

Room 317

*"Class today you will continue working on your short stories. Please write descriptively! I need to be able to see what is happening! Show me don't tell me! If a character walks into a room, show me what she looks like, or what her body movement looks like! You might want to describe the characters clothing, facial expression, or the way she walks into a room. Terri, did you hear me? Finishing this assignment is not a race."*

Terri, is sitting in the front of the classroom. She is tapping her left foot on the hard wood floor. She is focused on completing her assignment. Her head is tilted to the right side, and her left hand cups the side of her face. Feverishly, her hand moves across the paper. She never looks away, instead she continues moving steadily toward the finish line. Briefly, she sighs---her concentration still unbroken. Tony walks past her desk, and still her concentration is not broken. She stays on track.

Walking quickly to the back of the room, I stop when I reach the overhead. Turning to face my class, I announce, "Class may I have your attention? Many of you are having difficulty writing descriptively. We are going to work on a few sentences together." I glance at Terri. Her pen continues to move at a swift pace.

Twenty minutes pass, the class is quiet, except for the whispers of two conferencing students. Suddenly, Terri looks up! Click! Her pen hits her desk, and she announces, "I am done".