

Shoes: symbolize  
summer change  
growth; feet, barefoot  
from **Dandelion Wine** (freedom)

periscope:  
- extract from a  
book

You did not hear them coming. You hardly heard them go. The grass bent down,

sprang up again. They passed like cloud shadows downhill . . . the boys of summer,

symbol of life

running.

Nature creates tension here.

symbol of  
mortality / death

Douglas, left behind, was lost. Panting, he stopped by the rim of the ravine, at the  
nature has dangers indicates his position  
anaphora with his friends  
edge of the softly blowing abyss. Here, ears pricked like a deer, he snuffed a danger  
(fear) "extreme"

that was old a billion years ago. Here the town, divided, fell away in halves. Here

civilization ceased. Here was only growing earth and a million deaths and rebirths every

circle of life

hour.

And here the paths, made or yet unmade, that told of the need of boys traveling,

always traveling, to be men - social / "coming of age"  
position

specific subconsciously, Douglas is being

Douglas turned. This path led in a great dusty snake to the ice house where

controlled, shaped by his

personification

winter lived on the yellow days. This path raced for the blast-furnace sands of the lake

(summer)

environment (naturalism)

shore in July. This to trees where boys might grow like sour and still-green crab apples,

hid among leaves. This to peach orchard, grape arbor, watermelons lying like tortoise-

shell cats slumbered by sun. That path, abandoned, but wildly swiveling to school!

This, straight as an arrow, to Saturday cowboy matinees. And this, by the creek waters,

to wilderness beyond town . . .

*civilization*

*\*uses pictures to show ideas / Imagery*

[Douglas squinted.] *Syntax impt. / emphasis*

*Just apposition town / wilderness*

Who could say where town or wilderness began? (Who could say which owned

*Nature - not beautiful, does not inspire; only a which for change, growth*

what and what owned which? There was always and forever that indefinable place

*Nature*

where the two struggled and one of them won for a season to possess a certain

avenue, a deli, a glen, a tree, a bush. The thin lapping of the great continental sea of

grass and flower, starting far out in lonely farm country, moved inward with the thrust of

seasons. Each night the wilderness, the meadows, the far country flowed down-creek

through ravine and welled up in town with a smell of grass and water, and the town was

disinhabited and dead and gone back to earth. And each morning a little more of the

*metaphor for silence / sleep*

*Nature is an indifferent force, acting on the lives of human beings.*



ravine - death / town - life > death and life  
intricately connected

ravine edged up into town, threatening to swamp garages like leaking rowboats, devour

ancient cars which had been left to the flaking mercies of rain and therefore rust.

"Hey! Hey!" John Huff and Charlie Woodman ran through the mystery of ravine  
and town and time. "Hey!" <sup>key idea</sup> Implies "mystery" of transformation from  
boyhood to manhood.

Douglas moved slowly down the path. The ravine was indeed the place where  
- Key idea -  
you came to look at the two things of life, the ways of man and the ways of the natural

world. The town was, after all, only a large ship filled with constantly moving survivors,

bailing out the grass, chipping away the rust. [Now and again a lifeboat, a shanty, kin to

the mother ship, lost out to the <sup>oxymoron</sup> quiet storm of seasons, sank down in <sup>oxymoron</sup> silent waves of

termite and ant into swallowing ravine to feel the flicker of grasshoppers rattling like dry

paper in hot weeds, become soundproofed with spider dust and finally, in <sup>hyperbole?</sup> avalanche of

shingle and tar, collapse like kindling shrines into a bonfire, which thunderstorms ignited

with blue lightning, while flash-photographing the triumph of the wilderness.] <sup>imagery</sup>

Circumlocution / amplification -  
round about focus the reader's attention  
figure of speech on something you would  
Bradbury, Ray. *Dandelion Wine*. New York: Bantam Books, 1975. 16-25. Print. otherwise miss.

It was this then, the mystery of man seizing from the land and the land seizing back, year after year, that drew Douglas, knowing the towns never really won, they merely existed in calm peril, fully accoutered with lawn mower, bug spray and hedge shears, swimming steadily as long as civilization said to swim, but each house ready to sink in green tides, buried forever, when the last man ceased and his trowels and mowers shattered to cereal flakes of rust.

*Juxtaposition*  
The town / The wilderness. The houses / The ravine. Douglas blinked back and forth. But how to relate the two, make sense of the interchange when . . .

[His eyes moved down to the ground.] *emphasis through syntax*

The first rite of summer, the dandelion picking, the starting of the wine, was over. Now the second rite waited for him to make the motions, but he stood very still.

"Doug . . . come on . . . Doug . . . !" The running boys faded.

"I'm alive," said Douglas. "But what's the use? They're more alive than me. How come? How come?" And standing alone, he knew the answer, staring down at his

*Shoes come to symbolize life*

motionless feet . . . *Shoes important to summer*

*Ritual of summer...*

Late that night, going home from the show with his mother and father and his

brother Tom, Douglas saw the tennis shoes in the bright store window. He glanced

*- VIVID VERBS -*

quickly away, but his ankles were seized, his feet suspended, then rushed. The earth

*saw what others do not*  
spun; the shop awnings slammed their canvas wings overhead with the thrust of his

body running. His mother and father and brother walked quietly on both sides of him.

Douglas walked backward, watching the tennis shoes in the midnight window left

behind.

"It was a nice movie," said Mother.

Douglas murmured, "It was . . ."

*peristasis: description of the circumstances.*

It was June and long past time for buying the special shoes that were quiet as a

summer rain falling on the walks. June and the earth full of raw power and everything

everywhere in motion. The grass was still pouring in from the country, surrounding the

sidewalks, stranding the houses. Any moment the town would capsize, go down and

*Ties back to previous  
ship metaphor*



leave not a stir in the clover and weeds. And here Douglas stood, trapped on the dead

cement and the red-brick streets, hardly able to move.

"Dad!" He blurted it out. "Back there in that window, those Cream-Sponge Para

Litefoot Shoes . . ."

*conflict. Dad/boy also adult world/world of children*

His father didn't even turn. "Suppose you tell me why you need a new pair of

sneakers. Can you do that?" Dad: LOGOS / logical reasoning

"Well . . ."

*figurative language / shoes bring happiness*

It was because they felt the way it feels every summer when you take off your

shoes for the first time and run in the grass. They felt like it feels sticking your feet out of

the hot covers in wintertime to let the cold wind from the open window blow on them

suddenly and you let them stay out a long time until you pull them back in under the

covers again to feel them, like packed snow. The tennis shoes felt like it always feels

the first time every year wading in the slow waters of the creek and seeing your feet

*Douglas: PATHOS / emotional, feelings important to him - instinctive*