Write a paragraph (500 words maximum) analysing the extract below. Use the model provided in the link, "Recipe for Analysis." Be sure to include at least three specific references to the text, properly introduced and contextualised.

**From Katherine Mansfield, "Bliss":**

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at - nothing - at nothing, simply.

     What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly by a feeling of bliss - absolute bliss! - as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? ...

     Oh, is there no way you can express it without being "drunk and disorderly"? How idiotic civilisation is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

     "No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean," she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key - she'd forgotten it, as usual - and rattling the letter-box. "It's not what I mean, because - Thank you, Mary" - she went into the hall. "Is nurse back?"

     "Yes, M'm."

     "And has the fruit come?"

     "Yes, M'm. Everything's come."

     "Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs."

     It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

     But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place - that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror - but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something ... divine to happen ... that she knew must happen ... infallibly.