



### Description of Artwork

I notice the lines in the seashells and between each line there is a different shade of color in the shells. Each shell is different, some are small, some of big, some are broken. Some are the same shape but different sizes and colors. The shells felt smooth and soft. They were also wet from being buried in the sand, dampened by the ocean. They were all a home to some creature at a point. I found them all on the beach. I felt happy and relaxed with the sun shining on my face and the sand going in between my toes. I saw the waves crashing in the ocean and seagulls flying up ahead. I saw little children making sand castles and digging big holes in the sand. Laughing and squealing at the water touching their toes and splashing on them. I smelled the sand. I smelled the salty ocean air and the fish smell from the seashells. I touched the smooth shells and felt the wet sand in my hands as I picked them up. I heard the waves of the ocean and the seagulls calling out to each other. I heard laughter from children and adults. That was a beautiful day.

### Feedback from Bailey

- + Used all 5 senses
- + Very descriptive
- + You described how your day was on the beach and not just the seashells
- ? Texture of the shells and sand.
- ? Taste?

### Feedback from Audrey

- + Good use of all 5 senses

+ descriptive enough

### Description of scene #1

“Ah!” I screamed, my body was writhing with anticipation to feel the warm sun on my back, the sand in my toes, and the ocean lapping at my ankles. Tip toeing on the hot sand, I said “I can’t wait to go seashell hunting.”

“Find a spot.” My Granddad said, frowning at the sun.

“Over there.” I pointed to a large clear spot in the sand. Walking to the spot I saw people laying on their stomachs getting sunkissed and snoozing. Far ahead I saw the loud waves of the ocean and people diving under and then popping back up again, laughing. We laid the towels on the sand, protecting them from the wind by laying our bags on them.

“Mom, do you want to go seashell hunting with me?” I asked her.

“Yeah.” She replied.

We left my Granddad laying on the towels and walked down to the ocean. The sand started to get damp until my feet were completely emerged in wet sand. I went and sat in the water, letting the waves crash on me. Droplets of the water hit my lips and salty ocean water greeted my taste buds. “Mom, take a picture!” I squealed. After she took the picture, I got up and we walked some more.

“I heard sand was a natural exfoliator for feet.” My mom said, smiling. I smiled back.

As we walked up the beach I saw pearly stones shining brightly in the sun. I ran to pick one up. The soft, smooth feel of the stone slid between my fingertips. I added the peachy stone to my collection of shells.

“It turned out to be a beautiful day.” My mom said, putting her arm around my shoulder.

I looked up at her and smiled. “Thanks for taking me to the beach Mom. I really appreciate it.”

“Aw, you’re welcome baby. I’m glad I get to spend time with my daughter.”

+good texture

+described the place well

- Describe the color more

### Revised

1) Look over the first sentence of your scene. Does it grab attention and pull the reader in at the beginning with no formal introduction? Rewrite it below so that it is even better.

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2) Do you incorporate description into your scene? Write the descriptive words that you use below. Now add more description to your scene.

“My Granddad said, frowning at the sun.”

“Tip toeing on the hot sand.”

“I saw the loud waves of the ocean.”

3) Does your scene take place in one setting? Write the time and place of your scene below.

The place was the beach and it was in the morning/ afternoon.

4) Is there action in your scene? Write a sentence of the action in you scene below.

5) Can some else feel like they are there experiencing your scene based on your writing and language? Find some places for improvement, and rewrite them now. (No need to put an answer here for #5.)

### Descriptive scene #2

It was a beautiful sunny morning. I had on a short-sleeve, light blue shirt with white stripes on the sleeves and a white anchor in the front, denim jeans, and light blue converses on. I'd been excited for this day all week and it finally came. There was so much I expected this house to have. I just knew it was going to be the one. The one that my mom and I were finally going to get the house for us, just us. We headed on our way down there with my mom's best friend. The real estate agent wasn't there yet so we waited. In the meantime we investigated the outside of the house.

"Wow, this is nice." My mom said. It was nice. The outside of the house had white picket fence with a latch, followed by a cement pathway that led up to cement stairs, where a white door greeted you. On each side of the cement pathway there was green grass and bushes. Just around the corner of the house there was wooden steps painted brown, that led to a beautiful balcony in the back. I could see tiny lights decorating the walls of it. It must've been from the old owners.

"I'm here!" said the loud voice of Emma Jean, the real estate agent. She unlocked the door. We stepped inside a porch first. The floors were wooden brown and the walls were a built in bookshelf they were wooden also but they were painted green.

We walked into the living room first. It was wide with light smooth wooden floors. The crumb ceilings were white and there was a slide-in door that led to the backyard.

I ran upstairs expecting to run into this huge hallway and big rooms. Since the downstairs was big, why not the upstairs? So, I ran upstairs and to my surprise, I stopped on a single square carpeted floor, with two small rooms on the side of me, and right in front of my face was a huge bathroom. That was it. That was the upstairs. My face went from a big smile to a confused stare. My mom came upstairs with the same expression on her face. I looked up at her with a disappointed look and she returned it with the same.

“You can make it work. I like it.” My mom’s friend said. My mom still looked unsure. She pulled me aside in private. “What do you think?” She said. I looked up at her, my face still disappointed, and I shook my head, “No.”

## Final Draft

Did you ever have your heart set on something that you wanted really bad? Remember that feeling? That feeling when you had so much hope that you were going to get it but you felt it wasn't for you? That feeling when you felt like you were so close, you could just reach out and grab it...but then it slipped between your fingers. You didn't get what you were hoping for. Know that feeling? I do. Maybe it wasn't meant to happen at that time or maybe not at all. Maybe it wasn't meant for me, I ponder in those thoughts.

It was a beautiful sunny morning. I'd been excited for this day all week and it had finally come. There was so much I expected this house to have. I just knew it was going to be the one. The one that my mom and I were finally going to get for us, just us. We headed on our way down there with my mom's best friend. The real estate agent wasn't there yet, so we waited. In the meantime, we investigated the outside of the house.

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Those were one of many moments when I wished I hadn’t put my whole heart into this house being “the one” for my mom and I. Not only was this a big let down, but it was something that I was hoping and expecting would happen this summer and it didn’t. That didn’t necessarily mean something else wasn’t coming our way, another thing we both were believing and praying for.

“Look, I’m sorry but I just can’t give it to you for this price.” said the car dealer. He

had a button-down shirt with a tie. It was neatly tucked into his dress pants.

“Why not? Isn’t it your job to do whatever it takes to make your customers happy? Isn’t that what your logo says?” My mom’s eyes pierced into his. He sat up straight, fixed his tie and said, “Yes, yes it is.”

“Then why can’t I have it for this price?” My mom said calmly. My mom and I had been in the car dealership building for hours. I wasn’t trying to get my hopes up after the last two car dealerships we’ve been too. We left disappointed every time. I still couldn’t help but have some hope left with this one. I always got my hopes up, I always set my heart on something, I could never help it because it’s just who I am. The dealer and my mom continued to go back and forth on what she could get the car for. I sat back, my patience was getting low.

“Ok. Come on Temperance, we’re leaving.” My mom said. Leaving? What? I thought. The look on my face confused. The dealer said nothing. There was nothing he could say, unless he gave in and gave the car to my mom for the price she wanted. I hung my head as we walked out.

“Wait!” The dealer was running towards us. “Look...ok maybe we can make...a deal.” He huffed, out of breath. My mom and I looked at each other with smug smiles on our faces. They did a lot more talking, a lot of negotiating, and a lot of paperwork signing but we came out of there with car keys and big smiles on our faces.

In the first story I was expecting something to happen that didn’t happen and in the second story something happened that I wasn’t expecting to happen. The house wasn’t what my mom and I had expected it to be and it was a little discouraging. Then to

our surprise, we got a car that we weren't even expecting. The significance of both these stories is that when one door closes another one opens. We didn't get that house because there's something better out there for us. We walked out of the two car dealerships I mentioned because there was a better car waiting for us at another car dealership. That is what I'm learning every time I feel like a door slammed shut in my face.