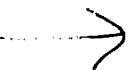


Name _____ Hr. _____

Prose Analysis from *The Stranger* by Albert Camus

1 It occurred to me that all I had to do was turn around and
2 that would be the end of it. But the whole beach, throbbing in
3 the sun, was pressing on my back. I took a few steps toward
4 the spring. The Arab didn't move. Beside, he was still pretty
5 far away. Maybe it was the shadows on his face, but it looked
6 like he was laughing. I waited. The sun was starting to burn
7 my cheeks, and I could feel drops of sweat gathering in my
8 eyebrows. The sun was the same as it had been the day I'd
9 buried Maman, and like then, my forehead especially was
10 hurting me, all the veins in it throbbing under the skin. It was
11 this burning, which I couldn't stand anymore, that made me
12 move forward. I knew that it was stupid, that I wouldn't get
13 the sun off me by stepping forward. But I took a step, one step,
14 forward. And this time, without getting up, the Arab drew his
15 knife and held it up to me in the sun. The light shot off the
16 steel and it was like a long flashing blade cutting at my forehead.
17 At the same instant the sweat in my eyebrows dripped down
18 over my eyelids all at once and covered them with a warm,
19 thick film. My eyes were blinded behind the curtain of tears
20 and salt. All I could feel were the cymbals of sunlight crashing
21 on my forehead and, indistinctly, the dazzling spear flying up
22 from the knife in front of me. The scorching blade slashed at
23 my eyelashes and stabbed at my stinging eyes. That's when



24 everything began to reel. The sea carried up a thick, fiery
25 breath. It seemed to me as if the sky split open from one end to
26 the other to rain down fire. My whole being tensed and I
27 squeezed my hand around the revolver. The trigger gave; I felt
28 the smooth underside of the butt; and there, in that noise, sharp
29 and deafening at the same time, is where it all started. I shook
30 off the sweat and sun. I knew that I had shattered the harmony
31 of the day, the exceptional silence of a beach where I'd been
32 happy. Then I fired four more times at the motionless body
33 where the bullets lodged without leaving a trace. And it was
34 like knocking four quick times on the door of unhappiness.