



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI

Topic- Writer's Effect

GRADE –IX WORK SHEET-3

Date-24-3-2020

Passage A: Badluck Way, Sun Ranch

The narrator recounts his year working on the remote Sun Ranch in southwest Montana, living the life of a modern day cowboy and learning more about himself and the land.

When the sun dropped behind the highest ridge of Gravelly Range, I sat on my front porch watching daylight quit the valley. In April, at three thousand metres, night came quickly. Once the sun winked out of sight, the day's hard, pale light and meagre heat poured across the western horizon in a torrent. Warm colours went first and fastest, balling up in an eddy of red, orange and ochre before slipping from view. I imagined those hues flowing across The Gravelles to glint on the small-town storefronts of Twin Bridges and reflect in the slow oxbow lakes of Beaverhead River. I pictured them gaining speed as they fled westward, skipping like stones across mountains, valleys, mountains and on to the sea.

I was alone in the cold crystalline night, thirty kilometres from a town of any consequence, staring out across the seldom-travelled gravel path that we on Sun Ranch called Badluck Way. The failing light made it easy to remember the land as it had looked in the summer. In my mind's eye the land glowed golden under a late July sun. Tall, drying bunch grass bent against the wind and fed the ranch's vast herds of cattle. Above it all wolves, grizzlies and other wild creatures made endless, inscrutable loops across the ridges and valleys.

The bustle and toil of life in August – long days on horseback and barbed wire fence work – had raised a thick network of scabs and scars on my hands. Some of the scars remained but they were the least of the high season's wounds. Staring into the darkness beyond Badluck Way, I returned to the moments that had demanded violence of me. Alone in the dark, I threw old punches again and set my finger against the rifle's trigger once more.

After one year on Sun Ranch, a year of work, sweat and hard choices, I was thinking about leaving. Dwindling snowdrifts dotted the landscape, some sculpted by the wind, others the consequence of my winter ploughing.

My house on Badluck Way was a log cabin designed by an architect who'd never intended to live in it. He'd drawn cramped rooms, sparse light fixtures and a drafty brick fireplace that kept the place cold no matter how much wood was burning. Living there, I'd come to hate the crevices between the wall logs. They gobbled incandescent light like candy and soaked up most of the glow from the cabin's two small windows. Neatly joined, a good log wall can be a masterpiece. My walls were sieves. On clear days, the rooms were flecked with glowing slivers of sunlight. During storms, the wind hissed in.

In Spring, when the world began to thaw and the weather allowed, I ate dinner on the front porch – a concrete slab kept sunless by an over-hanging roof. Deer, elk or hamburger from town went on to the grill of my little barbecue. When the meat was ready, I ate leaning forward to catch the heat rising from the coals. Most of the time I stayed comfortable on the porch because the house blocked everything except a straight north wind.

One way to explain how I got to Sun Ranch is that ever since I can remember I've been obsessed with the West. I grew up in Seattle, the son of a professional photographer and art director. Our first family visit to a ranch, when I was seven years old, lasted only a couple of days. We pulled spotted knapweed and helped move a few cows on horseback. My mother photographed every disintegrated outbuilding she could find. My father must have had a touch of my own mania, since on returning to his work running the university's art museum, he organised a show called 'The Myth of the West'.

At eighteen, I sat down in front of my parents' computer to look for a job. I couldn't put the idea of ranching from my mind. Beneath a hypnotic magazine article about Sun Ranch, its surroundings and

its commitment to conservation, I found a job advertisement for a position beginning early that summer. The job title was 'Assistant Grazing Technician/Livestock Manager'. Of the qualities listed for successful applicants most were unremarkable, but the last three were different. I read them slowly and more than once: common sense, adaptability and gumption.

Notes

Writer's effect answers should explain how the writer uses language to convey meaning and to create effect in these paragraphs. Choose three examples of words or phrases from each paragraph to support your answer. Your choices should include the use of imagery. There has to be an overview.

Question 1

Re-read the descriptions of:

- (a) The sun setting and the light in paragraph 1, beginning, 'When the sun dropped ...'
- (b) The log cabin in paragraph 5, beginning, 'My house on Badluck Way ...'

Select four powerful words or phrases from each paragraph. Your choices should include imagery. Explain how each word or phrase selected is used effectively in the context.

Write about 200 to 300 words.

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answer