

1. a) In this extract from her ~~travelogue~~ travelogue, the writer describes and shares her experience of her journey to the dance studio in Buenos Aires and adopts a personal, semi-formal tone as she expresses her thoughts and feelings in a broadly chronological order while creating a contrast between her ~~erotic~~ negative emotions towards the journey and her positive emotions towards ~~her~~ ^{the} dance routine. ~~from~~

The opening sentence establishes her disdain and annoyance with the simile "stuck to... heat" which not only illustrates a tactile image of the ~~its~~ high temperature but also gives the idea of heavy traffic because her cab is "stuck". The writer continues to perceive her environment in a negative manner for the Obelisco "looms" up ~~at~~ ahead as if from its "restless" bed which gives the impression of a rising demon, almost angry at impatient drivers in the traffic that surrounds it. The sudden short sentence "Horns hit my ears" is abrupt just like the blast of a horn and provides an auditory image of what the writer is hearing. The writer sums up everything that she disapproves that afternoon with a list of three - "My answers ... racks up" - that conveys just how dull her situation is without going into too many details. The paragraph ends with a twist in the writer's perspective due to the "new four inch stiletto heels" which ~~marks~~ ^{creates} suspense as

what that entails.

In the following paragraph, the contrast between the external ~~to~~ and internal location starts to show and the tone is less negative — almost neutral. The writer describes her actions as she performs them ("I delay... life.") and ~~follows~~ with the use of a colon, follows it up with an explanation that underpins the ^{stark} contrast between "the chaotic and bliss."

The writer begins to describe the internal location of the dance studio with a metaphor "The steps... shallow smiles." that creates a visual image of wooden stairs that are sagging bent with age. This is followed by a ~~retro~~ rhetorical question ("Who... decades?") which the writer answers herself to imply that eminent artists were once where she is now.

discusses the imagery effect!

Furthermore, her conversation with the hostess is in italics font which ~~of~~ sounds ~~non-chalant~~ nonchalant and gives the impression of small talk that is customary rather than enthusiastic ("You're late... today?"). The fact that the writer already knows the place "as a home" realises that she ^{has been} ~~is~~ a frequent visitor for quite some time. "A caress of wine red velvet" and "flung into unruly folds" portray how windy it is by creating tactile and visual images respectively. The description of the internal location ends with "buttock-dented seats" which reinforce the image that the studio is old and is

~~need of renovation~~ has not been renovated recently.

The writer must attempt "to catch the farthest male eyes" and so she focuses on her "transformation" and does not "look up" as she prepares, perhaps because she is aware of others watching her. Her "Cinderella" shoes are an allusion to famous glass slippers in the fairy tale and paint a vivid visual image in the reader's mind of sparkly ~~shoe~~ heels. It is impressive how a simple change in a pair of shoes ~~can~~ transforms the writer from a regular ~~commuter~~ tourist annoyed at the traffic and heat to a graceful and confident woman ready to dance the tango.

Throughout the passage, the ~~is~~ use of Spanish words for 'taxi driver', 'sparkling water' and 'coffee' depict how a tourist can pick up the local language and is effectively demonstrated in this travelogue. It adds a cultural touch to the writing which is informative and attractive.

After two short sentences that structure finality and suspense for she is "finally ready" and "raises her eyes", the perspective of the passage shifts slightly and delves into an emotional description of the dance floor where there are no longer people with faces but "pairs of bodies" that "weave their unique and silent songs", thus implying that each dance with each new pair partner is different as each have their own personal style. "Weave" portrays an image of a couple dancing around the floor in a pattern but not in a straight line or a fixed position.

There is a rhythm to the flowchart of the tango ^{and diction} ("Music transports... feet dance.") and the tone of the passage turns romantic, abstract and ~~smooth~~ smoothly. The reader is exposed to the writer's internal ponderings as she observes "the men who ~~are~~ ^{she has} never touched" and the "clues undulate" elaborating that the writer is observant and specifically looking for what she wants by watching how "body shape... rock and roll".

When she "smiles" because "she finds him quite easily today", it seems almost like a smile of victory as when a predator catches sight of his prey. The victory seems evident as "his eyes find mine" and it appears that the music does "insist" she "takes the side" for once the "first notes... five o'clock", she decides.

The rest of the paragraph uses short sentences to describe the actions of their flirtatious exchange and tension rises until "he stands... me.". The writer seems to gain confidence on acceptance, knowing that "for the next... mine" which has a slight possessive streak and reveals a little about the writer's character. The last line reveals that the writer likes adventure and mystery for she is "about to... disengage soul" and trails off as a beautiful cliff hanger, thereby capturing the reader's imagination and subtly persuading the reader to want to visit Buenos Aires and experience the tango.

b) ~~I felt a bead of sweat trickle down my forehead.~~
I feel a bead of sweat trickle down my forehead and I brush it away with the back of my hand, ignoring any make-up I elased along with it. My eyes are trained on the colourful waiting party consisting majority of women of all ages fanning themselves with a ~~had~~ napkin or the ends of their shimmering dupattas¹. Everyone looks up and gathers quickly on the pavement, looking down the road. ~~I~~ hear ~~the~~ faint music. As if joining ~~their~~ its brethren for a song, the band on the pavement strikes up a similar tune - an unusual symphony of the trumpets and the drums. The groom with his typical North Indian features of fair, pinkish skin and dark hair that peeks from under grand, golden turban, trots down the street on a white horse. He ^{is} surrounded by his joyous family members who dance - raising their hands and strugging - to the beat of the dholak². They are greeted by the bride's family who join in the celebrations and dance - the two bands playing loud enough for the whole town to hear. I snap away with my camera, capturing the swirl of ~~colours~~ pinks, greens and goldens - colours that normally clash but blend beautifully now. An arm pulls me into the crowd. The melody roars in my ears. There is no escape. I laugh and dance along.