

BOOK TALK

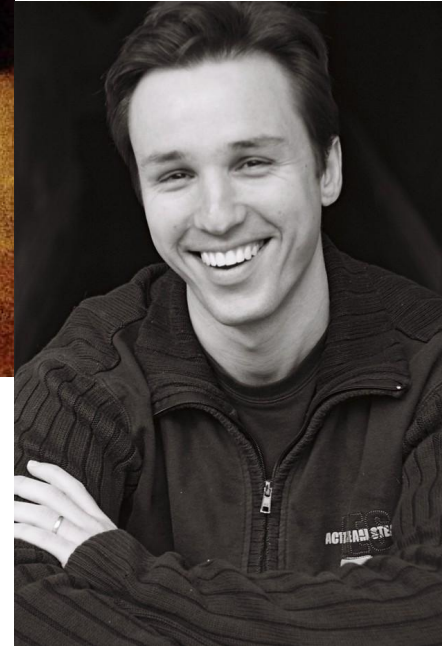
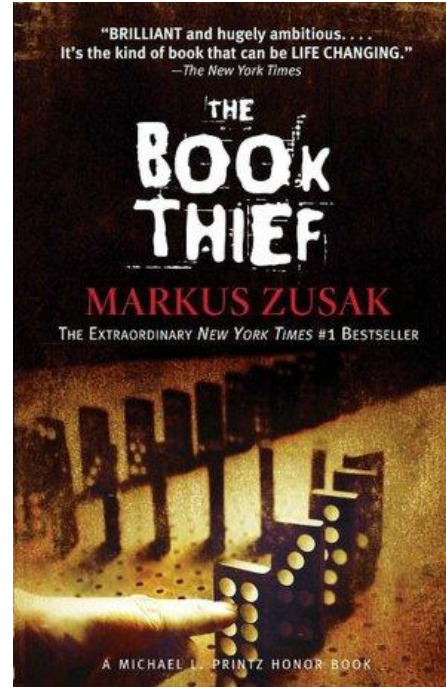
A report by Lauren Carr

THE BOOK THIEF

Author: Markus Zusak

Genre: Juvenile Fiction/ Historical Fiction

Copyright Date: 2005



SUMMARY

- The book is written in Death's point of view.
- Liesel Meminger is a young German girl growing up during World War II with her foster parents Hans and Rosa Hubermann.
- Liesel discovers the fascination of books which leads to her several encounters with Death.

WHAT I LIKED ABOUT
THE BOOK...

expecting at least twice as many sleepers as successes. There were practice versions on the pages of the *Shiloh Express*, improving his hair, change around on a level he could accept. As he worked, he heard the whispered words of a girl, "I'll hate," she told him, "to like feathers."
When he was finished, he used a knife to pierce the pages and tie these with string. The result was a thirteen-page booklet that went like this.

All my life,
I've been scared



of men standing over me.

I suppose my first standover
man was my father,



but he vanished
before I could remember him.



For some reason, when I was a boy,
I liked to fight. A lot of the time,
I lost. Another boy, sometimes with
blood falling from his nose, would be
standing over me.

Many years later, I needed
to hide. I tried not to sleep
because I was afraid of who
might be there when I woke up.



But I was
lucky.
It was always
my friend

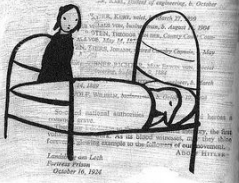


When I was hiding, I dreamed
of a certain man. The hardest
was when I traveled to find him.

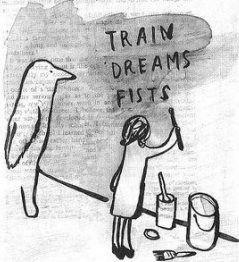


Out of sheer luck and many
footsteps, I made it.

I slept there for a long time.
Three days, they told me...
and what did I find when
I woke up? Not a man but
someone else, standing over me.



As time passed by,
the girl and I realised
we had things in common.



In return, she explained
what her own dreams
were made of.

Now I think we are friends,
this girl and me. On her
birthday, it was she who
gave a gift - to me.



It makes me understand
that the best standover man
we ever known is not a
man at all...

But there is
one strange thing.



The girl says
I look like something
else.

Now I live in a basement.
Bad dreams still live in
my sleep.

One night, after my usual
nightmare, a shadow stood above
me. She said "Tell me what you
dream of." So I did.



Integrating Visuals

THE THEME OF COLORS.

“People observe the colors of a day only at its beginnings and ends, but to me it’s quite clear that a day merges through a multitude of shades and intonations, with each passing moment. A single hour can consist of thousands of different colors. Waxy yellows, cloud-spat blues. Murky darkneses.” (Zusak 4)

A BOOK WITH...

- A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW
- A VARIETY OF VISUALS

...THEN READ THIS BOOK

