

<p>Level 12</p> <p><i>Pancakes and Waffles</i></p>	<p>The writer writes as in level 10 but now these craft moves appear to be natural, almost as if the writer did these moves by instinct with focus only on conveying meaning. There is also a sense of experimentation with story structure, craft and time which may result in moments of confusion for the reader, though the piece is more complex than texts at level 10.</p>
<p>Structure</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The story is structured in ways that carry the author’s message. The narrative may encompass several scenes, linked together through the passage of time, or it may involve a single scene, with rich internal work and complex time treatment woven into that scene. • Experimentation with more complex treatment of time, character and imagery is evident. • The structure takes the reader on an emotional journey.
<p>Elaboration/ Show Don’t Tell</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Written in scenes produced through envisionment</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ There is vivid imagery. ○ There may be images that are repeated. Some images seem metaphoric. • <i>Amount and organization of detail</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ As events unfold, the writer uses details and may experiment with back story to develop secondary as well as main characters in fuller, richer ways. • <i>Characters’ traits/ words/thoughts/feelings/Show don’t tell</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Not only the main character but also at least one secondary character is developed using some of the methods described in levels nine, ten and eleven. ○ In many cases, the story is more internal than external; the story is often less about what is happening and more about what the character thinks, feels, realizes and how s/he changes in response to what is happening. The writer tends to use inner thinking/feeling, accompanied by characters’ tones and gestures, to show the internal story. • <i>Setting/What characters see/hear</i> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ The importance of the story has less to do with the events that the writer has recorded and more to do with the way in which those events evolve. The meaning and significance in this story is carried with subtlety through the details of setting, character, mood, language etc. and may not be directly stated. • The importance of the story has less to do with the events that the writer has recorded and more to do with the way in which those events evolve. The meaning and significance in this story is carried with subtlety through the details of setting, character, mood, language etc. and may not be directly stated.
<p>Craft</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Craft moves appear to be natural, almost as if the writer did these moves by instinct with focus only on conveying meaning. • Dialogue is apt to not only reveal what people said, but also how they said it, showing the speaker’s personality and mood. • Inventive use of language, suggesting that the author uses literary devices to

	<p>convey a coherent meaning.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The setting is used to convey the theme or mood. It is developed throughout the narrative.
Meaning/ Significance	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The text conveys meanings that seem to have come from the writer using writing to reflect on his or her life. That is, one senses that by working with language and learning, the writer has arrived at a meaning which may have caught the writer by surprise, and now does the same for the reader. Insights which have subtlety, nuance, complexity, and originality are woven into the text.

Level 12 Writing Sample:

Pancakes and Waffles

I open my eyes and look around my colorful room. I wait a few seconds trying to decide if imagination is playing a helpless joke on me, or if what I smell is real. Then it hits me like a ship hitting land. He's cooking. I rushed out of bed eager to help him.

He stands over the stove with the small buzz of the news on the radio. His hand is over the stove and is pouring the pancake mix onto the skillet shaping the mix into each initial in my name.

I quietly stand beside him and he hands me the spoon. I in return receive the gift and continue the job he has taught me to do. Once the pancakes are done he calls my mother, and I call my sister to come to the table and eat breakfast.

The small brown circles adorn the table on a plate. The jelly and the orange juice flower it in decoration. Above each plate is a hungry face ready to eat. But before we start, we pray and my dad thanks God for having let us prepare this meal. I'm grateful too.

My mother and sister thank us, and my father and I just grin. We have been up since the past hour making pancakes and being alone away from the rest of the family. He has taught me how to make a pancake look like an S, and how to make a smiling pancake. He puts those at the top of the plate so we can enjoy those special pancakes. Once he opens the bottle of maple syrup we slowly begin.

Only too soon am I eyeing a waffle. I have toasted alone in the early morning, and thanking God for letting me have a waffle. I look around and see empty chairs. They're all sleeping and they won't come out to play. I let the silence deafen my ears and slowly start to stuff the syrupy waffle into my mouth, letting the syrup slide down my fingers.

Nowadays, I wake up late and when I lay in bed awaiting that smell, it never comes. I get out of bed hoping my mind has been playing tricks on me. But it hasn't. Instead of stopping in front of the kitchen, I move silently into their bedroom and I see them both sleeping.

He doesn't make those pancakes anymore-the ones he taught me so long ago how to make. He's always had a hard day and wakes up tired in the morning. He used to fry Johnnycakes. He would barbecue burgers, boil hotdogs, bake cakes, cook refried beans and bake small blueberry muffins until my mother and sister were stuffed with delicious work of art. Now, he can't even toast a waffle. We're all too busy to sit and have breakfast as a family. What used to make our family unique has now converted itself into something that makes us the same to all other families.

My mother would try to make oatmeal and eggs. Me sister could make cold chocolate milk and offer it to me, but I always refused because they weren't products of my

father's unique art. I myself tried to make breakfast. I always ended up burning the pancakes. They were never as soft and crispy at the edges the way my father could make them. My mother complained that she could still taste the egg in my pancakes.

I open my eyes and look around my colorful room. I wait a few seconds trying to decide if my imagination is playing a helpless joke on me, or if what I smell is real. Then it hits me like a ship hitting land. He's cooking. I rush out of bed eager to help him.

When I turn to the kitchen I see my father. But I don't see him over the stove. I see him sitting on a stool, waiting for his coffee to boil. I quietly start to leave, hoping he hadn't noticed that I was even there.

"Stephanie" he calls out quietly. I turn around and look at him quietly. My eyes are flooding with questions that have been unanswered. Those floods are about to burst when my father motions for me to sit next to him.

We sit quietly together in the dim lighted kitchen painted yellow. I imagine the sounds of the pancake mix cooking and my father's news station buzzing in the distance.

"Daddy, why don't we make pancakes anymore?" I whisper. He lets silence deafen our ears for only a moment. I put my head back down and wonder if I've hurt him. He slowly turns his head to look at me and says

"I'm not sure sweetheart. But I promise you we can start making pancakes again as soon as time permits."

The following weeks I wake up early and run into his room begging for him to keep his promise and cook pancakes with me. Even if it for the last time.

"There's no more pancake mix. There's no syrup. There aren't enough eggs. I need a better skillet for our pancakes" he says quietly in his sleep.

Slowly walking into the kitchen, I walk until I am over the stove. I am now tall enough to see the fire burning inside, and the four black circles, that hold hot pans. He always used to warn me: Be careful. Don't get your hands near the fire cause they'll burn.

I run my fingers across the pancake whisk and the skillet that would have sustained me with joy so long ago. I stare at the skillet for some time until I notice my reflection.

It's sad how time can steal your family away from you. The city in which we live in is always in a rush, and they pressure everyone else living in the city to live in a rush as well. This leads to family's having less time to spend with each other.

Why is it that in the country everything seems to be slower and people seem to have more than 24 hours in a day? Why do those big families get to enjoy big breakfasts together? Back in the city, the traffic and all the commotion wares you down with stress. What makes the city special for some is what makes others cringe. We seem to have less than 24 hours a day, and we seem to be using them poorly.

I wish we could find ourselves again and start using up every second in our 24 hours. My reflection on the skillet brings me back from the journey I've made. As I stand over the stove I can feel a hungry and empty stomach. I walk to the refrigerator and take out toast and butter. Then I quickly prepare myself a simple breakfast and begin to eat with only myself for company.

