

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Key Quotes Analysis - Section 9

Directions: Read each quote below and identify its speaker and the character(s) who relate to it. Then, circle the theme(s) listed in the Themes Key that apply to each quote. Some quotes may lack a direct speaker (such as if the quote is an unnamed narrator) or have no related characters. In those cases it is fine to leave the “Speaker” or “Related character(s)” fields blank.

Themes Key

1	Privacy, Loneliness, and Communication
2	Social Criticism
3	Time
4	Psychology and Perception
5	Death

<p>“How delightful to see you!” said Clarissa. She said it to every one. How delightful to see you! She was at her worst – effusive, insincere. It was a great mistake to have come. He should have stayed at home and read his book, thought Peter Walsh; should have gone to a music hall; he should have stayed at home, for he knew no one.</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5
<p>Nobody looked at him. They just went on talking, yet it was perfectly plain that they all knew, felt to the marrow of their bones, this majesty passing; this symbol of what they stood for, English society. Old Lady Bruton... swam up, and they withdrew into a little room which at once became spied upon, guarded, and a sort of stir and rustle rippled through every one, openly: the Prime Minister!</p> <p>Lord, lord, the snobbery of the English! thought Peter Walsh, standing in the corner. How they loved dressing up in gold lace and doing homage!</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5
<p>Lady Bradshaw (poor goose – one didn’t dislike her) murmured how, “just as we were starting, my husband was called up on the telephone, a very sad case. A young man (that is what Sir William is telling Mr. Dalloway) had killed himself. He had been in the army.” Oh! thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here’s</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes:

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death, she thought.	1	2	3	4	5
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<p>She had once thrown a shilling into the Serpentine, never anything more. But he had flung it away... A thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved. Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate; people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded, one was alone. There was an embrace in death.</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5

<p>But that young man had killed himself.</p> <p>Somehow it was her disaster – her disgrace.</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5

<p>...and the words came to her, Fear no more the heat of the sun. She must go back to them. But what an extraordinary night! She felt somehow very like him – the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away. The clock was striking. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. He made her feel the beauty; made her feel the fun. But she must go back. She must assemble. She must find Sally and Peter. And she came in from the little room.</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5

<p>“I will come,” said Peter, but he sat on for a moment. What is this terror? what is this ecstasy? he thought to himself. What is it that fills me with extraordinary excitement?</p> <p>It is Clarissa, he said.</p> <p>For there she was.</p>	Speakers:
	Related character(s):
	Related Themes: 1 2 3 4 5