**Dialectical Journal 2: *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, by Khaled Hosseini**

**Chapters 13-24**

**Common Core Standards: RL 1 (support, inference); RL 2 (theme); RL 3 (characterization); RL 4 (word choice, tone); RL 6 (cultural p.o.v.)**

Directions: In the left column, write a meaningful, important quotation from different parts of this section. You may not use quotes from only one or two chapters. In the right column, you should completely analyze the importance of the quote, noting any literary devices that occur and how this quote adds to the overall novel or highlights an important aspect. The first several quotes have been given to you as a model; you should complete the remainder of the journal on notebook paper (or you may type them up—you can access a copy of this journal on the wiki).

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| Note Taking | Note Making |
| “Mariam lay on the couch, hands tucked between her knees, watched the whirlpool of snow twisting and spinning outside the window. She remembered Nana saying once that each snowflake was a sigh heaved by an aggrieved woman somewhere in the world. That all the sighs drifted up the sky, gathered into the clouds, then broke into tiny pieces that fell silently on people below. *As a reminder of how women like us suffer,* she’d said. *How quietly we endure all that falls upon us”* (91). |  |
| “ Meanwhile, a change had come over Rasheed ever since the day at the bathhouse….He was more apt to sulk these days, fault her cooking, to complain about the clutter around the yard, point out even minor uncleanliness in the house” (94). |  |
| “In the four years since the day at the bathhouse, there had been six more cycles of hopes raised then dashed, each loss, each collapse, each trip to the doctor more crushing for Mariam than the last. With each disappointment, Rasheed had grown more remote and resentful. Now nothing she did pleased him….But when he came home, he took one look at her and winced with such distaste that she rushed to the bathroom and washed it all off, tears of shame mixing with soapy water, rouge, and mascara” (99). |  |
| “’That’s what I told Fariba.’ He looked shaken, reduced, as he always did after Mammy was through with him. ‘She says it’s been letting in bees.’ Laila’s heart went out to him. Babi was a small man, with narrow shoulders and slim, delicate, almost like a woman’s” (109). |  |
| “Babi pedaled up the street, Laila on the back, her arms wrapped around his belly. As they passed the blue Benz, Laila caught a fleeting glimpse of a man in the backseat: thin, white haired, dressed in a dark brown suit, with a white handkerchief triangle in the breast pocket. The only other thing she had time to notice was that the car had a Heart license plate” (110-111). |  |

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