

Meet three writers who have attempted to extend metaphors for their readers. Borrowing techniques from John Steinbeck in his Grapes of Wrath, these three high school writers have woven an extended metaphor into their writings.

Look over the three pieces of writing with a friend. Look closely for two things: 1) how did each establish a metaphor and then extend it using nouns, verbs, and adjectives, and 2) how did each writer use a variety of sentence patterns and sentence techniques to add more rhythm and flow to their descriptions?

Be prepared to discuss your findings with your class.



The Thrill of Being the Car

by Michael, 11th grade writer

Alan sat down in his Ferrari one hot summer afternoon. As he turned the key, he felt the excitement of an athlete right before a championship game. The car started and the roar of an engine sounded like a stadium cheering for their favorite player. As pulses in his brain started to fire, his foot slammed to the floor on the gas pedal. He felt a rush of endorphins, like one would get after scoring a goal, running for a touchdown, or hitting a homerun.

Alan's car raced around the track like it was on a mission to go as fast as possible. As he shifted through gears, he could feel the inner workings of the car in the palm of his hand. He felt like he was one with the car, or as an athlete would feel one with a ball. Every gear, higher and higher, he could feel the engine getting warmer about to hit its climax at

9000 RPMs.

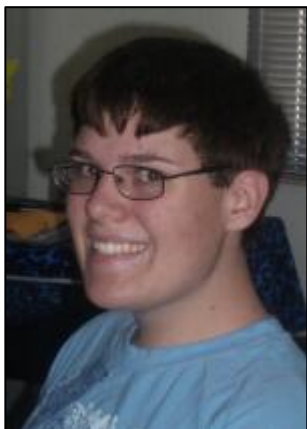
Alan made it to his final lap, and coming around the last turn he skids out at 137 MPH. Every bone in his body braced itself for impact, except his brain, which in the tensest of moments, was still thinking about what he could do to change the outcome of this event. As a goalie prepares to stop an impending goal, or a shortstop diving to save his team one insignificant out, Alan acted on instinct. Turning the car with the skid Alan regained the equilibrium he'd strived so hard to get. Again, the roar of the engine was so loud; it was all his attention could focus on.

As Alan approached the finish line, all of his excitement began to build. In the final moment when he crossed the black painted line, every care in the world that he had left him. In one burst from his lungs came the loudest scream he could ever imagine. Like the game winning goal, the 3-pointer in overtime, or the field goal to win the game with 7 seconds left, Alan was triumphant.

Woman as Blizzard

by Russell, 11th grade writer

The girl with the deep blue eyes gracefully steps into the courtyard with poise, almost floating like dark looming clouds over the peons. In a frozen bliss, she gazes up to the sky. Her eyes drift delicately down to the horizon like falling snowflakes.



Her crisp stare send chills upon my spine. When she is generous, I love her, and don't take to her solemn nature, but when she is unforgiving, her cold shoulder is worse then any snow storm I've ever be trapped in.

It looks like an early winter when she approaches. Some people agree that she isn't so bad, she is adjustable; others can not tolerate her wishy-washy conditions, and they prefer to avoid dealing with her.

Dark, fragile, gloomy, she isn't the typical sunny girl, with warm gestures and shining smiles. She pays the kids no mind, keeps to her self and routinely comes and goes. She is a mystery; perhaps that is why I accept her, also perhaps why many people wish her away. Her timing is uniform, and I always know when to expect her, but can never predict her.

Her skin is white and pale, like fresh snow. Some would call her a genuine snow-white, and her hair is rich and dark. She always presents herself with a pessimistic stance. She looks to the ground, shifts her eyes, and is very soft spoken.

She is divine, and her words pierce me like frost bite; her looks caress me like a sleet. I love her, through all this. I love her delicate chilly features, her fresh snow skin, her dark muggy cloths. I'm always waiting for her return.



Like a River

by Brent, eleventh grade writer

Jimmy walked through life struggling. He didn't have a mother; she'd passed away a year ago. His father was struggling to give Jimmy the best life he could, but Jimmy didn't care about life anymore. He tried his best to make his Dad proud but never succeeded. Jimmy was failing out of school fast, and he was not worried about anyone or anything anymore.

While walking to the bus stop, Jimmy saw an older lady--like his Grandma—who was walking her dog. He stopped to pet the dog before he finished walking to the bus, and before Jimmy left the lady said, "Hello, what's your name?"

Jimmy replied calmly, "Jimmy."

The old lady replied, "Well, it's nice to meet you. I'm your new neighbor, Mrs. Cooper." Jimmy realized that he had seen her move in the other day, and they said their

goodbyes, so Jimmy wasn't late.

That afternoon Jimmy made his way back to his house and he spotted Mrs. Cooper walking her dog again. Walking with Mrs. Cooper and her dog, Jimmy was amazed how lively and sporadic she was. When Mrs. Cooper invited Jimmy to come into her house and have some cookies and milk, Jimmy couldn't resist. As Mrs. Cooper made the cookies, Jimmy was amazed at how well Mrs. Cooper flowed through the kitchen; she seemed like a river that had been running its course for years.

Mrs. Cooper reminded Jimmy of his Grandma, but Jimmy was still amazed at what Mrs. Cooper had gone through. The stories that she told were like the scenery--the trees and landscape features--on a river ride. She talked about how life was during the war, and did so with such rush it felt as though he was sitting on a hospital bed tending her patient's wounds himself. Then she jumped onto different subjects, as if he had just passed a rapid and was moving onto the next set. The stories she told had twists and turns that no one could have predicted.

Mrs. Cooper asked Jimmy if he had homework, and he said, "I don't ever do it, so I guess not."

Mrs. Cooper looked stunned and asked Jimmy to get out his assignments. She sat with Jimmy for thirty minutes and helped him with his homework. She made his voyage fun in the beginning—ramped and exhilarating. Jimmy left Mrs. Cooper that day with a thought that he was a better person and would from then on have a tutor who would help him through any type of voyage.