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I Spy

As I began to intricately dissect Mark Zusak’s, The Book Thief , I noticed that concealed between the lines – simply black and white to the naked eye – were vivid passages, bursting at the seams with complexity and passion. Following the five hundred and thirty-sixth flip of a page, Zusak begins tugging at your heartstrings as he writes: “She leaned down and looked at his lifeless face and Liesel kissed her best friend, Rudy Steiner, soft and true on his lips. He tasted dusty and sweet… It amazes me what humans can do, even when streams are flowing down their faces and they stagger on, coughing and searching, and finding.” The reader becomes mesmerized by the passage’s eloquent imagery. Zusak excellently portrays Liesel’s newly inherited love and passion for Rudy as, “… her lips were fleshy, and she leaned in once more, this time losing control and misjudging it. Their teeth collided on the demolished world of Himmel Street”. The relationship shared between Liesel and Rudy evolved from a young, tattered girl, shuttering at the thought of kissing *him,* to girl who’s aching heart endured a devastating loss. Also depicted within the rich imagery is \_\_\_ dismal atmosphere postwar. Throughout the text, the syntax, or sentence structure, is composed of a reoccurring use of vibrant adjectives. By establishing a scene, the reader is captivated, feeling as if they have entered a foreign realm. Mark Zusak’s array of vocabulary tends to possess a murky essence, “He tasted like regret in the shadows of trees and in the glow of the anarchist’s suit collection”, mimicking the passage’s unfortunate circumstance. Within every text is a deeper meaning, you just have to search for it.

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