WORD BANK

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| Imagery External ConflictSituational Irony Internal ConflictSimile DialogueMetaphorThemeSetting |

1. 1950s New York City

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1. “His teeth were exposed in a frozen grimace, the strength draining like water from his knees and calves.”

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1. “He walked to the front-door closet to help her on with her coat. He kissed her then and, for an instant, holding her close, smelling the perfume she had used, he was tempted to go with her; it was not actually true that he had to work tonight, though he very much wanted to. This was his own project, unannounced as yet in his office, and it could be postponed. But then they won't see it till Monday, he thought once again, and if I give it to the boss tomorrow he might read it over the weekend. . . . "

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1. ‘He saw, in that instant, the Loew's theater sign, blocks ahead past Fiftieth Street; the miles of traffic signals, all green now; the lights of cars and street lamps; countless neon signs; and the moving black dots of people. And a violent instantaneous explosion of absolute terror roared through him.”

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1. “They were the beginning of the long, long climb to where he was determined to be, at the very top.”

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1. “He turned to pull the door closed and the warm air from the hall rushed through the narrow opening again. As he saw the yellow paper, the pencil flying, scooped off the desk and, unimpeded by the glassless window, sail out into the night and out of his life, Tom Benecke burst into laughter and then closed the door behind him.”

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1. “He crossed the room to the hallway entrance and, leaning against the doorjamb, hands shoved into his back pockets again, he called, ‘Clare?’ When his wife answered, he said, ‘Sure you don't mind going alone?’

‘No.’ Her voice was muffled . . . “

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1. “And it occurred to him then with all the force of a revelation that, if he fell, all he was ever going to have out of life he would then, abruptly, have had. Nothing, then, could ever be changed; and nothing more--no least experience or pleasure--could ever be added to his life. He wished, then, that he had not allowed his wife to go off by herself tonight--and on similar nights. He thought of all the evenings he had spent away from her, working; and he regretted them.”

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1. “During a lull in the street sounds, he called out. Then he was shouting ‘Help!’ so loudly it rasped his throat. But he felt the steady pressure of the wind, moving between his face and the blank wall, snatch up his cries as he uttered them, and he knew they must sound directionless and distant. And he remembered how habitually, here in New York, he himself heard and ignored shouts in the night. If anyone heard him, there was no sign of it, and presently Tom Benecke knew he had to try moving; there was nothing else he could do.”

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