

Skill Builder - Level One Analysis

Complete the table, and colour code your analysis in the following way:

Authorial Choice

Effect

How the effect is created

Text	Level One Analysis	
	Identify <i>What's the name of the choice that you're going to analyse?</i>	Analyse <i>Complete Level One analysis for the choice that you've identified. Don't forget to include the choice, the effect and explain how the effect is created by the choice.</i>
"She was a thief. She took people's pain and made it her own to describe however she liked. She stole as much as I did—she stole from me. Back in college, she—" I choke. My nose stings, and I clamp my mouth shut. I've never told this story to anyone else before. If I keep talking, I'll burst into sobs.	A.	A.
Athena always thought that what she did was a gift. A distillation of trauma into something eternal. Give me your bruises and hurts, she told us, and I will return to you a diamond. Only she never cared that	A.	A.

once the art was made, once the personal became spectacle, the pain was still there.		
Without Athena, who am I?	A.	A.
What's more, Geoff is one of the few people on earth who also understands the unique pain of trying to love Athena Liu. The futility of it all. Like Echo looking at Narcissus. Like Icarus, hurtling straight at the sun, just to feel its warmth on his skin.	A.	A.
Athena's ghost has wormed its way into my every waking moment.	A.	A.
I don't feel better. I feel like a meme of a clueless white person.	A.	A.
My terror will become my readers' terror. I will take my fugue state of delirious panic and compost it into a fertile bed of creativity—for aren't all the best novels borne from some madness, which is borne from truth?	A.	A.
I stare at my screen for hours, trying out various endings, hoping to find one that will please Athena. The ghost devours me whole. The ghost rips me apart limb from limb and	A.	A.

bathes in my blood. The ghost sinks into my body and takes over my life for my remaining years as reparations. The ghost impels me to suicide, and I join her in the underworld: two miserable souls without justice.		
I won't just go back to square zero. I'll be sentenced to both literary and social hell.	A.	A.
I can feel my heartbeat in my throat. My face feels terribly hot, tight; my head dizzy. Reality is careening away from me, and I'm only hanging on by a thread.	A.	A.
Candice's words spill out of her, a hornet's nest of spite. She talks like she's been keeping this bubbled inside for years, like if she doesn't get it all out she'll explode.	A.	A.
I throw myself at Candice's waist. Attack the center of gravity—I read that in a Tumblr post once; if someone attacks you on the street, go for their gut and their legs. Unbalance them; knock them to the floor. Then go for something that will hurt. Candice is hardly some hulking, six-foot predator. She's so tiny. Asian women are all so tiny. I sometimes looked at Athena and imagined someone easily scooping	A.	A.

her up by the waist. She, and Candice, are like little porcelain dolls—how hard could they be to break?