IMAGERY IN LITERATURE Name:

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| **PASSAGE.** Underline/highlight all **imagery** in the passage. | **SENSES.** To what **sense(s)** does the imagery appeal? | What is the **connotation** of the imagery? What do **these particular words** suggest about the thing they’re describing? |
| “I sometimes find, and I am sure you know the feeling, that I simply have too many thoughts and memories crammed into my mind. At these times, I use the Pensieve. One simply siphons the excess thoughts from one’s mind, pours them into the basin, and examines them at one’s leisure” (from Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire by J.K. Rowling). |  |  |
| “The same way a compact disk isn’t responsible for what’s recorded on it, that’s how we are. You’re about as free to act as a programmed computer. You’re about as one-of-a-kind as a dollar bill” (from *Invisible Monsters* by Chuck Palahniuk). |  |  |
| “…what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men” (from The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald). |  |  |
| “To me the front is a mysterious whirlpool. Though I am in still water far away from its center, I feel the whirl of the vortex sucking me slowly, irresistibly, inescapably into itself” (from *All Quiet on the Western Front*). |  |  |
| “They had walked in single file down the path, and even in the open one stayed behind the other. Both were dressed in denim trousers and in denim coats with brass buttons. Both wore black, shapeless hats and both carried tight blanket rolls slung over their shoulders” (from *Of Mice and Men* by John Steinbeck). |  |  |
| “Perhaps it's true that things can change in a day. That a few dozen hours can affect the outcome of whole lifetimes. And that when they do, those few dozen hours, like the salvaged remains of a burned house---the charred clock, the singed photograph, the scorched furniture---must be resurrected from the ruins and examined. Preserved. Accounted for. Little events, ordinary things, smashed and reconstitutred. Imbued with new meaning. Suddenly they become the bleached bones of a story” (from *The God of Small Things* by Arundhati Roy). |  |  |