

# Extended Metaphor Examples

from Budge Wilson's "The Metaphor"

*"My mother is a flawless, modern building, created of glass and the smoothest of pale concrete. Inside are business offices furnished with beige carpets and gleaming chromium. In every room there are machines — computers, typewriters, intricate copiers. They are buzzing and clicking away, absorbing and spitting out information with the speed of sound. Downstairs, at ground level, people walk in and out, tracking mud and dirt over the steel-grey tiles, marring the cool perfection of the building. There are no comfortable chairs in the lobby." (Wilson, Inside Stories II 219).*

Michael [REDACTED] 3

## Extended Metaphor

Life is a cloud.  
It's sometimes high, and sometimes low  
And sometimes dark, and sometimes bright.  
It contains many things, both good and bad,  
And once there is too much, will overflow.  
When you stare at it, it will go nowhere,  
But as soon as you turn your back,  
It will leave you in the dust,  
And disappear into the horizon  
Leaving you wishing you had stared some more.

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#11

Joyce [REDACTED] 3

## Extended Metaphor

I am nothing but a mere pawn on a checkerboard; I am not at all important in the overall picture. Being part of the majority, I am not valued as others often toss me aside carelessly. Nobody ever mourns over losing me. I am powerless and always being moved around by others without having a say in where I truly want to go. I have no other choices but to move forward, with reluctance, into the arms of the awaiting enemy. I am perfectly aware of the fact that backing up is not an option for me. However, even though I am an insignificant, minor character, when treated properly with care, I can still turn into a queen.

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Andrea [REDACTED]  
March 5th

#25  
Blk 3

I am a tree

I am a tree. I grew up from a little black seed, and will become a towering tree. I am a home for all the homeless birds. I have a shade where all animals are welcomed to have a rest. I stand firmly in dreadful storms. I protect people from terrifying floods. I bear abundant fruits for people who water and take care of me. I produce fresh air all the time till the end of my life. When the day comes, I will be cut down and used in multiple ways. You may see me as a piece of paper in your binder, you may see me in your fireplace, you may use a desk that is made of me. I'll leave a mark somewhere and the world will mark my existence.

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## ***Time is a Gift***

Benson [REDACTED]  
Block 1  
#24  
March 7, 2012

Time is a gift

The gift of your life

There is one gift for each person

Be careful of how you use it

Be careful of who you may give it to

Be careful of where you put it

Once used, the gift cannot return

Don't let others take and use your gift for you

Try to get as much as you can get from your gift

Time is a gift

Use it well

# Extended Metaphor or Simile?

**Instructions:** The following excerpts are examples of extended metaphors and similes. First, identify what is being compared and write it down. Next identify each as an extended metaphor or an extended simile.

I graduated from the University of Life. All right? I received a degree from the School of Hard Knocks. And our colors were black and blue, baby. I had office hours with the Dean of Bloody Noses. All right? I borrowed my class notes from Professor Knuckle Sandwich and his Teaching Assistant, Ms. Fat Lip. That's the kind of school I went to for real, okay?

(Will Ferrell, Commencement Address at Harvard University, 2003)

What's being compared: \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Metaphor or Simile

It never takes longer than a few minutes, when they get together, for everyone to revert to the state of nature, like a party marooned by a shipwreck. That's what a family is. Also the storm at sea, the ship, and the unknown shore. And the hats and the whiskey stills that you make out of bamboo and coconuts. And the fire that you light to keep away the beasts.

(Michael Chabon, *The Yiddish Policeman's Union*. Harper, 2007)

What's being compared: \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Metaphor or Simile

Bobby Holloway says my imagination is a three-hundred-ring circus. Currently I was in ring two hundred and ninety-nine, with elephants dancing and clowns cartwheeling and tigers leaping through rings of fire. The time had come to step back, leave the main tent, go buy some popcorn and a Coke, bliss out, cool down.

(Dean Koontz, *Seize the Night*. Bantam, 1999)

What's being compared: \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Metaphor or Simile

Love is like a butterfly  
As soft and gentle as a sigh  
The multicolored moods of love are like it's satin wings.  
Love makes your heart feel strange inside  
It flutters like soft wings in flight  
Love is like a butterfly, a rare and gentle thing  
I feel it when you're with me  
It happens when you kiss me  
That rare and gentle feeling that I feel inside  
Your touch is soft and gentle  
Your kiss is warm and tender  
Whenever I am with you I think of butterflies  
(Dolly Parton, "Love is like a Butterfly." 1974)

What's being compared: \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Metaphor or Simile

Racism is a busy street corner in a large metropolitan city. Business people, grouped into competing groups -- rival companies -- by the colour of their power suits and corporate logos, bustle from this building to that taxicab, from this meeting to that lunchtime seminar. They are not happy with themselves, but they are always wanting to win the conflict of man-against-man. And in this rat-race, each angles to swerve between the masses, never really seeing anyone as anything but an obstacle to their ultimate goal. Yet occasionally, a simple miscalculation occurs: one poor office clerk zigs left when he should have zagged right. He plows smack dab into a lawyer, and a foul-mouthed shouting match ensues. Shouting leads to pushing, and pushing inevitably leads to shoving. Before you know it, a raucous crowd has gathered: clerks versus lawyers; the mob begins to grow. The police are called -- too late. A riot has begun. The streets will burn. The lawyer will sue. The clerk will land in jail. And I think to myself, wouldn't it be better on that street corner, to just stop and watch the family of man pass by and enjoy all the diversity the city has to offer?  
(David van den Broek, Grade 10)

What's being compared: \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Metaphor or Simile

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## Practice Writing Metaphors

Instructions: Fill in the blanks to complete the metaphor. E.g., Freedom is a summer day.

Freedom is \_\_\_\_\_

Love is \_\_\_\_\_

Loneliness is \_\_\_\_\_

Happiness is \_\_\_\_\_

Wonder is \_\_\_\_\_

Beauty is \_\_\_\_\_

Peace is \_\_\_\_\_

Winter is \_\_\_\_\_

War is \_\_\_\_\_

Death is \_\_\_\_\_

Hate is \_\_\_\_\_

Sadness is \_\_\_\_\_

Spring is \_\_\_\_\_

Kindness is \_\_\_\_\_

Autumn is \_\_\_\_\_

Anger is \_\_\_\_\_

Fear is \_\_\_\_\_

Now that you have completed the above metaphors, share them with a partner. Then, select three of your favourites and develop them into extended metaphors of five to seven sentences each.