

Assignment 6: Memory Writing

Write about **one** specific incident in your life that you remember well. Write **at least** one and one-half pages (do not write on back of page).

This incident may be from your early childhood, from junior high school, or from as recently as yesterday or this morning. Try to choose an incident (happening) that taught you a lesson or showed you something about life or yourself.

Describe people, places, and events in such great detail that the reader can get a good picture in his/her mind of what you are describing. Talk about colors, sounds, feelings, smells, sensations (heat, cold) – whatever details you can remember. Before you write, sit back and close your eyes and really **remember** the scene – what you were wearing, how your body felt, what things you saw, smelled, touched – all the sensations that made that incident real. Include all those details.

Start in one of two ways:

1. Begin with **dialogue** (conversation)
OR
2. Begin with **action** (something happening)

Explain the whole incident just as you saw and felt it happen to you.

Example:

Dad's fist hit the tabletop. "No job!" he shouted. "And no band! School comes first. And that's that!"

Hear anything now? I should think so! You've got a front row seat. And you have a clear picture of when and how these two argue and what about.

Sensory Images are a third way of showing.

Picture this:

Her room was a mess.

Mean anything to you?

Well maybe, Most of us can picture a messy room. The trouble is the messy room I was thinking of when I wrote that sentence is not the same one you thought of when you read it.

Whose fault is that? Mine. I TOLD you about a messy room. I didn't SHOW you which one I meant.

So, picture this:

The needle stuck, trapping Bruce Springsteen in midshout, a kind of “whu-wuh, wuh-wuh, wuh-wuh” sound. On and on it went. Brad pounded on the wall and called his sister’s name, but nothing stopped it.

He tried the doorknob. At first the door wouldn’t budge. He pushed harder and managed to inch it forward. Peering through the crack, he realized a mound of jeans and tattered sweatshirts have formed a barricade holding the door shut. He could smell them, sneakers, too. The unmistakable aroma of locker room sweat.

Shoulder to the task now, he managed to work his way inside. The spicy aroma of pepperoni pizza rose above the sneakers to tickle his nose and tongue. A cardboard box, empty except for a sprinkling of crumbs, lay atop a tangle of blankets on the bed.

Brad picked his way over the smelly clothes, a tennis racket, and a gaping gym bag. Edging around the dresser, he whacked his shin on an open drawer. But the rest was easy. Only a few textbooks, pencils, a calculator, and wads of notebook paper lay between him and the stereo in the corner. He set Bruce free.

“Peggy?” he whispered into the sudden silence. “Peggy, are you in here?” No answer. It’s finally happened, he thought. The mess has swallowed her up whole.

Now picture this:

I felt the soft, white sand squeak beneath my bare feet. With every step, the smell of the salty sea came closer.

I awoke to the crash of thunder and rain pounding on the tent like a rushing waterfall.

The scores were so close that you couldn’t roll a dime between them.

... as loud as cheap aftershave on a musty person... luckier than a nerd going out with the homecoming queen...

I felt the churning in my stomach waiting to rush through my inflamed throat and out of my watery mouth.

...like a rag doll with glassy eyes...

...the windows were vibrating viciously...

... pure, soft white clouds are rolling in from the horizon...

It looms over me, dark and mysterious, so full of silent secrets.

The sauce oozes off of the pizza like lava from a volcano.

I feel a small droplet of sweat slide down the middle of my forehead.

...a sea of 49er red and gold dances around the stadium... the hit they put on the quarterback resembles a 7.1 earthquake...

... the long hallways were arms extending from the center of the dome.

My lungs expanded and contracted wearily in rhythm to the pumping of my legs. My entire body was aching from the oxygen debt, the crest of the mountain was tantalizingly close now.

I saw the sun lazily awaken from its sleep.

My head rushed around in vibrant circles as I queasily fell backward, landing again on my tender, raw hand, feeling the bone crunching together in a fury of pain.

Already in a fragile state, I fell unconscious at the sight of blood.

He poured the bright orange guava juice.

The crescent moon is dead center in the navy blue sky tonight.

The water runs past me like a psycho killer running from the police.

The pea green color of the thing was disgusting.

The cheap hotel sheets are as refreshing as sheets of cool ice.