## **ANALYSIS: QUICK PRACTICE**

Analysis needs to become automatic. This will happen with time and practice; so, to improve your automatic analytical skills, it is a good idea to time yourself and see if you can finish an analysis within a time-frame. Use this 10-minute timer and aim to finish within the time!

Remember to think about the central question within Language Arts and Cultural Criticism:

How do the effects of authorial choices shape meaning in a way that impacts the text as a whole, and what is the significance of this in relation to my focus?

Level One - Specific details

Level Two - Character, Setting, Tone, Mood, Symbol

Level Three - Thematic Criticism, Sociohistorical Criticism, Criticism of Representation (Feminist/Marxist/Race)

## Copy and paste a section worthy of analysis:

"Then what happened?"

"I said come here, nigger, and bust up this chiffarobe for me, I gotta nickel for you. He coulda done it easy enough, he could. So he come in the yard an' I went in the house to get him the nickel and I turned around an 'fore I knew it he was on me. Just run up behind me, he did. He got me round the neck, cussin' me an' sayin' dirt—I fought'n'hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin an' agin—"

Mr. Gilmer waited for Mayella to collect herself: she had twisted her handkerchief into a sweaty rope; when she opened it to wipe her face it was a mass of creases from her hot hands. She waited for Mr. Gilmer to ask another question, but when he didn't, she said, "-he chunked me on the floor an' choked me'n took advantage of me."

"Did you scream?" asked Mr. Gilmer. "Did you scream and fight back?"

"Reckon I did, hollered for all I was worth, kicked and hollered loud as I could."

"Then what happened?"

"I don't remember too good, but next thing I knew Papa was in the room a'standing over me hollerin' who done it, who done it? Then I sorta fainted an' the next thing I knew Mr. Tate was pullin' me up offa the floor and leadin' me to the water bucket."

Apparently Mayella's recital had given her confidence, but it was not her father's brash kind: there was something stealthy about hers, like a steady-eyed cat with a twitchy tail.

	"You say you fought him off as hard as you could? Fought him tooth and nail?" asked Mr. Gilmer.
	"I positively did," Mayella echoed her father.
	"You are positive that he took full advantage of you?"
	Mayella's face contorted, and I was afraid that she would cry again. Instead, she said, "He done what he was after."
	Mr. Gilmer called attention to the hot day by wiping his head with his hand.
	"That's all for the time being," he said pleasantly, "but you stay there. I expect big bad Mr. Finch has some questions to ask you."
Level 1: Choices & Effects	
Level 2: Impact	
Level 3: Significance	