

Cape communication studies reflective piece and analysis

Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The modest morning light seeped gently through her lacy curtains. She stood there, in the fluttering frothy fabric peering, as she did every morning at the first stirring of morning when the street was just coming alive again, from being dead with the early hours of morning.

It was then she saw them, the soldiers, their laughter was as foreign and fascinating to her as their shining yellow hair.

Their pale skin, almost transparent in the morning light, was reminiscent of the mysterious man in a picture sitting on her coffee table downstairs, a dead white father whose name she did not know, and who had never bothered to claim her. She fidgeted in her uniform. Her skirt was stiff from the starch her mother had used and her hair wrestled into a bun, and a ribbon knotted at its centre. She half ran to Urine's room where she sat perched as she always was at her vanity religiously admiring herself.

In that moment she hated her sister, because though they shared the same face; the same almond shaped eyes, the same long straight European nose, the round curved mouth and oval face; Urine's skin was almost as pale and iridescent as the soldiers'. It suited her delicate, elegant features and in her almost womanhood her beauty was more refined and pronounced. It was beauty that was fully conscious and aware of itself, and it showed in the way her chin lifted and in the way she peered at the rest of the world out of the corner of her eye, as though she was only half-interested in the things going on outside of herself.

Make felt the usual shrinking whenever she was around her sister, because her loveliness expanded and defied anything else in its presence, including Make. "Urine, mommy say huh Haddam drop MIM HTH school, eh.

"She said, louder than she needed to. The Jealousy felt new and was hard to conceal. Urine spun around, her thick curly locks whipped in a flash of honey brown behind her shoulders. Muff get big big scholarship to go white man school and you still talking so girl? Is so dye does teach huh?" the rebuke was weightless and empty.

Urine's gaze returned to her reflection. "I coming now.

"At school the white eyes remained glued to her brownness as she passed in the hallway. During her classes she sat and listened attentively and said little and at lunch she sat on the plush dewy grass and ate. It was then that Caroline approached "Hi Make," she said brightly. Make hesitated before replying. "Hello.

"As she looked at Caroline she felt a similar inferiority to that which she felt with Urine. Only this was sharper and more acute.

Carolina's whiteness reminded her of Sunday at church and the stained glass windows with pictures of white saints their upturned blue eyes glittering with the outside light like gems, their hands raised to Ramee the halos on their foreheads. They seemed ethereal and all-knowing and perpetually lovely, especially the Virgin Mary, with her cascading blonde hair, a baby Jesus cradled in her ivory arms. They seemed to look down at her from their perch with those ancient eyes, Judging and reprimanding her for her darkness.

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She remembered that day last year, at the end of the school term when she and Caroline sat under the cool shady refuge of a mango tree watching the other girls play moral. She'd remembered the burning question that eventually bubbled up and spilled out of her lips. Carol, huh tint I pretty? " She'd regarded her then, before coming to a conclusion. Miss, sort of, I guess. I mean you have a nice face..

. But if you were white you'd probably be nicer. I don't know... Your skin looks kind of.

.. Arty with your hair. Maybe if you were lighter. " She shrugged and turned her gaze back to the playground.

Make was shocked and troubled into silence.

ANALYSIS

The reflective piece of this I. A. Is entitled ' Questioning Beauty and depicts a young girl questioning her own beauty as a result of aspects of her society that influence her perception of her appearance. She is Jealous of her older sister who has a lighter complexion than she does and is therefore considered more beautiful in the eyes of society.

The protagonist, who attends a white private school on scholarship, asks her friend whether or not she is pretty. Her friend tells her that she would be prettier if she was of a lighter complexion, like her sister. The two elements I plan to address in this analysis are the range of dialectal variations, and the attitudes towards the languages used. There are a range of dialectal

variations used in this Reflective. Certain aspects intricate to the selection of a dialectal variation, such as the audience, setting, or purpose.

Make speaks in a form of Creole closer to the monocles when speaking to her white friend at school, she speaks in a register closer to the correct, because speaking a form of Creole further away from the correct can be associated with a lack of education and a lower social class.

This is a stigma the protagonist does not want attached to her in a school in which her classmates and teachers are of a higher class than she is. There are also attitudes to different languages.

When Make speaks to her sister in a more monocles version of Creole, her sister scolds her for doing so, because she expects that since Make is receiving an education that she should speak Standard English or ' properly. This shows that there are conceptions that speaking Creole is incorrect or a sign of a lack of education. In conclusion, this reflective piece addresses a range of dialectal variations which are chosen according to the audience, setting and purpose.

It also addresses attitudes towards different languages as some are associated with a lower class and lack of education. (349 words)