

## MAXIMUS – descriptive writing example of **showing** emotion rather than **telling**

TO BE USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH *MAXIMUS*  
TEACHING NOTES ONLY

Descriptive writing uses many sensory details that paint a picture and appeals to the reader's senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste. Descriptive writing may also paint pictures of the emotions.

### DAD GETS ANGRY – DRAFT (from chapter 7)

At the dinner table Megan was poking at her food. She was in a wingey mood. Dad was quiet. Mum encouraged Megan to try some of the potato on top of the pie.

'I don't like it. You know I don't like the cheese on the top.'

Dad got angry. He yelled at Megan, 'Eat the bloody thing and stop winging!'

She started crying.

'Stop crying or I'll give you something to really cry about!'

Dad never hit us. I think he has been close at times. He didn't believe in hitting. He used to say, 'Violence doesn't solve anything.' I think that is where I get my non-violent streak from.

Megan took a runner from the table.

'Get back here young lady!'

I decided to say something, not sure what I was thinking but these words come out of my mouth.

'Leave her alone you bully. What is wrong with this family?'

'Who asked your opinion?' Dad turned on me now.

Use coloured highlighters or pencils to show what senses are heightened. Sight – yellow, hearing – pink, touch – blue, smell – green, taste – orange. Emotions – purple.

### DAD GETS ANGRY – AFTER EDITING

At the dinner table Megan was poking at her food, in her whinge and whine mood. Dad was quiet but I could see the lava bubbling.

'Do I have to eat this?' Megan's face scrunched.

'Just try some of the potato on the top.' Mum was trying to keep things peaceful.

'I don't like it. You know I don't like the cheese on the top,' she whined.

That set Dad off. 'Eat the bloody stuff and stop whinging!'

Megan's face contorted as she started to cry.

'Stop crying, or I'll give you something to really cry about!' The veins on Dad's neck stuck out as he raised his fist.

Megan did a runner from the table.

'Get back here young lady! Dad pounded the table so hard everything bounced and the salt shaker fell over.

My fists clenched tightly under the table as air pumped in and out of my nose. I had that pre-eruption feeling again. I'd never seen Dad this angry. What was he going to do next? Dad never hit us, but I think he's been close at times. He didn't believe in hitting. He used to say, 'Violence doesn't solve anything.'

I don't know where the courage came from, but words spewed out of my mouth: 'Leave her alone, you big bully. What's wrong with this family?'

'Who asked your flamin' opinion?' Dad's fiery eyes and raised fist turned on me now.