



Despite all of the colors that touch and grapple with what I see in this world, I will often catch an eclipse when a human dies.

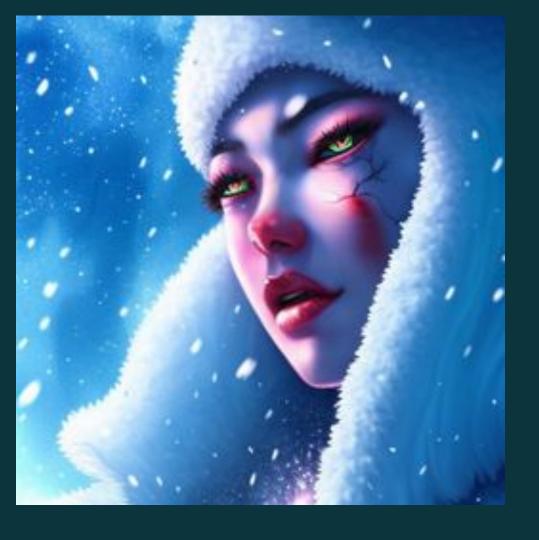
Zusak 11

Personification



It felt like the whole world was dressed in snow. Like it had pulled it on, the way you pull on a sweater.

Zusak 6
Personification



The fog of Liesel's mournful breath hung shocked and motionless in the bitter cold cemetery air. How could her little brother be dead?

A single tear dripped from her cheek, froze and fractured, forming an emotionally tortured snowflake glittering with unfulfilled dreams. It fell like a spear, jaggedly impaling the ground below.



As comforting as hot chocolate on a stormy winter night, Papa always knew the right thing to say. His eyes sparkled like molten silver as he told jokes and stories. He played lullabies on his accordion and stayed by Liesel's side until the fright of her nightmares faded and her mind flowered with with fairy-tale dreams. Horner 2023



Papa was a painter and an accordionist. His eyes glowed like the silver moon.

Horner 2023

Simile



My new mama was like a thunderstorm, always rumbling.

Zusak

25:11/2:05:06 audio

Simile



Liesel's passion for words consumed her mind like a bonfire.

Glowing sparks of imagination lit her way through the dark times of her life and gave warmth and comfort to those huddled with her in the bomb shelter.

Horner 2023

Simile, metaphor



Every day the girl appeared, each time with a new weather report, either of pure blue sky, cardboard clouds, or a sun that had broken through like **God sitting down** after he'd eaten too much for his dinner.

Zusak 250

Metaphor, imagery



The Fuhrer decided that he would rule the world with words. He grew a giant, gnarled and gloomy forest of vile, nasty, ugly words and symbols.

But with her imagination, Liesel could climb higher than the clouds of Hitler's hate. Her spirit of friendship grew a towering tree that dwarfed Hitler's. In the breeze, it showered goodwill all over Hitler's war machine. The embarrassed war-monsters stopped their crimes and went home.

Horner 2023 Inspired by: The Word Shaker Zusak, 445. *Metaphor, imagery*



Yes, the sky was now a devastating, home-cooked red.

The small German town had been flung apart one more time. Snow-flakes of ash fell so lovelily you were tempted to stretch out your tongue to catch them. Only, they would have scorched your mouth.

Zusak 13 Imagery



Liesel Meminger was a girl "made out of darkness" (Zusak, 83). To a jew hiding in her windowless basement, Liesel's vivid words were his eyes. She transformed her painful experiences into inspiring words that had the power to change the world. Her life warmed the cold heart of the spirit of Death. Her determined and multi-colored spirit made all of humanity seem worthwhile. Horner 2023

metaphor



CREDITS

Zusak, Markus (2005). The Book Thief. New York: Alfred A. Knopf

Hotpot.ai (2023). Hotpot AI art generator