

Creative Writing: Gender Switching Assignment

Due Date: _____

As a writer of fiction you are seriously handicapped if you cannot write convincingly about people unlike yourself. You should be able to assume “voice” of someone completely unlike yourself.

State Objectives: 3.B.3a and 3.B.3b Considerable elaboration through multiple strategies (e.g. points of view / perspective, others’ reactions, dialogue, etc.).

Assignment: Write a narrative about someone unlike yourself. If you are a male, please write this narrative in the voice of a female, and vice versa. Your characters should have names that gives clues to their nature, a clear voice, use of dialogue, and an interesting plot. This paper should be at least two pages typed using 12 font.

Names for Characters:

Names are critical for key characters, but they are also crucial for minor players whose names might be the main clues to their natures. Names stir feelings; they affect reader engagement. What if Scarlet O’Hara had been called Midge Bumpf? A good name is apt and evocative: Holly Golightly, Ebenezer Scrooge, and Oozespawn the Rancid--names like these seem to have come prepackaged with characters. But developing name after name calls for strategy:

Consider what the name needs to suggest--maybe no more than “every child,” like Harry Potter, but the more complex the characterization, like that of Holden Caulfield, for example, the more you may want a distinctive and evocative name.

Create a name for the following:

1. A girl who is very cunning and jealous of her sister and every other girl:

2. A boy who is the best athlete in the school.

3. The quiet girl who is too scared to talk in school.

4. A notorious thief who steals during the night from neighborhood homes:

5. The most beautiful girl in the school:

6. The class clown in the school:

Here is a sample of an excellent piece by seventh grader Aolani Cahue. Remember to write this piece in narrative form. Set the scene, have a clear beginning, middle, and end, indent when there is a new point of view, a new person speaking, a new time period or event, develop significant names for your characters, and most importantly, develop a main character which has a different “voice” than yourself as this character is the opposite gender to yourself.

video games, sports, girls, video games, sports, girls, video games, sports, girls, video games, sports, girls.....this is pretty much what runs through a guy’s brain!

“A Guy’s Life”

By Aolani Cahue

“Wake up Aj! Wake up!.....AJ WAKE UP!!!” says my mom as she rapidly shakes me. I open my eyes and look at my mother groggily. She shakes me one last time before I finally yell out, “UUGGGHHH!!! OK! I’M UP!! I’M UP!!” What could she possibly want! It was a Saturday, and I was in no mood to be woken up at 9 a.m.

“I have a doctor’s appointment and some grocery shopping to do, if you...”

“If I need anything, blah, blah, blah, blah, call you.” She looks at me sternly, says bye and leaves. THANK YOU!! She’s finally gone! Now I can just go back to sleep or better yet I should call my bro, Jordan, to come play some *Call Of Duty* with me or shoot some hoops. Ya, another Saturday well spent.

12 p.m *DING DONG, DING DONG, DING DONG*

“YO! HOLD UP I’M COMING!” I run down the stairs, nearly falling, and open the door.

“WASSUP MY MAN!” Jordan looks at me, and we walk to the living room. I turn on my XBOX-360, and we begin to play *Call Of Duty*. As we play every time I get a headshot, Jordan, as usual has to yell out, at least five times, “AWE MAN DID YOU SEE THAT!! THAT WAS SICK!!”. Of coarse, I saw it Jordan! After all, I am sitting right next to you! When we finally start gettin’ really into the game, the dumb game decides it wants to lag.

“You’ve got to be kiddin’ me!!!” I yell out “What...the ..heck!!!” Jordan and I just stare blankly at each other then back at the game as it freezes. We both sigh and throw the controls to the ground.

“So anyway, you got any food?” says Jordan. “I haven’t ate lunch yet.”

“Uuuuuuummmmm, I don’t know. Wanna go check?” We turn off the game and headed straight to raid the kitchen.

As I looked through all the cabinets, I came across a bag of potato chips and a bag of popcorn. I put the popcorn in the microwave for two minutes and open the chips. Jordan and I then sat back down on the coach and devoured the bag, inhaling every last crumb.

After awhile of watchin T.V and chillin out, we decide to go outside and shoot some hoops.

“Dude! You’re SOOOOOO lucky! You live next to Rebecca Fine! THE HOTTEST GURRL IN THE ENTIRE SCHOOL!”

“Haha, I know right! Pretty beast ain’t it!”

“Dude, do you think that she’ll notice us?” as we both look up at her house in awe.

“I don’t know. She might.” We grab the basketball and start running around and shootin at the basket, showin off our best moves. Just then she and a group of friends walked outside all full of giggles. I dribble the ball and then go to shoot, and It makes it in.

“O YA!!” I yell out I felt studly as the girls start to cheer, I run over by them and they all give me high fives. I start showin them my “muscles” cuz you know da girls dig that. Jordan trying to show off as well, goes to shoot, but it hits the back board instead, and the ball come hurtling toward me and hits me in the face. Jordan and I start to laugh.

“What the heck dude!” I say mad but still laughing at the same time. The girls look at me in shock as if they couldn’t believe I had just gotten hit with a basketball and was now laughing about it.

“Are.....you ok?” Rebecca says to me.

“Ummmmm..uuuhhhhhh...ya, ya, ya, I’m....fine.....just fine.” The girls all look at each other, as if speakin in some weirdo, mind readin’, kinda thing, and then wave bye and walk back into Rebecca’s house. I run over to Jordan and push him into the grass.

“Nice going!” I yell at him.

“Hahaha! Chill out bro! At least she noticed you!”

“Ya.....Whatever...let’s go back inside.”

Just as Jordan and I sit down at the kitchen table, my mom walks through the door with a hand full of grocery bags. She looks at me, sighs, rolls her eyes, and then continues to walk over to the counter to set down the bags.

Jordan and I peer into the bags in curiosity. We pull out another bag of chips and just as I’m about to open them my mom yells, “AJ!! YOU DIDN’T DARE TO HELP ME BRING IN THE GROCERIES NOW PUT THE CHIPS DOWN THIS INSTANT!” I drop the bag and the chips fall to the floor. My mom glared at me and nodded her head.

It was at that moment that I had realized I left the popcorn in the microwave and that it smelled like burnt popcorn throughout the entire kitchen. I run over to the microwave and prop open the door.

“AWE MAN THAT REEKS!” I yelled out. When I tried to go grab the popcorn bag out of the microwave, my mom slapped my hand away and told me not to touch the

bag. As Jordan and I walk out of the kitchen and up the stairs to my room, we begin to crack up hysterically.

“Dude!...HAHAHA.....That was....HAHA...really smart of you!” says Jordan. That night I was grounded for almost burning the house down apparently. But it’s ok, cuz I got Rebecca to notice me.