**Curley’s Wife**

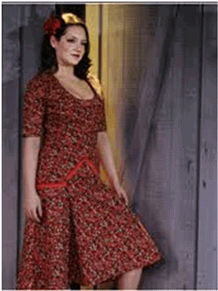
1. “Well, I ain’t told this to nobody before. Maybe I oughten to. I don’ *like* Curley. He ain’t a nice fella.” And because she had confided in him, she moved closer to Lennie and sat beside him. “Coulda been in the movies, an’ had nice clothes—all them nice clothes like they wear. An’ I coulda sat in them big hotels, an’ had pitchers took of me. When they had them previews I coulda went to them, an’ spoke in the radio, an’ it wouldn’ta cost me a cent because I was in the pitcher. An’ all them nice clothes like they wear. Because this guy says I was a natural.” She looked up at Lennie, and she made a small grand gesture with her arm and hand to show that she could act. The fingers trailed after her leading wrist, and her little finger stuck out grandly from the rest.

**What do we learn about Curley’s Wife in this extract?**

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**Why does Steinbeck tell us this right before he kills her?**

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3. Identify the TECHNIQUES and EFFECTS in each of these quotations...

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Curley’s wife lay with a half-covering of yellow hay. | |
| **Technique...** | **Effect...** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| And the meanness and the plannings and the discontent and the ache for attention were all gone from her face. | |
| **Technique...** | **Effect...** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| She was very pretty and simple, and her face was sweet and young. | |
| **Technique...** | **Effect...** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Now her rouged cheeks and her reddened lips made her seem alive and sleeping very lightly. | |
| **Technique...** | **Effect...** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| The curls, tiny little sausages, were spread on the hay behind her head, and her lips were parted. | |
| **Technique...** | **Effect...** |

2. Curley’s wife laughed at him. “You’re nuts,” she said. “But you’re a kinda nice fella. Jus’ like a big baby. But a person can see kinda what you mean. When I’m doin’ my hair sometimes I jus’ set an’ stroke it ‘cause it’s so soft.” To show how she did it, she ran her fingers over the top of her head. “Some people got kinda coarse hair,” she said complacently. “Take Curley. His hair is jus’ like wire. But mine is soft and fine. ‘Course I brush it a lot. That makes it fine. Here—feel right here.” She took Lennie’s hand and put it on her head. “Feel right aroun’ there an’ see how soft it is.”

Lennie’s big fingers fell to stroking her hair.

“Don’t you muss it up,” she said.

Lennie said, “Oh! That’s nice,” and he stroked harder. “Oh, that’s nice.”

“Look out, now, you’ll muss it.” And then she cried angrily, “You stop it now, you’ll mess it all up.” She jerked her head sideways, and Lennie’s fingers closed on her hair and hung on. “Let go,” she cried. “You let go!”

Lennie was in a panic. His face was contorted. She screamed then, and Lennie’s other hand closed over her mouth and nose. “Please don’t,” he begged. “Oh! Please don’t do that. George’ll be mad.”

She struggled violently under his hands. Her feet battered on the hay and she writhed to be free; and from under Lennie’s hand came a muffled screaming. Lennie began to cry with fright. “Oh! Please don’t do none of that,” he begged. “George gonna say I done a bad thing. He ain’t gonna let me tend no rabbits.” He moved his hand a little and her hoarse cry came out. Then Lennie grew angry. “Now don’t,” he said. “I don’t want you to yell. You gonna get me in trouble jus’ like George says you will. Now don’t you do that.” And she continued to struggle, and her eyes were wild with terror. He shook her then, and he was angry with her. “Don’t you go yellin’,” he said, and he shook her; and her body flopped like a fish. And then she was still, for Lennie had broken her neck.

**Highlight all of the words linked to gentleness**

**Highlight all of the violent verbs**

