

How would you categorize the following extracts, all of which are taken from novels? Think about your reasons for suggesting a particular category.

Extract 1

The town of Edinburgh stood on its ridge, with the Castle Rock at the top and the houses of its inhabitants outlined on the inferior slope. Behind the Rock was a range of green treeless hills. Other outcrops, more abrupt, reared themselves between the shore and the town.

Close at hand was the mouth of the river Leith, timber shored on each side, with some coasting vessels and a quantity of fishing-boats within a breakwater made of rough stobs and boulders. To left and right of the river stood a smoky collection of thatched cabins, kailyards, wood and stone warehouses, and a number of tallish houses of a more ambitious sort, with kilns and bakehouses and wooden sheds around them.

Among them was a single church spire, a well-head in a puddle, and a circular wall with an assortment of new stone and timber buildings inside. The King's Wark, Anselm Adorne had been told.

Extract 2

Stacy had never seen him before, but with those good looks she felt he should have been starring in the film instead of Paul Forbes. He was gorgeous, although the dark scowl on his face gave him a slightly satanic look. He had jet black hair, worn long over his collar but styled, piercing deep blue eyes that hinted at a steely determination, gave an impression that this man always got what he went after. He was very tall, well over six foot, his wide powerful shoulders tapering down to a narrow waist and firm muscular thighs, all shown to advantage in the black polo-necked jumper he wore and the fitted black trousers. Stacy guessed his age to be somewhere between thirty five and forty.

Extract 3

To confirm that it was indeed near death, the great vessel broke through into normal space with lingering slowness. The pain of the usually swift translation was prolonged as well, until the thousand, for all their strength, cursed and wept within their minds and became convinced that they would be trapped. It would be the gray limbo endlessly. That and pain.

But the Ship was doing its best. Sharing the agony of the passengers, it pushed and pried against the tough fabric of the superficialities until there were flickers of black against the gray. The Ship and the people felt their anguish dim into a mere harmony of nearly musical vibrations that echoed, damped, and finally snapped off.

They hung in normal space, stars all around them.