

The book I've chosen to share examples relating to our topic from is called "All the Light We Cannot See" by Anthony Doerr, copyright 2014 and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 2015.

For our topic of empathy, I'll give you a little background that occurred before the example (which occurs very early in the novel), as it helps to understand the context, and why I feel the example is a good illustration of the author creating empathy.

We are told the date is August 7, 1944. Then an extremely short, but eloquently written scene, informs us leaflets are falling from the sky onto a town, containing a dire warning which I'll summarize as: "Leave town. Immediately." Next, a slightly longer scene gives us the perspective from bomber planes with English-language names crossing the English Channel toward a coastal city.

The example is on the next page. While I hope the reason I've chosen the passage is obvious, please comment if it isn't or any thoughts you might have about it.

Kevin

## The Girl

In a corner of the city, inside a tall, narrow house at Number 4 rue Vauborel, on the sixth and highest floor, a sightless sixteen-year-old named Marie-Laure LeBlanc kneels over a low table covered entirely with a model. The model is a miniature of the city she kneels within, and contains scale replicas of the hundreds of houses and shops and hotels within its walls. There's the cathedral with its perforated spire, and the bulky old Château de Saint-Malo, and row after row of seaside mansions studded with chimneys. A slender wooden jetty arcs out from a beach called the Plage du Môle; a delicate, reticulated atrium vaults over the seafood market; minute benches, the smallest no larger than apple seeds, dot the tiny public squares.

Marie-Laure runs her fingertips along the centimeter-wide parapet crowning the ramparts, drawing an uneven star shape around the entire model. She finds the opening atop the walls where four ceremonial cannons point to sea. "Bastion de la Hollande," she whispers, and her fingers walk down a little staircase. "Rue des Cordiers. Rue Jacques Cartier."

In a corner of the room stand two galvanized buckets filled to the rim with water. Fill them up, her great-uncle has taught her, whenever you can. The bathtub on the third floor too. Who knows when the water will go out again.

Her fingers travel back to the cathedral spire. South to the Gate of Dinan. All evening she has been marching her fingers around the model, waiting for her great-uncle Etienne, who owns this house, who went out the previous night while she slept, and who has not returned. And now it is night again, another revolution of the clock, and the whole block is quiet, and she cannot sleep.

