

Figurative Language in The Book Thief

- “I travelled the globe as always, handing souls to the conveyer belt of eternity” (Death, 23).
- “I do not carry a sickle or scythe. I only wear a hooded black robe when it’s cold. And I don’t have those skull-like facial features you seem to enjoy pinning on me from a distance” (Death, 329).
- “Five hundred souls. I carried them in my fingers like suitcases. Or I’d throw them over my shoulder” (Death, 359).
- “This time, his voice like a fist, freshly banged on the table. (136)
- “The soft spoken words fell off the side of the bed, emptying onto the floor like powder” (67).
- “Everything was so desperately noisy in the dark when he was alone. Each time he moved, there was the sound of a crease. He felt like a man in a paper suit”(152).