**Writing Well: Tone Exercise**

**Instructions: Read the following passages paying close attention to the feeling the author creates (TONE). Using your tone word list identify at least two tone words in the space provided.**

1. It was a cold grey day in late November. The weather had changed overnight, when a backing wind brought a granite sky and a mizzling rain with it, and thought it was not only a little after two o’clock in the afternoon the pallor of a winter evening seemed to have closed upon the hills, cloaking them with mist. It would be dark by four. *-Jamaica Inn* by Daphne DuMaurier

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2. She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song, which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrow were twittering in the eaves.

-“The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin

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3. The dog stood up and growled like a lion, stiff-standing hackles, teeth uncovered as he lashed up his fury for the charge Tea Cake split the water like an otter, opening his knife as he dived. The dog raced down the back-bone of the cow to attack and Janie screamed and slipped far back on the tail of the cow, just out of reach of the dog’s angry jaws.

-*Their Eyes Were Watching God* by Zora Neale Hurston

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4. Simon dropped the screen of leaves back into place. The slope of the bars of honey-colored sunlight decreased; they slid up the bushes, passed over the green candle like buds, moved up toward the canopy, and darkness thickened under the trees. With the fading of the light the riotous colors died and the heat and urgency cooled away. The candle-buds stirred. Their green sepals drew back a little and the white tips of the flowers rose delicately to meet the open air. -From *Lord of the Flies* by William Golding

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5. People moved slowly then. They ambled across the square, shuffled in and out of the stores around it, took their time about everything. A day was twenty-four hours long but seemed longer. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people; Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself. -*To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee

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6. The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn. -*The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde

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7. The stretcher-bearers come back from the lines, walked in off step, so that the burden will not be jounced too much, and the blood dripping from the canvas, brother and enemy in the stretchers, so long as they are hurt. And the walking wounded coming back with shattered arms and bandaged heads, the walking wounded struggling painfully to the rear.

-From “Battle Scene” by John Steinbeck

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