**Setting Description**

Describe your actions in details – pretend like you are narrating a movie for the audience.

**Questions/Prompts**

* Where were you *specifically*?
* Pretend you took a picture in that moment – what did it look like?
* If you were outside, what was the weather like?
* What noises did you hear?
* What was going on inside of your head?

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As Donna and I began walking away from the Carman Avenue pool, I could feel the heat of the sun starting to burn my pale cheeks. I did not have the cool water protecting me from the August weather any longer. Watching the steam rise up off the sidewalk made we want to turn around and leap back into the cool blue ice bath. Five minutes had not passed since we jumped out of the pool and I was already almost completely dry. However, I was eager to get home because my mom had promised to go back-to-school shopping with me that afternoon. In less than two weeks, I was finally going into the 9th grade, my first year in high school. My daydream about showing up at school with the most adorable outfit was abruptly interrupted by Donna complaining about how humid it was.

“Come on, walk faster! I’m starting to sweat and I hate that!” she whined.

**Dialogue**

When 2 or more people are talking in a story

**“Use quotation marks around what the person said,” Ms. Hinczewski explained.**

**“If your dialogue is a sentence, you will replace the period with a comma inside of the quotation marks,” Ms. Nelkin directed.**

**“What if the dialogue is a question?” Mustafa asked.**

**“That’s a great question!” They exclaimed together.**

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Donna started to walk faster as I did my best to keep up with her. She made me carry all of the towels and snacks that we had brought to the pool so I was struggling to match her walking speed. Then, all of a sudden there was a loud SNAP!

“Ugh! My flip-flop broke!” Donna cried.

“Oh no, that’s not good,” I replied.

“Well, I can’t walk home like this Monica,” she complained. Donna stopped and looked at me as if she expected me to fix her flip-flop or carry her home on my back along with the towels and everything else.

“It’s not that much farther. Maybe if you squeeze the middle of the flip-flop with your toes, you can still walk on it if we go slowly,” I suggested.

“Yeah, no, that is a dumb idea,” she retorted.

“Well, what else are you going to do?” I inquired.

“I think you should just give me your shoes. They are ugly, but I can live with it until we get home,” she said.

**Internal Thought**

When you are thinking inside of your own head

*Write in italics*

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*Did she really just make fun of my shoes and ask me for a favor at the same time? Of course she did, that was classic Donna. I was so fed up with her telling me what to do all the time. Now I was supposed to burn my feet off because she broke her flip-flop from walking too fast. I really do not want to give her my shoes, but what choice do I have? She will bite my head off and start yelling if I don’t do whatever she asks me to. I guess, I will give in, but this better be the last time.*

**Descriptive Language**

Describe with details and examples

**Before:**

I was SO mad!!!!!!!! But I gave her my flip-flop anyway.

**After:**

My blood was boiling. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears, blocking out all the sounds around me. But I could see Donna standing there with her arms crossed, her hip popped, tapping her foot impatiently, staring at me, waiting.

*I am not some puppet with strings that Donna can pull,* I thought.

My mind was a blur. In one swift motion, I stripped off my flip-flop, stomped my foot, and threw the shoe at her feet. It hit the ground with a SMACK.

**Reflection**

* **What did you learn?**
* **Why was this experience important to you?**
* **How did this moment change you?**

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That was the moment I realized I could be independent without anyone else’s permission. I had spent the last three years saying “yes” to everything Donna requested of me. Now it was time to say “yes” to myself. Even though I had some fears about making new friends, I was mostly filled with the feeling of freedom and confidence. It was a relief to separate myself from such a toxic friendship. I learned that true friendship does not mean one bosses around the other one. It was time to find people who would appreciate me for who I was and never treat me as if I was their servant to command.