

Katie Snyder
Assignment #4
Describe

1. Though he looks up to most people, his presence is big enough to fill the room as he enters. Dog hair from his from his pit bull covers his Golden State Warriors sweatshirt and his hair sticks up all over. He walks in with the look of a young comedian taking the stage, his brown eyes bright with the anticipation of his first joke. Someone sitting on the couch beats him to the punch line as he joins the others, but he doesn't mind. Instead he laughs, loud and deep, fading into a soft chuckle.
2. Make reader feel Nostalgia, Revulsion, and a Windstorm
 - a. The melody of "Sweet Caroline" comes onto the speakers, overpowering the sounds of the game as the fans sing along in roaring unison. The smell of concession hotdogs and overpriced beer seems somewhat fragrant in the fading evening light.
 - b. "You can bite off a finger with the same force you use to bite a carrot," she told him. He didn't believe her. Without missing a beat, she took his finger in her mouth, bit down hard, and spit the end of his finger onto the floor.
 - c. The sky turned an eerie brown as sand filled the air. A sudden gust whipped my hair into my face blinding me. As I pulled the hair away from my eyes, I hoped for renewed vision but saw only a cloud of brown dust before me. I ran for cover to the nearest building and watched the wind pick up anything that wasn't nailed down.
3. Describe
 - a. As I bit down the orange burst, filling my mouth with a sweet and bitter juice.
 - b. Though I was pacing across campus in the brisk cold, the oaky aroma of the coffee gave me visions of a warm, rustic cabin.
 - c. The silk of the dress felt the way fresh butter looks, smooth and moldable.
 - d. The motorcycle revving sounded like a jackhammer hitting the pavement, with exhaust billowing from the tailpipe like smoke from the asphalt.
4. Public Figures
 - a. She giggles as she delivers her lines, delighting in the absurd reality that her job involves crude jokes and ironic dancing.
 - b. Despite his title of comedian, the man couldn't get more than a pity laugh during his vulgar performance.

5. My toys sat patiently in the corner but none seemed interesting to me, as I lay sprawled out across the floor, watching the minutes crawl by and begging my mother for entertainment.
6. Describing Sorrow & Joy
 - a. She felt crippled by the loss of her father, as if she had lost a vital limb. Her sadness turned to a physical pain. For the third week she lacked the energy to get out of bed.
 - b. I am already half way out the door as the car pulls into my driveway. My best friend parks and gets out of the car in the same motion and runs to wrap me in a hug for the first time in months. We separate hours later with our jaws aching from smiling.