**Models for Part I of Unit project**

**A – Analysis of Song** (I would analyze the song I used for the assignment. As a matter of fact, I might revise my draft of the assignment to make sure that I did analyze how the songwriter created the theme. )

**B – Being Bowe (my attempt at using meaningful rhyme in a poem – you don’t have to have an A B rhyme scheme – it just has to use rhyme meaningfully.**

My name wasn’t always Mrs. Bowe;

 I once had a different identity.

 The thought of changing it made me think “Oh no!”

 But then I had a piece of serenity.

 Changing my name didn’t change my face,

 my thoughts, my likes, my hates.

 Changing my name didn’t change my place

 my car, my clothes, my fate.

 I changed it to marry a man

 who has proven rock solid all along

 to marry this man, of whom I’m a fan

 who has made my heart chirp a song.

 So while my name wasn’t always Mrs. Bowe,

 I’m glad today that it is.

 It’s been 14 long years, as we both know,

 and I’m glad that I took his.

**C – Carrying on with the Dog (okay – this is supposed to be my original poem which uses elements from the lesson. I need to work on this draft a bit more to get in personification and some of the other elements.)**

He carries on with the dog, frolicking and dancing

He carries on with the dog, jumping and barking

He carries on with the dog, leaping and shouting

They have so much fun that’s it difficult to tell

Which one is the dog and which one is the boy.

**D – Daring Book of Mine. (Use of personification in an entry – not all your entries need to be poetry, but most of them should for this first section of the project. If you write prose, try to be poetic in your prose)**

 This daring book I am reading creeps into my mind when I’m least expecting it. The characters are so wrong! The plot seems so weird. The book leaps into my brain like a ballerina on the stage performing a grotesque move which seems impossible. It might be the author’s song this book is singing while it dances but the characters seems to lack both the wisdom and the love of the book it references. *Song of Solomon* – it should be a love poem. *Song of* *Solomon* – it should be wise. This book attacks my squeamishness, flaying open my sense of what people should do and shouldn’t. I recognize the honesty this book has as violence occurs and racism occurs and loving the wrong person occurs (all the time). Yet does such a lovely name belong on such a harsh book? It seems almost like a betrayal – at least, up through chapter 4 it does.

**E – (I need to think about an E – maybe I’ll write an entry about this project and use more personification in it)**

**F – (I need to think about an F – maybe I’ll write an entry about how much fun it is to ride a motorcycle and use lots of imagery in it. Not drive a motorcycle, but ride one. No, I can’t drive a motorcycle yet.)**

**G – Growing up (hey – notice how I worked in repetition? Specifically ANAPHORA? And I tried to work in a balance with coordinating conjunctions?)**

 Even though I’ve finished my growing up a long, long time ago – well, maybe not that long ago – I feel like I’m still a kid. Just yesterday I was in 10th grade. Just yesterday I was in driver’s ed. Just yesterday I was graduating high school and college. Just yesterday I was standing in front of my first class ever, teaching something or other – it all kind of blends. So when do you master growing up? It’s more than just paying bills or shopping for food or cleaning the house. When do you feel like you’re the expert and that yes, you are the grown up. Perhaps it’s when you start having to be responsible for those who are younger or weaker than you. Perhaps it’s when you start seeing the patterns in life and recognize what is most likely going to happen next. Perhaps it’s when you realize that other people exist and have other perspectives and desires. Perhaps it’s when you recognize that the world does not revolve around you, no matter how much you wish it did.