

Chapter 1 – Levels of Generality

Directions: On a separate sheet of paper, rewrite the following sentences according to the principles of Levels of Generality. Punctuate and indent levels appropriately. Ask your teacher about sentences that have been bolded.

1. For eleven months of the year, the Whitemud River was a sleepy, slow, clear stream, looping in wide meanders between the bench hills, shallowing to brief rapids, deepening along the cutbanks in the bends.
— *Wallace Stegner*

2 For eleven months of the year,
1 the Whitemud River was a sleepy, slow, clear stream,
2 looping in wide meanders between the bench hills,
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Starter Diagrams

1. Livie helped clean up her own party, wiping spilled lemonade, gathering sandwich crusts, and sweeping cookie crumbs from the floor. — *Karen Hesse*

2. There was only the safety man now, coming warily at him with crooked arms and rapidly spreading hands. — *Irwin Shaw*

3. The monster twitched its jeweler hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and screaming throat. — *Ray Bradbury*

4. On the table a book lay, a Bible, an ordinary kind of Bible with worn imitation leather covers. — *Robert Penn Warren*

5. The assistant manager fussed over him, wiping a cut on his leg with alcohol and iodine, strengthening the pain in his knee, making him realize suddenly how fresh and whole and solid his body felt. — *Irwin Shaw*

6. He gathers thistle to feed what's left of his cattle, his bone-thin cattle, the cattle he drives away from the dried up Beaver River to where the Cimarron still runs, pushing the herd across the breaks in the current. — *Karen Hesse*

Medial Free Modifiers

7. With Richard Peck's Father Figure in hand, Justin, a hard-working, intelligent 14-year-old boy, decided he would read beneath the park tree until the sun hid itself behind the hills.

8. The minister, a pale feeble-looking man with white hair and blond chin-whiskers, took his seat beside the small table and placed his Bible upon it. — *Willa Cather*

9. The double-sided red and black pen, Jessica's favorite writing utensil, was the only item missing from her school bag, a bag Jessica's mother used to tote around when she was a school girl at Newark Valley many years before.

10. Romero's brother, holding the bull's horn in one hand, gripping the knife in the other, looked up at the President's box. — *Ernest Hemingway*

11. With royal ease, President Ferdinand Marcos, a small, brown derringer of a man, and Irnela, **beautiful and cool** as if she were relaxed on a palace balcony taking tea, had been seated.

12. The barbecue cook, wearing a dirty white apron, with a blade of overgrown grass between his lips, stood in the doorway, watching them.

Base Clauses with Conjunctions (and, but, or, yet ...)

13. At daybreak, Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound, a distant sound, a baying pack of hounds, wavering and faint, and he knew he had new things to learn about fear. — *Richard Connell*

14. Fidgeting still, he struck a match, drawing his thumbnail across it with a crackle like a small cap-pistol, and held it to his cigarette, cupping his quite beautiful hands, bending his head.
— *Malcolm Lowery*

15. Trembling, he'd push himself up, turning first red and then a soft purple, and finally collapse back onto the bed like an old, worn-out doll. — *James Hurst*

16. Manuel, leaning against the barrera, watching the bull, waved his hand and the gypsy ran out, preceeding his breeze-blown cape, a red, glossy fabric around his pudgy neck.

Lists Vs. Free Modifiers

17. She saw how much his eyes, in sympathy and pain, were like his sister's eyes, tired, tender and resolute beneath the tired, frail eyelids. — *James Agee*

18. I button up my dress, slip on my sweater and push my way off the porch, sticking my face into the fog, into the moist skin of the fog, surrounded by the sound of dripping as I walk to town. — *Karen Hesse*

19. He was forty, a short thickset man with a wealth of stiff, black hair, combed straight back without a parting, like a Slav bicyclist. — *John Updike*

20. I tangle in the dusty sheets, sending the sand flying, cursing the grit against my skin, between my teeth, under my lids, swearing I'll leave this forsaken place. — *Karen Hesse*

Increasingly Difficult Diagrams

21. The station is always exciting with the coming and going, **people leaning from carriages**, crying, smiling, waving good-bye, sniffing, **the train hooting and calling**, chugging away in clouds of steam, **the railway tracks silvering into the distance**, on to Dublin and the world beyond. — *Frank McCourt*

22. **Mothers with babies, fathers holding up young children, couples arm in arm, boys toting roller skates and baseball bats, European tourists in berets** — all stood motionless and silent. — *E.B. White*

23. Christian Darling, thirty-five years old, sat on the frail spring grass, **greener** now than it ever would be again on the practice field, looking up at the stadium, a deserted ruin in the twilight. — *Irwin Shaw*

24. He walked slowly, listening to the ground crunch satisfactorily under his shoes in the twilight, feeling his clothes swing lightly against his skin, breathing the thin evening air, feeling the wind move softly in his damp hair, **wonderfully cool behind his ears and at the nape of his neck.**

25. I sat at her piano a long time after I got back from the church, imagining a song for my little brother, buried in Ma's arms on a knoll overlooking the banks of Beaver River, imagining a song for the Lindbergh baby stiff in the woods, imagining a song for this new baby who would not be my father's son. — *Karen Hesse*

26. His old friend, the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson, had, at the age of twenty, on taking service for the first time in the schoolroom, come up to London to answer in person an advertisement that had already placed her in brief correspondence with the advertiser. — *Henry James*

27. He had ten yards in the clear and was picking up speed, breathing easily, feeling his thigh pads rising and falling against his legs, listening to the sound of cleats behind him, a sound growing more and more faint with each powerful stride toward the end zone.

28. I hear the first drops like the tapping of a stranger at the door of a dream, **the rain changing everything**, stroking the roof, streaking the dusty tin, ponging, spilling from gutters, gushing through gullies, soaking into the thirsty earth outside. — *Karen Hesse*

29. Driving hard, hurling himself along, Darling tucked the ball in and spurted at the linebacker, pounding the balls of his heels with each fierce step, pumping his knees — the dirt- and grass-stained knees of a worn but determined running back.

30. The station is always exciting with the coming and going, **people leaning from carriages** crying, smiling, waving good-bye and sniffing, **the train hooting and calling**, chugging away in clouds of steam, **the railway tracks silvering into the distance.**

Two Base Clauses

***31. It kept coming**, thunder booming, lightning kicking, dancing from the heavens down to the prairie, and my **father danced** with it, dancing outside in the drenching night with the racing gutters, with the earth puddled and pleased, with my father's near-finished pond filling. — *Karen Hesse*

***32.** The more sod **we plowed** up the drier things got, and the **water** that used to collect there, under the grass, biding its time, keeping things alive through the dry spells, **wasn't there** anymore. — *Karen Hesse*

***33. We are flying** down the road in Arley's car, singing, laying our voices on top of the beat Miller Rice plays on the back of Arley's seat, and sometimes **Vera**, up front, **chirps** crazy notes with no words. — *Karen Hesse*

***34.** Then **daylight** — a gray ragged dawn filled with driving scud between icy rainsqualls — **came**, and **he could see** again and he knew he was in no cotton field. — *William Faulkner*