

Introduction to Creative Writing

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Dear College Instructors:

This Open Education Resource (OER) is written for college instructors and their students for an introductory creative writing course.

The online text is designed for writers—some who may aspire to be published authors and others who just want to write because they simply like to write.

This online text provides instruction in the writing process—prewriting, drafting, revising, publishing—writer’s block, short stories—including flash fiction—poetry, peer reviews, and portfolios.

The text will also introduce students to creative works by writers whose work has stood the test of time. Each piece of literature was selected as a model for student writing.

The online text incorporates links to TED Talks. These TED Talks give students an opportunity to listen to contemporary writers discuss their creative process and their work.

This online text is not meant to be a comprehensive text on creative writing. In other words, the lessons are not full chapters. They are mini-lessons on writing. Much more content could have been written and many more samples of literature could have been included. This online text was designed for a sixteen-week semester course that explores how to write short stories and poetry.

Linda Frances Lein, M.F.A.

Letter for College Students

Dear College Students:

Hmmm, where should I begin? It's always hard to get started on a piece of writing, isn't it? I've already written a paragraph, deleted it, and started again. You will experience this struggle to get started repeatedly in this creative writing class and probably already have experienced it in other writing classes. The struggle is real, but with exploration and practice, it will become easier.

I like to think of writing as a journey—a trip or a vacation. Writing requires anticipation and planning before the journey begins, and during the process of drafting a story or poem, it unfolds as the first sight seen, the first photo captured, the first experience completed.

Of course, the first experience of drafting isn't the finished product, is it? Multiple revisions is like building a photo album or a slide show of the trip until it is a final manuscript to share with friends, family members, and other readers.

In this online text, you will discover and develop your writing process and style. You'll learn how to get unstuck when facing writer's block. You'll study master writers, both past and contemporary, so you can write your own stories and poems. At the end of the course, you will have two portfolios showcasing your final drafts: one fiction, one poetry.

May this journey in creative writing be one of exploration and adventure. After all, learning to write well is a life-long journey.

Linda Frances Lein, M.F.A.

PART I

THE WRITING PROCESS

I. Lesson I: Writing Preferences and The Writing Process

Writing Preferences

Each writer has his/her own preferences when drafting a document. Whether a person is writing a story, a poem, a journal entry, a letter, or a creative non-fiction piece, the writing approach is idiosyncratic, meaning that it is distinctive to the person who is writing.

Some are think-write writers. They need to think and think and think some more until they can write their first draft. When they write their first draft, they need a large block of time to get it down on paper. Their first drafts feel like a finished product to the writer because they've done most of their prewriting and revising in the thinking process. However, these writers need to remember that the first draft is just that—a first draft. Revision is necessary. See Figure 1.1 for a list of the advantages and disadvantages of being an extreme think-write writer.

Figure 1.1: Advantages and Disadvantages for Think-write Writers

Advantages

- Once they've start writing, they finish the draft easily.
- The first draft can feel like a polished final draft to the writer.
- They usually finish drafts on time or earlier than the deadline.

Disadvantages

- They need time to think; they can't write under command or

time pressure.

- Starting the opening paragraph can be difficult because they are still thinking.
- Revising their work is difficult because from their perspective a lot of the revision decisions were made in the thinking process.

Other writers are write-write writers. They write, cut, copy, and reorganize their work as well as throw away and start again—sometimes multiple times. They are constantly prewriting, planning, and revising as they go. They sometimes struggle with finishing a final draft, and they have even been known to delete some of their best work. These writers need to remember to save all drafts, so that the best work is never lost. See Figure 1.2 for a list of advantages and disadvantages of being an extreme write-write writer.

Figure 1.2: Advantages and Disadvantages for the Write-write Writers

Advantages

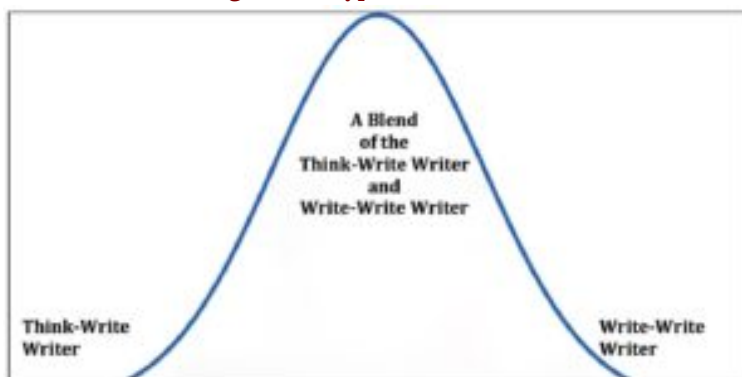
- They are willing to try multiple ideas to see what will work best.
- They can easily leave sentence and grammar errors to be edited later in the revision stage.
- They embrace revision as it is part of their drafting process.

Disadvantages

- They have a hard time knowing when a draft is finished, and they sometimes over revise.
- They are often writing under pressure—a deadline.
- They are often referred to as the messy writers, and the revision of their work takes a long time.

Most writers are somewhere between these two extreme types of drafters, and that's the best place to be. See Figure 1.3 which illustrates these two types of drafters. If you are an extreme think-write writer, cultivate some of the traits of the write-write writer, and if you are an extreme write-write writer, try some of the traits of the think-write writer. Attempting both styles of writing will help writers avoid writer's block.

Figure 1.3: Types of Drafters



The Writing Process

Every piece of writing goes through a process of stages: prewriting (also sometimes called planning), drafting, cooling, revising, and publishing. These steps do not always follow one another in succession. Instead, they are recursive, meaning a step can occur again at any point in the process. For instance, while revising an historically-based short story, a writer may discover he/she needs to do additional research about the time period that the story is set, which takes the writer back to the prewriting stage. See Figure 1.4.

Figure 1.4: The Writing Process



Prewriting/Planning

Prewriting writing begins with what draws the writer to write. The writer may be inspired by nature, people, animals, life events, etc.

Some writers keep a writing journal, a record of lists and notes, maybe even drawings or photographs, that initially caught their attention. Writers generally are strong observers who record what they see, hear, taste, touch, and smell because it may become part of a story, a poem, a non-fiction essay, a play, etc. Writers may carry a small notebook with them throughout the day and set it on the nightstand next to their bed at night. Then, it is readily available when an idea—an inspiration—grabs their attention.

Writers make several decisions in the prewriting stage as well. They will answer questions like the following:

- What is the topic?

- Who are the readers?
- What genre (type of writing) works best as the vehicle of communication?
- What point of view (perspective) will this piece be told from?
- What kind of research needs to be completed before drafting begins?

Drafting

Drafting involves writing the first draft of a document. Some writers write their first draft with a pen and a notebook. Other writers write directly on a laptop or computer. The choice depends on the preference of the writer.

A short piece of writing can be drafted in one sitting. The goal is to get everything down on paper before it is lost. If a piece cannot be drafted in one sitting because it is too long, writers generally stop at a place where they know what they will write next. This prevents writer's block, the inability to write the next day.

When drafting, writers are encouraged to not pay attention to spelling, punctuation, grammar, etc. Revising while writing causes writers to lose the original flow of the idea. Spelling, punctuation, grammar, etc. can be addressed in the final revision.

Cooling

Cooling means setting aside the document, at least 24-48 hours before revising begins for short pieces of work. This allows writers to have a break from the content and a new perspective when entering the revision stage. To do this, writers need to be organized and time managers. The first draft must be done early enough to set it aside for the recommended cooling time.

Authors of books have even longer cooling periods. It may be weeks, months, and sometimes even years, depending on the writer's preference and the deadline for the publication of the book.

Revising

Revising literally means "to see again" not just once but multiple times. Revision has two types of processes:

- To look at the larger problems such as content and organization
- To look at the smaller problems such as sentence structure, word choice, and formatting

Part of revising may include asking others to read drafts and make revision recommendations. Ultimately, it's always up to the writer whether those revision recommendations will be implemented into the final draft.

Publishing

Publishing involves submitting final manuscripts to editors of print and online journals and magazines, newspapers, or publishing companies.

Although it's great to see one's name in print, not all writers write for publication. Some write their stories, poems, letters, diaries, etc. for the next generations – their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. They write to record their personal history.

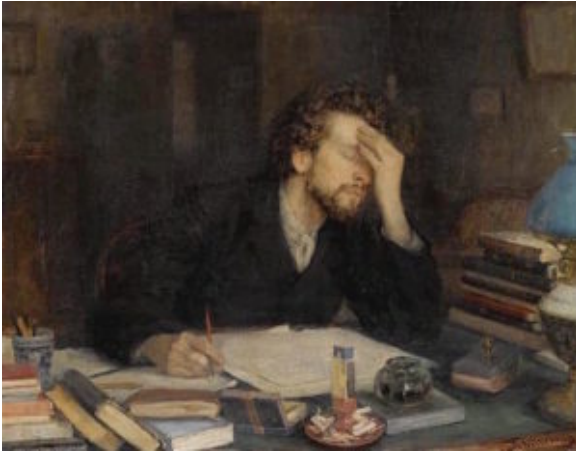
2. Exercise 1: Identify Your Writing Preferences

Directions

Knowing your writing preferences will help you be more successful in your writing process. To define your idiosyncratic writing preferences, write a journal entry (several paragraphs) that addresses the following questions:

- When do you like to write?
- Where do you like to write?
- What writing tools (paper, pens, pencils, laptop, dictionary, thesaurus, etc.) do you need in order to write a document?
- What genres do you prefer to write? Why?
- How do you write your first draft? Are you a think-write writer or a write-write writer?
- What stages of the writing process do you use? Which are your strengths? And which are your weaknesses?

3. Lesson 2: Writer's Block



The Passion of Creation by Leonid Pasternak, a Russian post-impressionist painter

What Is Writer's Block?

Writer's block is the inability to write because the writer doesn't know what to write, doesn't know how to proceed in a piece of writing, or doesn't have the confidence to write. The condition can last for several minutes to days to weeks, and even months and years for some writers.

Often, the inner critic, a still, small, critical voice that sends negative messages to the brain, keeps writers from writing. Those negative statements may sound something like this:

- I don't have anything to write about.
- No one will read what I write.
- No one will like what I write.
- I don't have time to write now.
- I'm not a good writer.

- An editor won't publish what I write.

How Do Writers Overcome Writer's Block?

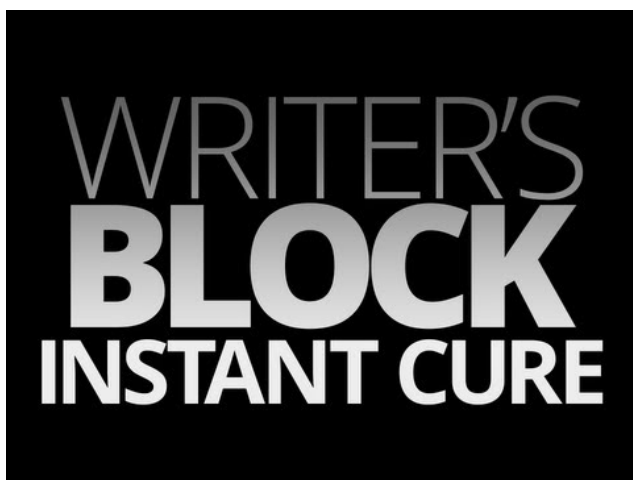
Writers who succeed are the ones who have the drive to push through their writer's block. Here are some suggestions for overcoming writer's block:

- Find the root cause of the inner critic's statement. In other words, why do you believe the negative statement(s)?
- Restate the inner critic's statement(s) in a positive way. Read and recite them regularly until you believe them to be true.
- Talk with another writer about the problem. Find out what they do to overcome writer's block.
- Remind yourself that mistakes are okay in the first draft and that revision is where the magic exists in writing.
- Don't start at the beginning if that's where you are stuck.
- Draw the piece of writing in pictures instead of words.
- Work on another piece if one piece isn't working for you. Then, come back to the piece that wasn't working for you.
- Try writing in a different location: library, cafe, kitchen table, cabin, coffee shop, etc.
- Attend a writer's conference or retreat.
- Try writing with a different tool: pen, pencil, marker, computer, etc.
- Try writing during a different time of day.
- Put writing and reflective thinking time regularly on your calendar. Don't allow other events take its place.
- Give yourself permission to write without concern for success.
- Know that many authors who have been successful had their manuscripts rejected multiple times.

4. Video: Writer's Block Instant Cure

Author: Jeff Bollow

Cure writer's block in 3 minutes – no matter what you want to write.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=22](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=22)

5. Exercise 2: Your Experience with Writer's Block

Directions

Understanding how writer's block impacts and sometimes paralyzes you will help you be more successful in overcoming it. To understand your experience with writer's block, write a journal entry (several paragraphs) that addresses the following questions:

- What does your inner critic tell you about your writing skills?
- Besides the inner critic, what other factors cause you to experience writer's block?
- What have you done in the past to combat writer's block?
- Talk with another person about your writer's block experience. What did they suggest as solutions for overcoming it?
- What changes do you want to make in the coming weeks and months in order to overcome writer's block?

PART II

WRITING FICTION

6. Lesson 3: Elements of Fiction

What Is Fiction?

Fiction is make-believe, invented stories. They may be short stories, fables, vignettes, plays, novellas, or novels. Although writers may base a character on people they have met in real life, the characters and the experiences that the character faces in the story are not real.

So, how does a writer write fiction? Characters, setting, plot, conflict, point of view, and theme are six key elements for writing fiction.

Characters

Characters are the people, animals, or aliens in the story. Readers come to know the characters through what they say, what they think, and how they act.

E. M. Forster, an English novelist, identified that characters are either flat or round. Flat characters do not play important roles in the stories. They often have only one or two traits with little description about them. A flat character may even be a stock character, which is a stereotypical figure that is easily recognized by readers, for example, the mad scientist or the evil stepmother.

On the other hand, the round characters play an important role, often the lead roles in stories. They are complex, dimensional, and well-developed. The stories are about them; therefore, pages of writing will be about them. They often change by going through a life-changing experience as the story unfolds.

When discussing stories with other readers and writers or when writing an analysis of a story, fictional characters can be described as static or developing. Static means the character stays the same throughout the story. They do not change. Developing, also called dynamic, means the character changes. The change may impact the

character's beliefs, attitudes, or actions. The change may be small or large. This change occurs because the character experiences an epiphany, an insight about life.

If writers write about characters outside their own culture, they need to do research so as not to misrepresent a particular culture. The same is also true of characters, who have illnesses. The writer may need to research the illness and treatment for it in order to be accurate about it.

Setting

Setting is where and when the story takes place. It includes the following:

- The immediate surroundings of the characters such as props in a scene: trees, furniture, food, inside of a house or car, etc.
- The time of day such as morning, afternoon, or night.
- The weather such as cloudy, sunny, windy, snow, or rain, etc.
- The time of year, particularly the seasons: fall, winter, summer, spring.
- The historical period such as what century or decade the story takes place.
- The geographical location including the city, state, country, and possibly even the universe, if the writer is writing science fiction.

Setting can function as a main force that the characters encounter, such as a tornado or flood, or a setting can play a minor role such as setting the mood. Often times, the setting can reveal something about the main character as he/she functions in that place and time period.

Writers write about places they are familiar with. If they aren't familiar with the place, then they need to research it in order to be accurate about the place.

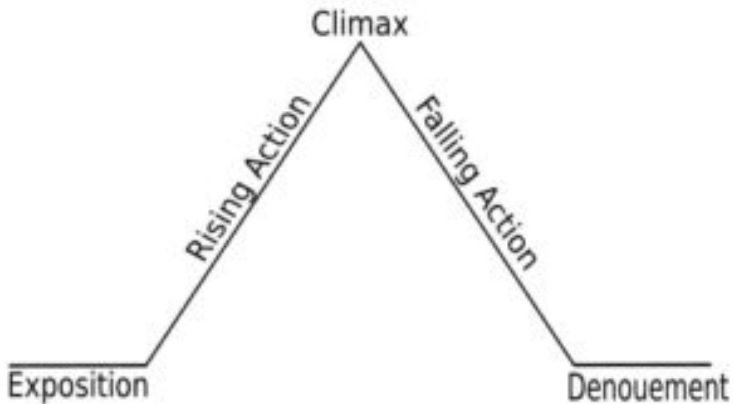
Plot

Plot is the order of events in the story. The plot usually follows a particular structure called Freytag's Pyramid. Gustav Freytag, a

German playwright who lived during the 1800s, identified this structure.

Freytag's Pyramid has five parts: exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and denouement, also known as resolution. See Figure 3.1.

Figure 3.1: Freytag's Pyramid



Freytag's Pyramid by Gustav Freytag, a German playwright

Exposition is an introduction to the characters, time, and the problem. At the point where exposition moves into rising action a problem, sometimes called an inciting incident, occurs for the main character to handle or solve. This creates the beginning of the story.

Rising action includes the events that the main character encounters. Each event, developed in separate scenes, makes the problem more complex.

Climax is the turning point in the story. Usually, it is a single event with the greatest intensity and uncertainty. The main character must contend with the problem at this point.

Falling action includes the events that unfold after the climax. This usually creates an emotional response from the reader.

Denouement or resolution provides closure to the story. It ties up loose ends in the story.

Do writers plan out their stories? Some do, especially if they are an extreme think-write writer. Some don't. They have a story idea, begin it, and watch it unfold as they write.

Conflict

Conflict is the struggle between two entities. In story writing the main character, also known as the protagonist, encounters a conflict with the antagonist, which is an adversary. The conflict may be one of six kinds:

- Character vs. character
- Character vs. nature or natural forces
- Character vs. society or culture
- Character vs. machine or technology
- Character vs. God
- Character vs himself or herself

Point of View

Stories are generally told in one of two points of views:

- First-person point of view
- Third-person point of view

First-person point of view means that one of the characters in the story will narrate—give an account—of the story. The narrator may be the protagonist, the main character. Writing in first-person point of view brings the readers closer to the story. They can read it as if they are the character because personal pronouns like *I*, *me*, *my*, *we*, *us*, and *our* are used.

Third-person point of view means that the narrator is not in the story. The third-person narrator is not a character. Third-person point of view can be done two ways:

- Third-person limited
- Third-person omniscient

Third-person limited means that the narrator limits him/herself by

being able to be in one character's thoughts. Whereas, third-person omniscient means the narrator has unlimited ability to be in various character's thoughts. Writing in third-person point of view removes readers from the story because of the pronouns *he, she, it, him, her, his, hers, they, them, and theirs*.

Theme

A theme is not the plot of the story. It is the underlying truth that is being conveyed in the story. Themes can be universal, meaning they are understood by readers no matter what culture or country the readers are in. Common themes include coming of age, circle of life, prejudice, greed, good vs. evil, beating the odds, etc.

7. Short Story: The Story of an Hour

The Story of an Hour

Author: Kate Chopin

© 1894

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself, she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves. There were patches of blue sky showing here and there

through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself, a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body. She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome. There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men

and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window. Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came, they said she had died of heart disease – of the joy that kills.

8. Exercise 3: Freytag's Pyramid

Directions

After reading “The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin, download the attached Freytag’s Pyramid Worksheet. Click into each textbox, list information from the story for each plot element:

- **Exposition:** List the characters and time period.
- **Inciting Incident:** Identify the first problem in the story.
- **Rising Action:** List the events (scenes) that lead up to the climax.
- **Climax:** Identify the turning point in the story.
- **Falling Action:** List events that unfold after the climax.
- **Denouement (Resolution):** Explain how the story ends.
- **Theme:** Identify the theme of the story.

Click this link: [Freytags-Plot-Worksheet](#)

9. Video: The Clues to a Great Story

Author: Andrew Stanton

Filmmaker Andrew Stanton (“Toy Story,” “WALL-E”) shares what he knows about storytelling – starting at the end and working back to the beginning. (Warning: Contains brief graphic language at the beginning...)



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=28>

10. Lesson 4: Show vs. Tell

What Is Showing vs. Telling?

Great writers over the centuries have tried to explain the difference between good writing vs. plain or non-descript writing, in other words, between showing vs. telling. For example, Russian playwright Anton Chekhov, said “Don’t tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass.” So how is showing vs. telling done?

1. Use Specific Nouns

A noun is a person, place, thing or idea. By naming the nouns more specifically writers have answered the readers’ questions: who, what, where, when, how and why. It creates visual images for the readers to see in their imaginations. Notice the difference between these two examples:

Non-specific Nouns: The family was at the lake.

Specific Nouns: The Johnson family—John, Carol, and little Mary—drove to Lake Lilly on Sunday afternoon for a picnic.

2. Use Action Verbs vs. Linking Verbs

An action verb identifies what the person or subject in the sentence is doing. Action verbs move the plot. Often they move the characters from scene to scene. Whereas, linking verbs simply link two parts of the sentence together.

Linking Verb: Sally is at Central Park, in New York City.

Action Verb: Sally limped through Central Park, in New York City.

Notice the word *limped* immediately engages the reader to wonder why the character is limping in Central Park.

Here is a list of linking verbs to avoid:

- Is
- Are
- Was

- Were
- Be
- Am
- Been

3.: Avoid Thought Verbs.

In a 2013 article, Chuck Palahniuk, a fiction writer who wrote *Fight Club*, recommends not using “thought verbs.” The following are some common examples:

- Thinks
- Knows
- Understands
- Realizes
- Believes
- Wants
- Remembers
- Imagines
- Desires

Instead of using these words, and others like them, writers describe the scene using their senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell. The following is an example of how to avoid a thought verb.

Telling: Carl thinks he’s smart.

Showing: Carl, a junior in Mr. Frank’s physics class, spewed Einstein’s formula of converting mass into energy like Sheldon on *Big Bang Theory*. “Who doesn’t know, ?” he said, rolling his eyes at Susan, the girl Mr. Frank had called on to answer the question.

4. Avoid Using Adverbs

Adverbs are words that describe verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs. Most adverbs end in “ly.” Usually, a more vivid, precise action verb will allow the writer to avoid using an adverb. Read the following example:

Adverb: Kristy spoke quietly to the teacher when she confessed that she stole the doll.

Action Verb Revision: Kristy whispered, “I took the doll, Mrs. Jones.”

Watch out for highly emotive adverbs, especially. The following are some common examples:

- Angrily
- Anxiously
- Begrudgingly
- Gladly
- Happily
- Negatively
- Sadly

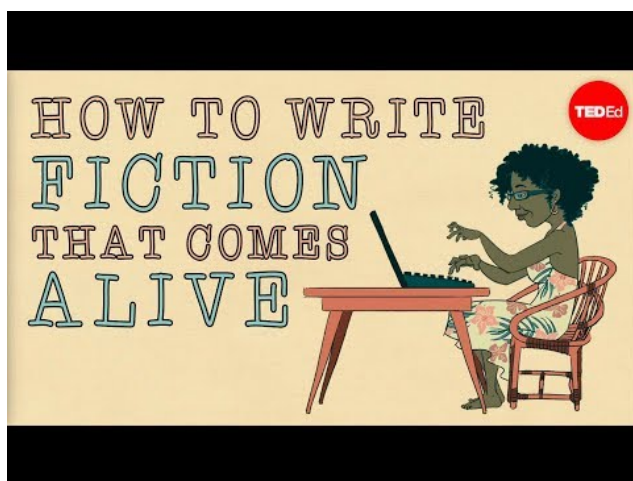
Instead of using these adverbs, describe the scene. Show the behavior (action) of the character that is angry. Describe the behavior of the character that is sad and so on.

II. Video: How to Write Descriptively

Author: Nalo Hopkinson

Animation: Enjoyanimation

The point of fiction is to cast a spell, a momentary illusion that you are living in the world of the story. But as a writer, how do you suck your readers into your stories in this way? Nalo Hopkinson shares some tips for how to use language to make your fiction really come alive.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=30>

12. Exercise 4: Show vs. Tell

Directions

Using what you learned in Lesson 4: Show vs. Tell and from the video *How to Write Descriptively*, choose one of the following brief telling statements and turn it into a descriptive, showing paragraph as if it is a scene in a short story.

- The plane was hijacked.
- The dog went in the store.
- The house is empty.
- The doll was broken.
- They met on the street.
- The team lost.
- She was sitting on the end of the dock.
- The deer was in front of the car.
- He was up early.
- The child was angry.

13. Lesson 5: Creating Characters

Characters vs. Real Life Human Beings

Understanding a character is no different than understanding oneself and/or other human beings. Writers know their characters by spending time with them. They create their characters through the following ways:

- Physical trait descriptions
- Dialogue
- Interaction with other characters

Physical Trait Descriptions

Physical trait descriptions of a character can include any of the following:

- Ethnic background
- Hair, eye, and skin color
- Size
- Age
- Clothing apparel
- Social class

The key is not to describe all of the physical traits, but to choose the traits that are important to build the story.

Dialogue

Dialogue is the conversations characters have with other characters. How they speak depends on several factors:

- Where they live
- The time period in which they live
- Their age

If the story is set in modern day time period, writers sometimes eavesdrop on conversations in restaurants, coffee shops, parks, shopping centers, etc. to observe how people might talk about particular topics.

Conventional rules exist when writing dialogue:

- Each time a new person speaks a new paragraph is needed.
- What the person said is placed in quotation marks.
- Capitalize the first word that a person speaks.
- A dialogue tag tells who is speaking.
- Commas and periods are placed inside quotation marks.

Common dialogue tags are *he said* and *she said*. When writers want to describe the character's tone in speaking, they may use stronger action verbs like the following:

- Answered
- Asked
- Begged
- Cautioned
- Cried
- Demanded
- Exclaimed
- Explained
- Grumbled
- Insisted
- Muttered
- Ranted
- Rebuked
- Replied
- Reported
- Screamed
- Shouted
- Stammered
- Stuttered

- Suggested
- Warned
- Whined
- Whispered
- Yelled

Dialogue Example

“Did you complete the assignment,” Mrs. Jenson asked as she flipped through a stack of papers.

Angela replied, “No.”

“Why not?”

“Well, because I wanted to go out for pizza with my friends,” explained Angela looking at the floor to avoid direct eye contact with Mrs. Jenson.

Notice because the conversation is between two characters, a dialogue tag is not always necessary once it is established who is speaking. The paragraph breaks help readers know who said, “Why not?”

Notice the punctuation inside the quotation marks. Notice the punctuation following the dialogue tag “Angela replied.”

Notice the capitalization of first words in dialogue.

Interaction with Other Characters

The interaction with other characters is a two-way street. It includes how the protagonist, the main character, behaves toward the others in the story, but it also includes how others treat the protagonist. That interaction is evaluated through the following ways:

- What all the characters say to one another
- How they treat each other physically
- How they interact emotionally

14. Short Story: Miss Brill

Miss Brill

Author: Katherine Mansfield

©1920

Although it was so brilliantly fine—the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques—Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like a chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting—from nowhere, from the sky. Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth-powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. “What has been happening to me?” said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eiderdown!...But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn’t at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind—a little dab of black sealing-wax when the time came—when it was absolutely necessary...Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad—no, not sad, exactly—something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like some one playing with only the family to listen; it didn’t care how it played if there weren’t any strangers present. Wasn’t the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He

scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandsmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music. Now there came a little “flutey” bit—very pretty!—a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her “special” seat: a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking-stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn’t listen, at sitting in other people’s lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn’t been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she’d gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they’d be sure to break and they’d never keep on. And he’d been so patient. He’d suggested everything—gold rims, the kind that curved round your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. “They’ll always be sliding down my nose!” Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower-beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace. And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down “flop,” until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same,

Sunday after Sunday, and—Miss Brill had often noticed—there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even—even cupboards!

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddley-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm-in-arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-coloured donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not! And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in grey met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same colour as the shabby ermine, and her hand, in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him—delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been—everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming—didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps?...But he shook his head, lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered

away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gayly than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemn and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theatre" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all. How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress—are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently; "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill—a something, what was it?—not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone;

and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—moving...And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

"It's her fu-ur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, ma petite chere—"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet."

... On her way home, she usually bought a slice of honey-cake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond it was like carrying home a tiny present—a surprise—something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

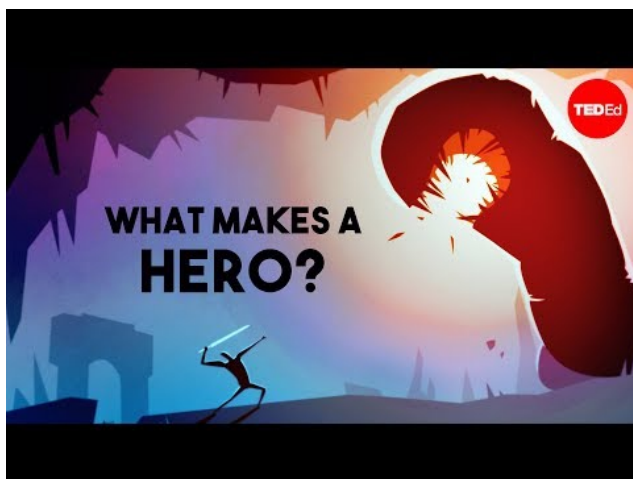
But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room—her room like a cupboard—and sat down on the red eiderdown. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly;

quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

15. Video: What Makes a Hero?

Author: Matthew Winkler

What trials unite not only Harry Potter or Frodo Baggins but many of literature's most interesting heroes? And what do ordinary people have in common with these literary heroes? Matthew Winkler takes us step-by-step through the crucial events that make or break a hero.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=34](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=34)

16. Writing Assignment: Character Story

Writing Assignment Focusing on Character Development

Write a first-person point of view scene that is primarily driven by character development. This means, the narrator telling the story is part of the story. The narrator will use first-person pronouns: I, me, my, we, us, our.

Here are some prompts to consider:

- Write a scene about a burial of a grandma told through the eyes of a nine-year-old boy.
- Write a scene about a father in prison told through the eyes of a teenage daughter.
- Write a scene about an encounter with an alien from outer space told through the eyes of an alien.
- Write a scene about a teenage boy's girlfriend told through the eyes of his mother.
- Write a scene about stealing a famous painting through the eyes of the thief.

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Length and Details

The scene should be brief—two pages—not a long story. However, it should also feel complete to the reader when it closes. It should have a beginning, middle, and an end. It should have an arc (climax) like Freytag's plot chart. That means, your character encounters a conflict.

To help keep your scene brief, don't include a lot of characters. One or two characters besides the narrator is enough to work with.

You may use direct descriptions that focus on the physical traits of the character and/or you may use indirect descriptions where

readers decipher the traits of the main character via their dialogue and response to other characters and the situation.

Be careful to show the scene not tell it. After you've written your first draft, go back and find the places where you need to show more vs telling.

Final Draft Requirements

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The scene must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be double-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Indent paragraphs one tab, which is five to seven spaces.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Character Story

- In the upper right-hand corner on all the pages, insert page numbers in the header. Type your last name in front of the page number. Example: Johnson 1
- Be sure to give your story a title. It should be centered over the text of the entire story on page 1. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

17. Rubric: Character Story

Rubric: Character Story

	Score	Comment
Descriptive Details		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Detailed, vivid descriptions using the senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell. Details are shown not told. Character is known through physical descriptions, dialogue, and/or interaction with others. Length is two pages, no more than three. 	15/15	
Organization		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Story is told in multiple paragraphs. Paragraph breaks occur when the scene shifts. Each time a different character speaks a new paragraph is created. The story arcs like Freytag's plot chart. 	15/15	
Point of View		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Written in first-person point of view. Uses the pronouns I, me, my, myself, we, us, our, ourselves. Doesn't use second-person pronouns: you, your, yourself except in dialogue. 	15/15	
Word Choice		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Uses specific nouns. Uses action verbs. Does not use words like <i>really</i>, <i>always</i>, <i>very</i>, <i>a lot</i>. 	10/10	

Sentence Structures

- No fragments.
 - No run-on sentences.
 - No awkwardly constructed sentences.
 - Well-crafted sentences.
- 15/15

Usability/Storytelling/Tone

- Effective with little or no additional revisions.
- 10/10

Mechanics

- Grammar, especially correct verb tense.
 - Capitalization of proper nouns
 - Punctuation, especially commas and periods
 - Spelling
- 10/10

Format

- Name heading
 - Title
 - Double-spaced
 - 1" margins
 - 12 pt. easy-to-read font
 - Page number heading
 - Paragraphs indented 5 to 7 spaces—one tab
- 10/10

Grade: _____

Score: _____

18. Lesson 6: Building a Setting

Setting Requirements

Setting is the place and time that a story occurs. It's the backdrop of the story. Without it, the character(s) are speaking and acting without a sense of living anywhere. So, how is a setting built?

Location

Writers may have their character(s) live in a place that exists in real life, a place in the world or universe that is familiar to the writer or that can be researched by the writer. Also, writers may build a new place and time, an imaginary place in an imaginary world. The location may be rural, a city, or outer space, but it can also be smaller in size like a neighborhood, street, or house.

Part of the location is the geography of the land. It can include coastal areas, mountains, trees, rivers, lakes, plants, meadows, farms, deserts, etc. Wherever the location is, it is connected to the rest of the world or universe; it is not in isolation from other places.

Part of the location is the climate. It can include rain, snow, winds, sun, etc. The temperature may be frigid cold, scorching hot, or somewhere in between. The climate may create harsh conditions for characters, or it may make life easier.

Time

Time has two focal points: the time of year and the time of day. The time of year includes seasons, holidays, or special dates and anniversaries for the characters.

The time of day references morning, afternoon, or evening. Time also shifts over the course of the story. The story may happen in an hour like in "The Story of an Hour" or an afternoon like in "Miss Brill." It can also happen over a longer period of time like a summer in "The White Heron."

Historical Significance

Past events may have had an impact on the place. Wars, famines, prosperity, population, etc. impact communities. Histories of past ancestors (people) or leaders also leave their influences in religion, foods, family values, etc. So although a writer might write in a modern day time period, knowing the background of the history of the setting and people is essential.

As stated previously in Lesson 3, setting can function as a main force that the characters encounter, such as a tornado or flood, or a setting can play a minor role like setting the mood. Often times, the setting can reveal something about the main character as he/she functions in that place and time period.

19. Short Story: A White Heron

A White Heron

Author: Sarah Orne Jewett

©1923

The woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from whatever light there was, and striking deep into the woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the high huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co! Co! with never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a consolation to look upon the cow's pranks as an intelligent attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a good deal of zest. Though this chase had been so long that the wary animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moolly at the swamp-side, and urged her affectionately homeward with a twig of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther, she even

turned in the right direction for once as they left the pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace. She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to browse. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half-past five o'clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the hornéd torment too many summer evenings herself to blame any one else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with wistful compassion of a wretched geranium that belonged to a town neighbor.

"'Afraid of folks,'" old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter's houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. "'Afraid of folks,' they said! I guess she won't be troubled no great with 'em up to the old place!" When they reached the door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to purr loudly, and rub against them, a deserted pussy, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady wood-road, the cow taking slow steps and the child very fast ones. The cow stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wide awake, and going

about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy twitters. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there, the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl is horror-stricken to hear a clear whistle not very far away. Not a bird's-whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy's whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive. Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, "Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?" and trembling Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, "A good ways." She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun over his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

"I have been hunting for some birds," the stranger said kindly, "and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don't be afraid," he added gallantly. "Speak up and tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning."

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not seem to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the stem of it were broken, but managed to answer "Sylvy," with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation.

"Yes, you'd better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where'd she tucked herself away this time, Sylvy?" But Sylvia kept an awed

silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region. The young man stood his gun beside the door, and dropped a lumpy game-bag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his wayfarer's story, and asked if he could have a night's lodging.

"Put me anywhere you like," he said. "I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that's plain."

"Dear sakes, yes," responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. "You might fare better if you went out to the main road a mile or so, but you're welcome to what we've got. I'll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers," she proffered graciously. "I raised them all myself. There's good pasturing for geese just below here towards the ma'sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!" And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New England wilderness. The young man had known the horrors of its most primitive housekeeping, and the dreary squalor of that level of society which does not rebel at the companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though on such a small scale that it seemed like a hermitage. He listened eagerly to the old woman's quaint talk, he watched Sylvia's pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month, and afterward the new-made friends sat down in the door-way together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great help at picking. The cow was a good milker, though a plaguy thing to keep track of, the hostess gossiped frankly, adding presently that she had buried four children, so Sylvia's mother, and a son (who might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. "Dan, my boy, was a great hand to go gunning," she explained sadly. "I never

wanted for pa'tridges or gray squer'ls while he was to home. He's been a great wand'rer, I expect, and he's no hand to write letters. There, I don't blame him, I'd ha' seen the world myself if it had been so I could. "Sylvy takes after him," the grandmother continued affectionately, after a minute's pause. "There ain't a foot o' ground she don't know her way over, and the wild creaturs counts her one o' themselves. Squer'ls she'll tame to come an' feed right out o' her hands, and all sorts o' birds. Last winter she got the jay-birds to bangeing here, and I believe she'd 'a' scanted herself of her own meals to have plenty to throw out amongst 'em, if I hadn't kep' watch. Anything but crows, I tell her, I'm willin' to help support,—though Dan he had a tamed one o' them that did seem to have reason same as folks. It was round here a good spell after he went away. Dan an' his father they didn't hitch,—but he never held up his head ag'in after Dan had dared him an' gone off."

The guest did not notice this hint of family sorrows in his eager interest in something else.

"So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she?" he exclaimed, as he looked round at the little girl who sat, very demure but increasingly sleepy, in the moonlight. "I am making a collection of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy." (Mrs. Tilley smiled.) "There are two or three very rare ones I have been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on my own ground if they can be found."

"Do you cage 'em up?" asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic announcement.

"Oh no, they're stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them," said the ornithologist, "and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron a few miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is," and he turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her acquaintances. But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

"You would know the heron if you saw it," the stranger continued eagerly. "A queer tall white bird with soft feathers and long thin legs.

And it would have a nest perhaps in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk's nest."

Sylvia's heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes just this side the sea itself, which Sylvia wondered and dreamed much about, but never had seen, whose great voice could sometimes be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

"I can't think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron's nest," the handsome stranger was saying. "I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me," he added desperately, "and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey."

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the door-step, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy. The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jack-knife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not once make her troubled or afraid except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. But as the day waned, Sylvia still

watched the young man with loving admiration. She had never seen anybody so charming and delightful; the woman's heart, asleep in the child, was vaguely thrilled by a dream of love. Some premonition of that great power stirred and swayed these young creatures who traversed the solemn woodlands with soft-footed silent care. They stopped to listen to a bird's song; they pressed forward again eagerly, parting the branches,—speaking to each other rarely and in whispers; the young man going first and Sylvia following, fascinated, a few steps behind, with her gray eyes dark with excitement.

She grieved because the longed-for white heron was elusive, but she did not lead the guest, she only followed, and there was no such thing as speaking first. The sound of her own unquestioned voice would have terrified her,—it was hard enough to answer yes or no when there was need of that. At last evening began to fall, and they drove the cow home together, and Sylvia smiled with pleasure when they came to the place where she heard the whistle and was afraid only the night before.

II

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods, where the land was highest, a great pine-tree stood, the last of its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for what reason, no one could say; the woodchoppers who had felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest of sturdy trees, pines and oaks and maples, had grown again. But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all and made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid her hand on the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at those dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the tree with a new excitement, for why, if one climbed it at break of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover from whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the hidden nest?

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied

triumph and delight and glory for the later morning when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia's great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest! There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird's claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless housebreaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine-tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch

made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine-tree, and the child knew she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit wending its way from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed child. And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia's face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the tree-top. Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds. Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance; here and there were church steeples, and white villages, truly it was a vast and awesome world

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron's nest in the sea of green branches, and was this wonderful sight and pageant

of the world the only reward for having climbed to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark hemlocks; there where you saw the white heron once you will see him again; look, look! a white spot of him like a single floating feather comes up from the dead hemlock and grows larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the landmark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move a foot or a finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and consciousness from your two eager eyes, for the heron has perched on a pine bough not far beyond yours, and cries back to his mate on the nest and plumes his feathers for the new day! The child gives a long sigh a minute later when a company of shouting cat-birds comes also to the tree, and vexed by their fluttering and lawlessness the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now, the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath. Then Sylvia, well satisfied, makes her perilous way down again, not daring to look far below the branch she stands on, ready to cry sometimes because her fingers ache and her lamed feet slip. Wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron's nest.

"Sylvy, Sylvy!" called the busy old grandmother again and again, but nobody answered, and the small husk bed was empty and Sylvia had disappeared.

The guest waked from a dream, and remembering his day's pleasure hurried to dress himself that might it sooner begin. He was sure from the way the shy little girl looked once or twice yesterday that she had at least seen the white heron, and now she must really be made to tell. Here she comes now, paler than ever, and her worn old frock is torn and tattered, and smeared with pine pitch. The grandmother and the sportsman stand in the door together and question her, and the splendid moment has come to speak of the dead hemlock-tree by the green marsh.

But Sylvia does not speak after all, though the old grandmother

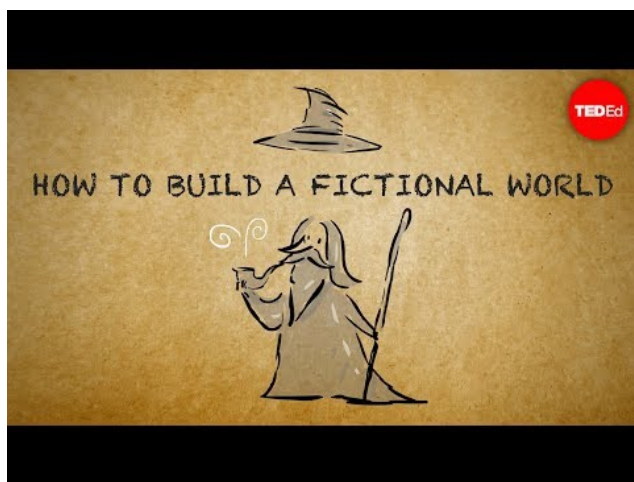
fretfully rebukes her, and the young man's kind, appealing eyes are looking straight in her own. He can make them rich with money; he has promised it, and they are poor now. He is so well worth making happy, and he waits to hear the story she can tell.

No, she must keep silence! What is it that suddenly forbids her and makes her dumb? Has she been nine years growing and now, when the great world for the first time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird's sake? The murmur of the pine's green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and Sylvia cannot speak; she cannot tell the heron's secret and give its life away. Dear loyalty, that suffered a sharp pang as the guest went away disappointed later in the day, that could have served and followed him and loved him as a dog loves! Many a night Sylvia heard the echo of his whistle haunting the pasture path as she came home with the loitering cow. She forgot even her sorrow at the sharp report of his gun and the sight of thrushes and sparrows dropping silent to the ground, their songs hushed and their pretty feathers stained and wet with blood. Were the birds better friends than their hunter might have been,—who can tell? Whatever treasures were lost to her, woodlands and summer-time, remember! Bring your gifts and graces and tell your secrets to this lonely country child!

20. Video: How to Build a Fictional World

Author: Kate Messner

Why is J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings trilogy so compelling? How about The Matrix or Harry Potter? What makes these disparate worlds come alive are clear, consistent rules for how people, societies – and even the laws of physics – function in these fictional universes. Author Kate Messner offers a few tricks for you, too, to create a world worth exploring in your own words.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distance/minnesotacreativewriting/?p=39>

2I. Writing Assignment: Setting Story

Writing Assignment Focusing on Setting

Write a first-person point of view scene where the setting is pivotal in the story. This means, the narrator telling the story is part of the story and who lives in or encounters the setting. The narrator will use first-person pronouns: I, me, my, we, us, our.

Here are some prompts to consider:

- Write a scene in an abandoned, broken-down house through the eyes of a convicted criminal on the run.
- Write a scene at a tiny, uninhabited tropical island through the eyes of a lone survivor of a shipwreck.
- Write a scene at a Thanksgiving Day dinner table through the eyes of a third-world immigrant who just arrived in America.
- Write a scene in the woods through the eyes of a girl, who is deer hunting for the first time.
- Write a scene on a city street through the eyes of a homeless veteran.
- Write a scene in a spaceship through the eyes of a female astronaut.

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of the one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Length and Details

The scene should be brief—two pages—not a long story. However, it should also feel complete to the reader when it closes. It should have a beginning, middle, and an end. It should have an arc (climax) like Freytag's plot chart. That means, your character encounters a conflict.

Be sure to include detailed descriptions of time and place, so

that the setting functions as a backdrop for the protagonist to face whatever conflict he/she will encounter in that setting.

To help keep your scene brief, don't include a lot of characters. One or two characters beside the narrator is enough to work with.

Don't forget what you learned previously about developing a character. You may use direct descriptions that focus on the physical traits of the character and/or you may use indirect descriptions where readers decipher the traits of the character via their dialogue and response to other characters and the situation.

Be careful to show the scene not tell it. After you've written your first draft, go back and find the places where you need to show more vs. telling.

Final Draft Requirements

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The scene must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be double-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Indent paragraphs one tab, which is five to seven spaces.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Setting Story

- In the upper right-hand corner of all the pages, insert page numbers in the header. Type your last name in front of the page numbers. Example: Johnson 1.
- Be sure to give your story a title. It should be centered over the text of the entire story on page 1. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

22. Rubric: Setting Story

Rubric: Setting Story

	Score	Comment
Descriptive Details		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Detailed, vivid descriptions using the senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell.• Details are shown not told.• Setting is pivotal to the story.• Character is known through physical descriptions, dialogue, and/or interaction with others.• Length is two pages, no more than three.	15/15	
Organization		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Story is told in multiple paragraphs.• Paragraph breaks occur when the scene shifts.• Each time a different character speaks a new paragraph is created.• The story arcs like Freytag's plot chart.	15/15	
Point of View		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Written in first-person point of view.• Uses the pronouns I, me, my, myself, we, us, our, ourselves.• Doesn't use second-person pronouns: you, your, yourself except in dialogue.	15/15	
Word Choice		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Uses specific nouns.• Uses action verbs.• Does not use words like <i>really</i>, <i>always</i>, <i>very</i>, <i>a lot</i>.	10/10	

Sentence Structures

- No fragments.
 - No run-on sentences.
 - No awkwardly constructed sentences.
 - Well-crafted sentences.
- 15/15

Usability/Storytelling/Tone

- Effective with little or no additional revisions.
- 10/10

Mechanics

- Grammar, especially correct verb tense.
 - Capitalization of proper nouns
 - Punctuation, especially commas and periods
 - Spelling
- 10/10

Format

- Name heading
 - Title
 - Double-spaced
 - 1" margins
 - 12 pt. easy-to-read font
 - Page number heading
 - Paragraphs indented 5 to 7 spaces—one tab
- 10/10

Grade: _____

Score: _____

23. Lesson 7: Writing Dialogue

Purpose of Dialogue

Dialogues are conversations between two or more characters. If there is only one character speaking, it's called a monologue, which is sometimes used in plays. As previously stated, how the characters speak depends on several factors:

- Where they live
- The time period in which they live
- Their age

The dialogue should move the story forward. It may increase suspense, show readers a trait(s) of the character(s), and/or change the situation or conflict the characters are in. Dialogue will also differentiate one character from another. For example, the scene in the park from “Miss Brill” illustrates this:

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

“No, not now,” said the girl. “Not here, I can't.”

“But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?” asked the boy. “Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?”

“It's her fu-ur which is so funny,” giggled the girl. “It's exactly like a fried whiting.”

“Ah, be off with you!” said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: “Tell me, ma petite chere—”

“No, not here,” said the girl. “Not yet.”

Notice how this scene contains all three purposes of dialogue. It increases the suspense of the story. It shows the traits of the boy

and girl in contrast to Miss Brill, and it changes the situation for Miss Brill.

How to Write Dialogue

Dialogue mimics spoken speech. It needs to flow naturally. Therefore, it can be written in fragments. It can contain slang. It may use dialects, a type of language from a specific region of a country. However, writers need to be careful with dialects. Dialects can create stereotypes, which writers need to avoid.

Also, be careful about creating talking heads, which is characters talking without reference to their appearance, setting, actions, or thoughts. Readers need to visualize characters in their setting. Where are they? What are they doing? How do they look? What are their thoughts? This information can be woven throughout a scene of dialogue. For example, this scene in “The White Heron” demonstrates this:

“Do you cage ’em up?” asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic announcement.

“Oh no, they’re stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them,” said the ornithologist, “and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron a few miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is,” and he turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her acquaintances. But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

“You would know the heron if you saw it,” the stranger continued eagerly. “A queer tall white bird with soft feathers and long thin legs. And it would have a nest perhaps in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk’s nest.”

Sylvia’s heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes

grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes just this side the sea itself, which Sylvia wondered and dreamed much about, but never had seen, whose great voice could sometimes be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

“I can’t think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron’s nest,” the handsome stranger was saying. “I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me,” he added desperately, “and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey.”

Notice the shifts from dialogue to scene descriptions in this scene. At first, Mrs. Tilley and the stranger are speaking to one another, which unveils why the ornithologist is in their woods. Next, it shifts to a small scene of description, which reveals Sylvia’s experience with a white heron. Then, the stranger speaks again.

The best way to test dialogue scenes is to read them aloud. Not only will this help see if the dialogue is effective, it will also help writers determine if they have too many or too few dialogue tags.

Conventional Rules for Dialogue

Remember conventional rules exist when writing dialogue:

- Each time a new person speaks a new paragraph is needed.
- What the person said is placed in quotation marks.
- Capitalize the first word that a person speaks.
- A dialogue tag tells who is speaking.
- Commas and periods are placed inside quotation marks.

24. Short Story: The Necklace

The Necklace

Author: Guy de Maupassant

© 1889 Translated Version

From “The Odd Number.”

Translated by Jonathan Sturges.

Published by Harper & Brothers.

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded, by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace, and charm act instead of family and birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the sole hierarchy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing, and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent ante-chambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee-breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long salons fitted up with ancient silk,

of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a table-cloth three days old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air, "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu*! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates, and of the whispered gallantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But, one evening, her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "here is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said, impatiently:
“And what do you want me to put on my back?”

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

“Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very well, to me.”

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

“What’s the matter? What’s the matter?”

But, by a violent effort, she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

“Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can’t go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I.”

He was in despair. He resumed:

“Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions, something very simple?”

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied, hesitatingly:

“I don’t know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs.”

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks down there, of a Sunday.

But he said:

“All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress.”

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days,"

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all"

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold, and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Have n't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look. I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress, and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

“Can you lend me that, only that?”

“Why, yes, certainly.”

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since mid-night, in a little deserted ante-room, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

“Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab.”

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine; in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupés which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen round Paris until after nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more,

sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps, which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half-undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how?—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. Probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, did n't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

“You must write to your friend,” said he, “that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round.”

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

“We must consider how to replace that ornament.”

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

“It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case.”

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick both of them with chagrin and with anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the moral tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

“You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it.”

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy house-work meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish-cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought

of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How life is strange and changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysées to refresh herself from the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

“Good-day, Jeanne.”

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain goodwife, did not recognize her at all, and stammered:

“But—madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken.”

“No. I am Mathilde Loisel.”

Her friend uttered a cry.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!”

“Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!”

“Of me! How so?”

“Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?”

“Yes. Well?”

“Well, I lost it.”

“What do you mean? You brought it back.”

“I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad.”

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

“You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?”

“Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like.”

And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!”

25. Video: Three Anti-social Skills to Improve Your Writing

Author: Nadia Kalman

You need social skills to have a conversation in real life – but they're quite different from the skills you need to write good dialogue. Educator Nadia Kalman suggests a few “anti-social skills,” like eavesdropping and muttering to yourself, that can help you write an effective dialogue for your next story.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=44>

26. Writing Assignment: Dialogue Story

Writing Assignment Focusing on Dialogue

Write a first-person point of view scene that is primarily driven by dialogue. This means the narrator telling the story is part of the story. The narrator will use first-person pronouns: I, me, my, we, us, our.

Here are some dialogue prompts to consider:

- “Who put this in my backpack?”
- “I can’t forgive her.”
- “You were in a car accident.”
- “I’ve been waiting three hours.”
- “I found it buried in the woods.”
- “Guess whose picture I saw on the front page of *The Daily Times*?”
- “I haven’t spoken to my dad in five years.”

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of dialogue statements, create a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas to write a story.

Length and Details

The scene should be brief—two pages—not a long story. However, it should also feel complete to the reader when it closes. It should have a beginning, middle, and an end. It should have an arc (climax) like Freytag’s plot chart. That means, your main character encounters a conflict.

To help keep your scene brief, don’t include a lot of characters. One or two characters besides the narrator is enough to work with.

Use dialogue to move the story forward. The dialogue may increase suspense, show readers a trait(s) of the character(s), and/or change the situation or conflict the characters are in.

Be sure to include descriptions of time and place, so that the setting functions as a backdrop for the protagonist to face whatever conflict he/she will encounter.

Be careful to show the scene not tell it. After you've written your first draft, go back and find the places where you need to show more vs. telling.

Final Draft Requirements

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The scene must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx)
- It must have one-inch margins, be double-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Indent paragraphs one tab, which is five to seven spaces.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Setting Story

- In the upper right-hand corner on all the pages, insert page numbers in the header. Type your last name in front of the page number. Example: Johnson 1.
- Be sure to give your story a title. It should be centered over the text of the entire story on page 1. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

27. Rubric: Dialogue Story

Rubric: Dialogue Story

	Score
Descriptive Details	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Detailed, vivid descriptions using the senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell. Details are shown not told Dialogue moves the plot, increasing suspense, showing readers a trait(s) of the character(s), and/or changing the situation or conflict the characters are in Setting is the backdrop of the story. Characters are known through physical description, dialogue, and/or interaction with others. Length is two pages, no more than three. 	15/15
Organization	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Story is told in multiple paragraphs. Paragraph breaks occur when the scene shifts. Each time a different character speaks a new paragraph is created. The story arcs like Freytag's plot chart. 	15/15
Point of View	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Written in first-person point of view. Uses the pronouns I, me, my, myself, we, us, our, ourselves. Doesn't use second-person pronouns: you, your, yourself except in dialogue. 	15/15
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Uses specific nouns. Uses action verbs. Does not use words like really, always, very, a lot. 	10/10
Sentence Structure	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> No fragments. No run-on sentences. No awkwardly constructed statements. Well-crafted sentences. 	15/15

Usability/Storytelling/Tone

- Effective with little or no additional revisions 10/10

Mechanics

- Grammar, especially correct verb tense.
 - Capitalization of proper nouns
 - Punctuation, especially commas and periods.
 - Spelling
- 10/10

Format

- Name heading
 - Title
 - Double-spaced
 - 1" margins
 - 12 pt. easy-to-read font
 - Page number heading
 - Paragraphs indented 5 to 7 spaces—one tab.
- 10/10

Grade: _____

Score: _____

28. Lesson 8: Exploring Points of View

Narrators

Narrators are a tool that writers use to tell stories. As stated before, stories are generally told in one of two points of views:

- First-person point of view
- Third-person point of view

First-person point of view means that one of the characters in the story will narrate—give an account—of the story. The narrator may be the protagonist, the main character. Writing in first-person point of view brings the readers closer to the story. They can read it as if they are the narrator because of the personal pronouns *I*, *me*, *my*, *we*, *us*, and *our*.

Third-person point of view means that the narrator is not in the story. The third-person narrator is not a character. They are like the reader; they are outside of the story and watching it unfold. Third-person point of view can be done two ways:

- Third-person limited
- Third-person omniscient

Third-person limited means that the narrator limits him/herself by being able to be in one character's thoughts. Whereas, third-person omniscient means the narrator has unlimited ability to be in various character's thoughts. Writing in third-person point of view removes readers from the story because of the pronouns *he*, *she*, *it*, *him*, *her*, *his*, *hers*, *they*, *them*, and *theirs*.

Types of Narrators

In addition to the point of view writers select for the narration of

the story, narrators can be unreliable, reliable, naive, or detached observers.

Unreliable Narrators

Unreliable narrators cannot be trusted to present the story accurately or with credibility because they have a skewed view of life events. This may be due to the narrator's mental health state (i.e.: depression, psychosis, schizophrenia, etc.), or it may be due to the narrator's devious nature (i.e.: murderer, rapist, thief, compulsive liar, etc.). The unreliable narrator may tell lies, withhold information, assess situations incorrectly, contradict information, etc.

Unreliable narrators may reveal their character flaws in three ways:

- They may openly admit their problem at the beginning of the story.
- They may gradually reveal it throughout the story.
- They may wait until the end of the story, which can create a plot twist for readers.

Reliable Narrators

Reliable narrators also have their own view of life events. However, they generally are attempting to present the story in an accurate, impartial way. Reliable narrators often have a strong sense of observation that is seen in how they present the events (scenes) in the story.

Naive Narrators

Naive narrators are innocent, inexperienced individuals. They lack knowledge about the events (scenes) that are unfolding in the story. This may be due to age, such as a young narrator or senile narrator, or it may be the narrator's limited experience with a different culture or country. Readers may view the narrator as unreliable because of their lack of experience and/or knowledge.

Detached Observers

Narrators that are detached observers stick to the facts. They

are a witness to the story. They report what unfolds in the story. They do not interject their conscious thoughts or opinions about the events or other characters.

Choosing a Narrator and Point of View

Writers sometimes choose their narrator and point of view via the trial-and-error method. They might start out with a third-person point of view, detached observer, and a few pages into the story realize they want a first-person, unreliable narrator instead. They either scrap the first draft and start again or they revise it into the new point of view.

However, writers can ask themselves questions in the prewriting stage to determine a closer match to selecting the right type of narrator and point of view for a story before they begin to write. The questions may include, but are not limited to these:

- Do you want your readers to identify closely with the main character? Then, choose first-person reliable.
- Do you want your readers to experience mystery, intrigue, and fear? Then, choose first-person unreliable.
- Do you want to write a story about a young naive character or a senile, old character? Then, choose first-person or third-person, limited naive.
- Do you want to strictly write a factual account of a story? Then, choose third-person, detached observer.

Multiple Points of View in Novels

Because a novel has multiple chapters, it's possible to have more than one narrator. Chapter 1 may be told in first-person point of view by one character, and chapter 2 may be told in first-person point of view by another character. Usually, this is done with two narrators (characters) alternating in the chapters. However, it can be three or more narrators if the writer knows what he or she is doing. This type of writing requires a strategic plan identifying which scenes which narrators will tell to move the plot, so that scenes are not repeated by the different narrators. It also requires

that the writer develop a unique voice for each character who narrates.

29. Short Story: The Yellow Wallpaper

The Yellow Wallpaper

Author: Charlotte Perkins Gilman

© 1892

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity,—but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps*—(I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind)—*perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see, he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression,—a slight hysterical tendency,—what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites,—whichever it is,—and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to “work” until I am well again.

Personally I disagree with their ideas.

Personally I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal—having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus—but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden—large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid; but I don't care—there is something strange about the house—I can feel it.

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a *draught*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself,—before him, at least,—and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty, old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery, at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playground and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off—the paper—in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate, and provoke study, and when you follow the lame, uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide—plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard-of contradictions.

The color is repellant, almost revolting; a smouldering, unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away,—he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no *reason* to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able—to dress and entertain, and order things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I *cannot* be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall paper!

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then do let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar if I wished, and have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is as airy and comfortable a room as any one need wish, and, of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fire-works in my pillow-case as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside-down.

I got positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and

we all know how much expression they have! I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toy-store.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wall paper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother—they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed, which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit—only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect, an enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from these windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely, shaded, winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wall paper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded, and where the sun is just so,

I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure, that seems to sulk about behind that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are all gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wall paper. Perhaps *because* of the wall paper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed—it is nailed down, I believe—and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say, at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I *will* follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principles of design, and I know this thing was

not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way, each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes—a kind of “debased Romanesque” with *delirium tremens*—go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But, on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the room where it is almost intact, and there, when the cross-lights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation, after all,—the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common centre and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap, I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I *must* say what I feel and think in some way—it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I mustn't lose my strength, and has me take cod-liver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day,

and tell him how I wished he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness, I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till he tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let my silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy this nursery with the horrid wall paper.

If we had not used it that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here, after all. I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more,—I am too wise,—but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder—I begin to think—I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around, just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wall paper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seemed to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper *did* move, and when I came back John was awake.

"What is it, little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that—you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why, darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before.

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course if you were in any danger I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better. I feel really much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening, when you are here, but it is worse in the morning, when you are away."

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug; "she shall be as sick as she pleases. But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning."

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really, dear, you are better!"

"Better in body, perhaps"—I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish fancy. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't,—I lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You think you have mastered it, but just as you get well under way in following, it turns a back somersault, and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions,—why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes!

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east window—I always watch for that first long, straight ray—it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight—the moon shines in all night when there is a moon—I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern, I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind,—that dim sub-pattern,—but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed, he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit, I am convinced, for, you see, I don't sleep.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake,—oh, no!

The fact is, I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis, that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times *looking at the paper*! And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry—asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pattern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wall paper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was *because* of the wall paper—he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wall paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw—not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper—the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it—there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad—at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house—to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the *color* of the paper—a yellow smell!

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs around the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch*, as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round—round and round and round—it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move—and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern—it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside-down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why—privately—I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer, now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him!

Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town over night, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me—the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight, and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of that paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me I declared I would finish it today!

We go away to-morrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me—not *alive*!

She tried to get me out of the room—it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner—I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bed—stead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs to-night, and take the boat home to-morrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to go out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will *not* move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, and then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at one corner—but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides, I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to look out of the windows even—there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wall paper, as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope—you don't get *me* out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why, there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an axe.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

“John, dear!” said I in the gentlest voice, “the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!”

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said—very quietly indeed, “Open the door, my darling!”

“I can’t,” said I. “The key is down by the front door, under a plantain leaf!”

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it, of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

“What is the matter?” he cried. “For God’s sake, what are you doing?”

I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

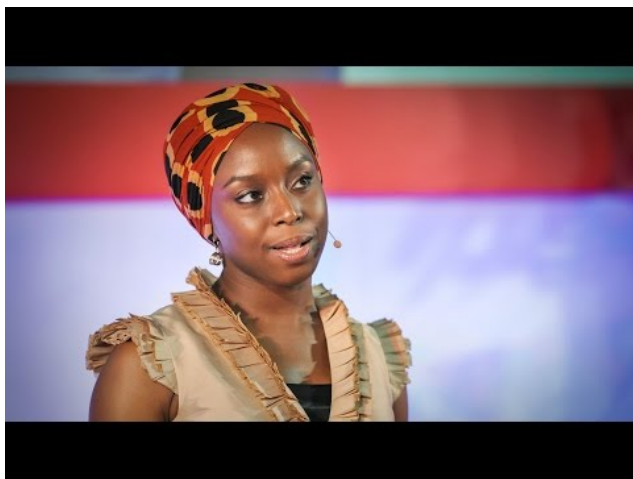
“I’ve got out at last,” said I, “in spite of you and Jane! And I’ve pulled off most of the paper, so you can’t put me back!”

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

30. Video: The Danger of a Single Story

Author: Chimamanda Adichie

Our lives, our cultures, are composed of many overlapping stories. Novelist Chimamanda Adichie tells the story of how she found her authentic cultural voice – and warns that if we hear only a single story about another person or country, we risk a critical misunderstanding.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=49](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=49)

31. Writing Assignment: Point of View Stories

Writing Assignment Focusing on Point of View

Write a short, short story (flash fiction) for each of the following narrators:

- First-person unreliable narrator
- Third-person detached observer narrator
- First-person or third-person naive narrator

Flash Fiction

Flash fiction is a full story even though it's brief. Types of flash fiction include the following:

- Six-word story
- 140-character story, the length of a tweet
- Dribble, which is 50 words
- Drabble, which is 100 words
- Sudden fiction, which is up to 750 words.

To read a sample of flash fiction, go to this drabble story titled “Calling Mom Home”: <http://www.100wordstory.org/6273/calling-mom-home/>.

Length and Details

You get to select your own story prompts (ideas) for each narrator listed above. Choose a different story idea for each narrator.

The three stories definitely should be short: only 1/2 to 3/4 typed, double-spaced page of flash fiction. Each story will be on its own page with a minimum of 100 words, a drabble, which means the entire document will be three pages in length. Each story should engage readers with vivid descriptions, dialogue (if necessary), and a setting.

Remember in order to keep your scene brief, don't include a lot of characters. One character is enough to work with. Two are allowed if you need another one. Three is probably too many.

Remember to use the correct pronouns for the point of view you are writing in.

- First-person narrators use these pronouns: I, me, my, we, us, our
- Third-person narrators use these pronouns: he, she, it, they, them, theirs

Be careful to show the scenes not tell them. After you've written your first draft, go back and find the places where you need to show more vs. telling.

Final Draft Requirements

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The flash fiction stories must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- The document must have one-inch margins, be double-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Indent paragraphs one tab, which is five to seven spaces.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Point of View

- In the upper right-hand corner on all the pages, insert page numbers in the header. Type your last name in front of the page number. Example: Johnson 1.
- Be sure to give each story a title. It should be centered and at

the top of the page over the text of each story. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

- Directly underneath title, type what type of narrator it is.
Example: Told by a First-person Unreliable Narrator.
- Remember each flash fiction story is on its own page within one document, and you are writing three drabbles.

32. Rubric: Point of View Stories

Rubric: Point of View Stories

Descriptive Details

- Detailed, vivid descriptions using the senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell.
- Details are shown not told.
- Dialogue moves the plot, increasing suspense, showing readers a trait(2) of the character(s), and/or changing the situation or conflict the characters are in.
- Setting is the backdrop of the story.
- Character are known through physical descriptions, dialogue, and/or interaction with others.
- Three drabbles written, which are 100 words each.

15/15

Organization

- Stories are told in multiple paragraphs if necessary.
 - Paragraph breaks occur when the scene shifts.
 - Each time a different character speaks a new paragraph is created.
 - The story arcs like Freytag's plot chart.
- 15/15

Point of View

- First story is a first-person, unreliable narrator
 - Second story is a third-person, detached narrator
 - Third story is a first-person or third-person naive narrator.
 - Doesn't use second-person pronouns: you, your, yourself except in dialogue.
- 15/15

Word Choice

- Uses specific nouns.
 - Uses action verbs.
 - Does not use words like really, always, very, a lot.
- 10/10

Sentence Structure

- No fragments.
 - No run-on sentences.
 - No awkwardly constructed statements.
 - Well-crafted sentences.
- 15/15

Usability/Storytelling/Tone

- Effective with little or no additional revisions.
- 10/10

Mechanics

- Grammar, especially correct verb tense.
 - Capitalization of proper nouns
 - Punctuation, especially commas and periods.
 - Spelling
- 10/10

Format

- Name heading
- Titles
- Double-spaced
- 1" margins
- 12 pt. easy-to-read font
- Page number heading
- Paragraphs indented 5 to 7 spaces—one tab

10/10

Grade: _____**Score:** _____

PART III

WRITING POETRY

33. Video: Poetry Makes People Nervous

Author: Sarah Kay

Sarah Kay speaks to us about the nature of poetry and how it can impact lives, opening new doors.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

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34. Lesson 10: Voice in Poetry

Definition of Voice

Just like fiction has a narrator, poetry has a speaker—someone who is the voice of the poem. Often times, the speaker is the poet. Other times, the speaker can take on the voice of a persona—the voice of someone else including animals and inanimate objects.

Points of View

Just like fiction, the poem is written in a specific point of view:

- First-person (I, me, my, we, us, our)
- Second-person (you, your)
- Third-person (he, she, it, him, her, his, hers, its, they, them, theirs).

Remember choosing a point of view determines how close the reader is involved in the poem. Third-person point of view will create more distance. The reader will be an observer. Whereas, first-person point of view will draw the reader into the poem. Second-person point of view is occasionally used in poetry. The speaker is speaking directly to his/her readers. Using second-person point of view, however, has to be done carefully as it is a more advanced skill and can be done poorly by an inexperienced writer.

Elements of Voice

Several elements create the speaker's voice: tone, diction, syntax, and audience.

Tone refers to the poet's attitude or position toward the subject. It may be positive, neutral, or negative. Some poets write political poems to make their ideas heard through literature. For example, John McCrae wrote "In Flanders Field" during World War I:

In Flanders Fields

Author: John McCrae

©1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Diction involves the word choices made by the poet. For example, word choice may include slang or dialect. Syntax works with diction; it includes the order or pattern in which the poet places the words in lines.

Finally, the audience, of course, are the intended readers the poet imagines when writing the poems and who they hope will read the poems.

More Than One Voice

A poem may have more than one voice. It's possible to have two or more speakers. For example, Robert Frost in his poem "Home Burial" uses dialogue between two characters—a husband and a wife—as well as a narrator speaker:

Home Burial

Author: Robert Frost

©1914

HE saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it

To raise herself and look again. He spoke
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see
From up there always—for I want to know."
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull.
He said to gain time: "What is it you see,"
Mounting until she cowered under him.
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."
She, in her place, refused him any help
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,
Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.
But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."
 "What is it—what?" she said.
 "Just that I see."
 "You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."
 "The wonder is I didn't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight
On the sidehill. We haven't to mind those.
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound—"

 "Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.
 She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm
That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;
And turned on him with such a daunting look,
He said twice over before he knew himself:
"Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"
 "Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!

I must get out of here. I must get air.
 I don't know rightly whether any man can."
 "Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.
 Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."
 He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.
 "There's something I should like to ask you, dear."
 "You don't know how to ask it."
 "Help me, then."
 Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.
 "My words are nearly always an offence.
 I don't know how to speak of anything
 So as to please you. But I might be taught
 I should suppose. I can't say I see how.
 A man must partly give up being a man
 With women-folk. We could have some
 arrangement
 By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off
 Anything special you're a-mind to name.
 Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that
 love.
 Two that don't love can't live together without
 them.
 But two that do can't live together with them."
 She moved the latch a little. "Don't—don't go.
 Don't carry it to someone else this time.
 Tell me about it if it's something human.
 Let me into your grief. I'm not so much
 Unlike other folks as your standing there
 Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.
 I do think, though, you overdo it a little.
 What was it brought you up to think it the thing
 To take your mother-loss of a first child
 So inconsolably—in the face of love.
 You'd think his memory might be satisfied—"

"There you go sneering now!"

“I’m not, I’m not!
 You make me angry. I’ll come down to you.
 God, what a woman! And it’s come to this,
 A man can’t speak of his own child that’s dead.”
 “You can’t because you don’t know how.
 If you had any feelings, you that dug
 With your own hand—how could you?—his little
 grave;
 I saw you from that very window there,
 Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
 Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly
 And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
 I thought, Who is that man? I didn’t know you.
 And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
 To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
 Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
 Out in the kitchen, and I don’t know why,
 But I went near to see with my own eyes.
 You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
 Of the fresh earth from your own baby’s grave
 And talk about your everyday concerns.
 You had stood the spade up against the wall
 Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.”
 “I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
 I’m cursed. God, if I don’t believe I’m cursed.”
 “I can repeat the very words you were saying.
 ‘Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
 Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.’
 Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
 What had how long it takes a birch to rot
 To do with what was in the darkened parlour.
 You couldn’t care! The nearest friends can go
 With anyone to death, comes so far short
 They might as well not try to go at all.
 No, from the time when one is sick to death,

One is alone, and he dies more alone.
Friends make pretence of following to the grave,
But before one is in it, their minds are turned
And making the best of their way back to life
And living people, and things they understand.
But the world's evil. I won't have grief so
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.
You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.
The heart's gone out of it: why keep it up.
Amy! There's someone coming down the road!"

"You—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—
Somewhere out of this house. How can I make
you—"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.
Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I will!—"

35. Poem: The Negro Speaks of Rivers

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

Author: Langston Hughes

© 1920

I've known rivers
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.
I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

36. Poem - I'm Nobody! Who Are You?

Author: Emily Dickinson

©1891

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us – don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

37. Video: Tell Me about Yourself – Stories Through Poetry

Author: Alex Dang

“Using my own personal experiences as examples, I will be exploring self-identity through the medium of performance poetry, A.K.A. slam poetry. Everybody has a story to tell and the vehicle of performance poetry allows catharsis, evaluation, and processing of your own life. Performance poetry combines the aspects of hearing a live band with the intimacy of reading an intensely personal memoir. Because poetry is an art form in which the writer often talks about their own narrative and their own life, it becomes the ideal way to explore cultural, racial, political, and social identities. The beauty of poetry is that everyone’s voice is as important and valid as the people next to you.”



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=58](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=58)

38. Writing Assignment: Voice Poem

Directions

Write a first-person poem where you are the speaker writing about some aspect of who you are. This means, you will use first-person pronouns: I, me, my, myself. Here's a list of poem suggestions:

- Connect yourself to some aspect of nature like Langston Hughes did in “Negro Speaks of Rivers.”
- Write about a traumatic event that happened in your life like Robert Frost did in “Home Burial.”
- Compare yourself to an inanimate object like a computer, a refrigerator, a violin.
- Describe a rite of passage in your life.

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don't Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses, sight, taste, touch, sound, smell. Of course, poets use less words than fiction writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free-verse poets use. Make line breaks where there is punctuation, an end of a phrase, or the end of a sentence.

Final Draft Instructions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.

- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to write your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe
ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing
Due Date:
Writing Assignment: Voice Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

39. Rubric: Voice Poem

Rubric: Voice Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person point of view. 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell Shows does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs Does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten. 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of the statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follows conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thoughts 	10/10

Format

- Single-spaced
- One white space between stanzas
- Left-justified rather than centered
- Title included
- Name heading
- 1" margins

5/5

Score: _____**Grade:** _____

40. Video: Everyday Moments, Caught in Time

Author: Billy Collins

Combining dry wit with artistic depth, Billy Collins shares a project in which several of his poems were turned into delightful animated films in a collaboration with Sundance Channel. Five of them are included in this wonderfully entertaining and moving talk – and don't miss the hilarious final.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=61](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=61)

41. Lesson 11: Imagery in Poetry

Definition of Imagery

What is imagery? Simply put, it's a word picture. A writer carefully selects words that create an image in the writer's mind when they read the words. Those carefully selected words are specific nouns and action verbs. Imagery is captured through the senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, and smell.

Examples of Strong Imagery

For example, read this opening excerpt from "Preludes" by T. S. Eliot:

Preludes

Author: T. S. Eliot

© 1910

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in
passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-
pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and
stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

Look again at the poem. Ask yourself these questions:

- What specific nouns did Eliot use?
- What action verbs did Eliot select?
- What senses did Eliot awaken in the reader?

Notice imagery is not directly stating feelings. However, a well-written image can evoke feelings in the reader. For example, read this excerpt from the poem “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” also by T. S. Eliot:

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Author: T. S. Eliot

© 1915

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out
against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a
table;
Let us go, through certain half-
deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night
cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with
oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious
argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming
question. . . .

Oh, do not ask, “What is it?”
Let us go and make our visit.

What feeling does Eliot call forth in this excerpt from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”? Notice it is not stated directly.

42. Poem: A Bird Came Down the Walk

A Bird Came Down the Walk

Author: Emily Dickinson

©1862

A Bird came down the Walk –
He did not know I saw –
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,
And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass –
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass –
He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around –
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –
He stirred his Velvet Head
Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home –
Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam –
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim.

43. Poem: A Narrow Fellow in the Grass

A Narrow Fellow in the Grass

Author: Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him—did you not
His notice instant is,
The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen,
And then it closes at your feet,
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre
A floor too cool for corn,
Yet when a boy and barefoot,
I more than once at noon
Have passed, I thought, a whip lash,
Unbraiding in the sun,
When stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality.
Yet never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

44. Poem: The Great Figure

Author: William Carlos William

©1921

Among the rain
and lights
I saw the figure 5
in gold
on a red
firetruck
moving
tense
unheeded
to gong clangs
siren howls
and wheels rumbling
through the dark city

Note: This poem inspired Charles Dumuth's painting *I Saw the Figure 5 in Gold*



*I Saw the
Figure 5 in
Gold
Painted by
Charles
Demuth*

45. Writing Assignment: Everyday Moment Poem

Directions

Write a poem that reflects an everyday moment. You may write it in first-person point of view (I, me, my, we, us, etc.) or third-person point of view (he, she, it, they, etc.). Here is a list of poem suggestions:

- Write about a specific sight in the city like William Carlos Williams did in “The Great Figure.”
- Write about a specific event in nature like Emily Dickinson did in her poems: “A Bird Came Down the Walk” and “A Narrow Fellow in the Grass.”
- Write about a specific occurrence on a farm.
- Write about a specific incident at a school.
- Write about a memory of a childhood toy.

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don't Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell. Of course, poets use less words than fiction writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free-verse poets use. Make the line breaks where there is punctuation, an end of a phrase, or the end of a sentence.

Final Draft Instructions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx)
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in

a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.

- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to write your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465–Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Everyday Moment Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

46. Rubric: Everyday Moment Poem

Rubric: Everyday Moment Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person or third-person point of view Describes an everyday moment 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell Show does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten. 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follows conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thought 	10/10

Format

- Single-spaced
- One white space between stanzas
- Left-justified rather than centered
- Title included
- Name heading
- 1" margins

5/5

Score: _____**Grade:** _____

47. Video: Poetic Devices Rap by Testament

Author: Testament



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distance/minnesotacreativewriting/?p=68>

48. Lesson 12: Figures of Speech in Poetry

Definition

The meaning of language can be literal or figurative. Literal language states exactly what something is. On the other hand, figurative language creates meaning by comparing one thing to another thing. Poets use figures of speech in their poems. Several types of figures of speech exist for them to choose from. Five common ones are simile, metaphor, personification, hypberbole, and understatement.

Simile

A simile compares one thing to another by using the words *like* or *as*. Read Shakespeare's poem "Sonnet 130."

Sonnet 130

Author: William Shakespeare

© 1598

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red, than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are
dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress
reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground:

And yet by heaven, I think my love as
rare,
as any she belied with false compare.

In this sonnet, Shakespeare's simile in the first line is a contrast where one thing is not *like* or *as* something else. He wrote, "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun."

Metaphor

A metaphor compares one to another by saying one thing is another. Read Emily Dickinson's poem "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers."

Hope Is the Thing with Feathers

Author: Emily Dickinson

"Hope" is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all
And sweetest in the Gale is heard
And sore must be the storm –
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm –
I've heard it in the chillest land –
And on the strangest Sea –
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb – of Me.

Notice that Emily Dickinson compared hope to a bird—the thing with feathers. Because there are bird images throughout the poem, it is called an extended metaphor poem.

Personification

A personification involves giving a non-human, inanimate object the qualities of a person. Robert Frost did that in his poem "Storm Fear."

Storm Fear

Author: Robert Frost

©1913

When the wind works against us in the dark,
And pelts with snow
The lower chamber window on the east,
And whispers with a sort of stifled bark,
The beast,
'Come out! Come out!—
It costs no inward struggle not to go,
Ah, no!
I count our strength,
Two and a child,
Those of us not asleep subdued to mark
How the cold creeps as the fire dies at
length,—
How drifts are piled,
Dooryard and road ungraded,
Till even the comforting barn grows far away
And my heart owns a doubt
Whether 'tis in us to arise with day
And save ourselves unaided.

Look specifically at the strong action verbs to find the human traits that are attributed to the wind and storm.

Hyperbole

A hyperbole is an exaggeration of the truth in order to create an effect. Sometimes that's done in a single statement. Other times it can happen with repetition like in Robert Frost's famous poem "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." Read the poem aloud. Notice the effect of the last two lines. The reader feels the tiredness of the weary traveler.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Author: Robert Frost

©1923

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Understatement

Understatement is the exact opposite of a hyperbole. The writer deliberately chooses to downplay the significance or seriousness of a situation or an event. This is evident in Mary Howitt's Poem "The Spider and the Fly."

The Spider and the Fly

Author: Mary Howitt

©1853

Will you walk into my parlour, said a Spider
to a Fly;

'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you
did spy.

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to shew when
you get there.

Oh, no, no! said the little Fly; to ask me is in
vain:

For who goes up that winding stair shall ne'er
come down again.

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, Dear
friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I have ever felt
for you?

I have within my parlour great store of all
that's nice:

I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please
to take a slice!

Oh, no, no! said the little Fly; kind sir, that
cannot be;

For I know what's in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see.

Sweet creature, said the Spider, you're witty
and you're wise;

How handsome are your gaudy wings, how
brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour-
shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall
behold yourself.

Oh, thank you, gentle sir, she said, for what
you're pleased to say;

And wishing you good morning now, I'll call
another day.

The Spider turn'd him round again, and
went into his den,

For well he knew that silly Fly would soon
come back again.

And then he wore a tiny web, in a little corner
sly,

And set his table ready for to dine upon the
Fly;

And went out to his door again, and merrily
did sing,

Come hither, pretty little Fly, with the gold
and silver wing.

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,

Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly
fluttering by.

With humming wings she hung aloft, then
nearer and nearer drew.

Thinking only of her crested head and gold
and purple hue:

Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor silly
thing! at last,

Up jump'd the cruel Spider, and firmly held her
fast!

He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,

Within his little parlour; but she ne'er came
down again.

And now, my pretty maidens, who may this
story hear,

To silly, idle, flattering words, I pray you ne'er
give ear;

Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear,
and eye,

And learn a lesson from this tale of the Spider
and the Fly.

49. Poem: Fog

Fog

Author: Carl Sandburg

© 1916

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

50. Poem: Prayers of Steel

Prayers of Steel

Author: Carl Sandburg

©1918

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.
Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights
into white stars.

51. Writing Assignment: Figure of Speech Poem

Directions

Write a poem that incorporates a figure of speech: simile, metaphor, personification, hyperbole, or understatement. You may write it in first-person point of view (I, me, my, we, us, etc.) or third-person point of view (he, she, it, they, etc.) Here is a list of poem suggestions:

- Write a nature poem using a simile like Carl Sandburg did in “Fog.” Be sure to use the word *like* or *as*.
- Choose an abstract noun (peace, hate, joy, etc.) and write a poem using an extended metaphor like Emily Dickinson did in “Hope is the Thing with Feathers.” Be sure the abstract noun is compared to a concrete noun (something the reader can visualize) by using the word *is*.
- Choose an inanimate object and personify it like Robert Frost did in “Storm Fear.”
- Create an original hyperbole and use the line in a poem like Robert Frost did in “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.”
- Write a narrative poem that shows understatement like Mary Howitt’s poem “The Spider and the Fly.”

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don’t Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell. Of course, poets use less words than fictional writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free-verse

poets use. Make the line breaks where there is punctuation, an end of a phrase, or the end of a sentence.

Final Draft Instructions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to write your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465–Creative Writing

Due Date:

Writing Assignment: Figure of Speech Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

52. Rubric: Figure of Speech Poem

Rubric: Figure of Speech Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person point of view or third-person point of view Includes a figure of speech: simile, metaphor, personification, hyperbole, or understatement 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smell Shows does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs Does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of a statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follows conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thoughts 	10/10

Format

- Single-spaced
- One white space between stanzas
- Left-justified rather than centered
- Title included
- Name heading
- 1" margins

5/5

Score: _____

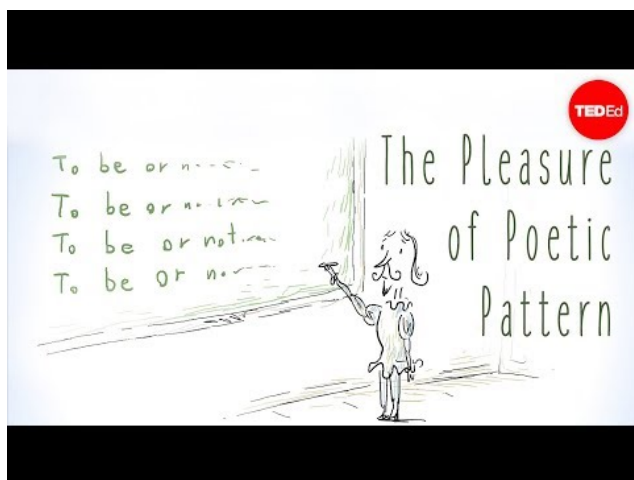
Grade: _____

53. Video: The Pleasure of Poetic Pattern

Author: David Silverstein

Animation: Avi Ofer

Humans are creatures of rhythm and repetition. From our breath to our gait: rhythm is central to our experience, and often brings us pleasure. We can find pleasure in the rhythm of a song, or even the rows of an orchard. Of course, too much repetition can also backfire. David Silverstein describes what poetic repetition is and why it works.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

<https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceinnesotacreativewriting/?p=74>

54. Lesson 13: Sound and Rhythm in Poetry

Musicality of Poems

Poems have a musicality to them. They are meant to be read aloud to hear the sound, the rhythm, and sometimes the rhyme. How do poets create sound and rhythm in their poems? Through several literary devices.

Assonance

Assonance is the repetition of the same vowel sound in words near each other.

Consonance

Consonance is the repetition of the same consonant sounds in words near each other

Alliteration

Alliteration is the repetition of the same consonant sounds at the beginning of words near each other.

Onomatopoeia

Onomatopoeia means a word resembles the meaning sound it represents.

Rhyme

Rhyme requires two or more words that repeat the same sounds.. They are often spelled in a similar way, but they don't have to be spelled in similar ways. Rhyme can occur at the end of a line, called end rhyme, or it can occur in the middle of the line, called internal rhyme.

Rhythm

Rhythm, of course, is the beat—the stressed syllables in a poem. Poets have a variety of possibilities for building that rhythm and ending lines.

Meter

Meter is the countable beat that a poet or reader can count. The

rhythm will have equal intervals. Count the beat in William Blake's poem "The Lamb."

The Lamb

Author: William Blake

©1789

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & bid thee feed
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, & he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, & thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Also, look for alliteration, assonance, consonance, and end-rhyme.

Caesuras

Caesuras are a break, pause, or interruption in the line.

End-Stopped Line

An end-stopped line occurs like natural speech; it ends at the end of a line.

Enjambment

Enjambment, the opposite of the end-stopped line, does not pause at the end of a line. It continues on without a pause into the

next line. For example, poets may break between the subject and a verb, an article and a noun, or between a helping verb and an action verb. In the poem “Endymion,” John Keats uses enjambment. Read this excerpt—the first five lines:

Endymion

Author: John Keats

©1817

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

55. Poem: The Eagle

The Eagle

Author: Alfred, Lord Tennyson

©1851

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

56. Poem: Out, Out–

Out, Out–

Author: Robert Frost

©1916

The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.
And from there those that lifted eyes could count
Five mountain ranges one behind the other
Under the sunset far into Vermont.
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
And nothing happened: day was all but done.
Call it a day, I wish they might have said
To please the boy by giving him the half hour
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.
His sister stood beside them in her apron
To tell them “Supper.” At the word, the saw,
As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,
Leaped out at the boy’s hand, or seemed to leap–
He must have given the hand. However it was,
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
The boy’s first outcry was a rueful laugh,
As he swung toward them holding up the hand
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all–
Since he was old enough to know, big boy
Doing a man’s work, though a child at heart–
He saw all spoiled. “Don’t let him cut my hand off–
The doctor, when he comes. Don’t let him, sister!”
So. But the hand was gone already.
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.

He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright.
No one believed. They listened at his heart.
Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it.
No more to build on there. And they, since they
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

57. Writing Assignment: Sound Poem

Directions

Write a poem that has rhythm or musicality in it. You may write it in first-person point of view (I, me, my, we us, etc.) or third-person point of view (he, she, it, they, etc.). Here is a list of poem suggestions:

- Write about a wild animal in nature like Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem "The Eagle."
- Write about an accident or event like Robert Frost's poem "Out, Out-."
- Write a poem that has a specific beat like William Blake's poem "The Lamb."
- Write a poem that uses enjambment like John Keats' poem "Endymion."
- Write a poem that rhymes. However, be careful. You don't want it sound forced or poor in quality.

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don't Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, and smell. Remember to include literary devices like assonance, consonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, rhythm, meter, end-line stop, enjambment, caesura. Of course, poets use less words than fiction writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free-verse poets use. Make the line breaks where there is punctuation, an end

of a phrase, or the end of a sentence unless you are deliberately using enjambment.

Final Draft Instructions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to write your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465–Creative Writing

Due Date

Writing Assignment: Sound Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

58. Rubric: Sound Poem

Rubric: Sound Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person or third-person point of view. Uses one or more literary devices that create musicality in a poem: alliteration, assonance, consonance, onomatopoeia, rhyme, rhythm, end-stopped lines, enjambment, casura. 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, smell Shows does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs Does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten. 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of a statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation Enjambment deliberately chosen 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follow conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thoughts 	10/10
Format	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Single-spaced One white space between stanzas Left-justified rather than centered Titled included Name heading 1" margins 	5/5

Score: _____

Grade: _____

59. Video: Hip-Hop & Shakespeare?

Author: Akala

Akala demonstrates and explores the connections between Shakespeare and Hip-Hop, and the wider cultural debate around language and its power.



A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=80](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distanceminnesotacreativewriting/?p=80)

60. Lesson 14: Form in Poetry

Patterns in Poetry

Some poems come in specific patterns—a specific form, such as sonnets, villanelles, and concrete poems. These forms have specific rules that the poet must follow.

Sonnets

The sonnet is written in iambic pentameter. What's that? It's a specific rhythm. Each line has ten syllables with five pairs of iambs. Iambs are an unstressed syllable paired with a stressed syllable, so it will have the beat like this:

daDA / daDA / daDA / daDA / daDA

The Shakespearean sonnet has fourteen lines with a specific rhyme pattern. Each pair of words that rhymes alternate a line for the first 12 lines. For example, Line 1 and Line 3 end in a rhyme, and Line 2 and Line 4 end in a rhyme. The last two lines have their own rhyme. The rhyme scheme looks like this:

a
b
a
b
c
d
c
d
e
f
e
f
g
g

Read William Shakespeare's sonnet "Shall I Compare Thee to a

Summer Day?” Look at the specific traits of the form: the iambic pentameter rhythm and the rhyme scheme.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer Day

Author: William Shakespeare

©1598

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing
course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Other types of sonnets include the Petrarchan, a fourteen-line sonnet with the rhyme scheme of abba, abba, cde, cde.

Blank Verse

Blank verse is a poem that does not rhyme, but it has five stressed beats per line.

Villanelle

The villanelle contains five stanzas with three lines each, which is called tercets. The sixth stanza has four lines, which is called a quatrain. The total number of lines needed for a villanelle is 19 lines.

The villanelle also has two repeating lines. The first line in the first stanza repeats in the sixth, twelfth, and eighteenth lines. The third line in the first stanza repeats in the ninth, fifteenth, and nineteenth lines.

The villanelle follows this rhyme scheme: aba, aba, aba, aba, aba, abaa.

Check out this form in Dylan Thomas' poem "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night."

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

Author: Dylan Thomas

©1951

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Concrete poetry, also called visual poetry, takes on the shape of the topic being written about. The lines and words are typed specifically to create a design and enhance the meaning. For example, read and study the format of George Herbert's poem "Easter Wings."

Easter Wings

Author: George Herbert

©1633

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory;
For, if I imp³ my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Free Verse

Free verse poetry has no form, meaning it has no stressed beats

per line. This is the most common type of poetry that is written today.

61. Poem: When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be

When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be

Author: John Keats

©1848

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piled books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

62. Poem: The House on the Hill

The House on the Hill

Author: Edwin Arlington Robinson

©1894

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around that sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

63. Poem: In Just

In Just

Author: E. E. Cummings

©1920

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame baloonman
whistles far and wee
and eddyandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring
when the world is puddle-wonderful
the queer
old baloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and
it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed
baloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

64. Rubric: Form Poem

Rubric: Form Poem

		Score
Poetic Voice		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Consistently in first-person or third-person point of view.Follows a specific poetic form: sonnet, villanelle, concrete		5/5
Imagery		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Vivid imagesUses senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, smellShows does not tell		10/10
Word Choice		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Specific nounsAction verbsDoes not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten		10/10
Line Breaks		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Occurs at the end of statementOccurs at the end of a phraseOccurs where there is punctuationEnjambment deliberately chosen		10/10
Punctuation		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Correctly follows conventional rulesPunctuation enhances the images and thoughts		10/10
Format		
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Single-spacedOne white space between stanzasLeft-justified rather than centeredTitle includedName heading1" margins		5/5

Score: _____

Grade: _____

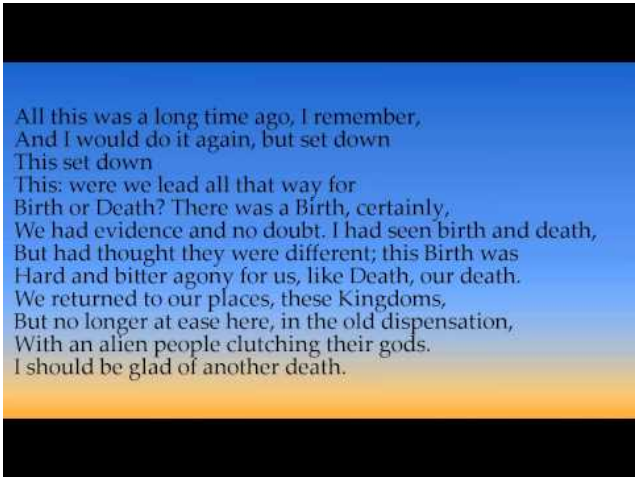
65. Lesson 15: Allusions, Direct Addresses, and Symbols in Poetry

Definitions

Allusions in Poetry

An allusion is a reference to something or someone in history. The allusion is intentionally placed in a piece of writing by the writer, and the writer assumes that the readers will know and understand the allusion.

Different types of allusions exist: Biblical, historical, literary allusions—to name a few. For example, watch this video where T. S. Eliot's poem "The Journey of the Magi" is read:



All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we lead all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

A YouTube element has been excluded from this version of the

text. You can view it online here:

[https://library.achievingthedream.org/
distance/minnesotacreativewriting/?p=87](https://library.achievingthedream.org/distance/minnesotacreativewriting/?p=87)

Notice the biblical reference to the magi (wise men) who followed the star to Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus.

Direct Address in Poetry

A direct address may be a person, who is referenced in the poem. The person can be an actual person's name or it can be a common noun in reference to a specific type of person. For example, Walt Whitman referenced strangers and readers in these two excerpts from *Leaves of Grass*:

Stranger

Author: Walt Whitman

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire
to speak to me, why
should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

Thou Reader

Author: Walt Whitman

Thou reader throbbest life and pride and
love the same as I,
Therefore for thee the following chants.

A direct address in poems can also be to an inanimate object. For example, John Donne directly addresses death in his poem "Holy Sonnet 10" also known as "Death Be Not Proud":

Holy Sonnet 10

Author: John Donne

Death be not proud, though some have
callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost

overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill
me.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures
bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more
must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse
dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as
well,
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou
then;
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt
die.

Symbols in Poetry

A symbol in poems represents something else—a deeper meaning. Poems can have a literal meaning, but they can also have a deeper symbolic meaning. For example, in Robert Frost's well-known poem "A Road Not Taken" on a literal level it is about a walk in the woods. However, on a symbolic level it's about making a life decision and how one decision leads a person down one life path and not the other.

The Road Not Taken

Author: Robert Frost

©1916

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood

And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
 Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
 And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
 I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

66. Poem: To E. T.

To E.T.

Author: Robert Frost

© 1920

I slumbered with your poems on my breast
Spread open as I dropped them half-read through
Like dove wings on a figure on a tomb
To see, if in a dream they brought of you,

I might not have the chance I missed in life
Through some delay, and call you to your face
First soldier, and then poet, and then both,
Who died a soldier-poet of your race.

I meant, you meant, that nothing should remain
Unsaid between us, brother, and this remained—
And one thing more that was not then to say:
The Victory for what it lost and gained.

You went to meet the shell's embrace of fire
On Vimy Ridge; and when you fell that day
The war seemed over more for you than me,
But now for me than you—the other way.

How over, though, for even me who knew
The foe thrust back unsafe beyond the Rhine,
If I was not to speak of it to you
And see you please once more with words of mine?

Note: E.T. refers to the poet Edward Thomas.

67. Poem: Acquainted with the Night

Acquainted with the Night

Author: Robert Frost

©1928

I have been one acquainted with the night.

I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.

I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.

I have passed by the watchman on his beat

And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet

When far away an interrupted cry

Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;

And further still at an unearthly height,

One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.

I have been one acquainted with the night.

68. Writing Assignment: Allusion, Address, or Symbol Poem

Directions

Write a poem that includes one of the following: an allusion, a direct address, or a symbol. You may write it in first-person point of view (I, me, my, we, us, etc.) or third-person point of view (he, she, it, they, etc.) Here is a list of poem suggestions:

- Write a poem that is a biblical reference like T. S. Eliot's poem "Journey of the Magi."
- Write a poem that has a historical reference.
- Write a poem that addresses a writer that has influenced your writing like Robert Frost's poem "To E.T."
- Write a poem that addresses an inanimate object.
- Write a poem that has a symbolic level like Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken."

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don't Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, and smell. Remember to include literary devices like assonance, consonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, rhythm, meter, end-line stop, enjambment, caesura. Of course, poets use less words than fiction writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free verse poets use. Make the line breaks where there is punctuation, an end

of a phrase, or the end of a sentence unless you are deliberately using enjambment.

Final Directions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in Microsoft Word file (.docx).
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri or Arial.
- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name. Example:

Jane Doe

ENGL 1465–Creative Writing

Due Date

Writing Assignment: Allusion, Address, or Symbol
Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

69. Rubric: Allusion, Address, or Symbol Poem

Rubric: Allusion, Address, or Symbol Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person or third-person point of view Includes an allusion, a direct address, or a symbol. 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, taste, touch, sound, smell Shows does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs Does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of a statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation Unless enjambment is deliberately chosen 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follows conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thought 	10/10
Format	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Single-spaced One white space between stanzas Left-justified rather than centered Title included Name heading 1" margins 	5/5

Score: _____

Grade: _____

70. Lesson 16: More about Poetry

Other Kinds of Poems

Ekphrastic Poetry

Ekphrastic poetry is a poem that describes a piece of artwork: a painting, a sculpture, a photograph, etc. The writer, inspired by the artwork, creates a poem usually starting with a description of the artwork. For example, Edwin Markham wrote "The Man with the Hoe" after seeing Millet's painting.

The Man with the Hoe

Author: Edwin Markham

©1899

*Written after seeing Millet's
World-Famous Painting
God made man in His own
image,
in the image of God made He
him.—Genesis.*



*The Man with the Hoe by Jean
Francois Millet*

Bowed by the weight of
centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;

To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Found Poems

A found poem is written by taking words, phrases, sentences, titles, etc. from another piece of literature, a newspaper, a journal article, or a speech. If the piece was prose, line breaks and stanzas are created, and unnecessary words are deleted. For example, Hart Seely and Tom Peyer found a poem in the commentary of Phil Rizzuto, who spoke on the death of the Yankees catcher Thurman Munson.

The Man in the Moon

*Found Poem by Hart Seely and Tom Peyer
From the Commentary of Phil Rizzuto on
Thurman Munson's Death*

The Yankees have had a traumatic four days.
Actually five days.

That terrible crash with Thurman Munson.

To go through all that agony,

And then today,

You and I along with the rest of the team

Flew to Canton for the services,

And the family...

Very upset.

You know, it might,

It might sound a little corny.

But we have the most beautiful full moon
tonight.

And the crowd,

Enjoying whatever is going on right now.

They say it might sound corny,

But to me it's like some kind of a,

Like an omen.

Both the moon and Thurman Munson,

Both ascending up into heaven.

I just can't get it out of my mind.

I just saw the full moon,
And it just reminded me of Thurman Munson,
And that's it.

List Poems

The list poem is exactly what it states. It's a list. Generally, the writer creates images by using lists of specific nouns that are interconnected to one another. For example, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Picture Books in Winter." Notice the nouns listing what is in the book.

Picture Books in Winter

Author: Robert Louis Stevenson

©1896

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

7I. Writing Assignment: Last Poem

Directions

Write one of the following types of poems: ekphrastic, found, or list poem. You may write it in first-person point of view (I, me, my we, us, etc.) or third-person point of view (he, she, it, they, etc.) Here is a list of poem suggestions:

- Visit a local art museum and write an ekphrastic poem that is inspired by one of the pieces of artwork.
- Find a famous painting, sculpture, photograph online and write an ekphrastic poem about it.
- Read a chapter in a novel and write a found poem from an excerpt of it.
- Read a newspaper or journal article and write a found poem from an excerpt of it.
- Find a famous speech online and write a found poem from an excerpt of it.
- Write a list poem with the title “Things Found in...”

You get the idea, right? Brainstorm a list of your own ideas, a variation of one of the above, or use one of the above ideas.

Show Don't Tell

Remember to use specific nouns and strong action verbs. Remember to use your senses: sight, sound, taste, touch, and smell. Remember to include literary devices like assonance, consonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, rhythm, meter, end-line stop, enjambment, caesura. Of course, poets use less words than fiction writers, too.

Line Breaks

Follow the traditional line breaks and format that most free-verse poets use. Make the line breaks where there is punctuation, an end of

a phrase, or the end of a sentence unless you are deliberating using enjambment.

Final Draft Instructions

Follow these instructions for typing the final draft:

- The poem must be typed in a Microsoft Word file (.docx)
- It must have one-inch margins, be single-spaced, and typed in a 12 pt. readable font like Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial.
- Don't allow the auto-correct in Microsoft Word to capitalize the first line of each poem. Use conventional English rules to write your lines.
- In the upper left-hand corner of page 1, type your first and last name, the name of the class, the date the assignment is due, and the assignment name:

Jane Doe
ENGL 1465–Creative Writing
Due Date
Writing Assignment: Last Poem

- Be sure to give your poem a title. Do not bold, enlarge, or punctuate the title. Capitalize the first word and each important word in the title.

72. Rubric: Last Poem

Rubric: Last Poem

	Score
Poetic Voice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Consistently in first-person or third-person point of view Written as an ekphrastic, found, or list poem 	5/5
Imagery	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Vivid images Uses senses: sight, taste, touch, sound, smell Shows does not tell 	10/10
Word Choice	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Specific nouns Action verbs Does not use unnecessary words: very, really, always, gotten 	10/10
Line Breaks	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Occurs at the end of a statement Occurs at the end of a phrase Occurs where there is punctuation Unless enjambment is deliberately chosen 	10/10
Punctuation	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Correctly follows conventional rules Punctuation enhances the images and thought 	10/10
Format	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Single-spaced One white space between stanzas Left-justified rather than centered Title included Name heading 1" margins 	5/5

Score: _____

Grade: _____

PART IV
PEER REVIEW
INFORMATION

73. Assignment: Peer Review Instructions for Fiction

Peer Review Instructions for Fiction

Peer reviews should help your classmates revise and draft their writing assignments, working toward a polished final draft. Think of your classmates as people that you want to help, not criticize or judge.

To make sure each person receives peer reviews, read and comment on classmates' drafts according to the assigned groups.. If your group members do not submit their drafts on time, then you may select other students' drafts to fulfill your requirements of the assignment.

For each peer review, identify the following things:

- **Content**

- If this were your draft, what would you revise in the content?
- For a "C" write three sentences. For a "B" write four sentences. For an "A" write five sentences about content revisions.
- Do not write: "I don't see any content problems."

- **Organization**

- If this were your draft, what would you revise regarding the organization? Besides the flow of ideas, the organization also includes how it is formatted in the document.
- For a "C" write three sentences. For a "B" write four sentences. For an "A" write five sentences about organizational revisions.
- Do not write: "I don't see any organizational problems."

- **Grammar or Sentence Structure**

- Identify one type of grammatical or sentence structure error.
- Consider providing a grammar rule to help the writer learn how to do it right.
- Consider showing the writer how to make the revision in one of his/her sentences.
- For a “C” write three sentences. For a “B” write four sentences. For an “A” write five sentences about grammar or sentence structure.
- Do not write: “I don’t see any grammatical or sentence structure errors.”

- **Questions**

- Ask questions about something you didn’t understand.
- Think of something that will cause the writer to think more deeply about his/her topic.
- For a “C” ask one question. For a “B” write two questions. For an “A” write three questions.
- Do not write: “I don’t have any questions.”

- **Praise**

- Describe one part of the piece that you can praise specifically.
- For a “C” write three sentences. For a “B” write four sentences. For an “A” write five sentences.

Additional Directions

- Download, print, and use the Peer Review Form. Type your peer review responses on the form. Use one form for each peer review you complete, a total of four peer reviews per writing assignments.
- Use bold headers: Content, Organization, Grammar, Questions,

Praise.

- Do not bold the text you write underneath the headers.

Receiving Feedback

When you receive feedback from your classmates and/or instructor, please take this constructive criticism in the spirit in which it is offered: to help you become a better writer.

Keep in mind, however, some feedback from your classmates may or may not be accurate. When you are in doubt about the feedback that you received from a classmate or another individual, send an email to the instructor to double check the accuracy of the statement(s).

Grading Peer Reviews

Students will receive a grade for evaluating their classmates' drafts. To receive full credit for these evaluations, students must meet the following requirements:

- Submit a draft for peer review on time.
- Submit four peer review evaluations on time.
- Address all the requirements listed in the document: Assignment – Peer Review Instructions. The number of sentences written is evaluated as well as the content of what is written.
- Be specific in your feedback. For example, instead of saying, “I think you have a problem in your introduction,” say “I have a suggestion on how to make the introduction more understandable to your readers.” Then state what that suggestion is.
- Use positive examples from the writer's own draft to explain suggestions. For example, if the writer uses strong action verbs in one section, but in another section doesn't, cite the first section as an example of a way to improve the second.
- Ask questions to draw out additional ideas that will make the draft better.

74. Sample Peer Review for Fiction

To: Jane Doe

From: Jack Frost

Title: Character Story: “Butchering Day”

Content

I see the alcoholic father as pretty much one dimensional in this story. Maybe it's because you have so few descriptions of him. Can you add additional information about him? For example, what is he wearing when he's butchering the pig? I can tell some things about his personality by his dialogue. Maybe you should add more dialogue.

Organization

Is it possible that the story starts better in the second paragraph? I wasn't engaged when I read the first paragraph, but I was when I read the second paragraph. The two are related, but I think the second paragraph starts the story better. Consider deleting the first. Also, be sure to double-space your entire document.

Grammatical or Sentence Structure

Use strong action verbs in your sentences. Here's an example:

You Wrote: Two weeks during my childhood summers, Dad became a hired-hand for Louie Gossen, a local farmer.

Revision: Two weeks during my childhood summers, my dad's friend Louie Gossen employed him as a hired-hand.

Notice the difference between the state of being verb *become* and the action verb *employed*. The action verb becomes a word picture for the readers.

Questions

- On page 2, can you give some sense of the size of the dead pig?

- On page 4, was it really worry on your mother's face? Or was it anger?
- Do you have other stories to tell like this one? I'd like to read more.

Praise

This is a disturbing, yet touching story. I liked how the daughter was silent during the intense scenes of the essay. I also like how she counted packages of meat until she was done. I could see this essay as part of a collection of other stories about the same family. Perhaps, you have the beginning of a novel.

75. Assignment - Peer Review Form for Fiction

Directions

After **To**, type your classmate's first and last name. After **From**, type your first and last name. After **Title**, type the title of the draft you are evaluating. Then complete the following sections according to the instructions provided in the document "Assignment – Peer Review Instructions." Type your response below each section on the form.

Click this link: [Peer Review Form](#)

76. Assignment - Peer Review Instructions for Poetry

Peer Review Instructions for Poetry

Peer reviews should help your classmates revise and draft their writing assignments, working toward a polished final draft. Think of your classmates as people that you want to help, not criticize or judge.

To make sure each person receives peer reviews, read and comment on classmates' drafts according to the assigned groups. If your group members do not submit their drafts on time, then you may select other students' drafts to fulfill your requirements of the assignment.

For each peer review, identify the following things:

- **Words**

- If this were your poem, what words would you revise, delete, or add?
- For a "C" write three sentences. For a "B" write four sentences. For an "A" write five sentences about word revisions
- Do not write: "I don't see any word revision recommendations."

- **Line Breaks**

- If this were your draft, what line breaks would you revise?
- For a "C" write three sentences. For a "B" write four sentences. For an "A" write five sentences about organizational revisions.
- Do not write: "I don't see any line break revision recommendations."

- **Punctuation**

- If this were your draft, what punctuation would you change, add, or delete?
- For a “C” write three sentences. For a “B” write four sentences. For an “A” write five sentences about grammar or sentence structure.
- Do not write: “I don’t see any punctuation revisions.”

- **Format**

- If this were your draft, what would you revise regarding the format of the poem?
- For a “C” ask one question. For a “B” write two questions. For an “A” write three questions.
- Do not write: “I don’t have any questions.”

- **Praise**

- Describe one part of the piece that you can praise specifically.
- For a “C” write three sentences. For a “B” write four sentences. For an “A” write five sentences.

Additional Directions

- Download, print, and use the Peer Review Form. Type your peer review responses on the form. Use one form for each peer review you complete, a total of four peer reviews per writing assignments.
- Use bold headers: Content, Organization, Grammar, Questions, Praise.
- Do not bold the text you write underneath the headers.

Receiving Feedback

When you receive feedback from your classmates and/or

instructor, please take this constructive criticism in the spirit in which it is offered: to help you become a better writer.

Keep in mind, however, some feedback from your classmates may or may not be accurate. When you are in doubt about the feedback that you received from a classmate or another individual, send an email to the instructor to double check the accuracy of the statement(s).

Grading Peer Reviews

Students will receive a grade for evaluating their classmates' drafts. To receive full credit for these evaluations, students must meet the following requirements:

- Submit a draft for peer review on time.
- Submit four peer review evaluations on time.
- Address all the requirements listed in the document:
Assignment – Peer Review Instructions. The number of sentences written is evaluated as well as the content of what is written.
- Be specific and detailed in your feedback.
- Use positive examples from the writer's own draft to explain suggestions. For example, if the writer uses strong action verbs in one stanza, but in another stanza doesn't, cite the first stanza as an example of a way to improve the second.

77. Sample Peer Review for Poetry

To: Johnny Nelson

From: Jack Johnson

Title: Ode to Winter

Peer Review Evaluation Comments

Words

You used the word *run* three times. Are their other synonyms you can use instead? Also, delete the words *very* and *really*. They are unnecessary and they distract from the words that follow them. The words that follow them create a stronger image without *very* and *really*.

Line Breaks

You have one line that is much longer than the others in the poem. Consider putting a line break in before the word *and*, which will make it two lines. You also have one line that has only one word. I'm not sure if that works. You might ask the instructor about that.

Punctuation

You incorrectly used a semi-colon. A semi-colon should separate two, short sentences that are related in content to one another. Also, follow the rules of how commas are used. You seem to randomly add commas after every line. Some should be periods. Some don't need punctuation at all. Read your poem aloud. That might help you determine where you need punctuation pauses and/or line breaks.

Format

Consider breaking this poem into two stanzas. There's a natural break in it. The first half is about what you like about winter. The second half is about the what you don't like. I also recommend that you write a final statement that is a separate stanza as well. Maybe

it could be something about how you reconcile what you like and what you don't like about winters.

Praise

I like the title "Ode to Winter." I also like your similes, especially that winter is like an amusement park: skiing, sledding, snowshoeing. It also has strong alliteration with the "s" sound. I like the simile that winter is like a roaring lion, a wicked wind. Again, you used alliteration with the "w" sound.

78. Assignment - Peer Review Form for Poetry

Directions

After **To**, type your classmate's first and last name. After **From**, type your first and last name. After **Title**, type the title of the draft you are evaluating. Then complete the following sections according to the instructions provided in the document "Peer Review Instructions." Type your response below each section.

Click this link: [Peer Review Form for Poetry](#)

PART V

REVISION TECHNIQUES

79. Revising with the Search/Find Tool

Introduction

Before the era of computers, writers relied on close, multiple readings of their manuscripts to find sentence errors. Now with Microsoft Office, writers can find sentence errors in their manuscripts quickly. Yes, most people know that. They've used the Spell/Grammar Checker, but what most people don't know is that the Search Tool in Microsoft Word is even more valuable. "How?" you ask. Try the following techniques.

Check the Point of View

Most writing should be written in first-person or third-person point of view.

First-person pronouns include the following:

- I, me, my, myself
- We, us, our, ourselves

Third-person pronouns include the following:

- He, him, his, himself
- She, her, hers, herself
- It, its, itself
- They, them, theirs, themselves

To check the point of view in your manuscripts, search for the second-person pronouns: you, your, yours, yourself.

- You, your, yours, yourself

Second-person pronouns are used incorrectly most often. In short stories, they can be used in dialogue when two characters are

speaking. In other places, second-person pronouns speak directly to the reader, which is where inexperienced writers make errors. It's best not to speak directly to the reader.

Once you've searched for *you* and *your*, replace them with the correct first- or third-person pronoun or a specific noun.

Check for Unnecessary Words

Unnecessary words clutter writing. Search for the following words and phrases:

- Very
- Really
- truly
- extremely
- quite
- Always
- Never
- All
- A lot
- Suddenly
- All of a sudden
- I think that
- I believe that
- I feel that
- And then

Once you find them, delete them.

Check Your Verbs

Remember action verbs make your writing more vivid for readers to imagine what they are reading. Linking and helping verbs need to be used in limited amounts. Search for the linking and helping verbs and rewrite the sentences by using strong action verbs:

Linking Verbs

- is
- are

- was
- were
- be
- am
- been

Helping Verbs

- Has
- Have
- Had
- Could
- Would
- Should

Check for Over-Used Words

As you develop your writing skills, you may find that you use some of the same words over and over again. Create your own list of words to avoid.

80. Comma Rules and the Search/Find Tool

Introduction

This is not a comprehensive document regarding comma rules. The comma rules listed here are the most common errors found in writing. Other comma rules exist and can be found in an English handbook or online.

Rule No. 1: Coordinating Conjunctions and Commas

Compound sentence structures include a sentence + a coordinating conjunction + another sentence. It requires a comma before the coordinating conjunction (and, but, for, or, nor, so, yet). Put your finger on the conjunction in the sentences below, and see if a sentence can be found on both sides of it. If the conjunction joins two sentences, then you need a comma before the conjunction. If one side is not a sentence, then a comma is not placed before the coordinating conjunction.

Examples

I called my friend Ginny, and she agreed to meet me after work.

I called our plumber Jack, but he was unable to help me fix our leaky faucet.

Use the Search/Find Tool to find the coordinating conjunctions in your writing:

- And
- But
- For
- Or
- Nor
- So
- Yet

Rule No. 2: Subordinating Conjunctions and Commas

If a sentence begins with a subordinate conjunction, then it needs a comma after the introductory phrase. See the list below for subordinating conjunctions. Notice in the sentences below, the comma is in the middle of the sentence between the introductory phrase and the main part of the sentence. It is not directly after the subordinating conjunctions.

Examples

After Ginny and I had supper together, we went to a movie.

When Jack couldn't fix our leaky faucet, we called Henry.

Use the Search/Find Tool to find the subordinating conjunctions in your writing:

- According to
- After
- Although
- As
- As soon as
- Because
- By the time
- Even if
- Even though
- If
- In case
- In order that
- Just in case
- Once
- Since
- Until
- When
- Whenever
- Where
- Whereas
- Wherever
- Whether or not

- While

Rule No. 3: Lists of Nouns and Adjectives and Commas

When three or more nouns appear in a list in a sentence, they need commas. When three or more adjectives appear in a list in a sentence, they need commas. Without commas, meaning can be misunderstood.

Examples

Mikayla likes eating fish, salads, and vegetables.

She is talkative, kind, and thoughtful.

Use the Search/Find Tool to find the connecting words used in lists:

- And
- Or

Rule No. 4: Transitional Words and Commas

Some transitional words require commas no matter where they appear in sentences.

If the transitional word is at the beginning of the sentence, the comma comes after it.

Example

However, your answer is incorrect.

If the transitional word is at the end of the sentence, the comma comes before it.

Example

Your answer is incorrect, however.

If the transitional word is in the middle of the sentence, commas go on both sides of the transitional word(s).

Example

Your answer, however, is incorrect.

Use the Search/Find Tool to find the following transitional words and phrases:

- Also

- As a result
- Consequently
- Finally
- First
- For example
- For instance
- For this purpose
- For this reason
- Furthermore
- However
- In addition
- In conclusion
- In contrast
- In fact
- In other words
- In summary
- Meanwhile
- Nevertheless
- Next
- On the one hand
- On the other hand
- Otherwise
- Second
- Subsequently
- Therefore
- Thus
- Third
- To sum up
- To summarize

PART VI

PORTFOLIO ASSIGNMENTS

8I. Writing Assignment: Fiction Portfolio

Purpose of a Portfolio

The purpose of a portfolio is to showcase your final drafts and to do a self-assessment to evaluate what you have learned.

Organizational Instructions

The following is a set of instructions of what is expected in the portfolio. It is listed in the order that the portfolio should be organized.

- **Title Page**

- Title the portfolio with a creative title representing the entire collection of fiction you've written. Example:
Fiction: Believe It or Not
- Include your first and last name
- Include the name of the class: ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing
- Include the due date.
- Include a photo of yourself working on one of your stories on a computer.
- Font size should be 24 pt. or 36 pt. Choose a font size that makes the title fit on one line. Also, choose a font that is readable.

- **Table of Contents**

- The titles of the stories should be left-justified near the one-inch margin edge.
- Page numbers should be right-justified near the one-inch margin edge.
- Dots between the titles and page numbers are optional.
- The first entry on this page should be the portfolio essay

title.

- Do not list the title page or the table of contents page on the table of contents page.
- Use an easy-to-read 12 pt. font.

- **Portfolio Essay**

- Step back and look at your work critically.
- Write an evaluative essay (500 – 1,000 words).
- Your evaluative essay should address the following questions. Each bullet list of questions becomes a paragraph in the portfolio essay, a total of five paragraphs.
 - Which story is your best work? Best work does not necessarily mean your favorite work. Best work means the one that is written well. How did you go about writing it? Why is it your best work? Cite specific examples from the story to defend why you think it is your most effective piece.
 - Which story would you just as soon forget or trash? What problems did you encounter with it? Why is it your least effective piece? Cite specific examples from the text of the story to prove why you think it is your least effective work.
 - What are you able to do as a fiction writer that you couldn't do before taking this class? Be specific by identifying more than one example. What in the class helped you the most with your writing?
 - What did you learn about yourself by completing this portfolio?
 - What are your writing goals for the last half of this semester?

- **Final Drafts**

- Make a section title page titled Final Drafts.
- Rank your six fiction pieces from most effective to least

effective. The six pieces are as follows:

- Character Story
 - Setting Story
 - Dialogue Story
 - Three Point of View Flash Fiction Stories
 - At this point, you need to separate the three point of view flash fiction stories into three individual pieces, so that you have a total of six stories.
- Copy and paste the graded final drafts into the portfolio from the most effective to the least effective story. Do not include the rubrics in the portfolio. You will need that information, however, for the next step.
 - Revise all final drafts in the portfolio before submitting your portfolio. Follow the directions provided on the graded assignment as well as the rubric. It's a good idea to compare your original final draft submission with the graded final draft in order to understand what kind of revisions have been made by the instructor and what kind of revisions still need to be made.

Formatting Instructions

- The portfolio project must be typed in a Microsoft Word document (.docx).
- Use an easy-to-read 12 pt. font for all the sections except the title page.
- Use 1" margins.
- Double-space all pages.
- Put page numbers in the lower right-hand corner. When page numbers are at the bottom of the page, you do not need to include your last name.
- Leave the name heading on the final drafts of your stories in the top left-hand corners.

82. Rubric: Fiction Portfolio

Rubric: Fiction Portfolio

	Score
Title Page <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Contains the following information <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Title Your first and last name ENGL 1465 – Creative Writing Due Date Includes a photo of yourself writing on a computer. 	5/5
Table of Contents Page <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Titles are listed in the order they appear in the portfolio Titles are capitalized and located on the left-hand side of the page. Page numbers are located on the right-hand side of the page in a straight column 	5/5
Portfolio Essay <p>A five-paragraph essay about the following things:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Most effective story Least effective story New writing skills attained Portfolio skills learned New goals for the last half of the semester 	15/15
Final Drafts <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Six short stories From most effective to least effective Each story starts on its own, new page in the portfolio All stories must be revised based on the graded final drafts and rubrics provided by the instructor 	15/10
Mechanics <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Spelling Punctuation Capitalization Grammar <p>The portfolio essay should have fewer than three different types of errors.</p>	5/5

Format

- 1" margins
- Page numbers in the bottom right-hand corner of all the pages
- Double-spaced

5/5

Grade: _____**Score:** _____

83. Writing Assignment: Poetry Portfolio

Purpose of a Portfolio

The purpose of a portfolio is to showcase your final drafts and to do a self-assessment to evaluate what you have learned.

Organizational Instructions

The following is a set of instructions of what is expected in the portfolio. It is listed in the order that the portfolio should be organized.

- **Title Page**
 - Title the portfolio with a creative title representing the entire collection of poems you've written. Example: Poems: Word Pictures
 - Include your first and last name
 - Include the name of the class: ENGL 1465–Creative Writing
 - Include the due date
 - Include a photo of yourself working on one of your poems on a computer.
 - Font size should be 24 pt. or 36 pt. Choose a font size that makes the title fit on one line. Also, choose a font that is readable.
- **Table of Contents**
 - The titles of the poems should be left-justified near the one-inch margin edge.
 - Page numbers should be right-justified near the one-inch margin edge.
 - Dots between the titles and page numbers are optional.
 - Do not list the title page or the table of contents page on the table of contents page.
 - Use an easy-to-read 12 pt. font.

- **Portfolio Essay**

- Step back and look at your poems critically.
- Write an evaluative essay (500-1,000 words).
- Your evaluative essay should address the following questions. Each bullet list of questions becomes a new paragraph in the portfolio essay, a total of five paragraphs.
 - Which poem is your best work? Best work does not necessarily mean your favorite work. Best work means the one that is written well. How did you go about writing it? Why is it your best work? Cite specific examples from the poem to defend why you think it is your most effective piece.
 - Which poem would you just as soon forget or trash? what problems did you encounter with it? Why is it your least effective piece? Cite specific examples from the text of the poem to prove why you think it is your least effective piece.
 - What are you able to do as a poet that you couldn't do before taking this class? Be specific by identifying more than one example. What in the class helped you the most with your writing?
 - What did you learn about yourself by completing this portfolio?
 - What are your writing goals for the summer?

- **Final Drafts**

- Make a section title page titled Final Drafts
- Rank your seven poems from most effective to least effective. The seven poems are as follows:
 - Voice Poem
 - Imagery Poem
 - Figure of Speech Poem
 - Sound Poem
 - Form Poem
 - Allusion or Symbol Poem

- Other Poem
- Copy and paste the graded final drafts into the portfolio from the most effective to the least effective poem. Do not include the rubrics in the portfolio. You will need that information, however, for the next step.
- Revise all final drafts in the portfolio before submitting your portfolio. Follow the directions provided on the graded assignment as well as the rubric. It's a good idea to compare your original final draft submission with the graded final draft in order to understand what kind of revisions have been made by the instructor and what kind of revisions still need to be made.

Formatting Instructions

- The portfolio project must be typed in a Microsoft Word document (.docx).
- Use an easy to read 12 pt. font for all the sections except the title page.
- Use 1" margins.
- Double-space the essay page.
- Single-space the poems.
- Put page numbers in the lower right-hand corner. When page numbers are at the bottom of the page, you do not need to include your last name.
- Leave the name heading on the final drafts of your poems in the top left-hand corner.

84. Rubric: Poetry Portfolio

Rubric: Poetry Portfolio

	Score
Title Page	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Contains the following information <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Title Your first and last name ENGL 1465–Creative Writing Due Date Includes a photo of yourself writing on a computer 	5/5
Table of Contents Page	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Titles are listed in the order they appear in the portfolio Titles are capitalized and located on the left-hand side of the page. Page numbers are located on the right-hand side of the page in a straight column 	5/5
Portfolio Essay	
A five paragraph essay about the following things:	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Most effective poem Least effective poem New writing skills attained Portfolio skills learned New goals 	15/15
Final Drafts	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Seven poems From most effective to least effective Each poem starts on its own, new page in the portfolio All poems must be revised based on the graded final drafts and the rubrics provided by the instructor 	15/15
Mechanics	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Spelling Punctuation Capitalization Grammar 	5/5

Format

- 1" margins
- Page numbers in the bottom right-hand corner of all the pages
- Essay double-spaced
- Poems single-spaced

5/5

Score: _____**Grade:** _____