NAME: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Class: 7\_\_\_\_

**Magnifying the Moment**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **End** | Sensory Details |
| Eye with solid fill |
| Nose outline |
| Tongue with solid fill |
| Ear outline |
| Raised hand outline |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Middle** | Sensory Details |
| Eye with solid fill |
| Nose outline |
| Tongue with solid fill |
| Ear outline |
| Raised hand outline |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Beginning** | Sensory Details |
| Eye with solid fill |
| Nose outline |
| Tongue with solid fill |
| Ear outline |
| Raised hand outline |

Consider something that happened (or could happen) to you or to a fictional character. Focus in on a short blip of time—one “moment” the main character (you or someone fictional) experiences. You can check out some examples on the sheet provided.

Use the checklist below to help you complete your assignment:

* Choose a topic (check out the topics list!)
* Fill out the graphic organizer below
* Show graphic organizer to Ms Coulombe
* Write your draft
* Conference with your teacher when you finish your draft
* Write your final copy
* Include a drawing or visual if you wish!
* Submit your work

TOPIC: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**“Magnifying the Moment” Topic Ideas**

* **Halloween theme**—think eerie, spooky, chilling, frightening
* **“Firsts”**—1st time trying a food, 1st friend, 1st injury, 1st haircut, 1st trip, 1st pet
* **Receiving shocking news** (positive or negative)
* **Life-changing moment**—divorce, loss, sibling arrival, moving, injury
* **A “little thing”**—like in the “Book of Awesome.” Something we take for granted that we should stop and appreciate or enjoy (ex: “Bakery Air”)
* **Memorable moment**—dance competition, sports game, award, new toy, Christmas gift, trip, experience with a friend/family member
* **An everyday activity “magnified”**—brushing teeth, walking to school, eating your favourite food, seeing your best friend, finishing a book, listening to the teacher, cleaning your room, getting dressed, walking your dog, petting your cat, babysitting your sibling, watching a video, leaving school, walking into your favourite place, learning something

**“Magnifying the Moment” examples:**

**Picking the perfect nacho off someone else’s plate** By [Neil Pasricha](http://1000awesomethings.com/author/nkspas/)

No two nachos are created equally.

When somebody offers you a nacho from their appetizer plate at a restaurant or while on the couch at home in front of a movie, you need to move fast:

1. First up, quickly scan their entire plate. What stage is this offer being made? Are you in the game when the plate is hot and full, or are we dealing with mostly crumbs and surplus jalapenos at this point? Size up the prize and give a quick yes or no.
2. Now if you’re going in, don’t wait too long to make your move. If it’s obvious you’re putting too much thought into it, you’ll come across as selfish. Definitely don’t move any toppings around to build yourself a massive **All-In Salad Nacho**, but there’s no need to pull out that bland, naked chip at the bottom of the Jenga stack either. You weren’t offered crumbs and you don’t deserve crumbs. Remember that.
3. Next up, locate your prey and dive in. Everyone has their personal preferences, though I’m a big fan of 90 – 100% melted cheese coverage and about 25-50% salsa coverage. Any less cheese coverage, and it’s just taco shell to me. Any more salsa coverage and I feel like I’m drinking the stuff. And hey, if I grab an olive, green onion, or jalapeno, that’s great too, but I don’t push my luck. **Lastly, for my money, you can keep that shredded lettuce.** That’s just grated water in my books.

Bottom line: know your tastes, size up the game, and dig in quickly. Mastering that perfect pick is a valuable life skill.

Now go grab life by the nachos.

AWESOME!

**Dismissal** by Mali Coulombe

24 teenagers dart around the room like fish in a tank, meeting each other briefly for shoves, high fives, and chatter before moving on. A loud “BEEP” followed by a booming voice over the intercom is their cue to charge for the door. They crowd together, buzzing for their turn to burst out. When it’s their time, I sing out “Bye! See you tomorrow!” and smile, as they stampede out the door and onto their lives beyond my classroom.

**Treasure** by Carl Johanson

I head outside to where Hans sits with an old, worn tennis ball in his jaws. His green eyes capture mine. They beg me to fling that ball into the air so far up that only his keen dog eyes can spy the yellow sphere. “Sit,” I say. I try to pry the tennis ball from his jaws. He turns his head, reluctant to surrender his worn-out treasure. Finally I get a hand on the ball. I yank it away, then toss it to my throwing arm. Hans stares at the yellow in my hand. He wants it. He needs it. So I pull my arm back and let it fly.

**Mail Call** by Adrienne Jaeger

I wait at the foot of my cot for the arrival of the mail. I watch as the counselor paces, distributing letters to giddy campers. Finally four envelopes drop onto my scratchy blanket. I sift through the pile and find three are from you, all bright and colorful cards. I laugh as I read your version of Anna's experience at sailing camp and for a moment wish I was back home. I gaze at the rainbow wall pasted with other cards, all from you. Then I look at my bunkmates' barren walls, and I understand how you are different. Outside tall ferns sway in the wind and the sun is alone in a flawless blue sky like the day when you and I said good-bye and I told you I don't miss you when I'm at camp. Well, I do.

**The Smell and Sound of a Campfire** by Neil Pasrisha

Slicing and dicing a dead tree, tossing it on a pile of dirt, and setting it ablaze is pure joy.

As that dry, withered stump slowly releases years and years of energy soaked up from the sun, the air, and the ground around it, out come bright lights, whispering hisses, sizzling pops, and a thick, intoxicating smell of Musky Smoke N’ Pine Needles.

You can close your eyes and let your eyelids paint yellow and orange kaleidoscopes as the heat washes over you, rosying up your cheeks and giving you that nice, warm Hotface Effect. In that cold, dark forest, on that cold, dark log bench, beside that cold, dark lake, your ears and nose perk up, as you call on some of your primal, [caveman instincts](http://1000awesomethings.com/2008/10/07/923-doing-anything-that-makes-you-feel-more-like-a-cavema/) to focus on every little sound and smell around you.

**Ahses** by Laurie Halse Anderson

We walked silently through the woods until we found an ancient sycamore possessed of branches that offered an easy climb. By the time we’d settled in a crook high above the ground, the first robins and mourning doves had begun to sing. From our perch we had a good view of the side of the main house and a hint of smaller buildings behind it. Their muddied shapes slowly took proper form as night faded: rooflines, doorways, chimneys. A lone rooster called.

**Long Dream** by Michael Stoltz

Sweat makes it hard to hold the chords. My fingers kill. New blisters pop. The neck of the guitar squeaks as I force myself to finish the song. My mind a wild blur, oblivious to the outside world, I slam the last note. The amp changes from roar to buzz, while my imaginary crowd cheers. I switch it off and snap back to reality. "Just another day of practice," I say to myself. One more step toward fulfilling my long dream to join one more famous band and become one more famous guitar player.

**Watermelon** by Nora Bradford

I watch Mom cut five slices, then take the largest and reddest. When I sink my teeth into solid juice, the melon squirts its fireworks. I swallow a seed— that’s one I won’t spit into the bowl beyond the deck railing. When I finish the delightful redness I throw the green rind to Hobo, who waits his turn. He grabs the crust in his mighty jaws and runs away with its sweetness.

**The Smell of Freshly Cut Grass** by Neil Pasrisha

Fresh cut grass smells like twilight in the countryside, a football game about to start at the park, or a sunny Saturday morning in the suburbs. So whether you’re driving down a dusty farm road while the sun sets, stretching before the whistle blows, or putting your lawnmower back in the shed after criss-crossing your lot, well … just stop for a second, flare your nostrils real big, tip your head back real far, and take a big whiff, baby.

Because oh yeah.