

Polysyndeton = a form of PARATAXIS in which sentences, clauses, phrases, or words in coordinate constructions are linked by coordinate conjunctions.

Qu

Parataxis = An arrangement of sentences, clauses, phrases, or words in coordinate rather than subordinate constructions, often w/out connectives (example Julius Caesar's "I came, I saw, I conquered") or w/ coordinate conjunctions as in Hemingway's or Whitman's extensive use of "and" as a connective. Read the following short story carefully. Then write a literary techniques to characterize Rachel.

EL

- 2. Contractions - Same as #1
- 3. Point of view - 2nd person - you same as #1 + #2.
- 4. Polysyndeton - Repetition of conjunction "and" Reinforces R's simplistic thinking - also emphasizes tone + point.

(1) Diction - appropriate for 11yr. old

1. (What they don't understand) about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when

line (5)

you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are — (underneath the year) that makes you eleven.

(5) Metaphor - suggests years are layers of covering, concealment, etc.

alliteration - Establishes Tone

2) Diction - Appropriate Term? Is Rachel from a culture who would call mother this term?

3) anacoluthon - emotional effect

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five.

8 (15) (And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry) like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

1) Simile - Suggests Rachel's complexity - she is sophisticated intellectually. (20)

10) Metaphor doll = year → suggests aging process also R. a complex thinker!

9. [Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other] each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

II.

11. fragment - R's immaturity again

2) Oxymoron - Reinforces Rachel's mix of simple/complex

(25)

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel: smart eleven not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

32.

you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve (That's the way it is.)

Verisimilitude - "Believe me." "I know"

Verb tense: R. narrates entire piece in present tense. suggests immediacy, enduring image, Her Keen memory, simplicity.

Simile: Appropriate. R. thinks in terms of 'pennies' children collect items in band aid box - pennies would 'rattle' in box a stretch - bandaid = wound, bleed?

aural imagery - Feeling of hollowness, lack of readiness, emptiness?

Symbol: Suggests human life span - R. equates age, wisdom - But she does say insightful things.

Commasplice - syntax - R. lack of control of grammar.

pun, symbol, unusual image: obvious introduction of major thematic elements in piece, "price"?? ie R. to pay?

Dialogue: Here and beyond dialogue evokes atmosphere of classroom; R's memory suggests event remains large in her mind.

Symbol: Time reference adds to symbolic value/meaning of sweater.

negation: arguing by negation - Childish

(negate = to make ineffective or invalid To Deny negation = The act of negating a negative statement)

14. Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a tin Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two (instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth.

"Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the class to see.

"Whose? It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month."

"Not mine," says everybody, "Not me."

"It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying but nobody can remember. It's an ugly sweater

23) Details, images, simile:
Perfect... only a child would
imagine these details,
use of sweater as a jamprae;
R's immaturity.

24) Hyperbole: R's exaggeration =
immaturity; image suggests
R = every woman; is this
universal experience??

25) Alliteration: see #6
s-alliteration again creates
tone; snake-like hissing = hate
(Allusion - Sylvia - sylvan)
forests, woods

26) Repetition: see #22

27) Anacoluthon or Parataxis
Rhetorically effective:
paints R as emotionally charged

28) Symbol: Suggests R. sees
conflict in terms of power:
develops Price as symbol

29) Repetition: R's emotions here
number images: logic (Mrs. Price)
vs emotions. evokes conflict,
theme?

30) Repetition: see line 12 - R
understands self as made of
parts -> Complex

32) Capitalization: R's sense
of irony... she's not
happy.

33) Simile: Further develops
symbolism of sweater...
exaggeration... obstacle

34) Symbol: R's attempt to measure
see #30?

35) Anaphora } Emphasizes R's
Repetition } denial, rejection
of sweater (symbol)

with ²³red plastic buttons and a collar and sleeves all
stretched out like you could use it for a jump rope) It's
[²⁴maybe a thousand years] old and even if it belonged to
me I wouldn't say so.

Maybe because I'm skinny, maybe because she
doesn't like me, that ²⁵stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, "I
think it belongs to Rachel." An ugly sweater like that
all raggedy and old, but Mrs. Price believes her. Mrs
Price takes the sweater and puts it right on my desk,
but when I open my mouth nothing comes out.

²⁷[That's not, I don't, you're not... ²⁶Not mine.] I
finally say in a little voice that was maybe me when I
was four.

"Of course it's yours," Mrs. Price says. "I remember
you wearing it once." ²⁸Because she's older and the
teacher, she's right and I'm not.

²⁹(Not mine, not mine, not mine) but Mrs. Price is
already turning to ³⁰page thirty-two, and math problem
number four. I don't know why but all of a sudden I'm
feeling sick inside, ³¹like the part of me that's three
wants to come out of my eyes, only I squeeze them
shut tight and bite down on my teeth real hard and try
to remember today I am eleven, eleven. Mama is
making a cake for me for tonight, and when Papa
comes home everybody will sing ³²Happy birthday,
happy birthday to you.

But when the sick feeling goes away and I open my
³³eyes, the red sweater's still sitting there (like a big red
mountain) I move the red sweater to the corner of my
desk ³⁴with my ruler. I move my pencil and books and
eraser as far from it as possible. I even move my chair
a little to the right. ³⁵[Not mine. not mine. not mine.]

³⁵In my head I'm thinking how long till lunchtime,
how long till I can take the red sweater and throw it

Anaphora = One of the devices in repetition, in which the same expression
(word or words) is repeated at the beginning of 2 or more
lines, clauses, or sentences.

Symbol: Suggests sweater belongs outside safe area ... in woods? Sylvia?
 37] Symbol: Another measurement image ... like ruler? Just a coincidence? meter = stop on road of life? Covering up the logical Mrs. Price? (180)

8] Grammar/Syntax: R's poor grammar = Her frustration, immaturity? (185)

9] Diction: Childish (185)
 10] Simile, Symbol: Striking image... why this? Suggests flowing red waterfall liqued.

11] Symbol: R must wear identity... pay price ... line develops sweater, Mrs. P as symbols, R. as victim. (191)

12] Repetition / Enumeration: R. sees self as container again... insists on countdown... wants to move backward in time... return to youth... anticipates "uama Pappa" images near end. (195)

13] metaphor personification: Complex image. R. as poet, artist... years = tears? Tears that push, tears she cannot control. (1100)

14] Olfactory image: fine reflection of R's childishness; why "cottage cheese" smell? Appeal to senses... R's keen senses?

15] Allusion: Christ image? R. as victim, martyr? Extension of Symbolism of sweater?

16] tactile image: R's rejection of sweater, symbolism

17] polysyndeton: R's heightened emotional state, panic not just simplistic character

(over the schoolyard fence) or leave it ³⁷ [hanging on a parking meter] or bunch it up into a little ball and toss it in the alley. Except when math period ends Mrs. ³⁸ Price says loud and in front of everybody, "Now, Rachel, that's enough," because she sees I've shoved the red sweater to the ³⁹ (tippy-tip corner) ⁴⁰ of my desk and it's hanging all over the edge (like a waterfall) but I don't care.

"Rachel," Mrs. Price says. She says it like she's getting mad. [You ⁴¹ put that sweater on right now and no more nonsense.]

"But it's not —"

"Now!" Mrs. Price says.

This is when I wish I wasn't eleven because all the ⁴³ (years inside of me — ⁴² ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one — are pushing at the back of my eyes) when I put one arm through one sleeve of the sweater that ⁴⁴ smells like cottage cheese, and then the other arm through the other and ⁴⁵ stand there with my arms apart like if the sweater hurts me and it does, all itchy and full of germs ⁴⁶ that aren't even mine.

That's when everything I've been holding in since this morning, since when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk, finally lets go, and all of a sudden I'm crying in front of everybody. I wish I was invisible but I'm not. I'm eleven ⁴⁷ (and) it's my birthday today ⁴⁸ (and) I'm

17) Repetition: Repeated use of this adjective = R's immaturity; tore here of panic, lack of control (105)

49) Metaphor: R's self image weakening; feels foolish... sweater as clown garb.

30) Images: R losing control (110)

31) Simile: Both similes derive from child's experience... suggests lack of control, physical sensation, pain?

32) Repetition: R's sarcasm vs Diction Classmate (115) She disrespects; juvenile response.

3 Allusion name significance } interesting... Phyllis = love Recall "Sylvia" - Lopez claims sweater w/ its symbolic connotations. (120)

54) Contrast: Home setting... R. wishes to return to innocence (Mama, Papa, etc) but "it's too late." "Happy" in caps again.

35) Reversal: Reverses word order from preceding ¶. "Today, I'm 11" reinforces yearning for past? Anticipates countdown again.

36) Repetition: R. ends w/ wish to return to early days... or move beyond the angst of adolescence to life's end?

37) Simile: Additional childish images... Children often let go of balloons = tragedy? good image from R here... balloon

38) Diction Childish "Tippy-tip"

crying like I'm three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid (clown-sweater arms) My face all hot and spit coming out of my mouth because I can't stop the little animal noises from coming out of me until there aren't any more tears left in my eyes, and it's just my body shaking like when you have the hiccups, and my whole head hurts like when you drink milk too fast.

But the worst part is right before the bell rings for lunch. That stupid Phyllis Lopez, who is even dumber than Sylvia Saldivar, says she remembers the red sweater is hers! I take it off right away and give it to her, only Mrs. Price pretends like everything's okay.

Today I'm eleven. There's a cake Mama's making for tonight and when Papa comes home from work we'll eat it. There'll be candles and presents and everybody will sing Happy birthday, happy birthday to you, Rachel, only it's too late.

I'm eleven today. I'm eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and one, but I wish I was one hundred and two. I wish I was anything but eleven, because I want today to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon like a tiny one in the sky, so tiny tiny (you have to close your eyes to see it.)

for past? Anticipates countdown again.

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(59) Paradox: Close eyes = darkness? of womb? image of death? Child's imagination; echoes "invisible" of line 101.

