

## Snapshot & Thoughtshot Notes

📷 Snapshots 🌟	💬 Thoughtshots 🌟
<p><b>Define:</b> Paint a picture with your words, using the five senses – smell, hear, see, touch, taste.</p> <p>Snapshots = events</p> <p><b>What does a writer do to create a snapshot?</b> <i>Figurative Language</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Descriptive word choice</li> <li>• Maybe use a visual aid to help inspire your writing</li> <li>• Metaphors</li> <li>• Similes</li> <li>• Select an important moment in the story</li> <li>• Onomatopoeia (sounds words)</li> <li>• Personification</li> <li>• Slang/colloquialisms (ex: y'all, ain't, hoagie vs. grinder, soda vs. pop, etc) – this is probably best for thoughtshots</li> <li>• Different spellings (color vs. colour)</li> <li>• Hyperbole (greatly exaggerate – ex: I'm starving; I'm so hungry I could eat a horse; I'm freezing)</li> </ul> <p><b>Why do authors use snapshots?</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Sets a mood/tone</li> <li>• So the reader will feel like they are in the story/moment</li> <li>• Connects the story to places the reader has been</li> <li>• Use them to hook the reader</li> <li>• Help reader understand something confusing</li> <li>• Use in an important moment (ex: "Aha" moment)</li> </ul> <p><b>Examples from your writing:</b></p> <p><i>"I walk into the enormous stadium of 50,000 plus people. All of them shouting player's names. I look all around the stadium. Every single piece of it is historical, from homeplate to monument park. I see a little gap in right field, and 'zip!' the subway passes by and I can see people on it just trying to get a little</i></p>	<p><b>Define:</b> A description of what the main character is thinking/feeling at a specific moment.</p> <p>Thoughtshots = experiences</p> <p><b>What does a writer do to create a thoughtshot?</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Use inner-dialogue</li> <li>• Use figurative language (see snapshot column)</li> <li>• Use feelings/emotions</li> <li>• Pick a point of view</li> <li>• Show don't tell</li> </ul> <p><b>Why do authors use thoughtshots?</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Foreshadowing</li> <li>• Show what character is thinking/feeling</li> <li>• Show a perspective</li> <li>• Move the plot forward</li> <li>• Show voice and personality</li> </ul> <p><b>Examples from your writing:</b></p> <p><i>"'Geez, I really don't want to be here,' I think. 'Anything would be better.' The fact that subjects are boring and the windows show the playground, a sanctuary of joy, makes me want to run into it. Other kids in higher grades look like there enjoying school. But why. Why would they be? Nothing special ever happens here. Looking to the ground with my hands to the wall. Wanting to go home, wishing the day was over. Then I realize something; the 1<sup>st</sup> grade is a jungle, a jungle I don't want to be in."</i></p> <p><i>"'This is it,' I thought. 'This is the big moment, and you're blowing it.' As my classmates looked on at me with hard, judging eyes...I deeply wanted to impress them, to fit in, to not be an outcast, to have friends. But all they did was giggle with spite. My heart burned with an agony and turmoil that I had never felt before, as all hope for being normal had suddenly vanished."</i></p>

*glimpse of the 8<sup>th</sup> wonder of the world that is also known as Yankee Stadium.”*

*“Will did most of the looking while I followed him around through the laundry room that smelled heavily like starch from ironing. “Brrrrm!” the machines rumbled as loud as thunder. We searched through all my old toys and the sports stuff then looked in Dad’s workshop, being extra careful not to touch any sharp saws hanging on the wall or get a splinter on the panels of wood on the workbench. Hope was lost for finding our presents until we moved over to the storage room. ‘What a perfect place to hide presents,’ I thought. Boxes stacked up high labeled with things like photo albums or Christmas decorations. There was one narrow pathway so only one of us could fit. Since Will was much taller and stronger than I was he scooted in and started rummaging through everything but nothing was to be found.”*

*“It was about six at night, and we were flying at about 40,000 feet in altitude. As I looked through the window, I could see tiny snowflakes develop like bacteria. Looking outside was truly amazing. I could see the tip of the wing shine in front of the sun setting colors in the background. As a transition of bright orange and ultramarine begin to form the black sky from above (or I should say space). I saw the scattered cirrus clouds stretch, looking like the crust of chicken tenders. Unfortunately, I couldn’t see the ant-like people and small buildings from below.”*

*Dwayne Wade gracefully intercepted the deep pass down court, and glided like a bullet down towards the opposing team’s basket. He made it look so easy! He slowed to a jog and took grasp of the ball in one hand. He took a first, then second large and swooping step with his team color-black, red, and white-shoes clapping as he did so. He palmed the ball in his talon-like fingers on his right hand jumped. He looked as if he defied gravity as he soared from the foul line. Wade brought the ball up and over from behind his bald, sweating head, and threw it down the hoop*

*“There’s blood!!! There’s blood!!!” I screeched searching for an ambulance. My dad rushed to my side and cradled me in his arms. Oh God... I am going to die...God please help me! I’m really sorry about all that candy I stole from my brother...I really am...SERIOUSLY! I promise to never do it again God...just please let me live!!! I am only 6 God!!! I haven’t even learned how to tie my shoes yet! I NEED to live!!! I frantically thought. My daddy wiped away the drop or two of blood and helped me up onto my feet.*

*for a perfect 'tomahawk' jam. Then, gravity finally pulled him to the ground, as I thought it never would, and he casually jogged back to the other side of the court with a nonchalant step.*
