WHEN I WAS YOUNG
IN THE MOUNTAINS
by Cynthia Rylant
illustrated by Diane Goode

STANDARD 3: Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective techniques, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

I can create an entry with lots of sensory imagery and description by chaining my memories

Mentor texts: When I Was Young in the Mountains-Cynthia Rylant

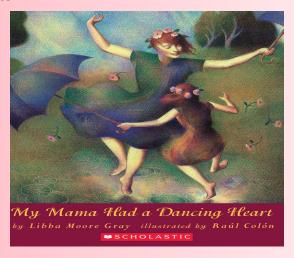
He Remembers-Paul Auster
She Remembers-Mrs. Clyne-Davis

# **Essential Questions:**

- How can I make my writing more powerful and impact my audience?
- What am I trying to show about myself through my personal narrative?
- What life lesson did I learn and want to share with my audience?
- How did I change as a result of this experience?

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Connection: We have been working on creating entries that incorporate a lot of sensory imagery, details and figurative language. Some of our best stories come from recounting the simple, comforting, everyday rituals of home. Rituals are often the little things we remember most--or things we most miss doing when they no longer happen. Last time, we did a shared reading of *My Mama Had a Dancing Heart* by Libby Moore Gray. As we read, we paid attention to the family rituals described by the author. Gray shared a melodic remembrance of her mother, who welcomed each season with boundless enthusiasm-and bade her daughter to do the same: ""Bless the world/ it feels like/ a tip-tapping/ song-singing/ finger-snapping/ kind of day. / Let's celebrate.""

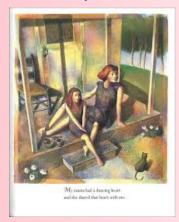


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### Connection:

The two danced barefoot in the spring rain, ran through the summer surf with balloons a kites tied to their wrists, performed a ""leaf-kicking/ leg-lifting/ hand-clapping/ hello autun ballet,"" and lay on the ground to make snow angels in winter. Shifting to the present tense, the girl-now a ballerina-notes how these memories serve as inspiration as she leaps across the stage. She used the repeated refrain of "My Mama Had a Dancing Hea and she shared that heart with me throughout the text. The story and ended with this beautiful refrain--which we also noted was a circular ending.

Today, we will continue our journey of incorporating lots of sensory imagery and figuratively language into our writing by using a technique called *chaining*. We will see how well Cynthia Rylant does this in her personal narrative, *When I Was Young in the Mountains*. We will then use this mentor text to help guide our own writing as we prepare to publish our own personal narrative-memory booklets.



# I can create an entry with lots of sensory imagery and description by chaining my memories

## Teach:

When we speak about *chaining our memories*, it is a technique writers use to help get from one image to another. It can be a repeated *refrain* (a line or phrase) that we return to when we are stuck about what to write next. To help us generate material for our personal narrative, it may be enough to keep repeating, "I remember..." as does Paul Auster who writes of himself in third person in *The Invention of Solitude:* 

He remembers the sight of his father knotting his tie and saying to him, Rise and shine little boy. He remembers wanting to be a squirrel, because he wanted to be light like a squirrel and have a bushy tail and be able to jump from tree to tree as though he were flying. He remembers looking through the venetian blinds and seeing his newborn sister coming home from the hospital in his mother's arms...



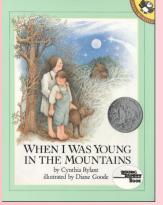


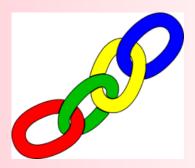
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## Teach:

In When I Was Young in the Mountains, Cynthia Rylant uses the refrain of the title to take her from one image to another. Each idea or detail is like the link in a chain connected both to the thought in front of it and the one behind

it.





So let's listen to the story. We will then create a plan for publishing our own chaining memory booklet with our own repeated refrain. Remember to keep the following in mind as we listen to Cynthia Rylant's tale and create our own stories:

- 1. Why is this memory-place-person so important?
- 2. What is the unique role this place-memory-person play?
- 3. Why does this memory-place-person mean more to me-author than it seems to mean to other members of my family?
- 4. Have I-author always cherished this person-memory-place or has this changed over time?
- 5. What do I-author want to say about this person-place-memory that I haven't said yet?
- 6. How does this memory-place-person fit into the whole of who I am as a person?
- 7. What am I-author really teaching the reader about who I am and what is important to me?

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# When I Was Young in the Mountains

### BY CYNTHIA RYLANT

When I was young in the mountains, Grandfather came home in the evening covered with the black dust of a coal mine. Only his lips were clean, and he used them to kiss the top of my head.

When I was young in the mountains, Grandmother spread the table with hot corn bread, pinto beans and fried okra.

Later, in the middle of the night, she walked through the grass with me to the johnny-house and held my hand in the dark. I promised never to eat more than one serving of okra again.

When I was young in the mountains, we walked across the cow pasture and through the woods, carrying our towels. The swimming hole was dark and muddy, and we sometimes saw snakes, but we jumped in anyway.

On our way home, we stopped at Mr. Crawford's for a mound of white butter. Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford looked alike and always smelled of sweet milk.

When I was young in the mountains, we pumped pails of water from the well at the bottom of the hill, and heated the water to fill round tin tubs for our baths.

Afterward we stood in front of the old black stove, shivering and giggling, while Grandmother heated cocoa on top.

When I was young in the mountains, we went to church in the schoolhouse on Sundays, and sometimes walked with the congregation through the cow pasture to the dark swimming hole, for baptisms.

My cousin Peter was laid back into the water and his white shirt stuck to him, and my Grandmother cried.

When I was young in the mountains, we listened to frogs sing at dusk and awoke to cowbells outside our windows. Sometimes a black snake came in the yard, and my Grandmother would threaten it with a hoe.

If it did not leave, she used the hoe to kill it. Four of us once draped a very long snake, dead of course, across our necks for a photograph.

When I was young in the mountains, we sat on the porch swing in the evenings, and Grandfather sharpened my pencils with his pocketknife. Grandmother sometimes shelled beans and sometimes braided my hair. The dogs lay around us, and the stars sparkled in the sky. A bobwhite whistled in the forest.

Bob-bob-bohmbite

When I was young in the mountains, I never wanted to go to the ocean, and I never wanted to go to the desert. I never wanted to go anywhere else in the world, for I was in the mountains. And that was always enough.

We learn that the mountains was a very special place for the author. Each moment or image is filled with lots of small details that helps paint a picture in the reader's mind. She also uses figurative language like onomatopoeia when the bobcat is sneaking up and personification like the frogs singing. There is a circular ending that leaves us with an important thought from the author that she would never want to be anywhere else but in her beautiful, rural mountains with her loving family.

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I do: Notice how I wrote in third person as I created a story about a doll named rs. Beasley. This narrative is entitled, *She Remembers Mrs.* 

Beaslev:



BY: FELICE CLYNE

She remembers Mrs. Beasley.

Staring at the corner of her room where her own Mrs. Beasley sits in a wooden doll's chair, she is magically transformed back in time.

She gazes at her old pal who is clad in blue polka dot pajamas, a matching apron and floppy yellow slippers. Homemade black glasses, made out of pipe cleaners cover two, big blue wide eyes. She admires the cherubic cheeks, sad smile and curly-blonde hair that adorn the large head of this old buddy who along with her television friends provided comfort and companionship.

She remembers how years earlier, she serenely sat sunk into a yellow bean bag chair, her eyes fixated to an old black & white television set. She remembers adjusting the rabbit ears on the set whose picture rolled more often than Jack and Jill tumbling down the hill.

Munching on a Drake's devil dog, she remembers hearing words emerge from the 12 "screen.

"Mrs. Beasley is **not** a doll," she remembers pig-tailed, frecklefaced, Buffy Davis loudly lamenting as she tightly clutched the big rag doll during the premiere episode of the sitcom, *Family Affair.* "Mrs. Beasley is my friend!"

It was a phrase that would play over and over again in her mind. Much the same way a phonograph needle used to get stuck in the groove of an old forty-five.

Having *Mrs.* Beasley along for the roller coaster ride makes the ups and downs of being a grown up easier. She reflects and feels ready to take on any adult challenges that come in her direction. Looking into your eyes provides me with comfort, like warm furry slippers and a mirror of reflections—happy moments of my past and a constant reminder to always have a little bit of faith and lots of love!

What does ending reveal about me?

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Active engagement: Turn and talk to your partner.

What did you notice I did in She Remember Mrs. Beasley? What did I reveal to my readers?

Now it's your turn to create your own memory chains--trying to collect as many details as you can. You may settle into one memory before going to the next. or you may go from one idea into another. You can do in first or third person. Here are some starters for chaining...turn and talk it over with your partner, which one you will try today:

I remember...

When we lived at...

When I was in second (first-third) grade...

In the summertime...

I used to imagine...

I dreamed that...

When I was little, I used to...

Every night...

When I was young in Flushing...

GOT A BETTER IDEA? USE YOUR OWN....

PREFER TO DO AN ENTRY LIKE MY MAMA HAD A DANCING HEART INSTEAD? GO FOR THAT INSTEAD!

DON'T FORGET TO KEEP THESE QUESTIONS IN MIND AS YOU ARE WRITING:

- 1. Why is this memory-place-person so important?
- 2. What is the unique role this place-memory-person play?
- 3. Why does this memory-place-person mean more to me-author than it seems to mean to other members of my family?
- 4. Have I-author always cherished this person-memory-place or has this changed over time?
- 5. What do I-author want to say about this person-place-memory that I haven't said yet?
- 6. How does this memory-place-person fit into the whole of who I am as a person?
- 7. \*\*What am I-author really teaching the reader about who I am and what is important to me?

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Independent: Work on your chaining entries. I will circulate to assist those who need help. Don't forget to include lots of sensory imagery and description along with figurative language.

Mid-workshop interruption:



I noticed that \_\_\_\_\_ is doing something very smart in their writing today. Let's stop, look and listen as they share.

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SHARE: What did you work on as a writer?

REFLECT: How did chaining and using a repeated refrain help you?

What are you trying to reveal to readers about you--important

message?



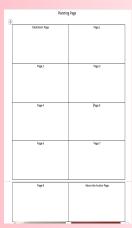
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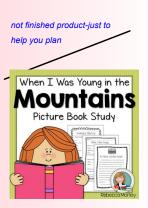
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**Follow up:** We will be creating our own memory booklets using the texts we have used in the past couple of days as mentor texts (When I was Young in the Mountains & My Mama Had a Dancing Heart) to help guide our work.

### Students will create:

- A cover for a book that has a photo and-or illustrations-clip art
- A dedication page
- 8 story pages with illustrations and-or clip art-photos
- An about the author page
- USE THE PLANNING PAGE TO ASSIST YOU:





	HAINING	3	2	1
CONTENT	Each memory is carefully planned, complete and contains interesting details with lovely, descriptive language.	Most memories are carefully planned, mostly contain interesting details with lovely, descriptive language.	Some memories are carefully planned and some may not be complete. Language should be more descriptive and interesting.	Most memor are poorly planned, incomplete. Language is dull and lack descriptions and details.
FORMAT	I carefully followed directions and used the same refrain for each memory. My piece looks like a bookiet or scrapbook and contains appropriate images- photos.	Most of my booklet follows the colors the correct format. I use the same refrain for each memory. I have some photos- pictures- images.	may have left	I did not carefully follow the format and u the same refrain throughout th piece. I do no have any images or pictures.
CONVENTIONS	I attempted to write complete sentences and carefully proofread all my work to avoid careless errors.	Most of my sentences are complete. I msy have a couple of careless errors.	Some of my sentences are incomplete. I have some careless errors.	Most of my sentences are incomplete. I have several careless error

