**Close Analysing of Extracts**

**Focus:**

* Developing and adapting active reading skills and strategies
* Understanding & responding to ideas, viewpoints, themes, purposes in texts
* Analysing how writers’ use of linguistic and literary features shapes and influences meaning

Paired reading task. Highlight and annotate anything which demonstrates the dynamic of the relationships represented in the text.

**Extract 1 – Proctor and Abigail**

Abigail: You’re surely sportin’ with me.

Proctor: You know me better.

Abigail: I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! Or did I dream that? It’s she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

Proctor: Abby, that’s a wild thing to say -

Abigail: A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild, I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

Proctor: I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

Abigail:I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you’ve never looked up at my window?

Proctor**:** I may have looked up.

Abigail**,** *now softening***:** And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I *know* you. *She is weeping.* I cannot sleep for dreamin’; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I’d find you comin’ through some door. *She clutches him desperately.*

Proctor**,** *gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly****:***Child -

Abigail**,** *with a flash of anger***:** How do you call me child!

Proctor**:** Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I’ll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

Abigail**:** Aye, but we did.

Proctor:Aye, but we did not.

Abigail, *with a bitter anger*: Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be -

Proctor, *angered, at himself as well*: You’ll speak nothin’ of Elizabeth!

**From the extract above, what is suggested about Proctor and Abigail’s relationship?**

**Extract 2 - Proctor and Elizabeth**

Proctor: What keeps you so late? It’s almost dark.

Proctor: I were planting far out to the forest edge.

Elizabeth: Oh, you’re done then.

Proctor: Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?

Elizabeth: They will be soon. *And she goes to the fireplace, proceeds to ladle up stew in a dish.*

Proctor: Pray now for a fair summer.

Elizabeth: Aye.

Proctor: Are you well today?

Elizabeth: I am. *She brings the plate to the table, and, indicating the food:* It is a rabbit.

Proctor, *going to the table*: Oh, is it! In Jonathan’s trap?

Elizabeth: No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin’ in the corner like she come to visit.

Proctor: Oh, that’s a good sign walkin’ in.

Elizabeth: Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit. *She sits and watches him taste it.*

Proctor: It’s well seasoned.

Elizabeth, *blushing with pleasure*: I took great care. She’s tender?

Proctor: Aye. *He eats. She watches him.* I think we’ll see green fields soon. It’s warm as blood beneath the clods.

Elizabeth: That’s well.

 *Proctor eats, then looks up.*

Proctor: If the crop is good I’ll buy George Jacob’s heifer. How would that please you?

Elizabeth: Aye, it would.

Proctor, *with a grin*: I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth – *it is hard to say*:I know it, John.

 *He gets up, does to her, kisses her. She receives it. With a certain disappointment, he returns to the table.*

Proctor, *as gently as he can*: Cider?

Elizabeth, *with a sense of reprimanding herself for having forgot*: Aye! *She gets up and goes to pour a glass for him. He now arches his back.*

Proctor: The farm’s a continent when you go foot by foot droppin’ seeds in it.

Elizabeth, *coming with the cider*: It must be.

Proctor, *drinks a long draughty, then, putting the glass down*: You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

Elizabeth: Oh! I forgot! I will tomorrow.

Proctor: It’s winter in here yet. On Sunday let you come with me, and we’ll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. *With a good feeling he does and looks up at the sky through the open doorway.* Lilacs have a purple smell. Lilac is the smell of nightfall, I think. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

Elizabeth: Aye, it is.

**From the extract above, what is suggested about Proctor and Elizabeth’s relationship?**