Part 3

Text-Analysis Response

Your Task: Closely read the text provided on pages 17 and 18 and write a well-developed, text-based response of two to three paragraphs. In your response, identify a central idea in the text and analyze how the author's use of one writing strategy (literary element or literary technique or rhetorical device) develops this central idea. Use strong and thorough evidence from the text to support your analysis. Do not simply summarize the text. You may use the margins to take notes as you read and scrap paper to plan your response. Write your response in the spaces provided on pages 7 through 9 of your essay booklet.

Guidelines:

Be sure to:

- Identify a central idea in the text
- Analyze how the author's use of one writing strategy (literary element or literary technique or rhetorical device) develops this central idea. Examples include: characterization, conflict, denotation/connotation, metaphor, simile, irony, language use, point-of-view, setting, structure, symbolism, theme, tone, etc.
- Use strong and thorough evidence from the text to support your analysis
- Organize your ideas in a cohesive and coherent manner
- Maintain a formal style of writing
- Follow the conventions of standard written English

...And so the battle was staged between a crippled, sane boy and a hostile, sane, secretly savage though sometimes merciful world.

Can I climb man-made mountains, questioned Joseph Meehan. Can I climb socially constructed barriers? Can I ask my family to back me when I know something more than they, I now know the heinous¹ scepticism so kneaded down constantly in my busy sad world. What can a crippled, speechless boy do, asked Joseph, my handicap curtails my collective conscience, obliterates² my voice, beckons ridicule of my smile and damns my chances of being accepted as normal. ...

How do I conquer my body, mused the paralysed boy. Paralysed I am labelled, but can a paralytic move? My body rarely stops moving. My arms wage constant battle trying to make me look a fool. My smile which can be most natural, can at times freeze, thereby making me seem sad and uninterested. Two great legs I may have, but put my bodyweight on them and they collapse under me like a house of cards. How then can I convey to folk that the strength in my legs can be as normal as that of the strongest man? Such were boy Joseph's taunting posers, but he had one more fence that freezed his words while they were yet unspoken.

But fate was listening and fate it was that had frozen his freedom. Now could fate be wavering in her purpose? Credence³ was being given to his bowed perceptions – could fate avow him a means of escape?

Writing by hand failed. Typing festered hope. The typewriter was not a plaything. Boy Joseph needed to master it for the good of his sanity, for the good of his soul. Years had taught him the ins and outs of typewriting, but fate denied him the power to nod and hit the keys with his head-mounted pointer. Destruction secretly destroyed his every attempt to nod his pointer onto the keys. Instead great spasms gripped him rigid and sent his simple nod into a farcical effort which ran to each and every one of his limbs.

Eva Fitzpatrick had done years of duty trying to help Joseph to best his body. She told him everything she knew about brain damage and its effects. The boy understood, but all he could do was to look hard into her humble eyes and flick his own heavenwards in affirmation. ...

Eva's room was crested by creative drawings. Her manner was friendly, outgoing, but inwardly she felt for her student as he struggled to typewrite. Her method of working necessitated that her pupil be relaxed so she chatted light-hearted banter as she all the while measured his relaxation. The chatting would continue, but when Joseph saw his teacher wheel the long mirror towards the typing table he knew that they were going to play typing gymnastics.

Together they would struggle, the boy blowing like a whale from the huge effort of trying to discipline his bedamned body. Every tip of his pointer to the keys of the typewriter sent his body sprawling backwards. Eva held his chin in her hands and waited for him to relax and tip another key. The boy and girl worked mightily, typing sentences which Eva herself gave as a headline to Joseph. Young Boyblue honestly gave himself over to his typing teacher. Gumption⁴ was hers as she struggled to find a very voluntary tip coming to the typewriter keys from his yessing head.

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¹heinous — hateful

²obliterates — blots out

³credence — belief

⁴gumption — perseverance, toughness

But for Eva Fitzpatrick he would never have broken free. His own mother had given up on him and decided that the typewriter was no help at all. She had put the cover on the machine and stored it away. She felt hurt by defeat. Her foolish heart failed to see breathing destructive spasms coming between her son and the typewriter. But how was a mother to know that hidden behind her cross was a Simon⁵ ready and willing to research areas where she strode as a stranger. How could she know that Eva brought service to a head and that science now was going to join forces with her. Now a new drug was being administered to the spastic boy and even though he was being allowed to take only a small segment of Lioresal⁶ tablet, he was beginning already to feel different. The little segments of Lioresal tablet seemed harmless, but yet they were the mustard seeds of his and Eva's hours of discovery.

Now he struggled from his certainty that he was going to succeed and with that certainty came a feeling of encouragement. The encouragement was absolute, just as though someone was egging him on. His belief now came from himself and he wondered how this came about. He knew that with years of defeat he should now be experiencing despair, but instead a spirit of enlightenment was telling him you're going to come through with a bow, a bow to break your chain and let out your voice.

At the very same hour fate was also at work on Eva. When it was least expected she sensed that music of which he sampled. She watched Joseph in the mirror as he struggled to find and tip the required keys. Avoiding his teacher's gaze, he struggled on trying to test himself. Glee was gambolling⁷ but he had to be sure.

Breathing a little easier, his body a little less trembling, he sat head cupped in Eva's hands. He even noticed the scent of her perfume but he didn't glance in the mirror. Perhaps it won't happen for me today he teased himself but he was wrong, desperately, delightfully wrong. Sweetness of certainty sugared his now. Yes, he could type. He could freely hit the keys and he looked in the mirror and met her eyes. Feebly he smiled but she continued to study him. Looking back into her face he tried to get her response, but turning his wheelchair she gracefully glided back along the corridor to his classroom. ...

—Christopher Nolan excerpted from *Under the Eye of the Clock*, 1987 Weidenfeld and Nicolson

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 $^{^{5}}$ a Simon — Biblical reference to Simon of Cyrene who helped Jesus carry his cross

⁶Lioresal — a medication to treat skeletal muscle spasms

⁷gambolling — skipping

