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| Evidence | Your Response |
| Girl |  |
| Full, rouged lips and wide spaced eyes |  |
| Heavily made up |  |
| Fingernails were red |  |
| Hair hung in little rolled clusters, like sausages |  |
| Cotton house dress |  |
| Red mules |  |
| Ostrich feathers |  |
| Nasal, brittle quality |  |
| She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the door frame so that her body was thrown forward |  |
| She bridled a little |  |
| Playfully |  |
| She smiled archly and twitched her body |  |
| Apprehensive |  |

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| Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A woman was standing there staring in. She had thin, mean lips and heavy eyes, not made up. Her fingernails were bare. Her hair hung in sections, like clumps. She wore a plain house dress and heavy shoes, on the insteps of which were splashes of mud. “I’m lookin’ for Curley,” she said. Her voice had a clumsy, heavy quality.  George looked away from her and then back. “He was in here a minute ago, but he went.”  “Oh!” She put her hand behind her back and scratched. “You’re the new men that just come, ain’t ya?”  “Yeah.”  Lennie’s eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she moved a little. She picked at her fingernails. “Sometimes Curley’s in here,” she explained.  George said brusquely. “Well he ain’t now.”  “If he ain’t, I guess I better look some place else,” she said firmly.  Lennie watched her, fascinated. George said, “If I see him, I’ll pass the word you was looking for him.”  She scowled and turned her body. “Nobody can’t blame a person for lookin’,” she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She nodded her head. “Hi, Slim,” she said.  Slim’s voice came through the door. “Hi, Good-lookin’.”  “I’m tryin’ to find Curley, Slim.”  “Well, you ain’t tryin’ very hard. I seen him goin’ in your house.”  She was calm. “’Bye, boys,” she called into the bunk house, and she strode away. | Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A lady was standing there peaking in. She had full, rose lips and wide-spaced eyes, delicately made up. Her fingernails were pink. Her hair hung in loose curls, like waves. She wore a neat but flattering house dress and plain pumps, on the insteps of which were little stitched butterflies. “I’m lookin’ for Curley,” she said. Her voice had a soft, friendly quality.  George looked away from her and then back. “He was in here a minute ago, but he went.”  “Oh!” She put her hands behind her back and shrugged so that her body was hidden. “You’re the new guys that just come, ain’t ya?”  “Yeah.”  Lennie’s eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she flinched a little. She looked nervously at her fingernails. “Sometimes Curley’s in here,” she explained.  George said brusquely. “Well he ain’t now.”  “If he ain’t, I guess I better look some place else,” she said politely.  Lennie watched her, fascinated. George said, “If I see him, I’ll pass the word you was looking for him.”  She smiled warmly and swung her body. “Nobody can’t blame a person for lookin’,” she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She lifted her head. “Hi, Slim,” she said.  Slim’s voice came through the door. “Hi, Good-lookin’.”  “I’m tryin’ to find Curley, Slim.”  “Well, you ain’t tryin’ very hard. I seen him goin’ in your house.”  She was suddenly excited. “’Bye, boys,” she called into the bunk house, and she hurried away. |
| Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A girl was standing there looking in. She had full, rouged lips and wide-spaced eyes, heavily made up. Her fingernails were red. Her hair hung in little rolled clusters, like sausages. She wore a cotton house dress and red mules, on the insteps of which were little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. “I’m lookin’ for Curley,” she said. Her voice had a nasal, brittle quality.  George looked away from her and then back. “He was in here a minute ago, but he went.”  “Oh!” She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the door frame so that her body was thrown forward. “You’re the new fellas that just come, ain’t ya?”  “Yeah.”  Lennie’s eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she bridled a little. She looked at her fingernails. “Sometimes Curley’s in here,” she explained.  George said brusquely. “Well he ain’t now.”  “If he ain’t, I guess I better look some place else,” she said playfully.  Lennie watched her, fascinated. George said, “If I see him, I’ll pass the word you was looking for him.”  She smiled archly and twitched her body. “Nobody can’t blame a person for lookin’,” she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She turned her head. “Hi, Slim,” she said.  Slim’s voice came through the door. “Hi, Good-lookin’.”  “I’m tryin’ to find Curley, Slim.”  “Well, you ain’t tryin’ very hard. I seen him goin’ in your house.”  She was suddenly apprehensive. “’Bye, boys,” she called into the bunk house, and she hurried away. | Look at these 3 different descriptions of Curley’s Wife  i) Spot the difference  ii) Think about your different impressions of and reactions to the women described in each extract  iii) Identify the actual description of Curley’s Wife  iv) Fill in the grid overleaf, analysing the effect of each quote from the section – what impression is Steinbeck trying to create? |