Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Period \_\_\_\_

**SCAFFOLDED LITERARY DEVICES SCAVENGER HUNT**

The following literary devices are either review terms or brand new terms. ☺

**LITERARY DEVICES & TERMS**

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| **simile** |  a comparison of two different things using “like” or “as” |
| **metaphor** | a direct comparison of two different things |
| **personification** | when a non-living object or animal is spoken of as though it is a person |
| **flashback** | the interruption of present-tense action to reveal a scene that took place at an earlier time |
| **foreshadowing** | hints or clues that suggest future events in a story |
| **mood** | the feeling the author’s words create for the audience; the reader’s response |
| **hyperbole** | an exaggeration for purposeful effect, it is not to be taken literally |
| **allusion** | the writer or speaker refers either directly or indirectly to a person, event, or thing in history or to a work of art, literature, or event popular culture |
| **irony** | when the outcome is the opposite of what is expected in a surprising, sad, or humorous contradictory way; an unexpected twist |
| **parallel structure** | the repetition of the same *or similar* pattern of words or phrases within a sentence or passage to emphasize that ideas have the same level of importance or are connected thematically; also called “parallelism” |
| **imagery** | descriptive language that appeals to the reader’s senses of touch, smell, sound, taste, and/or sight |
| **interior monologue** | writing that presents a character's inner invisible thoughts and emotions as they occur at a specific moment within the story |
| **theme** | a statement about life and human nature that can be inferred from the events and outcomes of a story; often just a meaningful observation about life |
| **rhetorical fragment** | the purposeful use of a sentence fragment (incomplete sentence) for an effect such as creating suspense, provoking a reaction, persuading, or emphasizing |
| **inversion** | also known as *anastrophe*, is a literary technique in which the normal order of words is reversed in order to achieve a particular effect of emphasis |

**After reading and considering the definitions, read each of the following passages and**

1. **identify each passage of text with the literary term or terms that best match it**
2. **highlight, circle, or underline the specific example(s) of the term within the passage**
3. **write an explanation of how the example(s) you found match the definition of the literary device(s)**

**Passage 1**

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| excerpt from Chapter 20 of *The Schwa Was Here* (pp. 204-205) The way I see it, truth only looks good when you’re looking at it from far away. It’s kind of like that beautiful girl you see on the street when you’re riding past in the bus, because beautiful people never ride the bus—at least not when I’m on it. Usually I get the people with so much hair in their nose, it looks like they’re growing sea urchins in there—or those women with gray hair all teased out so you can see their scalp underneath, making me wonder if I blew on their hair, would it all fly away like dandelion seeds? So you’re sitting on the bus and you look out through the dandelion heads, and there she is, this amazing girl walking by on the street, and you think if you could only get off this stupid bus and introduce yourself to her, your life would change. The thing is, she’s not as perfect as you think, and if you ever got off the bus to introduce yourself, you’d find out she’s got a fake tooth that’s turning a little bit green, breath like a racehorse, and a zit on her forehead that keeps drawing your eyes toward it like a black hole. This girl is truth. She’s not so pretty, not so nice. But then, once you get know her, all that stuff doesn’t seem to matter. Except maybe for the breath, but that’s why there’s Altoids. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 2**

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| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 3**

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|  At the entrance [to Mammoth Cave] you have the light of day, and you look fairly in the face of this underground monster, yea, into his open mouth, which has a span of fifty feet or more, and down into his contracting throat, where a man can barely stand upright, and where the light fades and darkness begins. As you come down the hill through the woods from the hotel, you see no sign of the cave till you emerge into a small opening where the grass grows and the sunshine falls, when you turn slightly to the right, and there at your feet yawns this terrible pit; and you feel indeed as if the mountain had opened its mouth and was lying in wait to swallow you down, as a whale might swallow a shrimp.(excerpt from ["In Mammoth Cave"](http://grammar.about.com/od/classicessays/a/mammothcave.htm) by John Burroughs - 1894) |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 4**

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| **These Little Ones**Tiny fingers diveinto warm, white sand,splash handfuls of itinto red pails.Then they pat and patsmooth, round cakes.“Baker’s man,”they sing, theirvoices high and sweet aspeppermints in the golden air.They are studiousat their play,these little ones.Two small heads bent down,a breeze waves dampbrown ringlets abouttheir rosy cheeks.The honeyed scentof lilac driftsthrough green leaves. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 5**

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| excerpt from *Tangerine* by Edward Bloor (p. 131) Mom thought for a minute. “So Erik did something that helped to win the game.” “Most definitely,” Dad said. “It’s not something that shows up in the stats in the newspaper. It’s not something people will remember. But it helped win the game.” I thought to myself, *Not remember? You’ve got to be kidding. Erik’s flying banana-peel back-flop in the mud is the one thing about this game that* ***everybody*** *is going to remember.*Dad continued talking in this manner throughout dinner, pounding home his theme to Erik—that Erik had contributed big-time to the victory, that Erik had actually made the victory possible by being the decoy… |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 6**

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| excerpt from *The Outsiders* by SE Hinton (p. 31)…And I don’t like to talk about it either—Johnny getting beat up, I mean. But I started in, talking a little faster than I usually do because I don’t like to think about it either.It was almost four months ago. I had walked down to the DX station to get a bottle of pop and to see Steve and Soda, because they’ll always buy me a couple of bottles and let me help work on the cars. I don’t like to go on weekends because then there is usually a bunch of girls down there flirting with Soda—all kinds of girls… It was a warmish spring day with the sun shining bright, but it was getting chilly and dark by the time we started for home. We were walking because we had left Steve’s car at the station. At the corner of our block there’s a wide, open field where we play football and hang out, and it’s often a site for rumbles and fist fights. We were passing it, kicking rocks down the street and finishing our last bottle of Pepsi, when Steve noticed something lying on the ground. He picked it up. It was Johnny’s blue-jeans jacket—the only jacket he had. “Looks like Johnny forgot his jacket,” Steve said, slinging it over his shoulder to take it by Johnny’s house. Suddenly he stopped and examined it more carefully. There was a stain the color of rust across the collar. He looked at the ground. There were some more stains on the grass. He looked up and across the field with a stricken expression on his face. I think we all heard the low moan and saw the dark motionless hump on the other side of the lot at the same time… |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 7**

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| excerpt from *Stargirl* by Jerry Spinelli (p. 14) In time “Hillari’s Hypothesis” (so called by Kevin) about Stargirl’s origins gave way to other theories. She was trying to get herself discovered for the movies. She was sniffing fumes. She was homeschooling gone amok. She was an alien. The rat she brought to school was only the tip of the iceberg. She had hundreds of them at home, some as big as cats. She lived in a ghost town in the desert. She lived in a bus. Her parents were circus acrobats. Her parents were witches. Her parents were brain-dead vegetables in a hospital in Yuma. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 8**

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| excerpt from *The Schwa Was Here* by Neal Shusterman (pp. 73-74)“Maybe she’s like the Elephant Man.” Howie, Ira, and I hung out in my unfinished basement later that night, for the first time in a few weeks. We didn’t find much to say to one another, so we resorted to our old standby, playing video games. Our current choice was “Three Fisted Fury,” in which steroid-pumped opponents, having been exposed to radiation, have grown more than the usual number of arms must battle for ultimate dominance of the world. You know—just like the movie. It was Howie who suggested the Elephant Man theory. We had all been trying to figure out what condition Crawley’s granddaughter suffered from that was bad enough for him to pay me to spend time with her. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 9**

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| excerpt from *Tangerine* by Edward Bloor (pp. 21-22)…There will be no football glory in Mike Costello’s future. But does Mike, or his father, really care? They certainly don’t care the way dad and Erik do. Dad told them he graduated from Ohio State. But he added that he always regretted not being big enough to play football there. Mike’s dad told us that he graduated from FSU, and from FSU’s School of Law. He didn’t add that he regretted anything. Both Costello’s seemed to be impressed by Erik. They both asked about his high school exploits back in Houston. They both admired the gold varsity ring on his hand. Dad boasted that Erik was the only sophomore in his high school to ever receive one. Erik was as phony as he needed to be. He asked some questions about Lake Windsor High’s student government, and about its National Honor Society. He asked about early-acceptance programs at different universities in Florida. Mike told us that he had already been accepted into FSU’s School of Engineering, so I don’t think he’s too worried about his future in football, or anything else. Actually, he seems a pretty decent guy, for a football player. But who knows? He’s bound to change, in one way or another, once he gets caught up inside the Erik Fisher Football Dream. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 10**

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| excerpt from *Buried Onions* by Gary Soto (pp. 29-30) When I left my apartment, I was skipping like a kid. I hurried over to the front but almost dropped to my knees when I saw that the Toyota truck was gone. In its place was a vapor that could have been heat or onion. I scanned the street, chest already heaving, and looked wildly about. “Dang! I was only gone a second!” I whispered. I ran down to the corner and looked left, then right. The Toyota was moving quickly down the street with my refrigerator in the back. I couldn’t tell who was driving but it was a dude, his arm on the edge of the window—he was already comfortable with his new machine. I pictured him adjusting the level of the radio and feeling for stuff in the glove compartment—Bic pens and pencils, a flashlight, electrical tape, fuses, and fistfuls of matches. I pictured the thief finding a plastic box of Tic Tacs and throwing them down his throat. There was no way to catch the truck, no way to call back those few moments I stood in front of the bathroom mirror combing my hair. I pulled on my hair, yanked it until it was a black torch standing straight up. Hopeless air left my lungs as I screamed, “You stupid bum!” I walked back slowly to the front yard of my apartment. I stood on the lawn, where a sparrow was in search of his wormy pay. I pushed my hands into my pockets and brought out the car keys on a plastic four-leaf clover. “Yeah, right,” I said to the clover. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 11**

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| excerpt from “Flushie” by Neal Shusterman in *Darkness Creeping* (pp. 125-125) *Grrissshhh!* Water gushed in Duncan’s face like a great flood—not from a tank, but straight from the water pipes built into the walls of the old school bathroom. The newer restroom in the science wing had more water-efficient toilets, but when you needed to deliver someone a really good flush, the first-floor boys room was the best place to do it. “Flush!” ordered Brett. *Grrissshhh!* The water swirled around Duncan’s head—colder this time, coming from deeper in the pipes. Duncan could no longer hold his breath. He opened his mouth to take a gasp of air, but mostly he got a mouthful of water. It was the same lousy-tasting water that bubbled out of the faucet and water fountains around school, but telling himself that didn’t make Duncan feel any better. “Flush!” commanded Brett. Nate stomped on the lever a third time. Grrissshh! The water exploded in his face again, and at last the three flushmasters were satisfied. The water found its level in the bowl, and Brett lifted Duncan’s head from the toilet by his sopping-wet hair. Humiliated, Duncan stumbled to a dusty corner of the bathroom and slid to the floor like a rag doll. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 12**

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| **Appetite**In a house the size of a postage stamplived a man as big as a barge.His mouth could drink the entire riverYou could say it was rather largeFor dinner he would eat a trillion beansAnd a silo full of grain,Washed it down with a tanker of milkAs if he were a drain. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 13**

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| excerpt from *Wonder* by RJ Palacio (p. 204) miranda’s words keep coming back: the universe was not kind to auggie pullman. i’m thinking about that a lot and everything it means. she’s right about that. the universe was not kind to auggie pullman. what did that little kid ever do to deserve his sentence? what did the parents do? or olivia? she once mentioned that some doctor told her parents that the odds of someone getting the same combination of syndromes that came together to make auggie’s face were like one in four million. so doesn’t that make the universe a giant lottery, then? you purchase a ticket when you’re born. and it’s all just random whether you get a good ticket or a bad ticket. it’s all just luck. my head swirls on this, but then softer thoughts soothe, like a flatted third on a major chord. no, no, it’s not all random, if it really was all random, the universe would abandon us completely. and the universe doesn’t. it takes care of its most fragile creations in ways we can’t see. like with parents who adore you blindly. and a big sister who feels guilty for being human over you. and a little gravelly-voiced kid whose friends have left him over you. and even a pink-haired girl who carries your picture in her wallet. maybe it is a lottery, but the universe makes it all even out in the end. the universe takes care of all its birds. |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 14**

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|  I glanced aloft. To climb higher I now had to edge myself out upon the trestletree and then once again move up the next set of ratlines as I’d done before. But at twice the height! …Inch by inch I continued up. Half an inch! Quarter inches! But then at last with trembling fingers, I touched the spar of the royal yard. I had reached the top!(excerpt from *The True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle* by Avi) |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |

**Passage 15**

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|  I was baffled. My mother was telling me to fight, a thing that she had never done before.  “But I’m scared,” I said.  “Don’t you come into this house until you’ve gotten those groceries,” she said.  “They’ll beat me; they’ll beat me,” I said.  “Then stay in the streets; don’t come back here!”  I ran up the steps and tried to force my way past her into the house. A stinging slap came on my jaw. I stood on the sidewalk, crying. (excerpt from ["The Rights to the Streets of Memphis"](http://grammar.about.com/od/classicessays/a/mammothcave.htm) by Richard Wright) |
| Literary Device: |
| Explanation: |