

## The Death of Snowden and Style Analysis

**Comment [T1]:** juxtaposition of life/death

**Comment [T2]:** not just gruesome, macabre: of, pertaining to, dealing with, or representing death, esp. its **grimmer** or **uglier** aspect.

**Comment [T3]:** simile: compares to all American sport; idea of kids who should be playing games are playing at war with real life or death consequences

**Comment [T4]:** imagery

**Comment [T5]:** tragic

**Comment [T6]:** I bet Snowden would disagree; irony

**Comment [T7]:** Yossarian doesn't know what he's doing so he does what he can even if it is useless and futile

**Comment [T8]:** repetition: he will say this statement always as a pair of sentences until the last time; this phrase is repeated 21 times throughout the scene;

**Comment [T9]:** irony: it turns out that Yossarian should be tending is not "there" but some place completely different (the abdomen)

**Comment [T10]:** Black humor: just envision this in a movie: small scrawny guy waking up in the background and then fainting; and then doing it again; and then again a third time

**Comment [T11]:** imagery—ewww!! The use of adjectives here emphasizes that this is not a clean, sanitary type wound or image. This is not the skeleton from your bio class; it is a human being who has suddenly become both less and more than he was.

**Comment [T12]:** Ties in with the character's name Snowden. Snow=white and pure; den=home; but here it is compared to the blood that is seeping out of Snowden's wound. It's this loss of blood which is making him cold.

**Comment [T13]:** onomatopoeia

**Comment [T14]:** personification

**Comment [T15]:** allusion to the idea of the lamb (sacrificial lamb); reflects Snowden's innocence and reinforces that this is not a man but rather a kid.

**Comment [T16]:** Imagery: we all know what raw hamburger meat looks like and it's not particularly pleasant

**Comment [T17]:** Irony: oh if Yossarian only knew

...He was cold, and he told  
 who had never been his pal but was a vaguely familiar kid who was badly  
 death in the puddle of harsh yellow sunlight splashing into his face through  
 Yossarian crawled into the rear section of the plane over the bomb bay aft  
 him on the intercom to help the gunner, please help the gunner. Yossarian  
 when his eyes first beheld the macabre scene; he was absolutely revolted,  
 few moments before descending, crouched on his hands and knees in the  
 bomb bay beside the sealed corrugated carton containing the first-aid kit.  
 back on the floor with his legs stretched out, still burdened cumberously  
 helmet, his parachute harness and his Mae West. Not far away on the floor  
 in a dead faint. The wound Yossarian saw was in the outside of Snowden's  
 as a football, it seemed. It was impossible to tell where the shreds of his  
 and the ragged flesh began.

There was no morphine in the first-aid kit, no protection for Snowden aga  
 shock of the gaping wound itself. The twelve syrettes of morphine had be  
 and replaced by a cleanly lettered note that said: 'What's good for M & M  
 the country, Milo Minderbinder.' Yossarian swore at Milo and held two as  
 unable to receive them. But first he hastily drew a tourniquet around Snow  
 could not think what else to do in those first tumultuous moments when hi  
 when he knew he must act competently at once and feared he might go to  
 Snowden watched him steadily, saying nothing. No artery was spurting, b  
 absorb himself entirely into the fashioning of a tourniquet, because applyi  
 something he did know how to do. He worked with simulated skill and co  
 Snowden's lack-luster gaze resting upon him. He recovered possession of  
 tourniquet was finished and loosened it immediately to lessen the danger  
 was clear now, and he knew how to proceed. He rummaged through the fi  
 'I'm cold,' Snowden said softly. 'I'm cold.'

'You're going to be all right, kid,' Yossarian reassured him with a grin. 'Ye  
 'I'm cold,' Snowden said again in a frail, childlike voice. 'I'm cold.'  
 'There, there,' Yossarian said, because he did not know what else to say. 'I  
 'I'm cold,' Snowden whimpered. 'I'm cold.'  
 'There, there.' There, there.'

Yossarian was frightened and moved more swiftly. He found a pair of scis  
 cutting carefully through Snowden's coveralls high up above the wound, j  
 cut through the heavy gabardine cloth all the way around the thigh in a str  
 tailgunner woke up while Yossarian was cutting with the scissors, saw hir  
 Snowden rolled his head to the other side of his neck in order to stare at Y  
 dim, sunken light glowed in his weak and listless eyes. Yossarian, puzzlec  
 He began cutting downward through the coveralls along the inside seam.  
 that a tube of slimy bone he saw running deep inside the gory scarlet flow  
 startling fibers of weird muscle? - was dripping blood in several trickles, l  
 eaves, but viscous and red, already thickening as it dropped. Yossarian ke  
 coveralls to the bottom and peeled open the severed leg of the garment. It  
 plop, exposing the hem of khaki undershorts that were soaking up blotche  
 though in thirst. Yossarian was stunned at how waxen and ghastly Snowd  
 loathsome, how lifeless and esoteric the downy, fine, curled blond hairs o  
 calf. The wound, he saw now, was not nearly as large as a football, but as  
 and too raw and deep to see into clearly. The raw muscles inside twitched  
 A long sigh of relief escaped slowly through Yossarian's mouth when he s  
 in danger of dying. The blood was already coagulating inside the wound, :

of bandaging him up and keeping him calm until the plane landed. He ren sulfanilamide from the first-aid kit. Snowden quivered when Yossarian pr to turn him up slightly on his side.

'Did I hurt you?'

'I'm cold,' Snowden **whimpered**. 'I'm cold.'

'There, there,' Yossarian said. 'There, there.'

'I'm cold. I'm cold.'

'There, there. There, there.'

'It's starting to hurt me,' Snowden cried out suddenly with a plaintive, urg Yossarian scrambled frantically through the first-aid kit in search of morp Milo's note and a bottle of aspirin. He cursed Milo and held two aspirin ta had no water to offer. Snowden rejected the aspirin with an almost imperc His face was pale and pasty. Yossarian removed Snowden's flak helmet at floor.

'I'm cold,' Snowden moaned with half-closed eyes. 'I'm cold.'

The edges of his mouth were turning blue. Yossarian was petrified. **He w the rip cord of Snowden's parachute and cover him with the nylon folds.** I plane. Glancing up unexpectedly, Snowden gave him a wan, co-operative position of his hips a bit so that Yossarian could begin salting the wound v Yossarian worked with renewed confidence and optimism. The plane bou pocket, and he remembered with a start that he had left his own parachute

**There was nothing to be done about that.** He poured envelope after envelo crystalline powder into the bloody oval wound until nothing red could be deep, apprehensive breath, steeling himself with gritted teeth as he touche dangling shreds of drying flesh to tuck them up inside the wound. Quickly wound with a large cotton compress and jerked his hand away. He smiled ordeal had ended. The actual contact with the dead flesh had not been nea anticipated, and he **found an excuse to caress the wound with his fingers a** convince himself of his own courage.

Next he began binding the compress in place with a roll of gauze. The sec Snowden's thigh with the bandage, he spotted the small hole on the inside of flak had entered, a **round, crinkled wound the size of a quarter** with blu inside where the blood had crusted. Yossarian sprinkled this one with sulf continued unwinding the gauze around Snowden's leg until the compress v snipped off the roll with the scissors and slit the end down the center. He i with a tidy square knot. It was a good bandage, he knew, and he sat back c wiping the perspiration from his brow, and grinned at Snowden with spon 'I'm cold,' Snowden moaned. 'I'm cold.'

'You're going to be all right, kid,' Yossarian assured him, patting his arm c under control.'

Snowden shook his head feebly. 'I'm cold,' he repeated, with eyes as dull e cold.'

'There, there,' said Yossarian, with growing doubt and trepidation. 'There, we'll be back on the ground and Doc Daneeka will take care of you.'

But Snowden kept shaking his head and pointed at last, with just the bares down toward his armpit. Yossarian bent forward to peer and saw a strange through the coveralls just above the armhole of Snowden's flak suit. Yoss then pound so violently he found it difficult to breathe. Snowden was wou Yossarian ripped open the snaps of Snowden's flak suit and heard himself **Snowden's insides slithered down to the floor in a soggy pile and just kept**

flak more than three inches big had shot into his other side just underneath the way through, drawing whole mottled quarts of Snowden along with it **in his ribs it made as it blasted out.** Yossarian screamed a second time and over his eyes. His teeth were chattering in horror. He forced himself to loc **plenty, all right,** he thought bitterly as he stared - liver, lungs, kidneys, rib stewed tomatoes Snowden had eaten that day for lunch. **Yossarian hated s**

**Comment [T18]:** Notice the use of verbs and adjectives to describe Snowden's voice: softly, frail child-like voice, whimpered, cried out with a plentitude, urgent wince, moaned, etc.

**Comment [T19]:** These phrases always come as pairs to reinforce the motif of doubling in the novel

**Comment [T20]:** This is Snowden's only other line in the whole novel other than I'm cold.

**Comment [T21]:** foreshadowing: reminiscent of a burial shroud

**Comment [T22]:** He seems matter-of-fact like he now feels in control of the situation; yeah it sucks that he doesn't have a chute but he's feeling pretty good right now so it doesn't matter

**Comment [T23]:** proof of his courage and competence

**Comment [T24]:** easily visualized comparison but also introduces money which is going to come up real soon as we realize what Milo's trades really cost. Also foreshadows the larger wound that Yossarian will find momentarily.

**Comment [T25]:** repetition of the "s" sound reinforces the sound of the insides sliding to the floor

**Comment [T26]:** Ok this is beyond gross. The violence of the shot is characterized by the diction of blasted (used twice) as well as the description of "mottled quarts" not of blood but of Snowden

**Comment [T27]:** irony

**Comment [T28]:** remember that these tomatoes have been purchased by the syndicate in exchange for other goods. So while Snowden did not directly sell the morphine that he needs for tomatoes, he is responsible, and I think it's safe to say that he wishes he hadn't done so.

**Comment [T29]:** irony: cuz of all things this is what makes him throw up

**Comment [T30]:** diction: sense of futility

**Comment [T31]:** He's no longer speaking to console Snowden but rather himself

**Comment [T32]:** allusion to ancient times in which someone's future could be told by reading the entrails of an animal

**Comment [T33]:** THEME

**Comment [T34]:** This is the first time this is a singular statement almost as if he can't even say it the second time. It's a stopping point—maybe even the moment of death.

turned away dizzily and began to vomit, clutching his burning throat. The while Yossarian was vomiting, saw him, and fainted again. Yossarian was pain and despair when he finished. He turned back weakly to Snowden, w softer and more rapid, and whose face had grown paler. He wondered how save him.

'I'm cold,' Snowden whimpered. 'I'm cold.'

'There, there,' Yossarian mumbled mechanically in a voice too low to be h

Yossarian was cold, too, and shivering uncontrollably. He felt goose pimp as he gazed down despondently at the grim secret Snowden had spilled all was easy to read the message in his entrails. Man was matter, that was Snc out a window and he'll fall. Set fire to him and he'll burn. Bury him and he garbage. The spirit gone, man is garbage. That was Snowden's secret. Rip

'I'm cold,' Snowden said. 'I'm cold.'

'There, there,' said Yossarian. 'There, there.' He pulled the rip cord of Sno covered his body with the white nylon sheets.

'I'm cold.'

'There, there.'

Please note that this is only a representative sample of the techniques that Heller uses.