

# Getting at Authors' Style

## Excerpt from *The Count of Monte Cristo* (pp. 11-12)

In one of the houses on the only street of this little village, a beautiful young girl, with jet-black hair and eyes as soft as those of a gazelle, was standing leaning against the wall. Before her sat a young man of about twenty, tilting his chair nervously and looking at her with a mixture of uneasiness and anger. His eyes were questioning her, but her firm, steadfast gaze dominated him.

"Listen, Mercedes," said the young man, "it's almost Easter again – a good time for a wedding. Give me an answer!"

"I've already answered you a hundred times, Fernand; you must be your own enemy to keep on asking me. I've never encouraged your hopes. I've always said to you, 'I love you like a brother, but never ask anything more of me because my heart belongs to someone else.' Haven't I always told you that, Fernand?"

"Yes, you've always been cruelly frank with me."

"Besides, why should you marry me, a poor orphan girl whose only fortune is a cabin that's falling into ruin?"

"I don't care how poor you are, Mercedes! I'd rather have you than the daughter of the proudest shipowner or the richest banker in Marseilles! All a man needs is an honorable wife and a good housekeeper. Where could I find anyone better than you in both respects?"

"Fernand," replied Mercedes, shaking her head, "a woman becomes a bad housekeeper and can't even guarantee to remain an honorable wife if she loves someone other than her husband. Be satisfied with my friendship: it's all I can promise you, and I never promise anything I'm not sure of being able to give."

Fernand stood up, paced back and forth for a few moments, then stopped in front of her, clenching his fists and scowling. "Tell me once more, Mercedes," he said, "is this your final answer?"

"I love Edmond Dantes," replied the girl coldly, "and no other man will ever be my husband."

"And will you always love him?"

"As long as I live."

Fernand bowed his head in despair and heaved a sigh which sounded like a groan. Then, suddenly looking up, he hissed between his teeth, "What if he dies?"

"If he dies, so will I."

"What if he forgets you?"

"Mercedes!" shouted a joyful voice outside the house.

"Ah!" cried the girl, blushing with happiness and love. "You see, he hasn't forgotten me! There he is now!" She ran to the door, opened it and called out, "Here I am, Edmond!" Fernand recoiled as though he had seen a snake, and sank down again into his chair.

Edmond and Mercedes fell into each other's arms. The fierce Marseilles sun shining in through the door covered them with a flood of light. At first they saw nothing around them; their overwhelming happiness isolated them from the rest of the world. Then Edmond suddenly became aware of a somber face glaring at him out of the shadows. Fernand had unconsciously put his hand to the handle of the knife in his belt.

How does the author use?

Give some **EXAMPLES** here:

<p><b>Sensory Images</b> Language that appeals to the 5 senses: Sight, Sound, Taste, Touch, Smell</p>	
<p><b>Figurative Language</b> Similes, Metaphors, Personification</p>	
<p><b>Vivid Verbs</b></p>	
<p><b>Awesome Adjectives</b></p>	
<p><b>Difficult Vocabulary</b></p>	
<p><b>Short sentences or Long sentences?</b></p>	
<p><b>Symbolism</b></p>	
<p><b>Parallelism</b> Repetition of words, phrases, or sentences that have the same grammatical structure or that state a similar idea</p>	
<p><b>Alliteration</b> Repetition of the same or similar consonant sounds in words that are close together</p>	