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307
Descriptive Writing
9/12/12

Key Things To Keep In Mind:
-simple explanations
-specific
-directors/orientation/parts
-imagination
-size
-questions
-flow
-work your way in
-5 senses
-hot words

Description Writing:
(Book “No Fear Shakespeare” Julius Caesar)

- On the top left corner the word SHAKESPEARE is written all in capital letters in about 18pt font.
- In the very top middle, the word side dash by dash side is written in all caps and in 12pt font.
- On the top right corner the word PLAIN ENGLISH is written in 18pt font in all caps.
- From the very top, go down one inch and draw a line all the way across.
- The word BY should be in the very middle of the top page.
- Make a line going from the top of the page down to the line you created.The line should go through the letters B and Y in the word BY.
- Color the left side box black and the right side gray.
- From the line you created, measure down one centimeter. Make a mark.
- From the left side of the page measure one inch over and make a mark.
- From the right side of the page, measure one inch over as well and make another mark.
- From the bottom of the page measure up about six inches and make a mark.
- With the marks made, draw straight lines. The north and south marks should form a horizontal line. While the east and west marks form vertical lines.
- With this done correctly, you should have formed a box.
- In the very top of the box, write the words NO FEAR in caps, bolded, and in about 26pt font.
- Underneath the words NO FEAR, write SHAKESPEARE in all caps, in about 20pt font. This should also be in the middle.
- Beneath that word, make a line from S to E.

- Below that, in the middle, write JULIUS in all caps in about 24pt font.
- Below JULIUS in the middle write CAESAR in all caps in about 24pt font.
- Underneath CAESAR, write the words, “THE PLAY PLUS(plus is italicized) A ANYONE CAN UNDERSTAND in 12pt font in all caps.
- Outside that box make a verticle rectangle on the left side. The rectangle should be one centimeter wide.
- For its length, the north line should measure out to the top of NO FEAR and the south line should stop at the bottom of SHAKESPEARE.
- Inside that box, all the way to the right side, write SPARKNOTES vertically in all caps in 12pt font.
- From the south line of the big box, go down half a centimeter and make a mark.
- From the left side of the page measure over an inch and make a mark.
- From the right side over measure of one inch and make a mark.
- The north should form a horizontal line. While the east and west marks form vertical lines that goes all the way down to the end of the page making a bigger box but the south line isn’t seen because it goes off the page.
- In front of that box are three characters. 1 = smallest 2 =middle 3=biggest.
- They also have backs that looks like round mountains. On the bottom left of the page character 2 has a width of about 3 inches.
- In the middle, character three has a width of about 5 to 6 inches. His round like mountain back will merge with character 2’s back. Don’t worry about that right now.
- All the way in the right side, character 1’s round like mountain back is about an inch and a half wide. His back will merge with character 3’s back.
- Now you have to make their heads.
- Character 2 has a head that is a size of a quarter. Character 3 has a head that is the size of an socket (outlet). Character 1’s head is the size of a dime.
- They all have a hat that is covering their head. The hat should look like a D turned to the left horizontally. They are all looking towards the left so you can see one side of the face only.
- Characters’ 3 and 2 face can only be seen. Character 1’s face is cut off by character 3’s back but you can still see the back of his head.
- On the left side of characters’ 3 and 2 faces they have an eye the size of a dot. Both of their noses are small and pointy sticking out. (Remember, you can see only the left side of their face.)
- They all have four knives each stabbed in their backs at the same places.
- That’s it!!!

Scene # 1:

“Mom, that’s not fair! Why is my hoagie frozen. Everybody else had their hoagie perfectly made from the store and eaten.”

So there I was in my room on my bed. Right next to me sat the book “No Fear

Shakespeare” on my old wooden chore. This book was full of boring but simple colors like orange, white, black, grey, and a block of blue. At the bottom of the book stood three characters. They were all facing backwards showing their round like mountain backs. The first was at the bottom left and he had an average size. The second character was at the bottom middle and was the biggest from all three. The last character was at the bottom right and he was the smallest. Their faces were drawn as if a kindergartener had done it. There wasn’t any colors added to the face nor to the back. Their eyes were dotted and looked like a period while their noses looked like triangles, sharp,pointy, and simple. They all had four knives each stabbed in their backs at the same places. I thought it was pretty funny, because there wasn’t any blood or gash and the characters failed to show pain. They had no emotion. They also were wearing...

“Adam!” my little brother yells.

“What do you do you want?”

“Come get your hoagie!”

“Okay.”

I walk downstairs and into the kitchen where my hoagie is. I looked into the stainless steel refrigerator and I don’t see my hoagie. I walk back and ask my brother to go get it. He goes into the refrigerator and instead of opening the refrigerator he opens the freezer where there is winter 24/7. In the back under the frozen corn stood my hoagie, frozen! I was so angry. My face lit up and turned redder than red could have ever gotten. Why me? I grabbed the hoagie placed it into the microwave and and slammed the microwave door.

My mom then yells “Who is slammin stuff in the house?”

I angrily replied “Mom, that’s not fair! Why is my hoagie frozen. Everybody else had their hoagie perfectly made from the store and eaten.”

Self Evaluation:

1) My first sentence of my scene grabs the reader’s attention with no formal introduction.

2) I incorporated descriptions into my scene.

Ex: ...They were all facing backwards showing their round like mountain backs...Their eyes were dotted and looked like a period while their noses looked like triangles, sharp,pointy, and simple.

3) My scene takes place in one setting. The setting is in my house while the sun is setting just a bit.

4) There is a lot of action especially with my mom and my brother.

5) N/A

Peer Comments/Advices:

+ Flow of the story
+ Details w/ characters in the book
+ Dialogue
+
? Nonsense dialogue
? Expand on the story

?
?

Revise Scene #1:

"Mom, that's not fair! Why is my hoagie frozen. Everybody else had their hoagie perfectly made from the store and eaten."

So there I was in my room on my bed, doing nothing. Just sitting there, thinking. Right next to me sat the book "No Fear Shakespeare" on my old wooden chore. This book was full of boring but simple colors like orange, white, black, grey, and a block of blue. At the bottom of the book stood three characters. They were all facing backwards showing their round like mountain backs. The first was at the bottom left and he had an average size. The second character was at the bottom middle and was the biggest from all three. The last character was at the bottom right and he was the smallest. Their faces were drawn as if a kindergartener had done it. There wasn't any colors added to the face nor to the back. Their eyes were dotted and looked like a period while their noses looked like triangles, sharp,pointy, and simple. They all had four knives each stabbed in their backs at the same places. I thought it was pretty funny, because there wasn't any blood or gash and the characters failed to show pain. They had no emotion. They also were... my brother interrupts me.

"Adam!" my little brother yells.

"What do you want?"

"Come get your hoagie!"

"Okay."

I walk downstairs and into the kitchen where my hoagie is. I looked into the stainless steel refrigerator and I don't see my hoagie. I walk back and ask my brother to go get it. He goes into the refrigerator and instead of opening the refrigerator he opens the freezer where there is winter 24/7. In the back under the frozen corn stood my hoagie, frozen! I was so angry. My face lit up and turned redder than red could have ever gotten. Why me? I felt as if I were one of the characters in the book. I didn't do anything wrong to deserve this nor did the characters do anything wrong to deserve stabbings in their backs. The characters and I were treated as though we were worthless. I had a frozen hoagie while the others in my family had a fresh one and the characters had no color while the others in the book did. So there I was in the kitchen with the hoagie. I got the hoagie and threw it into the microwave and and slammed the microwave door with all my might.

My mom then yells "Who is slammin stuff in the house?"

I angrily replied "Mom, that's not fair! Why is my hoagie frozen. Everybody else had their hoagie perfectly made from the store and eaten."

Scene # 2:

In the front were the doors welcome you into my house lays something very special. Although it rarely gets treated as if it is special it is something very special to me. It has a rectangular shape body and it can withstand any condition. It has desires to accumulate any dirt

off of anybody's footwear and it loves to suck up non-purified water. As much as it loves to do the job that it was created to do, it can't. Nowadays, no one hardly puts them underneath the door anymore.This thing does so much from keeping the bacteria outside the house and yet no one appreciates it nor do they see how big of an impact it has on their daily indoor life.

On a rainy wet day home from school, I was running full sprint to my house. My clothes were twice the size it was originally suppose to be and my sneakers felt like gallons full of water. I rushed up the stairs were underneath the door stood that very special thing. Instead of me using it for its purpose I decided to move it from its original position and hang it on the old rusty rail. I walk into my house without the slightest sense to take off my sneakers. As I walked into the kitchen, I left huge blobs of dirt little did I knew that my mother had mopped the entire floor with pine-sol. My mom was a very is a very hard working mom. She basically has two jobs. The first job is at work, the second job is cleaning the house and taking care of my younger siblings so she is often tired. At the time I entered the house that was anti bacterial, my mom was in the shower. My little sister comes running down stairs and before she took that last step down from the crackling stairs, her eyes widen and her eyebrows rose so far up her head that it looked as if it touched her hair line.

"Ooo! You are gonna be in big trouble. Mommy just got done scrubbing and mopping the floors."

"It's no biggy Cassidy! I'll just mop it up real quick" I replied.

I went and grabbed the mop and wiped the blobs of dirt. Turns out that was a big mistake. All I did was smear the dirt around the entire floor. I began to gasp. That wasn't the worst part my mom was on her way downstairs and I didn't know what to do. Each step she took down those crackling stairs just made my heart drop even more. When she got to that last step she was in disbelief.

"What the hell is this! My floor looks like a pig's play pin. Adam! Why didn't you wipe your feet before you came into the house?"

"Mom I forgot, I was in a huge rush to get inside the house."

"Adam, I just got done mopping and scrubbing the entire floor do you not realize how tired I am? You kids don't appreciate what I do. I wish you guys where in my shoes so you could see how hard it is to live in reality."

"Mom, I can just mop it up."

"Mop it up?" My mom replied. "Since you think everything is easy and you fail to realize that the things I do for you guys are hard, you will clean the entire house for two weeks straight, top to bottom, with no assistance whatsoever. Within those two weeks, you will also be mopping and scrubbing the floors everyday you come home from school. Maybe next time you ought to wipe your shoes before you come in the house. You will soon see that that mat, which lies underneath our door will keep you out of a lot of trouble with me! Am I clear?"

"Yes ma'am." I replied with sorrow and greed."

"Always appreciate what people and things do for you!"

Descriptive Essay:

Scene/Mini-Scenes
Reflection/Analysis/Explanation
Larger Context
Main/Larger Idea

Rough Draft:

"What was the reason for me to buy a fresh hoagie when yet nothing was really wrong with the other one? How could I be so foolish?"

So there I was in my room on my bed, doing nothing. Just sitting there, thinking, trying to finish my homework. Right next to me sat the book "No Fear Shakespeare" on my inexpensive desktop table. In front of the book stood three weird characters. Their eyes were dotted and looked like a period while their noses looked like triangles, sharp, pointy, and simple. They all had four knives each stabbed in their backs at the same places. I thought it was pretty funny because there wasn't any blood or gash and the characters failed to show pain. They all looked as if they were satisfied just to be with each other despite the stabbings.

My brother was yelling my name. When he yells for me, its either because he needs help with something or he believes he did a good deed. "Adam!" He yells. "Come get your hoagieee! Hurry up! Get it before I eat it." I rushed downstairs as if there was a special gift waiting for me and stormed into the kitchen. My brother begins to smile like a gremlin. I started to search for my hoagie but I couldn't find it.

"Where is it?"

"Adam it's next to the microwave."

"Oh hey, you added extra mayo for me. Thanks bro!"

"No problem!" He replied full with joy.

Before I was even able to get a bit out of it, my mom yells, “ Take out that trash out first boy! What you forgot?” I then go and take out the huge bags full of old ingredients, sauces, and leftovers. As I returned back to the kitchen I saw my hoagie, but this time an object stood on top of it. It was small, black, and walking across my hoagie. I was disgusted, I began to imagine all types of images in my head, of maggots squirming around. “Shoo fly!” I said as I grabbed my hoagie and tossed it out, poof! It hit the inside of my trash can. I was still hungry and my insides were forming knots. So off I went, back to the store, and ordered another hoagie.

On my way back to the house I came across an alleyway. In that alleyway stood a homeless man who had fixed himself a very special meal. He had a chicken patty, fries, soda, and a cigarette hanging on the side of his ear. Everything he had seemed to be fresh to him but it wasn’t, they were leftovers. On the chicken patty were two slices of bread, one was half gone, while the other had spaghetti sauce on it. The fries were wrinkled and there wasn’t much of it in the McDonald’s box. The soda had to be old and was most likely flat and the cigarette, although it was a whole cigarette, was stale. Despite the condition of his meal, he seemed to love it. Why? I was confused. I would never eat something that may have had critters on it. I walked back into the house and sat on my table and thought, “How could I be so foolish?”

That homeless man was happy and grateful for what he had found to eat and yet I sat here with a fresh hoagie that costs four crumbly dollars. Was it really that deep for me to throw out the other fresh hoagie?

I use to think that I didn’t have anything, but I realized what I have is what a lot of people out in the world don’t have. On a rainy, wet day home from school, I was running full sprint to my house. My clothes were twice the size they were originally suppose to be and my sneakers felt

like gallons full of water. I rushed up the stairs, where underneath the door stood that very special doormat that my mom had owned for so long. Instead of me using it for its purpose I decided to move it from its original position and hang it on the old rusty rail. I walk into my house without the slightest sense to take off my sneakers. As I walked into the kitchen, I left behind me huge blobs of dirt, little did I know that my mother had mopped the entire floor with pine-sol. My mom is a very hard working mom. She basically has two jobs. The first job is at work, the second job is cleaning the house and taking care of my younger siblings so she is often tired. At the time I entered the house, I failed to notice that the floor was freshly scrubbed and that my mom was in the shower. My little sister comes running down stairs and before she took that last step down from the crackling stairs, her eyes widen and her eyebrows rose so far up her head that it looked as if it touched her hair line.

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“What the hell is this! My floor looks like a pig’s play pen. Adam! Why didn’t you wipe your feet before you came into the house?”

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"Yes ma'am." I replied with sorrow and grief."

"Always appreciate what people and things do for you!" She said.

Her last quote simmered in my head. She was right. I failed to realized that the little things make a big impact on my daily life. I never thought that what seemed to be so easy was yet very hard like scrubbing the floor or even washing laundry. I began to feel very guilty about how ignorant and careless I was and how stupid it was of me not to use my common sense. I guess that in life you have to learn to appreciate things while it's there and accept what's in front of you because sometimes being so blind could hurt you in ways you'll truly regret.

Ideas:
- I use to think that I didn't have anything, but I realized what I have a lot of people out in the world don't have it.

Final Draft:

"What was the reason for me to buy a fresh hoagie when yet nothing was really wrong with the other one? How could I be so foolish?"

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"Mom, I can just mop it up."

"Mop it up?" My mom replied. "Since you think everything is easy and you fail to realize how hard it is cleaning up after you guys, you'll be cleaning the house from top to bottom!"

"Top to bottom? Mom, that's a lot of work!"

I began to feel very guilty about how ignorant and careless I was and how stupid it was of me not to use my common sense.

"Always appreciate what people and things do for you!" She said.

Her last quote simmered in my head. She was right. I failed to realized that the little things make a big impact on my daily life. I never thought that what seemed to be so easy was yet very hard like scrubbing the floor or even washing laundry. I guess that in life you have to learn to appreciate things while it's there and accept what's in front of you because sometimes

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