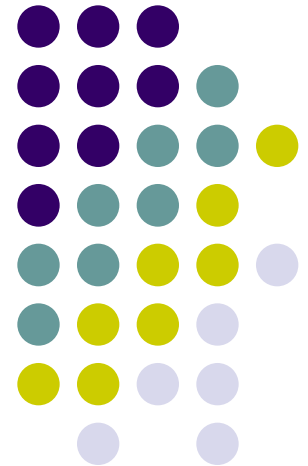


# How well you know stylistics

Tests



## **№1** What device is represented by the following phrases?



1. Cuckoo **Onomatopoeia**
2. “Pride and Prejudice” **Alliteration**
3. floods of tears **Metaphor**
4. soft colours **Synesthesia**
5. Will you have another cup? **Metonymy**
6. the hands of the clock **Personification / trite Metaphor**
7. Sunny countries **Epithet**
8. “It is this do-it-yourself, go-it-alone attitude that has thus far held back real development of the Middle East’s river resources.” **Epithet**
9. cruel kindness **Oxymoron**
0. A Casanova **Antonomasia**
1. “Emily Barton was very pink, very Dresden-china-shepherdess like.”  
**Simile**
2. “It’s a rare bird that can fly to the middle of the Dnieper.” **Hyperbole**

## No2 What device is represented by the following phrases?



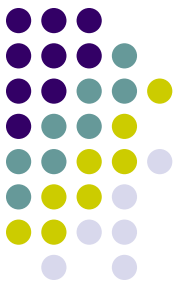
1. Let me your ears **Metonymy**
2. green meadows **Epithet**
3. a Don Juan **Antonomasia**
4. “His mind was restless, but it worked perversely and *thoughts jerked* through his brain *like the misfiring of a defective carburetor.*” **Simile**
5. “I’ve told you fifty times.” **Hyperbole**
6. white noise **Synesthesia**
7. “The **S**chool for **S**candal” (*Sheridan*) **Alliteration**
8. Mew **Onomatopoeia**
9. a devil of a job **Metaphor**
10. The moustaches stood up and crossed the room **Personification / metonymy (synecdoche)**
11. legal murder **Oxymoron**
12. Korobochka **Antonomasia**

### №3 What device is represented by the following phrases?



1. “I’m not a Rockefeller!” **Antonomasia**
2. the pain of the ocean **Personification**
3. to cry silently **Oxymoron**
4. “Freddie was standing in front of the fireplace with a ‘*well-that’s-the-story-what-are-we-going-to-do-about-it*’ air that made him a focal point” **Epithet**
5. “He made his way through the perfume and conversation.” **Metonymy**
6. “In the slanting beams that *streamed* through the open window the dust *danced* and was golden.” (O. Wilde) **Metaphor**
7. “Sense and Sensibility” (*Jane Austen*) **Alliteration**
8. Buzz **Onomatopoeia**
9. a dog of a fellow **Metaphor**
10. The hall applauded **Metonymy**
11. “I’ve told you million times.” **Hyperbole**

## Point out the Stylistic Devices used



1. curly-headed girl    **Epithet**
2. silent scream    **Oxymoron**
3. a Sherlock Holmes    **Antonomasia**
4. It was a mistake ...a blunter ... lunacy ...    **climax**
5. She was still fat; **the destroyer of her figure** sat at the head of the table.    **periphrasis**
6. I looked at the gun, and the gun looked at me.    **Repetition / chiasmus**
7. Did you hit a woman with a child? – No, sir, I hit her with a brick.    **Pun or zeugma**
8. Every Caesar has his Brutus.    **Antonomasia**
9. Mother Nature always blushes before disrobing.    **Personification**
10. ‘Sh-sh’, said she. ‘But I’m whispering!’ This continual shushing annoyed him.    **Onomatopoeia**

## Write stylistic analysis of this extract from “Bamby” By *Felix Salten*



- But then the rain came. It poured down from early morning till late at night. Sometimes it rained all night long and into the following day. It would stop for a while and begin again with fresh strength. The air was damp and cold, the whole world seemed full of rain. The leaves no longer rustled. They lay pale and soggy on the ground, flattened by the rain and made no sounds. Bambi discovered for the first time how unpleasant it is to be rained on all day and night until you are soaked to the skin. But when the north wind blew, Bambi, found out what cold was. The north wind raged through the forest all day and all night long. The trees groaned in stubborn resistance, they struggled mightily against the wind's fierce onslaught. You could hear their long-drawn moans, their sigh like creakings, the loud snap when their strong limbs split, the angry cracking when now and again a trunk broke and the vanquished tree seemed to shriek from every wound in its rent and dying body.



## The Frog

Be kind and tender to the Frog,  
And do not call him names,  
As ‘Slimy skin’ or ‘Polly-wog’,  
Or likewise :Ugly James”,  
Or “Grape-a-grin”, or “Toad-gone-wrong”,  
Or “Billy Bandy-knees”:  
The Frog is justly sensitive  
To epithets like these.



## The Frog

Be kind and tender to the Frog,      a      (male)  
And do not call him names,      b      (male)  
As ‘Slimy skin’ or ‘Polly-wog’,      a      (male)  
Or likewise :Ugly James”,      b      (male)  
Or “Grape-a-grin”, or “Toad-gone-wrong”,      a  
Or “Billy Bandy-knees”:      a      (male)  
The Frog is justly sensitive      b      (male)  
To epithets like these.      a      (male)

**Iambus (ямб)**





**Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Our cottage vale is deep;  
A little lamb is on the green,  
With woolly fleece so soft and  
clean -  
Sleep, baby. sleep.**



/ / U /

Sleep, baby, sleep,

/ U / U / U /

Our cottage vale is deep;

U / U / U / U /

A little lamb is on the green,

U / U / U / U /

With woolly fleece so soft and clean

/ / U /

Sleep, baby. sleep.

## Chapter II - Murdering the Innocents



THOMAS GRADGRIND, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir - peremptorily Thomas - Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind - no, sir!

In such terms Mr Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words 'boys and girls,' for 'sir,' Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarage before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.