

Close analysis

The floor sways and tens of thousands of tiny chicks come into focus. Little beaks, baby wings flapping.

Thousands of them are **squashed** together as far as my eyes can see and it's like a yellow sea. But not pretty, not fluffy, not cute. It is weirdly **horrifying**.

I stand and watch, my hand still covering my face, completely forgetting to take out my camera phone.

Grey fans whirr rhythmically, circulating the **putrid** air. Long hanging beams stretch into the distance and dim fluorescent lights dangle, forming bright circles on the floor. There are no windows. The ground is divided by plastic pipes with circular apparatuses attached. Just like the diagram showed.

But this isn't Club Med. And no one looks like they want to grin with glee. No air, no sunlight, no plants, no grass, no space, with nothing to do, nowhere to go; it's **hell**.

I open a low gate that separates me from the birds and kneel down slowly so as not to frighten them.

Bird poo covers the floor and smudges my skirt.

I wish I could ask Mum what this means, what to think. Did she know?

She'd explain everything like when I was little, in a way I can understand. Now my eyes sting twice as bad from **sorrow** and from what I'm seeing.

Chicks **crowd** around my legs nervously. One approaches. I reach to pick him up but my charm bracelet jingles and he races off, lost in the crowd. I take off the bracelet, stuff it in my pocket and wait patiently. He approaches again and I gently grab him, brush off the **filth**, and bring him up to my cheek.

'Hi there,' I whisper. 'How are you? I'm Sky.'
He looks straight at me. 'You're so sweet,' I say softly, smoothing his soft feathers against my skin. His heartbeat pulses in my palm.

I look around the room again; the air is so thick I can see the particles floating. The little life in my hands contrasting with the **bleakness** around me is **heartbreaking**.

I know I have to leave, that what I'm doing is **illegal**. But the chick has fallen asleep in my hand, so warm, so trusting, so little ...

PP. 106-107

Using different colours/highlighters annotate this section of text -

Consider the following areas as you de-construct the passage:

Unknown Vocab: Are there any words in the passage which you need to look up in the dictionary?

Literary devices: Repetition – numerical diction – negative diction/words – simile – sibilance - plosives – emotive language – metaphor.

Atmosphere/Mood: How would you describe the atmosphere? What words or phrases help to convey this?

Tone: How would you describe Sky's tone? i.e. Her attitude towards what she is witnessing.

Connotations: Consider the connotations of the words in bold (implied meaning or the thought and feeling behind a word).

