

The Second “R”: How to Support and Stretch Talented Writers

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Warm-ups	Deeper writing	The writer expresses/reflects
6-word memoirs	What my childhood tasted like	His/her life experiences
“I appreciate...” sentence starters	Memorable mistake	Looks backward to look forward
Top-10 lists	A hard moment	Uses “I”
Two-word retellings	A family photo	Writes personally
Alphabetically speaking	A treasured object	Describes feelings, thoughts, memories, and emotions

6-word memoirs

Day starts at 5—so early.
 Breakfast, shower, clock moves too fast.
 Drive from one lot to next.
 Finally! An available slot for Jenny.
 Hustle to the office and there
 Be smiling, helpful, enthusiastic, and patient.
 Time passes, day ends, home beckons.
 I am a teacher....lucky, me.

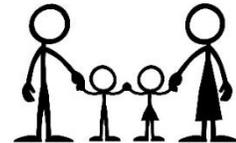


I Appreciate.....

I appreciate my husband Mike, who is incredibly loving, kind, and thoughtful; he’s a keeper!

I appreciate my two beautifully talented daughters, Kathleen and Victoria; they enrich my life beyond words.

I appreciate my mother, Mary Geenen Fox, who is the reason I am who I am today. She believed in doing one’s best in all things and taught me how to live well. Mom, I love you.



I appreciate my father, Joe Fox, who worked six days a week at the post office so his twin daughters could have dance, piano, and sewing lessons. He was a model of what is best in fathers.

I appreciate the incredibly selfless individuals who are part of hospice. My parents both had quality end-of-life care because of these amazing angels.

I appreciate the creators of word games, like Scrabble and Scattergories. You've brought my family and friends hours of laughter and joy.

I appreciate Martha Stewart and all the talented women who elevated baking and cooking to an art form.

I appreciate Margaret Mitchell who wrote *Gone with the Wind*. There is no finer epic novel!

I appreciate the authors of the countless books I've read, which have transported me to new worlds.



I appreciate the Clancy Brothers, Tommy Makem, and all other Irish folk singers who have deepened my love for my Irish ancestry.

I appreciate airplanes. They make my travel to Indiana and Irvine (to see my daughters) a half-day journey.

I appreciate my eyesight so I can see rainbows, my rose garden, my daughters' smiles, the blue Montana sky—and everything!

I appreciate dark chocolate and red wine. Need I say more?



What My Childhood Tasted Like

Tuna casserole. Growing up in Beloit, Wisconsin in the 1960s and 70s, we lived quite simply in a one-story brick home on the corner of Henderson and Lane. Much of our existence was routine, especially Friday evenings. Our family abstained from meat on Fridays, so the staple was—yes, tuna casserole. As though it were yesterday, I can see my mother, apron around her waist, pouring a bag of egg noodles into the boiling salted water. My job was to open cans: Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup, Green Giant peas, and Starkist tuna. After draining oil from the tuna, I scooped chunks into the bowl that held the soup and pea mixture. Last to be added were the drained noodles. My mother had a knack for cooking and knew little tricks, even with casseroles. She'd add half a cup of milk to make it moist, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, and dot the top with butter. (Remember, when you are born in the dairy state, everything is garnished with butter or cheese!) Then a covering of potato chips and into the oven for 30 minutes it went. Our family of four enjoyed this feast, usually accompanied by cherry Jello.



As one of two daughters, I took for granted the busy life my mother led as a first-grade teacher and family woman. Yet she never complained about having to prepare an evening meal; she took it all in stride. That was Mary—a class act. Years later when I had my own children, I

would replicate tuna casserole, but to my chagrin, neither Kathleen nor Victoria was keen on tuna fish. How could anyone *not* like tunafish? We moms tend to cook what their families eat, so tuna casserole was relegated to seldom-status. But then when I became an empty nester, tuna casserole regained its rightful place as a reliable and easy-to-make comfort food. Now when I prepare this meal, it is a way of honoring my mother who taught me how to make it. Thanks, Mom!

Love,
Annabelle

More arson suspected in fires on Rocky Boy

HAVRE – More arson is suspected on the Rocky Boy’s Indian Reservation after two weekend fires. Emery Nault, fire management officer at Rocky Boy, said a fires started about 1:30 to 2 a.m. Sunday on the Duck Creek Road, west of the Rocky Boy Agency going toward Box Elder. That fire burned 350 to 400 acres before it was controlled, Nault said.

It threatened four homes, but they were not damaged, he said. Another fire started about 5 a.m. Sunday near the Stone Child College campus and the tribes’ water resources department, but was contained at less than one acre, he said.

“We caught that one because we had engines at the other fire,” Nault told the Havre Daily New. Nault said there is no indication that Sunday’s fires could have started naturally, and he suspects arson. The fires will be investigated by the tribes’ fire investigation officers, he said.



Tribal officials are no investigating six suspected arson fires, including four that occurred July31, and have offered a \$1,000 reward for information leading to a conviction.

2-word retelling

- Fire started.
- Arson suspected.
- Acres burned.
- Homes saved.
- Investigation occurs.
- Suspects questioned.
- Reward offered.
- Information needed.
- Suspects questioned.
- Reward offered.
- Information needed.

Reference:

Write Like This: Teaching Real-World Writing Through Modeling & Mentor Texts
Kelly Gallagher
Stenhouse, 2011.