff hanger	

- Lennie hesitated, backed away, looked wildly at the brush line as though he contemplated running for his freedom. George said coldly, "You gonna give me that mouse or do I have to sock you?"
- "He was so little," said Lennie. "I was jus playin' with him... an' he made like he's gonna bite me... an' I made like I was gonna smack him ... an'... an' I done it. An' then he was dead. She consoled him. "Don't you worry none. He was jus' a mutt. You can get another one easy. The whole country is fulla mutts."
- "Curley's wife lay with a half-covering of yellow hay. And the meanness and the plannings and the discontent and the ache for attention were all gone from her face. She was very pretty and simple, and her face was sweet and young."