“The Treasure of Lemon Brown”

Literary Elements
“The dark sky, filled with angry, swirling clouds...”
“His father’s words, like the distant thunder that now echoed through the streets of Harlem, still rumbled softly in his ears.”
“...bits of paper danced between the parked cars.”
“A car passed, its tires hissing over the wet street...”
“The voice was high and brittle, like dry twigs being broken, ...”
“Don’t try nothin’ ‘cause I got a razor sharp enough to cut a week into nine days!”
“Greg, except for an involuntary tremor in his knees, stood stock still.”
“He was an old man. His black, heavily wrinkled face was surrounded by a halo of crinkly white hair and whiskers that seemed to separate his head from the layers of dirty coats piled on his smallish frame. His pants were bagged to the knee, where they were met with rags that went down to the old shoes. The rags were held on with strings, and there was a rope around his middle.”
“Every man got a treasure.”
“Sweet Lemon Brown.”
“I sung the blues so sweet that if I sang at a funeral, the dead would commence to rocking with the beat.”
‘You don’t give up the blues; they give you up.’
“...and the beam from the flashlight danced crazily along the peeling wallpaper.”
“Hard times, boy. Hard times always after a poor man. One day I got tired, sat down to rest a spell and felt a tap on my shoulder. Hard times caught up with me.”
“He was an eerie sight, a bundle of rags standing at the top of the stairs, his shadow on the wall looming over him.”
“Then when Mr. Pain see he can’t worry you none, he go on mess with somebody else.”
“Broke my heart, it truly did. ”
“The dark sky, filled with angry, swirling clouds...”
personification
“His father’s words, like the distant thunder that now echoed through the streets of Harlem, still rumbled softly in his ears.”
Personification
“...bits of paper danced between the parked cars.”
“A car passed, its tires hissing over the wet street...”
Onomatopoeia
“Don’t try nothin’ ‘cause I got a razor sharp enough to cut a week into nine days!”
Hyperbole
“The voice was high and brittle, like dry twigs being broken, ...”
Simile
“Greg, except for an involuntary tremor in his knees, stood stock still.”
Alliteration
“He was an old man. His black, heavily wrinkled face was surrounded by a halo of crinkly white hair and whiskers that seemed to separate his head from the layers of dirty coats piled on his smallish frame. His pants were bagged to the knee, where they were met with rags that went down to the old shoes. The rags were held on with strings, and there was a rope around his middle.”
Characterization
“Every man got a treasure.”
Theme
“Sweet Lemon Brown.”
Oxymoron
“I sung the blues so sweet that if I sang at a funeral, the dead would commence to rocking with the beat.”
Hyperbole
“Hard times, boy. Hard times always after a poor man. One day I got tired, sat down to rest a spell and felt a tap on my shoulder. Hard times caught up with me.”
Personification
“You don’t give up the blues; they give you up.”
Personification

Blues
Personification
“...and the beam from the flashlight danced crazily along the peeling wallpaper.”
“He was an eerie sight, a bundle of rags standing at the top of the stairs, his shadow on the wall looming over him.”
Metaphor
“Then when Mr. Pain see he can’t worry you none, he go on mess with somebody else.”
Personification
“Broke my heart, it truly did. ”
Idiom/Hyperbole