Paint-Write
Class Anthology - Summer 2015

Above:
Jackson Pollock Inspired
Class Walk Around Paint
Artist Portfolios
(In alphabetical order by last name)

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FOREWORD

“The idea of the paint-write course is to release personal creativity and to learn how to help K-12 students do the same for personal growth and school accomplishment.

I think this anthology indicates we have done that.”

~ Dr. Michael Angelotti

“Spreading bright colors across a page and writing without constraints inspired more creativity than I ever imagined.” - Alexandra Bare

“I am going to miss you as much as I love all the colors in the world, Dr. A.” - Tina Bly

“It’s amazing what you can come up with when you surround yourself with the right people”. - Parker Cassell

“We are surrounded by inspiration; we lack only the will to produce.” - Grace Castillo

“I am not perfect, I am not inspiring, and I am nothing more than somewhat gifted. But I have learned, I have practiced, and I will grow. “- Kylie Gibbons

“The amount of personal growth that comes from this class is unmeasurable.”

~ Becki Maldonado

“I showed up” ~ Gregory Spinner

“I wouldn’t call myself an artiste; I can’t affect the airs needed to use such a pretentious word. I shall instead paraphrase a famous saying: I came, I saw, I painted.”

~ Adam Van Buren (as in the President)
DC Comics in Paint Write

Life in life in two-way mirrors
Mind in mind
Batmanrobin superman
Blues on fire yellows in rage
Colors in colors
More than skin deep
Wonderwoman spiderman
Inside out
Reflecting reflections
Tender lavender touch
In deep purple
Taut muscle snare.

Or

Mind Jazz Jam Late Nite Write

Late night blowing
Inside out
No reprieve
When the juice flows
Mind jazz sax blows
Sassy riff
Bass thums brushes sizzle
(drums)
Piano solo tapping toes
Mind jazz jam blows no reprieve
Late nite jazz write
Verses solo duo

Or

Mind Jazz Jam Improv
(Verse 2 double time)
bass beat snare beat
brushes sizzle
slow blow quartet
blows no
juice glows
mind jazz jam
late late night
killer write
write
write
Mike Angelotti, 2014
Norman, OK

Three Poets

two poets musing
a robin perched nearby
anxious to join in

Mike Angelotti, 2015
Ironic Boxes
I live in a box.
You live in a box.
Everyone lives in a box.
In this world made of boxes and labels, it’s hard to roam free.
They’re all labels. They’re all boxes.
Everyone cries about being stuck in the boxes. Everyone wants out.
The only way out is to stop building boxes.
But that will never happen.
We were born building boxes.
We will never stop building boxes.
We who hate boxes.
Build the boxes.
Paint Write

Salmon Eggs Benedict

He is the one I call Home.
The Fred to my Ginger, the Coca to my Cola.
Salmon eggs benedict and chicken noodle soup,
Thirty-two months. Three and a half years.
Meteor showers and feeding ducks; margaritas and 2 a.m. pizzas.
Rooms in a fraternity house and snow days,
Unexpected roses and paper snowflakes.
Daffodils on their last day in season. Road trips and fried pies.
He is the one I call Home
Teaching Practices

1. **Two lies and a truth**  
   **Grades 9-12**  
   **Process**  
   On a notecard, have each student write down two lies about themselves and one truth. Ask for volunteers to say their “facts.” Prompt the other students to question the volunteer about their facts. See if false details of their lies trip them up. Explain Hemingway’s concept of writing one truth and working from there. It’s very hard to convincingly write about something you know nothing about.  
   **Assessment**  
   After students have completed activity, have students write for five minutes a reflection on the exercise. Do they think it’s easier to tell the truth?

2. **The Word**  
   **Grades 9-12**  
   **Process**  
   Have each student write a word on a slip of paper. Instruct them to think hard about their word and to choose carefully. Collect the slips of paper and mix them up. Have each student then draw a slip of paper. Whatever word they draw is their topic. Each student has ten minutes to free write whatever comes to mind in regards to their word.  
   **Assessment**  
   After the activity, collect the writings. A week later give students the same prompt and see how their descriptions compare.

3. **Post Cards**  
   **Grades 9-12**  
   **Process**  
   Tell students to write twenty places on a piece of paper. They can be any place in the world, whether they’ve been there or not. Choose a number between 1 and 20 and tell the students to announce which location they put at that number. Have students free write about their location for ten minutes. Then have the students write a narrative about being in that place.  
   **Assessment**  
   Review free writes and narrative writes.
Tina Bly

**Judith stood triumphantly**

And I saw the Head of pride
Being cut off by the hand of humility
For Holofernes was confident enough
To attempt to seduce Judith.

But Judith’s purity was like the virginity of Mary.
And so the first blow left a cut deep in Holofernes’ neck.

And with her left foot on his right wrist
And her right foot on his genitals,

Judith stood triumphantly,

With her sword raised for the second blow,
Which ended Holofernes.
And ended his feeble attempts of seduction.

Tina M. Bly

**Dreaming of Michelangelo**

On a cold winter night in Italy
She sits in a tiny restaurant sipping sweet red wine.
Surrounded by laughter,
She listens to soft jazz music.

She writes of the life and times of the great master,
Who as a very young child, was beaten for being drawn to Color.

Tina M. Bly
Language
Everyone’s paint was in a different language.
I adore my world this way, like one might enjoy countless pairs of stilettos.
No matter the language or the country,
Someone always hands me a guitar.

The people sing along, swaying to the music.
Dance deep into the night.
The food, the wine, the merriment, the partito.

There have many moons which have watched this happiness unfold time and again. But most astonishing, is that every country embraces music.
Music is my favorite language.

By Tina M. Bly
I Think My Daughter, Celeste, is a Faerie - A Short Story by Tina M. Bly

Dublin, Ireland September, 2014

I think my daughter, Celeste, is a faerie. Not so long ago, when she was but a wee baby girl, I suspended a beautiful, glistening crystal in the window. When the sunlight shined in, we were astonished with the vivid colors reflecting throughout the room. Celeste was not talking yet, but oddly, could communicate all her thoughts. And we were quite certain that we saw . . . faeries.

When her baby brother, Michael, was born, he fully agreed. And anyone who genuinely knows Michael will testify in support of his connections with other worlds. In fact, Michael was born dreaming of carrying a sword while climbing aboard a pirate ship. He continues his studies of all matters being ancient, particularly ancient languages, up to this very moment in time. But that is a story for another day.

Back to the faeries. We painted faeries, sketched faeries, read about faeries, sang with the faeries, even danced with them. Two of them lived with us for quite a few years. They played with Celeste and Michael. They took naps with them. And they were particularly fond of helping Celeste tend to her little flower garden. Celeste said that their names were Maddie and Journey. They went everywhere with us. Forevermore, they even helped us paint our yellow house in Idabel, Oklahoma.

From the Institute of Magical Wonders, Professor Wand has theorized that me, being Celeste's mother, by all accounts has descended from the world of Elves. He further states, "Elves are a tall and beautiful people." But that is a story for another day.

At any rate, Dr. Wand observes that Celeste is indeed a magical, mystical, ethereal being. Which also explains how some unknown spirit, from the supernatural of course, prompted me to name her Celeste, which holds the meaning, "of heaven."

In conclusion, I further authenticate our surreal views of the world. I point out that Celeste, Michael, and I have, in fact, read where faeries came from. In the story of Peter Pan, it is written that... when the first baby laughed the first laugh, this laugh broke into a thousand pieces. And they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of faeries.

And so now, every time a baby laughs its very first laugh, this fantastical process continues, and the mystical dreams of all curious, precious, babies continue. On and on. Never ending. Just like Celeste and Michael.
Parker Cassell

The One When I Felt Green:

Golf is but a four-letter word That makes Businessmen Doctors Lawyers And me Say other four-letter words.

I don’t play to do well. I play to be outdoors And count the scores Of people I really care for. I help them cheat and that’s ok.

From an airplane, The golf course is just a rectangle With different shapes And different shades of green That don’t blend together or really even fit. Manmade nature. But I’ll spend 40 dollars Smiling with my dad or with you And yelling, Quietly, “Shit” After every fourth shot. It’s worth 40 dollars and four hours. It’s worth time. For time, Like golf, Like love, Is but a four-letter word.

Green Reflection
At the beginning of the process of developing this paint, I simply selected green because I felt green that day. Something about the energy of that color and the energy of that day fused, and I began to semi-mindlessly blend color and stroke together with the sole intention of filling up the page. As I began to write about it (much later after the paint), my mind saw two connections—golf courses and distant green visuals. I combined the two, and that is how the poem was produced. It was a simple process that I do not fully understand, but the freedom of both the paint and the write both navigated the open space back to one another to develop some sort of connection. I think, ideally, that is how the process ought to work. Freedom that builds connections because of its own innate flexibility.
Recipe

For One Happy Relationship:

In a large mixing bowl
Put one package of doing whatever she says. Add three cups of sugar.

Shut up and eat it.
Teaching Practices

1. Descriptive writing with music—Select 4-5 instrumental songs, have students write a narrative while the song or selection plays. Ask students to write down some key words as to how the song makes them feel or what ideas come to mind while the music is playing. Change the song every few minutes or so. Compare how the narratives change as the music changes.

2. Pick 5 words from a text and write—circle five words from the page of a novel. Write the words at the top of the page, and free write for fifteen to twenty minutes on the selected words. Try to create a narrative that incorporates all of the words from the text. If you get stuck, pick one of the words and write a paragraph about it, and then move on to the next word. Repeat that process for all of the words.

3. Recipe Poems—Write poems in the fashion of a cookbook. Give example of what a cookbook looks like, and also of a recipe poem. Think of an emotion that you felt this week. Next, think of 8 different words that relate to that emotion. Those 8 words are your ingredients. Fashion them into cooking instructions, complete with specific details of how they fit together to create your final “dish.” Write for 20 minutes.
Collaborative Paint with Parker Cassell

**Write by Parker Cassell**

*Brad*

The day my brother came home,
I cannot honestly remember,
But my mother says I stood proud.

My sky colored “I’m the big brother” t-shirt
Next to Mom’s pastel sundress.
Welcome home, Brady.

Dad would not put
Brady down while I
Clung, finger-nails tight, to his leg.

Ice cream dripped from Grandma’s cone
Onto the porch swing while
Mom got settled.

Ants scattered underneath
Buzz Lightyear shoes
On pavement that smelled like sizzle.

Later, we would grow
Less into life as good friends and
More into life as brothers.

**Paint Response by Grace Castillo**

Response to Parker’s poem

**“Big sister”**

*Write by Grace Castillo*

It’s a hard job to have
You’re the first, the tester
So to say
But there’s not a feeling more rare
Or more special
When that thing
That made mommy’s tummy so big
Is in your arms
And you know
That your fist
Would be in another’s mouth
If ever they were harmed
And that’s pretty cool
I think
“Smell ‘em”

I used to draw flowers
Because they made the world look pretty
Pink encompassing yellow,
Held up by green
Surrounded by blue
There’s not much to it
Just look
& enjoy

By Grace Castillo

“Medusa’s Curling Iron is Hot”

Medusa curls her hair everyday
She believes it gives her a certain edge
She does not care for your opinion
She does not wish for you to speak
She is her own
And after her gaze
You are probably her own as well

By Grace Castillo

“For You, part 2”

They are bright
The will not dim
Do not be frightened
Do not feel small
They shine for you

By Grace Castillo
Kylie Gibbons

Blind
Take off the glasses
Let the world go hazy
You’ll like it better that way
No more sharp edges to bump into

Take off the glasses
Let all the lines blur
Are they still there to cross
If you’re too blind to see?

When the Earth fades
Into a blend of color
You could be lost in the Sahara
And just pretend you’re sitting in a sandbox

Rainstorm on the Roof
Dear Mary

When did the light in you go out?
What’s caused all the pain in you I see?
Where did all your fire go?
Why will you not look at me?
Who is this girl whose eyes are dead?
She’s not the girl I know you to be.
I look at you and you look through me.
Don’t tell me that the world has lost its beauty,
I’ll have to tell you you’re not looking closely.
I know that you don’t mean to,
But you’re dragging me down with you.
I love you more than life, my dear,
But you seem to have lost your love for everything.
You’re sinking and not even trying to swim,
I’m bailing out water with a bucket that has a giant hole.
Teaching Practices

TP#1:

“Six-Word Memoir” From Goldberg’s The True Secret of Writing was probably one of my favorite chapters from the book. I liked trying to guess what kind of person had written each one of the examples that were given. With future students I would ask them to write six word memoir for themselves and I would have them write a six-word impression of one other person in the class. I would have them draw names for that part I think, that way everyone would have an impression written about them. Then have them all give their impressions to another student to do a drawing or painting based off of it. Then, afterward we would share the impressions everyone had written/drawn and try to guess who it was about/of. I think this would be a great icebreaker for a class that would be both fun and instructive.

TP#2:

Based off of the café scene in Hemingway’s A Moveable Feast I would like to have future students go out on their own time outside of class and sit somewhere they normally don’t go, even if it’s just the park, and observe people. Then, picking someone they find intriguing, write about them. How they look, how they move, what do they think their lives are like? Then I would want them to come to class and share their observations and discuss their experiences as a class. This allows creativity and requires them to get out of their own heads, they have to think about another person’s life and how they would think and it makes even more interesting because this person might not be a type of person they’ve come across before because they were in a new environment.

TP#3:

I collaborated on this activity with Alex Bare. We created a game based off of the Basic Characteristics for color page in Conversations. We decided to name the game “Color Clue.” Each student draws a color at random and there is a corresponding or “complementary” color for each color drawn. We would have the students’ desks arranged in two circles, one inside the other and facing each other. The students in one circle would move around from chair to chair, like speed dating, while the other circle of students stayed in their original seats. The students would have twenty seconds per round (person) to ask yes/no questions. They cannot ask the other student directly what color they are until they have asked at least three questions to that student. At the end of the twenty seconds the circle that moves around will rotate to the next person, starting the time over. When the students find their complement they can both exit the circles. This will continue until everyone finds their pair. This activity is just a fun exercise to help learn the color wheel and how colors go together. This activity can also be switched to a literature activity by using foil pairs from novels, such as Sydney Carton and Charles Darney from A Tale of Two Cities. This would be a good activity for review as well and can be used for all age groups with some minor adjustments.
The Road to Happiness

BLUE SKIES, GREEN GRASS, YELLOW SUN
ALL ALONG THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

FLOPPY, YET NOT TOO FLOPPY BACON, EGGS EASY DONE
ALL ALONG THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

CHINESE DRAGONS, BRIGHT COLORS OF FUN
ALL ALONG THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

JUMBLED MESS, UNEXPECTED CURVES, YET SOMEHOW PERFECT
ALL ALONG THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS
Peacock Feather Haiku
No words can describe!
How brilliant and bright oh my!
What a superb sight!

By Becki Maldonado 6/18/2015

Beauty in the Mud - Wet

Ooshie Gooshie in my toes
Ooshie Gooshie in my fingers
The mud swirls round and round

Ooshie Gooshie on my paint brush
Ooshie Goodie on the paper
The paints swirl round and round

Ooshie Gooshie Purple
Ooshie Gooshie Yellow
Ooshie Gooshie Green
and Pink

Swirling round and round
Swirling side to side
Using all the paint
Creating an Ooshie Gooshie delight

By Becki Maldonado
6/12/2015
Kidney Dialysis

I would much rather have kidney dialysis. It’s colorful torture. Being here. Anaphylaxis closes my throat. Sweet death come for me.

Oh please come quickly sweet death. Sitting here, waiting, is twenty times worse. Someone fetch me the razor blade from my purse.

My ears are bleeding; my tongue is swollen. I’m vomiting blood; my stomach aches. My feet are sore, my skin, it flakes. My heart loudly pounds to a slow final end.

I say good riddance, I say thank God. It’s about time. This has been dragging on. -cough cough- -gag gag- This is the dramatic end -cough gag-

Dramatic Poetry by Alexandra Bare, Kylie Gibbons, and Becki Maldonado
June 29, 2015

The Long Dramatic End

Sweet death has entered my presence. Oh wait! Did someone turn up the heat?

I feel like the blacktop melting In midday Oklahoma sun.

Was I wrong for begging? Is it too late to take it back?

-cough cough- -gag gag- This is the dramatic end -cough gag-
“The Melancholy”  
*by Gregory Spinner*

I’m terrified of the ghost who haunts me;  
I’m terrified he’ll leave.  
He’s my only company, you see,  
And I’m a member of The Melancholy.

*Boogeyman (Inspired by “The Melancholy”) by Gregory Spinner*

“When I Hear You Talk” (Inspired by Contagion)  
*by Gregory Spinner*

When I hear you talk  
I feel like checking my watch  
I feel like reciting the alphabet backwards  
I feel like playing myself in Chinese Checkers  
I feel like calling my aunt and asking how her day went  
I feel like taking eight shots of the finest cranberry gin  
I feel like giving myself a tattoo with my left hand  
I feel like listening to my neighbor’s grunge garage band  
I feel like watching a marathon of Teen Mom  
When I hear you talk  
I feel like asking you to stop

*Contagion by Gregory Spinner*
Reflection

Adam Van Buren and I (Gregory Spinner) joined forces to paint the picture above. Afterwards, we both wrote a poem inspired by *Imagination Collaboration*. We then swapped poems, and we both painted a picture inspired by the other’s poem. Finally, we both wrote a poem inspired by the other’s picture. I am completely aware of how confused I probably just made you, but hopefully what I said will all make sense as you continue further.
“The Revelation” (Inspired by *Imagination Collaboration*)
by Adam Van Buren

Lust and sin given
corporeality
Dragon with maw poised
to devour the world
To where will the virtuous flee?
The monster’s eye roams over
scorched plains
desiccated riverbeds
choking trees
Does it operate on pure malice,
or has it come to administer
deserved punishment?
Judgment comes not from
without but within
Hellfire evaporates every drop
of avaricious sweat

“Monster Manor” (Inspired by *Imagination Collaboration*)
by Gregory Spinner

Here, there be monsters
Here, there be dragons
Here, there be all
You could ever imagine

Be scared if you want to
Being scared is okay
But harm will not find you
Or sadness, no way

For these are the monsters
That literature wrote
With a hint of unfairness
And a sour note

Be warned, they’ll breathe fire
But just in the kitchen
Tonight, you’re their guest
And your joy is their mission

Here, there be monsters
Here, there be dragons
Here is the nightmare
You’re happy to be in

Be Our Guest (Inspired by “Monster Manor”)
by Adam Van Buren
You’re the Red In Her Painting (Inspired by “The Revelation”)
by Gregory Spinner

“I’m the Red” (Inspired by You’re the Red In Her Painting)
by Adam Van Buren

Neurons ablaze –
I’m the red, and
it hurts to move, to
wince, even to think
Muscles inflamed –
I’m the red, the
searing pain that
exists in the negative
space between
torn ligaments
Loins afire –
I’m the red,
heat trapped under a
veneer of social propriety

“Through the Door” (Inspired by Be Our Guest)
by Gregory Spinner

When I dream, I am not soaring
I am not high-fiving the highest clouds
When I dream, I am not diving
I am not sinking to the deepest depths unknown
But when I dream, I see something
The same something every time
I see a door full of nothing
And I hear a deep, chuckling sound
I am not afraid of what’s behind it
Believe me or not
I only fear never finding out
What’s hidden in my thoughts
The next time I face this door
I’m moving forward
I will see what I will see
Tonight, I’ll face Heaven or Hell
And leave this Purgatory
**Teaching Practice #1**
From *Secret*
For freshman English class students
“Can you tell me a moment that was big for you, an instant that you saw things differently from then on?” (Goldberg 28).
“Lists can be simple but I’ll tell you, they are one of the true backbones of writing” (Goldberg 106).
Make a “greatest hits album” of your life. Think of 3-5 moments of your life that have had a great impact on you. List them out as best you can, and then phrase each one like a title of a song. Choose at least one to write about in lyric form. Evaluation: Turn in your 3-5 song titles and at least one lyric for a grade.

**Teaching Practice #2**
From *Secret*
For freshman English class students
“But it helped me settle into a deeper wholeness, including the demons, the electric animals of the night” (Goldberg 77).
Think of something that scares you, perhaps something that haunts your dreams or a monster. Examples could be a spider, the Boogeyman, etc. Take a minute or so to really think about all the reasons why it scares you. Now become that thing that scares you. Tell its side of the story from its perspective. Make the monster understandable. Evaluation: Read your writing to the rest of the class, allowing them the chance to guess which monster you are. This is a participation grade.

**Teaching Practice #3**
From *Feast*
For freshman English class students
“It was easier to think if I was walking and doing something or seeing people doing something that they understood” (Hemingway 37).
This one might have to be done at home. Observe someone existing in their element. This could mean watching your favorite basketball player compete, your favorite artist perform, your hero give a speech, etc. Write to show the reader what you see in this person that others may not. How do they act in their element? What sets them above the rest in your mind? Be attentive to the little things – the minor details. Evaluation: There is no length requirement, but write until you feel you’ve adequately made your point. Read your writing to the class for a participation grade.
Free Write: Oceans of fire stretch across the inverted globe. The seas become the site of death rather than birth, the end rather than the beginning of life. Waves of lava blacken the shores and singe the gasping landscape. What beings could possibly thrive here? Why do we so want to explore this world? We would have to breathe soot instead of oxygen; we would have to see Heaven as the inferno and Hell as the soothing lake. Is space exploration the ultimate inversion, a ticket not to the Final Frontier but to the other side of the mirror?

Reflection: This paint-write combo stemmed from Ray Bradbury’s *The Martian Chronicles*. The book depicts Mars as the inverse of Earth; it describes fiery oceans and otherworldly (literally!) landscapes. I sought to depict a concrete setting – one detailed and explored by Bradbury’s compelling prose – through an abstract lens. That mindset informed my color choice: I reasoned that Mars, the opposite of Earth, would have lava-filled oceans and cool continents. The final product vaguely resembles a map, but I strove largely to create a work inspired by Mars rather than a faithful representation of Bradbury’s planet.
Reflection: This painting materialized on a melancholic day. I found myself reflecting on the ravages of time and man’s inexorable path toward decay. The top colors – orange, yellow, green – convey youth and vitality. Eventually those vigorous colors blend to form a seat of muted gray, the color of malaise and ennui. The clock symbolizes inevitable decline, the gradual descent into senescence, fragility, senility.

I felt better the next day.

Father Time

The clock ticks, sand drops

Into the temporal abyss

Vigor vanishes
Teaching Practices

Things to Draw (p. 100)
This section prompts readers to draw using words. They select a noun – gun, pudding, beaver – and illustrate it using related words and phrases. This exercise would work well in a middle- or high-school classroom. It could strengthen students’ vocabularies and engage their creative senses. Such an activity could also provide the basis for a fun class game: students work in pairs à la Password; one team member gives hints while the other tries to guess the word. A simple vocabulary exercise might become an entertaining game show. The game’s vocabulary could be tailored to suit all ability levels.

Games would adhere to the following procedure: students divide into pairs. Two pairs at a time take the stage before the class. The teacher gives both groups a paper containing a word of some sort. One team member reads the word and gives the other member hints. If the team has “scarf,” the members might offer such clues as “neck” and “clothing.” The first time to score the point remains on stage, while the losing team resumes their seats. Then, another team takes the stage to challenge the winners. Once all teams have played, the last remaining team will be declared the winners. This activity will foster healthy competition and allow students to bolster their vocabularies. Words may come from literary selections, articles, the dictionary, etc., and the vocabulary list can be tailored to each class’s abilities.

Audience: I would use this activity in an eighth-grade class. The fun nature of the activity would motivate students to participate, and the game’s rules would give every student a chance to participate.

Evaluation: This game would be recreational and participatory. Students would earn points simply for playing.

Stream of Consciousness (p. 15)
On the opening page, Hemingway writes whatever comes to mind: his thoughts move from the weather to the people to the drinks. Students could benefit from using this style. Writers frequently labor over their prose; they endeavor to choose precise terms and to create “polished” work. Students should learn that writing needn’t always be neat and orderly. It can ramble and perambulate, caress rather than strike at a point. This opening passage will teach students to write whatever occurs to them, to compose free of expectations. Such freedom will aid them in generating material for essays and projects.

A sample activity might unfold thus: students will engage in a circle write. The teacher will give them a prompt: “Write a story about dog that has escaped from its leash.” Each student will write, stream-of-consciousness style, for thirty seconds. Then, each student will pass his/her sheet to his/her neighbor, who will continue the story. The papers will circulate the room, and by the end each student will have a stream-of-consciousness story on his or her paper.

Audience: I would implement this strategy in an eighth-grade classroom. Younger students often feel as though they have nothing to write or say. This exercise, which encourages them to
write ANYTHING, will help them to overcome their anxiety, and it will allow them to write as randomly and freely as possible.

**Evaluation:** This activity will hinge largely on completion and participation. Students will contribute at least two sentences to each classmate’s paper. These sentences can cover any subject, and they need not be grammatically sound.

**Seven Attitudes of Mindfulness (p. 84)**

Goldberg advocates such qualities as nonjudgment, patience, and acceptance. Students – and everyone else! – should strive to attain these traits in everyday life, but they can also appear in classroom assignments. Secondary students often maintain journals and respond to daily prompts. Goldberg’s seven attitudes could form the basis of the journal prompts, and students could use their journals to reflect upon these qualities. Journaling itself represents a sort of mindfulness: students must look inward and draw material from their lives. This teaching practice would encourage introspection and reflective writing.

A typical journal assignment might follow this format: the students would respond to a prompt such as, “Write (or draw or both) a sketch about someone you trust deeply. What does he or she do to earn your trust? What qualities make him or her trustworthy? Sketch at least three of this person’s characteristics or actions.” Students could then lead a discussion about trustworthiness: how does one acquire it? How must one behave?

**Audience:** I would employ this lesson in an eighth-grade classroom. It would allow students to write descriptively yet cover a subject they know well. Their sketches might serve as the raw material for a later essay.

**Evaluation:** Journals would be graded using the following criteria: did students complete the assigned task? Does the journal entry contain at least three facts about the student’s chosen person?