

# Writing like an Artist Paints: four middle school examples to discuss

<p><b>The Wolf</b> by Amy R., seventh grade writer</p>  <p>Deep shades of green, overgrown bushes could be seen by the fast rush of wind that flew by. Small, dull magenta flowers weakly cling to their spots. The solemn gray clouds above moved silently, the misty pink sky clinging around the clouds as if for support.</p> <p>Rich gray, white and black ran quickly across the barren, dusty light brown of earth. Its paws thundered, like a person beating hard on a drum. Bright piercing green eyes scanned the area like a skillful hawk. This creature—a wolf—kept running, as if nothing could stop it.</p> <p>The scene looked like a painting taken out of an ancient book. The shapes were clear and descriptive. It seemed that it was made from ink and pens, which the painter had painstakingly painted it on a square canvas.</p>	<p><b>The Window</b> by Hannah N., seventh grade writer</p>  <p>The world holds many wonders. As I look out at it, I see an adventure. I sit with a pen in my right hand and a notebook in my lap. I am writing a poem of how I see the world as in my eyes. The thoughts in my head send motion to my and. These motions turn to writing on my paper. The black ink from my pen travels down my paper like time will never end. It reminds me of the rain.</p> <p>I then walk over to the window. The cold glass felt like ice cubes on my fingertips. I opened the window. I looked out. I saw an almost-rectangular, snow white taxi with an older woman and a young boy about six or seven years old. He had his face pressed up against the glass. He was looking at the autumn leaves glowing gold, brown and orange. The vehicle splashed up water on the sidewalk, like waves crashing on the San Francisco bay. The slick road has an odd scent. The taxi finally passed by. It seemed like it went in slow motion so I could capture every detail. The only trace left was a cloud of smog</p> <p>I then slipped back in my covers and ended my poem. I wrote how I was gulped into the rain. My last sentence was, “The world in my eyes is filled with wonders.”</p>	
<p><b>What’s Idea Development?</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Using well-chosen and powerful details;</li> <li>• Balancing showing and telling;</li> <li>• Sounding as though one really knows the topic;</li> <li>• Writing about a topic with a unique approach.</li> </ul>	<p><b>Discussion Task: With one partner...</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• You have four awards to hand out to these four writers:             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>○ 1 Gold and 1 Silver Medal for <b>Idea Development</b>;</li> <li>○ 1 Gold and 1 Silver Medal for <b>Word Choice</b>.</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Each writer can earn only 1 medal. With your partner, decide who wins what. When done, be prepared to share.</li> </ul>	<p><b>What’s Word Choice?</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Using strong verbs and adjectives well;</li> <li>• Using precise nouns;</li> <li>• Taking risks with words;</li> <li>• Using figurative language and sound devices effectively.</li> </ul>
<p><b>The Race</b> by Cody J.-H., seventh grade writer</p>  <p>Bang! At the sound of a gun, sprinters dash off. Around the corner as the sprinter comes by, all you see is the rough outline of a person. The salmon-colored shirt with a white line down it. The wind whistling in your face. The smell of the hot pavement underneath him. The bits of sweat sliding across his face. His legs pumping fast, barely touching the ground. The lines on the ground blending in with his white leather shoes. His brown hair swishing back as the full force hits it, but all gone in a split second as the other ones passed by.</p>	<p><b>The Eagle</b> by Nicole A., seventh grade writer</p>  <p>Speed was the objective here, flying through the mountains, wind hitting a feathery face. The eagle sped around her several times, gazing with waxed eyes, going so fast she looked at the bird’s black feathers, almost lace-like. Pointed beak opened and closed, opened and closed, breathing out screams. The forest blurred, the greens, browns, and almost-white yellows mix together, making a rainbow of colors and shapes, like a painting gone wrong, the brush strokes running into each other. And soon the eagle flew off, never to be seen again, but frozen in her mind that moment when royalty crossed her path.</p>	