



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI

Topic- WRITER'S EFFECT

GRADE –IX

WORK SHEET-2

Writer's Effect Notes

Writer's effect answers should explain how the writer has used language to convey meaning and to have created the effects 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.

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Question 1**

Passage A

This is a fragment from an autobiography in which the writer, then aged 17, remembers a time when new neighbours moved into the house next door.

In October, the Riveras moved out of the house next door to us. They had been like our extended family and, as mothers said tearful goodbyes, the brood of Rivera children jostled for position on the back seat, bodies contorting to see us for the last time. Their faces froze with panic when their mother's car door slammed, the engine purred, and took them out of our lives forever. We all knew it was the end of something special, something good. Next door the now empty house shifted, groaned and settled in the quiet night.

In the still twilight of the morning, mother woke us up with tantalising aromas of baking. There would be a cake to give to our new neighbours. Although the sadness of the previous day lingered, there was also a tickle of excitement about meeting new friends today.

Suddenly there was a squeal of brakes and an almighty bang exploded in the street outside. We rushed to see what had caused it. The morning air was now thick with dark plumes of exhaust clouds blowing, cartoon style, out of the back of a wreck of a van. An irate, hairy little man jumped out of the driver's seat and danced around the back of it to give it a good kick. Then he opened the passenger door to release two lanky teenage boys dressed in faded T-shirts and dirty, torn jeans. These surly boys, their skin seeped in the grey pallor of neglect, punched and slapped each other as they made a dash for the empty house next door.

That day signalled the demise of peace and quiet, the ruination of one of the most pleasant and tidy gardens in the avenue, and a rush of 'For Sale' notices in the vicinity.

We watched spellbound that first day as the contents of the battered van were unloaded and then heaped into the middle of the lawn. Strangely, there were fewer items taken inside the house than the assortment of tools and garden junk that was left outside. Although the boys

looked like strangers to a decent meal, they had been completely indulged when it came to play stations, stereo systems with speakers the size of wardrobes, an identical pair of drum kits, amps and electric bass guitars. They ignored our wan smiles and limp waves as we retreated back into the warmth of our home, where it was safe and quiet, for now.

It was ominously quiet for the next couple of days. However, on the third day, in what seemed like a dawn raid, all three were back with enough weaponry to defeat a small country. A huge cement mixer, churning up the lawn, was accompanied by pneumatic drills, steel rods and bags of sand. The noise was intolerable. Mother marched briskly round to 'have a word', only to retreat, upset and pale, five minutes later. Over the weeks, as the drilling and noise increased, mother took to her bed, getting up only to make us an occasional meal and to take yet another little yellow pill.

That winter we all felt trapped, twitchy with anger yet resigned without mother to take charge. Other neighbours, who usually said 'Hello' or enquired about our well-being, now passed by on the other side of the street. Our miserable faces didn't endear us to anyone, lack of sleep held us back at school, but the main cause of our concern was mother.

Suddenly, one Saturday in spring, we realised that there was a new sound from next door: silence. The covers hiding the cause of the noise had gone and the true scale of the new 'development' was revealed. Pride of place was a murky pond, deep and dark, with globules of cement fashioned into lumps around its edge. From its depths a pump struggled to make the scummy surface move. The sheer amount of gaudy, plastic, aquatic creatures surrounding, or indeed on top of the water, resembled the fantasy lands in little children's television programmes. Large, green alligators with lolling tongues and distorted fangs, and lopsided fuchsia flamingos up to their knobbly knees in concrete, basked in the early sunlight amidst tubs of plastic plants placed randomly on an uneven cement floor. As a light wind eddied down the avenue, the 'garden' sang: a cacophony of high pitched whining from the manic spinning windmills and a jangling of steel from the wind chimes.

The little children shrieked and laughed and even I realised that I was smiling. Looking around I saw mother in her dressing gown gaping at this spectacle. As though in some zombie film, other neighbours slowly approached, curious but then enraged. They then began talking all at once and, craning their necks to get a better view, each became more incensed than the other until the rallying cry of 'They have gone too far!' was heard.

QUESTION 1

Re-read the descriptions of:

(a) the arrival of the new family in paragraph 3 ("Suddenly there was a squeal ... house next door.");

(b) the new 'garden' in paragraph 8 ("Suddenly, one Saturday ... wind chimes.").

Select words and phrases from these descriptions, and explain how the writer has created effects by using this language.

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.

Write about 200 to 300 words.

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