

Choosing, and analysing, useful quotations

Imagine your essay title is the following:

How does Charles Dickens make the reader feel sympathetic towards Oliver Twist in the opening eleven chapters?

Look through the extracts below (there is at least one from each chapter) and try to decide if you could use it successfully in your essay. For each one decide what your **point** would be (that is, how it answers the essay question), pick out either a few words or a sentence as **evidence** and then write a sentence to **explain** or **analyse** how your quotation proves (backs up) your point. The first one has been done as an example but bear in mind that this is not the only way that this extract could be used.

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes, which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once – a parish child – the orphan of a workhouse – the humble half-starved drudge – to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, - despised by all, and pitied by none.</i> Chapter 1</p>	<p>Point: From the beginning of the novel, Dickens presents Oliver as bullied and vulnerable and that this is because of his position as an orphan born in the workhouse.</p>
	<p>Evidence: ‘the humble half-starved drudge – to be cuffed and buffeted through the world’</p>
	<p>Analysis/Explanation: Even though Oliver is only a baby, because he is in the workhouse the way his life will go is already decided: he will not have enough to eat, he will have no control over what happens to him and he will be abused by those around him.</p>
<p><i>Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be ‘farmed’, or, in other words, that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing ...</i> Chapter 2</p>	<p>Point:</p>
	<p>Evidence:</p>
	<p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birthday; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up therein for atrociously presuming to be hungry ...</i> Chapter 2</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>'Oho!' said the board, looking very knowing; 'we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all, in no time.' So, they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they), of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it.</i> Chapter 2</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>Let it not be supposed by the enemies of 'the system', that, during the period of his solitary incarceration, Oliver was denied the benefit of exercise, the pleasure of society, or the advantages of religious consolation. As for exercise, it was nice cold weather, and he was allowed to perform his ablutions, every morning under the pump, in a stone yard, in the presence of Mr Bumble, who prevented his catching cold, and caused a tingling sensation to pervade his frame, by repeated applications of the cane.</i> Chapter 3</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>As Mr Gamfield did happen to labour under the slight imputation of having bruised three or four boys to death already, it occurred to him that the board had, perhaps, in some unaccountable freak, taken it in to their heads that this extraneous circumstance ought to influence their proceedings.</i> Chapter 3</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room – that they would starve him – beat him – kill him if they pleased – rather than send him away with that dreadful man.</i> Chapter 3</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>The next morning, the public were once more informed that Oliver Twist was again To Let, and that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of him.</i> Chapter 3</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>The board ... took counsel together on the expediency of shipping off Oliver Twist, in some small trading vessel bound to a good unhealthy port. This suggested itself as the very best thing that could possibly be done with him: the probability being, that the skipper would flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner, or would knock his brains out with an iron bar; both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very favourite and common recreations among gentlemen of that class.</i></p> <p>Chapter 4</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>When little Oliver was taken before 'the gentleman' that evening, and informed that he was to go, that night, as general house-lad to a coffin-maker's; and that if he complained of his situation, or ever came back to the parish again, he would be sent to sea, there to be drowned, or knocked on the head, as the case might be, he evinced so little emotion, that they by common consent pronounced him a hardened young rascal ...</i></p> <p>Chapter 4</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>'Here, Charlotte,' said Mrs Sowerberry, who had followed Oliver down, 'give this boy some of the cold bits that were put by for Trip. He hasn't come home since the morning, so he may go without 'em. I dare say the boy isn't too dainty to eat 'em, - are you, boy?'</i></p> <p>Chapter 4</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew the chair and table; seized Noah by the throat; shook him, in the violence of his rage, till his teeth chattered in his head; and, collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.</i> Chapter 6</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>This was rather too violent exercise to last long. When they were all wearied out, and could tear and beat no longer, they dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, but nothing daunted, into the dust-cellar, and there locked him up.</i> Chapter 6</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>The flood of tears, however, left him no resource; so he at once gave him a drubbing, which satisfied even Mrs Sowerberry herself, and rendered Mr Bumble's subsequent application of the parochial cane rather unnecessary. For the rest of the day, he was shut up in the back kitchen, in company with a pump and a slice of bread; and, at night, Mrs Sowerberry, after making various remarks outside the door, by no means complimentary to the memory of his mother, looked into the room, and, amidst the jeers and pointings of Noah and Charlotte, ordered him upstairs to his dismal bed.</i> Chapter 7</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>'Kiss me,' said the child, climbing the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. 'Good-b'ye, dear!' God bless you!</i></p> <p><i>The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes, of his after life, he never once forgot it.</i></p> <p>Chapter 7</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water, which he begged at the cottage-doors by the roadside. When the night came, he turned into a meadow; and, creeping close under a hay-rick, determined to lie there, till morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields: and he was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.</i></p> <p>Chapter 8</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside ... Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses, where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in filth; and from several of the door-ways, great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, on no very well-disposed or harmless errands.</i></p> <p>Chapter 8</p>	<p>Point:</p> <p>Evidence:</p> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>

Extract	Point Evidence Analysis
<p><i>As the Jew uttered these words, his bright dark eyes, which had been staring vacantly before him, fell on Oliver's face; the boy's eyes were fixed on his in mute curiosity; and although the recognition was only for an instant – for the briefest space of time that can possibly be conceived – it was enough to show the old man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash; and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, started furiously up.</i> Chapter 9</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>In an instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood, for a moment, with the blood so tingling through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels; and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.</i> Chapter 10</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>
<p><i>At this point of the inquiry, Oliver raised his head; and, looking round with imploring eyes, murmured a feeble prayer for a draught of water.</i> Chapter 11</p>	<p>Point:</p> <hr/> <p>Evidence:</p> <hr/> <p>Analysis/Explanation:</p>