**SCASNI**: Sea Coral Always Settles Near Islands

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| **SETTING:**   * What description is used to describe the setting? * How does the setting contribute to the story? * How does the setting affect the characters? The tone? * What are the customs and moral values of the character’s society? * Does the setting create any conflict for the characters? | **CHARACTERS:**   * Dissect physical description and what this reveals about the character? * Discuss character traits...what type of person is he/she? * What do others say or think about this character? * How does the character act? What does the character think? Opinions? Feelings? * Is the character dynamic or static? What brings about change? |
| **ACTION:**   * Identify the conflict in the story. Is it external/internal? Both? * What is the climax of the story? * How does the author manipulate the tone? Pacing? | **STYLE:**  How does the author use:   * tone * metaphors, similes, personification, etc. * symbols * diction (word choice) * point of View * dialogue * irony * foreshadowing |
| **Narrative Techniques**   * What is the narrative point of view? * How reliable or biased is the narrator? * How does the narrative point of view shape our reading of the passage? * What does the narrator tell us about the character? | **IDEAS**:   * What ideas does the author want you, the reader, to think about? * What is the author saying about human nature, about life? * What are we supposed to walk away feeling? |

It was past midnight. The river had risen, its water quick and black, snaking towards the open sea, carrying with it cloudy night skies, a whole palm frond, part of a thatched fence, and other gifts the wind had given it.

In a while the rain slowed to a drizzle and then stopped. The breeze shook water from the trees and for a while it rained only under trees, where shelter had once been.

A weak, watery moon filtered through the clouds and revealed a young man sitting on the topmost of thirteen stone steps that led into the water. He was very still, very wet. Very young. In a while he stood up, took off the white mundu he was wearing, squeezed the water from it and twisted it around his head like a turban. Naked now, he walked down the thirteen stone steps into the water and further, until the river was chest high. Then he began to swim with easy, powerful strokes, striking out towards where the current was swift and certain, where the Really Deep began. The moonlit river fell from his swimming arms like sleeves of silver. It took him only a few minutes to make the crossing. When he reached the other side he emerged gleaming and pulled himself ashore, black as the night that surrounded him, black as the water he had crossed.

He stepped onto the path that led through the swamp to the History House.

He left no ripples in the water.

No footprints on the shore.

He held his mundu spread above his head to dry. The wind lifted it like a sail. He was suddenly happy. *Things will get worse*, he thought to himself. *Then better*. He was walking swiftly now, toward the Heart of Darkness. As lonely as a wolf.

The God of Loss.

The God of Small Things.

Naked but for his nail polish.