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Cold Mornings

My mom wishes me goodbye as I shiver and meander my way up to the gate. I should be at the old school the one with warm mornings of being welcomed by my peers. I let out a big sigh as I saw the other kids, I left early so the only thing I saw was a couple people and a closed gate. I stand by a tree, waiting for the gate to open, to open my future for the next year. Once opened by the yard duty I make my way to the gate like a turtle. I was frightened as I was foreign land, land that caused me to ask questions; what should I do in this foreign land, what's that, and why is the morning so cold.

Snailing my way through I go to the field and little park, I can hear the swings yelling "Swish, Swoop, Swish, Swoop!" I wonder if they scream in pain or joy, in fact I wondered many things, the cold mornings of silence led me to create many questions as that was all I could do. The morning was cold everyday, every single day I waited in the foreign land asking questions. I yearned for the childish conversations I would have in my old school that would provide me warmth. "Hey, you want to play with us!" The kid in the yellow says. My thoughts, questions, everything stopped as I was finally approached. I nod and run off with the kid, he brings me to a bunch of other kids some in bright colors clothes some in dark color clothes.

My days were no longer cold as now I could have friends, ones who can warm me up, and create heat. They create heat that I need so that I can stop being frightened. The cold mornings frightened me day in and day out, but as the years pass I understand that I don't have to be cold if I persevere through the day with warmth, and also lend a hand for those in need of my warmth. As my friends finish up a game of tag, we see a lonely kid one who is cold and needs

warmth, with my new warmth I extend my hand and say, “We need an extra player, want to be him?” His face glows and exhibits heat, you could feel the warmth from a mile away! “Why not.” He says, with a bright look on his face. As our group fades into the distance exhilarating with joy, I look at the field no questions needed for me to ask, just memories, memories of cold mornings waiting, asking questions, and wondering when I’ll have my warm mornings.

Cold Mornings Overview

Topic

For the vignette “Cold Mornings” my topic was Frightening experiences. I chose this topic because I want my reader to understand how I coped with frightening experiences. As said in the vignette I dealt with them by asking questions and wondering around, while in the end all you have to do is talk. I wanted to convey to my reader that you're mornings don't have to be cold and that you don't have to stay frightened and be in a foreign land., you can get warmth by having conversation and having friends. I just want the reader to understand there are frightening experiences, like the cold mornings I had, but there are also ways to deal with these experiences. I was scared of the cold mornings, but I found out how to make them warm.

Theme

My theme in this vignette is that talking to someone could truly change their day. I want to teach the reader that it really does pay to be nice to people. You can create change by simply extending a hand to someone who needs it. This is shown in parts of the vignette near the end where I myself extend my hand to someone and the “warmth” or joy I provide them with. Talking to someone lonely can clearly create change, and that's something that has helped as a person which is why I use it as theme for this vignette.

Style

Onomatopoeia

- a. The way a sound is named, that is also the sound produced.
- b. “Swish, Swoop, Swish, Swoop”

Imagery

- a. Using words to create images within a readers head
- b. “As our group fades into the distance exhilarating with joy,”

Simile

- a. To compare two things by saying one is similar to another.
- b. “ I make my way to the gate like a turtle.

Diction

- a. How the writer chooses to use words or his/her phrasing.
- b. “I yearned for childish conversations.”

Couch

My school day comes to a close and there enters my day at home, after I walk home I get greeted by my family. “How was your day at school?” My mom asks. Happily I reply “Great! I’m starting to understand things I didn’t before!” My mom acts surprised as she cooks the food like a chef on a cooking show. I lay down on my couch and think about what I should do for the day. “Foods done!” My mom screamed so that my brother and sister up stairs could hear. Like rabid dogs all three of us dashed and feasted on our well deserved meal.

I come back to the couch after feasting and doing my homework, I plunge into the couch noiseless as the cushions take my fall. My face was just a small pebble compared to the size of the fluffy couch. I turn towards my television and put on a show so that I can kill time.

Marching down comes my older brother, at the time he was around twelve maybe thirteen. We watch television and rant about our lives. I learn what my brother has been up to school wise, in fact he’s doing pretty well in all his classes other than social studies. My brother tells me tips on how he gets through middle school, and tells me tips on how to manage my time and what to do so that I can have my own successful career one day. I really do cherish the hours me and my brother would waste on that couch, talking, watching, and play-fighting.

The times on the couch I had as a kid really did shape me up and how I am as a person today. Every conversation I would have with my family has created my manners, and the ethos I show. Even simple conversations with my mom about my school has led to me being better at small talk. We need to value our experiences, especially the ones that were done in memorable places. That couch in all of its tan color painted my personality today. The fluff of the couch that held me up throughout the years, still holds as the most memorable parts of me growing up.

The conversations on the couch have influenced me to do many things. The couch is amazing and has led to so many experiences with me, but it also led to some of the best experiences I had with my family in general.

Couch Overview

Topic

The topic of the vignette “Couch” is family matters. I wanted to display how much family matters to me, and how it has shaped up who I am today. I’m trying to base the whole four vignette’s off of growing up and I think a key to growing up is our influences. On the couch my topic is family matters because I want to show the reader that family does matter as they influence every part of who you are today.

Theme

The theme of my vignette is that any little thing can influence who you are today. I wanted to highlight that influences matter, and you can be influenced by many things such as little meaningless conversations. Influencers are a key part to you growing into the person you are, they cultivate your thinking. Everything you know is good is because of influencers, you think it’s good and even if it’s not it still shapes up what you end up becoming.

Style

Symbolism

- a. The use of symbols to represent ideas or qualities
- b. “That couch in all of it’s tan color painted my personality today.” This is symbolism because the couch represent the idea of me growing

Simile

- a. To compare two things by saying one is similar to another.
- b. “ My mom acts surprised as she cooks the food like a chef on a cooking show. “

Personification

- a. Giving something nonhuman, human traits.
- b. “ The times on the couch I had as a kid really did shape me up and how I am as a person today.”

Analogy

- a. To use a comparison for the usage of showing how something is.
- b. “My face was just a small pebble compared to the size of the fluffy couch”

Fallen Comrade

I remember as a kid when I threw a frisbee and it hit the tree. I ran out to grab the frisbee and my mom told me “Don’t hit the tree too much it is old and could fall down.” “Woah!” Little me was astonished at the fact that the tree was old “How old was it!” My mom looked away, scratched her chin and said 100 years. Even though it was made up, I used to think the tree was actually 100 years old. From there on I worshipped the tree, in fact I worshipped all the plants. I treated the plants like a maid treating the queen of their palace.

I named the tree oak as I used to think all trees were oak trees and the oak was a great tree. Oak was a strong brown tree that had beautiful green leaves that would fall down. Taking a liking to plants I decided that I would plant my own tree, it didn’t go so well and me being an ignorant child really led to the demise of my old tree. After years have passed I started to realize that nature always has something new. Nature has led to many great things and I had to appreciate it, so I started appreciating oak more. I would water him, even though you don’t water a tree, I used to truly think I was helping the old tree out. After I turned twelve my mom decided it was time to cut oak. I really didn’t want it to happen, but I had no say. I watched him die in front of my eyes, and took one of his branches. I was an army man taking the dogtag of a fallen comrade. A couple weeks pass by and my mom tells me that she regrets cutting him down, but also tells me that oak is not 100 years old and she made it up. I was a naive child, but I found out that things die and that I have to move on and learn from the mistakes. As a tree I grew up, mentally at least.

Fallen Comrade Overview

Topic

The topic for this vignette is being naive and losing it. I talk about how I was a naive child, but found out how to be less naive by the death of a tree. I chose this topic because I wanted to show my reader that it's okay to be naive, it is also not all good when you lose it. A part of growing up is being naive which is why I chose this topic.

Theme

The theme of this story was learning how you can lose your naiveness but also that it isn't the end of the world when you do lose it. I chose this because you have to stop being naive to grow up and I want the reader to know you can lose it and still be happy. The death of the tree woke up my character's naiveness. He's okay in the end though and he learns from it so he can become a better person, just like you have to when you grow up.

Style

Metaphor

- a. Saying one thing is another.
- b. "I watched him die in front of my eyes, and took one of his branches. I was an army man taking the dogtag of a fallen comrade."

Symbolism

- a. The use of symbols to represent ideas or qualities
- b. The tree dying symbolizes losing naiveness "I watched him die in front of my eyes, and took one of his branches"

Simile

- a. Saying one thing is similar to another
- b. “ I treated the plants like a maid treating the queen of their palace.”

Imagery

- a. Using words to create images within a reader's head.
- b. “Oak was a strong brown tree that had beautiful green leaves, that would fall down.”

Good But Gone

The clock keeps ticking, but everytime I look at her time stops. It freezes for me, nothing moves in fact I could spend hours looking at her without a second passing by. Love is weird I think as I eat my lunch, for some odd reason I like her but I know I could never be good, good enough for her. Nonetheless I strive, I try my hardest so that I can be good enough. I spend more time on homework, and self improvement and making myself a good person. I'm thankful in fact for my love.

As a motive, I use my love as a motive so that I can improve, I want to improve so that I can be with her, so I do. I try best knowing that I can't be the one for her, but I still try. Me trying has led to me achieving many things I thought I couldn't before, I could do so much better for her which is why I loved my feelings for her. Speaking of her, my conversations with her really do leave a mark on me. Don't go I think as I send a text saying goodbye. I have to try harder, improve better and use me not being good enough as a motive.

"Good morning!" I hear coming from the back of my head. I turn my head around and realize it's her "Good morning, did you do the homework yesterday?" I reply calmly. "Of course it was kind of hard though." She says happily. "Yep, I say as we approach other friends. It's really bad thinking about it, such a casual conversation, I want to talk to her more I think, the only way to do that is try harder, make myself a better person for them.

As I wake up ready for another day of my life I think to myself do I really like her. I seemed to force my way through to thinking I liked her, but did these casual conversations actually lead to something. No-It took me a while to think about it but I don't like her at least

not anymore. Again I think to myself that's okay, I'm happy I did like her, I'm happy I got to improve from her. My love for her is good, but it's gone. I don't need to love her so that I can improve myself I can already improve, just by doing my best, I don't know why I liked her, but I'm truly glad that I did.

Good But Gone Overview

Topic

The topic of this vignette is admiring someone. Throughout my experiences of life I've only admired someone once, and it was great as it led to a great motivator, I want to let the reader know that they too can admire someone, and if they do it's okay to not ask them out. Realizing there are sometimes you just have to back off is a great life lesson, when growing up you should obviously know it. The reader has to know this and that they have to try their best to work with what they got.

Theme

I'd say the theme of this vignette is that it's okay to like someone, but not ask them out. There's no need to force a relationship that's one sided. You have to let it naturally progress. It is okay to not want to ask them out as you can just use them as a motivator to make yourself work harder.

Style

Imagery

- a. Using words to create images within a reader's head.
- b. “. It freezes for me, nothing moves in fact I could spend hours looking at her without a second passing by.”

Symbolism

- a. The use of symbols to represent ideas or qualities
- b. “The clock keeps ticking, but everytime I look at her time stops.”

Metaphor

- a. Saying one thing is another.
- b. “ It freezes for me, nothing moves in fact I could spend hours looking at her without a second passing by. “

Diction

- a. How the writer chooses to use words or his/her phrasing.
- b. “ No-It took me a while to think about it but I don’t like her at least not anymore.”