**Analyse the following extracts and define the stylistic devices used there**

1. We rode back to Winterhaven sitting very close to each other in the back of the taxi, Daddy’s arm around me. I listened to him tell me about his travels, the things he had seen and the people he had met, but I didn’t hear his words, just the rhythm of his voice.

Instead, I was thinking about the daddy I knew as a little girl, the daddy who had lifted me on his shoulders to carry me along the River Thames when we toured London, the daddy who took me in his arms and danced with me in the ballroom of his ship, the daddy who held my hand and took me about the luxury liners, introducing me to his crews, showing me how things worked, kissing and hugging me and twirling my hair in his fingers when I sat on his lap.

That daddy was gone, I thought, almost as gone as Jennifer Longstone’s daddy. We weren’t so different, she and I, and when we lay awake at night telling stories about our childhood days, we were both thinking about times we would never see again, moments we would never have, words we would never hear, kisses and smiles that were as thin as smoke, running off into our memories and lost forever in the maze of storm clouds that had come to block out the blue sky of happiness we had both once known.

Daddy kissed me in front of the school. He kissed me goodbye and hugged me to him and told me again that he would write and think of me all the time, but I knew the moment he got in his cab and started away, that his mind was already racing around with the problems of his business. I didn’t hate him for it; I knew he was burying himself in his work to keep himself from being unhappy (Virginia Andrews. Web of Dreams. Fontana/Collins. GB, 1990).

2. And what triggered that flight? What was the itch that time? This: My older brother had told me – it seems to me only a few days before, but it might have been weeks, or even months – about my father’s previous life, his first marriage. I don’t know why he chose the moment. Some smugness on my part he wanted to pierce. Some casual remark that seemed to claim ownership of our parents’ history. Some minor offence to him. At any rate, he told. Cruelly, harshly, the correction being to my stupidity for not having known earlier – though how could I? no one had even hinted at it – that our father had had another wife, another whole existence, before he met our mother, before we were born. That if things had been as he first planned them, we never *would* have been born, there would have been other children living in our house, with another mother, with different rules, different notions of what was important in life.

This shattered my understanding of the universe, the feeling I’d had – I think every child has it until some point in life – that my life was somehow sacred and foreordained, the one absolutely necessary life I had to live.

Apparently not. Apparently I might never have been. Or might have been other than I was.

And it occurred to me then, mightn’t I yet be? It seemed suddenly that what had been the cornerstone of my existence was shifting sand. That what had been a given was merely a whim. It seemed possible that there was another life waiting somewhere out there for me. This was not exactly how I thought it out, of course. Mostly I *felt* it: a yearning, suddenly justified, for something other for myself. Better. More real somehow. More like the lives I read about in books (Sue Miller. While I Was Gone. London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2006).

3. When Cass was at her most difficult, I occasionally panicked, convinced she was using drugs or in danger of getting pregnant or about to run away. I spied on her. I went through her room when she was at school. I dug deep in her drawers, checked all her pockets for hidden stashes. I read letters and notes she kept in her desk or in a box in her closet. I felt so guilty about this that I talked to several other mothers about what they did – not to Daniel; I knew what he’d think of me. We divided about in half as a group, the other mothers and I: those who never sneaked around, those who did. It didn’t make me feel any more comfortable about it, but I excused myself. Even when I thought about those trusting, honorable other mothers, I excused myself. I told myself that they didn’t have Cassie. Cassie, who could look you coolly in the eye and deny what you knew, absolutely knew, to be true.

Once, I saw her driving a friend’s car, one hand draped out the window, waving a cigarette around. She was fourteen at the time, and not only did she not have a license but I had no idea when and where she’d learned how to drive. I had intermittently suspected she smoked – she often smelled of cigarettes – but I had tried to deny it to myself by blaming the fast crowd she was with. Sitting in cars, sitting in teenage bedrooms around town with all that smoke, of course she’d stink.

When I asked her casually about it one day – had anyone been teaching her to drive? maybe she’d like lessons? – she looked at me steadily and said no. When I told her then that I’d seen her, she got furious. She said I’d tried to trap her, trick her, she accused me of not trusting her. She said I was dishonest, because I’d been so indirect, “so fucking devious.” And around we went.

The most painful episode for me at around this time was finding a journal she’d been keeping. I was a sort of bogeyman in this book, a nightmare figure of falsity and hypocrisy and self-satisfaction. She wrote: “God, I hope I will never be as unconscious of how stupid I seem as Mother is, constantly trying to be so nice to all my friends, laughing and ridiculously flirty for someone her age, while she’s meanwhile grilling everybody about me, about where we go, what we do together, etc. etc.” And: “Mother just left my room – *my room*, which she acts like she can come in whenever she wants… I was late getting back last night, so now I must be punished. ‘What do you think would be appropriate, Cass?’ Well how do I know? Why doesn’t she just say what she thinks, why isn’t she honest enough just to be angry and invent her own goddamn punishment? No. There has to be this fake *talk.* Does she realize????? we are ENEMIES!!!! Meanwhile, she’s sitting on MY bed, touching MY stuff. There is nothing about her that doesn’t disgust me.”

It was painful, of course, to read this, but in the end I’m glad I did. It helped me know how to be around Cass. I had thought that what was most important was that she feel loved, that I continue to behave as lovingly toward her as I could. But it seemed she needed from me an austerity that honesty matched the distance between us. I began to provide it.

None of this made her warmer then, or easier, but it did feel oddly more comfortable to me not to pretend to any warmth, not really ever to wish any longer for ease, simply to give up for a while and have my love be utterly a private, unexpressed thing, waiting for a signal from her that some aspect of it might be welcome. And perhaps in some way all of that restraint helped allow for our long, slow rapprochement. I don’t know…

Well, all right. Having children teaches you, I think, that love can survive your being despised in every aspect of yourself. That you need not collapse when the shriek comes: *Don’t you get it?* *I* hate *you!* But you do need to get it. You do need to understand and accept being hated. I think this is one of the greatest gifts children can give you, as long as it doesn’t last.

Cass had taught me well (Sue Miller. While I Was Gone. London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2006).

4. Jim Costello was twenty-four and he knew how to spot trouble. The man at the bar who was going to be troublesome, the customer who might not pay his bill. The respectable woman who was using a hotel foyer as a pick-up place. One of Jim’s strengths was that he always saw it in time, just *before* the incident happened, and managed to head it off.

With Kerry he spotted it the very first time he met him. When he sauntered into the hotel with Tony McCann from Derry.

There was something about Tony McCann that seemed like a challenge. He greeted Jim as if he expected to be thrown out.

Kerry on the other hand was full of charm. “My father tells me there’s nothing you don’t know about the hotel business,” he began.

“Let’s hope he still says that when his hotel is open,” Jim laughed back easily.

“Bit of a backwater this – for a hotshot like you,” said Tony McCann.

“I don’t think so, it’s a friendly place and we hope to be so busy that I won’t have much time for the bright lights myself.”

Tony McCann looked at Jim Castello without much pleasure. “One of these ambitious fellows, all work and up a ladder, I suppose.”

“That’s me, the fellows at school used to hate me too – study, study, creep, teacher’s pet. Are you in the hotel business too, Mr McCann?

“No.”

“You’re in what?”

“This and that.”

Kerry stepped in smoothly. “Tony’s a friend of mine up in the far north, just brought him in to see the ancestral home rise again.”

“Are you pleased with it?” Jim spoke directly to Kerry.

He shrugged. “It’s my father’s dream, I guess he’s really got what he wanted. It’s looking good.”

“But you’ll be coming back …”

“Relax, Jim, there’s going to be no fatted calf killed for me, not for a long time. No, you’re safe here for a few years yet.”

Jim blushed with annoyance. He had to decide now how to handle Kerry. Did he remain poker-faced and remote, loyal entirely to his employer? This way he would build a wall of resentment between him and the boy, who was only a few years younger. Or did he make Kerry an ally of sorts? Wouldn’t that be easier? He decided to go the friendship way.

“I’d say there’s plenty to keep us both occupied if you *do* come back. Your father has some very grand plans.”

“Do you think they’ll work out?”

“Not all of them by any means, but enough of them will and I’d say he’s a man who would learn by mistakes. Am I right?”

Kerry seemed amused to be consulted. “Yes, that’s true in most areas. He’s extraordinarily practical, but I’m not sure about this one. He wants so much for it to succeed it could blind him.”

“As I said, let’s hope it will and the problem won’t arise.” Jim had decided how to play it: friendly but not servile, discreet but not what the Americans called tight-assed. He would always repeat pleasantly to Patrick any conversation he had with the son. With Kerry you’d need to cover your back (Maeve Binchy. Firefly Summer. NY: Dell Publishing, 1988).

5. When he had been in Montana for less than a month and things were going very poor indeed, he stumbled on his great discovery. He had lost his way when riding in the hills, and after a day without food he began to grow hungry. As he was without his rifle, he was forced to pursue a squirrel, and in the course of the pursuit he noticed that he was carrying something shiny in its mouth. Just before it vanished into its hole – for Providence did not intend that this squirrel should alleviate his hunger – it dropped its burden. In ten seconds he had completely lost his appetite and gained one hundred thousand dollars. The squirrel which had refused with annoying persistence to become food, had made him a present of a large and perfect diamond (F.Scott Fitzgerald. The Diamond as Big as the Ritz and Other Stories. London: Penguin Books, 1996).