**WRITING PROMPT I for *The Sun Also Rises*:**   
Read the passage provided to respond to the prompt below.  
PROMPT: Write an essay to explain how Hemingway’s literary techniques communicate his authorial attitude towards Jake. Likewise, explain how this authorial attitude towards Jake contributes to the meaning of the novel as a whole.

Below are the general pieces you will later identify and use to create your claim.

**The WHAT:** Hemingway’s attitude towards Jake   
  
**The HOW:** the literary techniques

**The WHY:** the novel’s larger meaning that the writer communicates by using the HOW to show the WHAT   
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The WHAT: Hemingway’s attitude towards Jake   
*sympathetic*  
  
The HOW: the literary techniques   
*first person narrator, a dark, isolated setting, understatement*

The WHY: the larger meaning that the writer communicates by using the HOW to show the WHAT  *the damaging, often irreversible effects of war*

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**THESIS STATEMENT:**  During the scene when Jake is alone after a night of drinking, Hemingway elicits reader sympathy for Jake by using first person narration, the physical details of Jake’s dark, isolated bedroom, and consistent understatement. Because these particular devices are adept at bringing forth sorrow for Jake’s impotence and inability to have a relationship with Brett, they are, likewise, effective in illuminating the years of anguish wrought by war’s aftermath.

**PASSAGE:**

I lit the lamp beside the bed, turned off the gas, and opened the wide windows. The bed was far back from the windows, and I sat with the windows open and undressed by the bed. Outside a night train, running on the street-car tracks, went by carrying vegetables to the markets. They were noisy at night when you could not sleep. Undressing, I looked at myself in the mirror of the big armoire beside the bed. That was a typically French way to furnish a room. Practical, too, I suppose. Of all the ways to be wounded. I suppose it was funny. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. I had the two bull-fight papers, and I took their wrappers off. One was orange. The other yellow. They would both have the same news, so whichever I read first would spoil the other. *Le Toril* was the better paper, so I started to read it. I read it all the way through, including the Petite Correspondance and the Cornigrams. I blew out the lamp. Perhaps I would be able to sleep.

My head started to work. The old grievance. Well, it was a rotten way to be wounded and flying on a joke front like the Italian. In the Italian hospital we were going to form a society. It had a funny name in Italian. I wonder what became of the others, the Italians. That was in the Ospedale Maggiore in Milano, Padiglione Ponte. The next building was the Padiglione Zonda. There was a statue of Ponte, or maybe it was Zonda. That was where the liaison colonel came to visit me. That was funny. That was about the first funny thing. I was all bandaged up. But they had told him about it. Then he made that wonderful speech: "You, a foreigner, an Englishman" (any foreigner was an Englishman) "have given more than your life." What a speech! I would like to have it illuminated to hang in the office. He never laughed. He was putting himself in my place, I guess. "Che mala fortuna! Che mala fortuna!"

I never used to realize it, I guess. I try and play it along and just not make trouble for people. Probably I never would have had any trouble if I hadn't run into Brett when they shipped me to England. I suppose she only wanted what she couldn't have. Well, people were that way. To hell with people. The Catholic Church had an awfully good way of handling all that. Good advice, anyway. Not to think about it. Oh, it was swell advice. Try and take it sometime. Try and take it.

I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves. Then all of a sudden I started to cry. Then after a while it was better and I lay in bed and listened to the heavy trams go by and way down the street, and then I went to sleep.