Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Class \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Dialectical Journal for “Eleven” by Sandra Cisneros

Read the following quotes in the left column. Then, write what type of literary device(s) are used in that passage in the center column (ex: anaphora, alliteration, simile, metaphor, allusion, symbolism, polysyndeton, etc) and mark it in the quote. On the right column, explain the significance/interpretation of the quote.

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| --- | --- | --- |
| **QUOTATION FROM STORY** | **LITERARY DEVICE(S) USED** | **SIGNIFICANCE/IMPORTANCE**  **(This shows . . . . )** |
| **“What they don’t understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is when you’re eleven, you’re also ten and nine and eight and seven and six and five and four and three and two and one.”** | **polysyndeton** | **This shows that she doesn’t want to grow up and that she still feels that all the different years are still jumbled inside of her. Sometimes she feels mature, and other times she still feels like a little kid. The polysyndeton extends the list of years and makes the reader realize how each year is like a layer of her personality.** |
| “Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one.” |  |  |
| “Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I’d have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the red sweater on my desk.”  “Maybe because I’m skinny, maybe because she doesn’t like me, that stupid Sylvia Saldivar says, “I think it belongs to Rachel.” |  |  |
| “Not mine, not mine, not mine, but Mrs. Price is already turning to page thirty-two and math problem number four. I don’t know why, but all of a sudden I’m feeling sick inside, like a part of me that’s three wants to come out of my eyes. . . Not mine, not mine, not mine.” |  |  |
| “I’m eleven today and it’s my birthday today and I’m crying like I’m three in front of everybody. I put my head down on the desk and bury my face in my stupid clown-sweater arms.” |  |  |
| “I wish I was anything but eleven because today I want to be far away already, far away like a runaway balloon, like a tiny o in the sky, so tiny tiny you have to close your eyes to see it.” |  |  |