

# *Literary Devices*

## *Personification*

Personification is giving human characteristics to everyday ideas, objects, and animals.

### **“Two Sunflowers” by William Blake**

“Ah, William, we’re weary of the weather,”  
said the sunflowers, shining with dew.  
“Our traveling habits have tired us.  
Can you give us a room with a view?”

They arranged themselves at the window  
And counted the steps of the sun,  
And they both took root in the carpet  
Where the topaz tortoises run.

## *Extended Metaphor*

An extended metaphor is a metaphor that continues over multiple sentences, and that is sometimes extended throughout an entire work.

Extended metaphors allow writers to draw a larger comparison between two things or ideas. In rhetoric, they allow the audience to visualize a complex idea in a memorable way or tangible. They highlight a comparison in a more intense way than simple metaphors or similes.

“All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts.” -***Shakespeare’s As You Like It***

### **“The Toaster” by William Jay Smith**

A silver-scaled dragon with jaws flaming red  
Sits at my elbow and toasts my bread  
I hand him fat slices, and then, one by one,  
He hands them back when he sees they are done.

## *Alliteration*

The repetition of sounds, especially initial consonant sounds in two or more neighboring words.

It can help connect ideas, make sentences memorable or sound musical. When overused, it can also be cloying or irritating.

### **From Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven"**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -  
Only this, and nothing more.'

### *End Rhyme/ Couplets*

A couplet [CUP-let] is the simplest form of poetry. Do you see the word "couple" in couplet? A couple is two of something. A couplet is a poem made of two lines of rhyming poetry.

"Veruca Salt, the little brute,  
Has just gone down the garbage chute"  
**-From "Veruca Salt" by Roald Dahl**

### *Hyperbole*

A purposeful exaggeration or overstatement. In Greek, it literally means *to overshoot*. Even though the statement might not be exactly true, hyperbole can create emphasis or also make something sound funny.

***"I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse right now."***

### ***"Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out" by Shel Silverstein***

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout  
Would not take the garbage out!  
She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,  
Candy the yams and spice the hams,  
And though her daddy would scream and shout,  
She simply would not take the garbage out.  
And so it piled up to the ceilings:  
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,  
Brown bananas, rotten peas,  
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.  
It filled the can, it covered the floor,  
It cracked the window, it blocked the door  
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,  
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,  
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,  
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,  
Pizza crusts and withered greens,  
Soggy beans and tangerines,  
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,  
Gristly bits of beefy roasts. . .  
The garbage rolled down the hall,  
It raised the roof, it broke the wall. . .

Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,  
Globs of gooey bubble gum,  
Cellophane from green baloney,  
Rubbery blubbery macaroni,  
Peanut butter, caked and dry,  
Curdled milk and crusts of pie,  
Moldy melons, dried up mustard,  
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,  
Cold french fries and rancid meat,  
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.  
At last the garbage reached so high  
That finally it touched the sky.  
And all the neighbors moved away,  
And none of her friends would come out to play.  
And finally Sarah Cynthia Stout said,  
“OK, I’ll take the garbage out!”  
But then, of course, it was too late. . .  
The garbage reached across the state,  
From New York to the Golden Gate.  
And there, in the garbage she did hate,  
Poor Sarah met an awful fate,  
That I cannot right now relate  
Because the hour is much too late.  
But children, remember Sarah Stout  
And always take the garbage out!