Figurative Language in “The Letter ‘A’”

* little bundle of crooked muscles and twisted nerves: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* imprisoned in a world of my own: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* separated from them as though a glass wall stood between my existence and theirs, thrusting me beyond the sphere of their lives and activities: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* my future life molded into a definite shape, my mother’s faith in me rewarded: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* that I can see and feel the whole scene as if it had happened last week: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* cold, gray: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* glistened: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* the white sparkling flakes stuck and melted on the windowpanes and hung on the boughs of the trees like molten silver. The wind howled dismally, whipping up little whirling columns of snow that rose and fell at every fresh gust. And overall, the dull, murky sky stretched like a dark canopy, a vast infinity of grayness.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ ; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* that lit up the little room with a warm glow and made giant shadows dance on the walls and ceiling.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* bright piece of yellow: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* It was a long, slender stick of vivid yellow. I had never seen anything like it before, and it showed up so well against the black surface of the slate that I was fascinated by it as much as if it had been a stick of gold.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* It is a puzzle to many people as well as to myself, for: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* They could have been as useless to me as were my hands.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* , apparently by its own volition, reached out and very impolitely: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* a bit dazed, surprised, looking down at the stick of yellow: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* and was staring at me silently. Nobody stirred: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* , her black curls framing her chubby little face: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* , feeling the tension flowing through the room.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* and in a queer, choked way, her face flushed as if with some inner excitement.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* that were turned towards me, tense, excited faces that were at that moment frozen, immobile, eager, waiting for a miracle in their midst.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* The stillness was profound. The room was full of flame and shadow that danced before my eyes and lulled my taut nerves into a sort of waking sleep. I could hear the sound of the water tap dripping in the pantry, the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel shelf, and the soft hiss and crackle of the logs on the open hearth: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* and I was left with a stump: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* I shook, I sweated and strained every muscle.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* that my fingernails bit into the flesh. I set my teeth so hard that I nearly pierced my lower lip. Everything in the room swam until the faces around me were mere patches of white.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* True, I couldn't speak with my lips. But now I would, speak through something more lasting than spoken words--written words.: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* , was my road to a new world, my key to mental freedom. It was to provide a source of relaxation to the tense, taut thing that was I, which panted for expression behind a twisted mouth: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_