

(From page 50 of the pdf version) Highlight and label examples of metaphors, similes, alliteration, and personification.

1 The sun made its usual round of the house as the afternoon ripened into evening.

2 I had a drink. [...] Most of the dandelions had changed from suns to moons. [...]An

3 old fence at the back of the garden separated us from the neighbor's garbage

4 receptacles and lilacs; but there was nothing between the front end of our lawn

5 (where it sloped along one side of the house) and the street. Therefore I was able

6 to watch (with the smirk of one about to perform a good action) for the return of

7 Charlotte [...]. As I lurched and lunged with the hand mower, bits of grass

8 optically twittering in the low sun, I kept an eye on that section of suburban

9 street. It curved in from under an archway of huge shade trees, then sped

10 towards us down, down, quite sharply, past old Miss Opposite's ivied brick

11 house and high-sloping lawn (much trimmer than ours) and disappeared behind

12 our own front porch which I could not see from where I happily belched and

13 labored. The dandelions perished. A reek of sap mingled with the pineapple.

14 Two little girls, Marion and Mabel, whose comings and goings I had mechanically

15 followed of late (but who could replace my Lolita?) went toward the avenue

16 (from which our Lawn Street cascaded), one pushing a bicycle, the other

17 feeding from a paper bag, both talking at the top of their sunny voices. Leslie,

18 old Miss Opposite's gardener and chauffeur, a very amiable and athletic Negro,

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19 grinned at me from afar and shouted, re-shouted, commented by gesture, that
20 I was mighty energetic today. The fool dog of the prosperous junk dealer next
21 door ran after a blue car--not Charlotte's. The prettier of the two little girls
22 (Mabel, I think), shorts, halter with little to halt, bright hair--a nymphet, by Pan!--
23 ran back down the street crumpling her paper bag and was hidden from this
24 Green Goat by the frontage of Mr. and Mrs. Humbert's residence. A station
25 wagon popped out of the leafy shade of the avenue, dragging some of it on its
26 roof before the shadows snapped, and swung by at an idiotic pace, the
27 sweat shirted driver roof-holding with his left hand and the junkman's dog
28 tearing alongside. There was a smiling pause--and then, with a flutter in my
29 breast, I witnessed the return of the Blue Sedan. I saw it glide downhill and
30 disappear behind the corner of the house. I had a glimpse of her calm pale
31 profile. It occurred to me that until she went upstairs she would not know
32 whether I had gone or not.