

English 1.4 Produce Creative Writing

Due Date:

Achievement Criteria

Achievement	Achievement with Merit	Achievement with Excellence
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Develop and structure ideas in creative writing.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Develop and structure ideas convincingly in creative writing.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Develop and structure ideas effectively in creative writing.
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose in creative writing.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control in creative writing.	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Use language features appropriate to audience and purpose with control to command attention in creative writing.

Task: Create a Character

In this activity you will develop a piece of descriptive writing in which you focus on a character. They can be fictional, or you could use someone that you know as inspiration for your writing.

You will be assessed on

- how well you develop and sustain your ideas
- how well you organise and structure your ideas
- your ability to use a writing style and language features for effect
- your accuracy in spelling, punctuation and paragraphing.

Before you begin you will look at samples of writing to identify techniques you could use to develop this description effectively. You could use an extended metaphor, or comparison, to communicate ideas about your character. Let's start by having a look at some exemplars...

Creative Writing – “Creating a Character”

In this task, you will craft a Creative Writing piece focused around a character. You could aim to use an extended metaphor, or comparison, to communicate ideas about your character. Let's start by having a look at some exemplars...

Extract A adapted from *The Best Years of Your Life*
by Cynthia Thomas

Character introduced	<i>I can still picture him at the front of the classroom, silent and still but ready, ready to charge and maim at any moment. We too were silent, but ours was the stillness of dread. Helplessly, cowering in our seats, we waited for the attack, desperately wanting to run, to avoid being trampled, but paralysed by terror.</i>
Metaphor introduced	
Physical description	<i>He was our school's most feared teacher, because not only did his attacks leave scars, but we never knew when they would come. We watched and waited. With his tyre-like gut vibrating glutinously, he moved slowly towards us, running his plump, worm-like fingers through the few remaining strands of his oily hair. I stared into his piercing, beady eyes, and felt the first prickle of fear graze my skin.</i>
Metaphor extended Connotative words used to influence the reader's view of the character	
Actions described	<i>“Boy!” The deep snort of his voice jerked me upright. With horror I realised that today I was to be his victim. “Sir?” I heard the quiver in my voice. I wanted to run, but I was fenced, trapped. All I could do was wait. I could feel my hands sweating, leaving imprints of fear on the desk top. “Your mind, boy, must be a seething mass of mediocrity.” I looked up at his reddening face. His nose was bulbous, the creases on either side of his nostrils dotted with blackheads. I felt my own face pale in response, and tried not to recoil at the stench, like rotting fruit, of his breath. “Sir?” My classmates waited. I could almost feel their sympathy fingering my fear. It had been a difficult exam, but surely I hadn't done that badly?</i>
Metaphor further developed	<i>“Stupid, that's what you must be, boy.” His words cut deep. “Does your father know he sired an imbecile?” They dug, deeper still, then seemed to toss me off as if I was a little piece of nothing. He snorted with disgust, tossing my worthless test paper towards my desk, then marched purposefully towards the whiteboard. His heavy footsteps echoed hollowly in the silence.</i>
Concluding sentence further influences reader's view	<i>The papers, their black writing blurring into indecipherable coils, drifted slowly to the floor before my downcast eyes.</i>

TASKS:

1. Who is the narrator describing?

2. What does he compare him to in his extended metaphor?

3. Highlight the words/phrases that link to this metaphor
4. The narrator wants us to dislike the character. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to achieve this.
5. How is the narrator feeling?

6. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to communicate this.

Extract B - *The Ivory Hunter*

Character introduced vaguely.	<i>As I adopted the required position, I sensed the presence. I, like always, positioned my papers so both the creature and I could distinguish the variations. There were standard procedures, expected formalities to be observed, quarry to be captured and dissected.</i>
Metaphor introduced	<i>Today was different, because there was to be only one victim – me. I remained silent in the isolated and disturbing space, apprehensively waiting for her to appear. My fingers trembled with almost unbearable intensity. I longed for the day when I could stop attending these horrendous sessions. It annoyed me that I felt this way. In every other aspect of my life I was a confident and outgoing teenager. Here I became a quivering mouse. Prey ready to be seized!</i>
Actions and thoughts introduced	
Metaphor extended	<i>Pursuing me was her speciality. She would stalk downwind and move as close as possible before attacking, although this time I did feel her presence before she entered the room. Her colossal silhouette cast a shadow on me. My nostrils picked up her familiar cloying odour. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck spring to attention. My time had come.</i>
Physical description	<i>As I turned our eyes locked, and as always I was the first to look away. I felt her gaze probing, piercing. She was sweating even before she attacked, her mottled skin glistening. I couldn't help staring at the decaying lipstick she had smeared inelegantly about her lips as she threw me a twisted smile. But the thing that frightened me most was that she was in control.</i>
Metaphor further developed	
Concluding sentence reveals identity	<i>How in God's name did I get landed with the piano teacher from hell?</i>

TASKS:

1. Who is the narrator describing?

2. What does he compare him to in his extended metaphor?

3. Highlight the words/phrases that link to this metaphor
4. How does the narrator want us to feel about the character?

5. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to achieve this.
6. How is the narrator feeling?

7. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to communicate this.

Brainstorming:

Use the space below to generate ideas for possible characters and metaphors

Characters	What I could compare them to
Old lady or man Teacher A villain Ballerina	The sea Bull Predator

Character Descriptions – Brainstorm

<p>What they look like: Physical appearance Clothes Hair Eyes Hands Way of moving</p>	
<p>What they sound like: voice, laugh</p>	
<p>What they smell like: eg: perfume</p>	
<p>Where they are (setting)</p>	

<p>What their personality is like</p>	
<p>What mood / emotion they are feeling / create and words which convey this mood (connotations)</p>	
<p>Metaphor – What I could compare them to. Words/phrases associated with this.</p>	

Exemplar: Food Court Purgatory¹

To my right a group of pizza faced boys huddled nervously together to avoid detection from the approaching group of rugby gorillas. To my left a tubby family chowed into their sloppy burgers and slurped their diabetes through a straw. The rickety sticky table I was positioned at housed only me and my nine pieces of slimy sushi. The putrid smell of fried food and the bursts of excitable laughter was too much for my senses to bare. I should have never have come to this bustling, filthy hell-hole of a food court. I buried my anxious face into my arms on the table.

After a few minutes I realised a slight shift in the air and felt the table nudge towards me a little more. I slowly tilted my pale face upwards to eye my company. The first thing I saw were the lips. Those glossy red lips with a tooth just peeking out. My heart received a sudden jolt of electricity. I rose my head more. The beautiful mysterious girl proudly had a bronzed complexion even an angel would be jealous of. Maybe she was one. The glistening emerald pools of her eyes portrayed a puzzled look. Oh no! I was staring.

She greeted me with a gleaming smile, "Hi there!" she said. I shoved a piece of sushi in my mouth and gave her a small smile. Idiot! I thought to myself. She just giggled and took a small bite out of the sandwich she was eating. Her flirty, floaty white dress flowed in the breeze of the nearby fan, sailing like an angel. Beneath her soft hands on her delicate wrist was a shiny silver charm bracelet. With little chrome figures with halos above their heads hung on the chain. Blondie-brown ringlets of hair toppled down from her head and jumped around whenever she moved.

"Do you mind me sitting here?" she asked with her sweet, soft voice. I finished chewing and was about to reply when she spoke again. "It's just... I'm new in this town and I'm looking for new friends. And I figured you were here by yourself so..." My attitude perked up a bit. I was just about to express my excitement when she spoke again. "It's cool if you don't want to. I'm sorry I'm probably just annoying you."

Everything disappeared. The sticky floor was gone, the hairy woman serving burgers was gone, the repulsive crying toddlers were gone and the skin-peeling sounds of flies buzzing around was gone. Everything that was the festering food court had vanished. Everything but me and this goddess in a white dress. She slipped her soft hand over my clammy one. "Let's get out of here," she whispered softly with a glint in her eye. I leaned forward, puckering my lips, aiming for her rosy red ones. Just before our mouths made contact, CRACK! I felt a sharp pain in my cheek.

"What are you doing you creep!" she shrieked as I was sucked back into reality. My emotion-killing prison had returned and sitting in front of me was not an angel but a frustrated teenage girl who had just slapped me. "I just thought you might want some company! That doesn't give you the right to kiss me you weirdo!" she growled in disgust. She thrust her chair backwards and hastily walked away.

To my right a group of pizza faced boys huddled nervously together, to my left a tubby family stopped slurping to stare. A single tear hung in my eye then slipped down my cheek. I should have never have come to this filthy, hell-hole of a food court.

Waimea College Exemplar

Paragraph 1:
Food court
setting
introduced

¹ Purgatory = Catholic teaching. A place between Heaven and Hell, where the soul is not bad enough to be sent to Hell, but not good enough to be sent to Heaven. The souls of people who die are made pure through suffering in Purgatory before going to Heaven.

“Food Court Purgatory” Tasks

1. Write in the right hand margin of the exemplar what is the main focus of each paragraph. The first one has been done for you.

2. Describe what the action is in this exemplar (what happens)
At the start, the narrator is in the food court of a mall...

3. How does the writer feel about the setting/food court?

Highlight or underline with one colour any words or phrases that gave you this impression.

4. The writer has used an extended metaphor of heaven/hell in this character description.

Highlight or underline with a different colour any words or phrases that gave you this impression.

5. How does the writer feel about the character of the teenage girl?

Highlight or underline with a different colour any words or phrases that gave you this impression.

6. What do you think the writer might be telling the reader about what it is like to be a teenager?

The Veteran in the Park

As usual the park was busy; mothers and their children, retired couples and office workers from the adjacent office blocks were enjoying their mid-morning break. The old man sat on the park bench alone. The sun peeked out from behind a cloud and a light drizzle fell. Droplets of water trickled down his Royal Hussars Hat. He didn't move. He just sat there.

His mournful eyes reflected the memories of a distant battlefield. Like black mirrors those eyes seemed to reflect memories of a haunted past. His mouth was neither sad nor happy but resigned; like a true soldier he hid his emotions. War medals were regimented across his chest, like soldiers on parade. These symbols of honour and courage were polished to perfection, each simple in shape but big in meaning.

The red rose-coloured jacket was heavy and weighed his frail body down. It was too much to bear, just like the memories were too much to endure. A faded tattoo with scratchy lines of ink appeared as the old man tugged up his jacket sleeve to check the time. The corners of his mouth dropped slightly when he realised it was only mid-morning.

Here he sat, his soft wrinkled hands gently holding each other. The only hand left to hold, and the only human contact he will enjoy.

The clock struck midday, a signal that he had successfully managed to fight another day. It was time for the old man's lunch so he packed up his belongings and slowly, with great effort, heaved himself out of the park bench, reached for his wooden walking can and staggered off on the journey home. The cane hit the concrete like a rhythm of sad echoing heartbeats.

Paragraph 1:

Setting and
character
introduced

Close Reading Tasks

1. Character: Who is the character in this story?

2. Narrative style: Is it told in First Person (a character tells the story)
or Third Person? (The writer can see everything and tells the story)

3. Setting: Where is this set? When?

4. Action: What happens in the story?

5. Mood: What mood does this story have?

Highlight words/phrases associated with this mood.

6. Extended Metaphor: What metaphor runs through the story?

Highlight words/phrases associated with this metaphor.

7. Structure: Write what is happening in each paragraph in the margin. The first has been done for you.

8. EXTENSION - Idea: What big idea do you think the writer is communicating?

Drafting Using a Similar Structure to "Veteran in the Park"

1. Character:
2. Narrative:
3. Setting:
4. Action:
5. Mood:
6. Metaphor:

Setting (Where? Time of day? ...)	
Character Description – Face (eyes, hair, etc. Link to metaphor)	
Character Description (Body, costume. Link to metaphor)	
Actions (what does he do?)	
Conclusion (What does the character do? Refer back to the setting)	

Teacher Copy to use.

Extract B - *The Ivory Hunter*

Character introduced vaguely.

As I adopted the required position, I sensed the presence. I, like always, positioned my papers so both the creature and I could distinguish the variations. There were standard procedures, expected formalities to be observed, quarry to be captured and dissected.

Metaphor introduced

Actions and thoughts introduced

Today was different, because there was to be only one victim - me. I remained silent in the isolated and disturbing space, apprehensively waiting for her to appear. My fingers trembled with almost unbearable intensity. I longed for the day when I could stop attending these horrendous sessions. It annoyed me that I felt this way. In every other aspect of my life I was a confident and outgoing teenager. Here I became a quivering mouse. Pray ready to be seized!

Metaphor extended

Pursuing me was her speciality. She would stalk downwind and move as close as possible before attacking, although this time I did feel her presence before she entered the room. Her colossal silhouette cast a shadow on me. My nostrils picked up her familiar cloying odour. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck spring to attention. My time had come.

Physical description
Metaphor further developed

As I turned our eyes locked, and as always I was the first to look away. I felt her gaze probing, piercing. She was sweating even before she attacked, her mottled skin glistening. I couldn't help staring at the decaying lipstick she had smeared inelegantly about her lips as she threw me a twisted smile. But the thing that frightened me most was that she was in control.

Concluding sentence reveals identity

How in God's name did I get landed with the piano teacher from hell?

* You don't have to do it this way but I find it useful for the students to use highlighters to complete the activities. 😊

TASKS:

1. Who is the narrator describing?
Teacher = Hunter Student = Victim
2. What does he compare him to in his extended metaphor?
Teacher = Hunter Student
3. Highlight the words/phrases that link to this metaphor
4. How does the narrator want us to feel about the character?
Scared of Teacher - overpowering forceful character.
5. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to achieve this.
6. How is the narrator feeling?
Nervous / apprehensive / not in control / Frightened.
7. Using a different colour, highlight or underline the words or phrases he uses to communicate this.

Brainstorming:

Use the space below to generate ideas for possible characters and metaphors

Characters	What I could compare them to
Old lady or man	The sea
Teacher	Bull
villain	Predator
Ballerina	
sports coach	Army drill officer
Toddler	Drunk man.
Parking wardens	Lion
Swimmer	seal
Giggly school girl	dolphin
Football jock	peacock.