**Significant Spot preview**

**Directions: Here are four very different examples of “Significant Spot” memoirs. For each of the following you will look for examples of imagery and figurative language. Make a key to identify the following in each example.**

Imagery:

* Smell\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Sight\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Sound\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Taste\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Touch\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Figurative language

* Personification\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Simile/metaphor\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* Onomatopoeia\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Cyprian Keyes**

Cyprian Keyes is an extraordinary place that has wonderfully fresh air and newly mown grass. Hawks circle above flags looking for a big, juicy mouse for dinner. All you can see is green, swallowing you up like a huge pile of leaves you just jumped in.

Cyprian Keyes is my special, greatly loved place. I can golf there for as long as I like, until I feel satisfied and fulfilled. Red flags in challenging holes flap in the wind like a hand waving at you, saying “Come here!” Chipmunks scurry around, mocking gray squirrels.

Cyprian Keyes is a place I will never forget. It is engraved in my heart and mind. It calms me, and helps me improve on the thing I love most. The clunk of my ball falling in the hole is my favorite sound in the world.

Cyprian Keyes is one of the few places where I can see a little white face with many pimples smiling down at me from the clouds. It is one of the few places where I can hit my little round friend as hard as I like with my club. It is a place where I can exchange a silver range token for treasure, a bucket of golf balls. Cyprian Keyes is unique.

Cyprian Keyes is a place where I feel free and adventurous. It is a place where I can play joyfully and work stressfully hard at the same time. Cyprian Keyes is one-of-a-kind.

Cyprian Keyes is my extraordinary, special, greatly loved, unique, one-of-a-kind place. It makes me feel satisfied and fulfilled. It is engraved in my heart and mind. It is a part of me. Cyprian Keyes is a place I will never forget.

**The Snow Hill**

Back when I was a young boy, there were some woods behind our house and in those woods was a dirt road that led to an abandoned sand quarry, complete with a sloping wall of top soil, which in winter became a pretty big and steep snow hill, for a ten year old anyway.

With every fresh snowfall this hill immediately attracted every youngster in the neighborhood, time and time again we would climb up with toboggan in tow, position ourselves at the crest of this marvelous mound of merriment and launch our little bodies down and hope for the best.

Now after a few of us had slid down and trudged our way up a dozen times or so, a mound would form at the bottom of the hill to the delight of every little maniac there. It served us well as a take off ramp.

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I remember one time when I was first to arrive the day after one of our outings, I was pretty pleased, the snow on the hill was hard packed as was the mound at the bottom and it was all mine, for a little while anyway, so I wasted no time climbing up and settling in at the top, aiming my toboggan at the sweet spot at the bottom. Sitting cross legged at the very front of my trusty downhill racer and a few pushes of my mitten covered hands, down I went, the wind in my face, over the bump.

Once again I launched myself downhill steering my somewhat beat up aluminum toboggan and once more flew over the mound, a cloud of snow around my face. This is a place I will always love and cherish.

**The Coast**

When I’m at the coast,
I see the waves crash against the shore,
I hear the roar of the ocean,
I smell the moist salty air,
I feel the spray engulf me.

This is my favorite place.

A place full of memories of my brother and I chasing crabs into holes,

A place where we launched ourselves into the waves screaming, “Tsunami!”

I see the plaid wool blanket grandma sunbathes on.

I hear the seagulls caw to one another.

I smell the salted ocean air.

I feel the love of my family as we smile as bright as the glowing sun.

A place I will always love.

A place that I will forever come.

**The Teeter-Totter**

 “Mom, where are we going?” I questioned as we piled into my mom’s tomato red Expedition.

“We’re going to sign Erica up for soccer,” she replied.

“Where?”

“At the Lamont’s house.”

“Oh, okay.”

When we finally pulled up to the Lamont’s house, I leapt out of the car as fast as a jackrabbit.

“So, where do we sign up Mum?” my sister, Erica, asked.

“Over there at that booth,” mom replied.

When we got to the booth, we filled out some forms, and signed my sister up. When we left the lady there called, “NEXT!”

After we finished signing Erica up, my mom started talking to everyone. After a few minutes of listening, Erica and I got bored out of our minds.

“Hey Erica, lets go over to the teeter-totter,” I said.

“Anything to get away from here,” she groaned.

The teeter-totter was in a wooden box filled with woodchips. There were trees surrounding it, but it was still very hot and sunny. On both ends under the teeter-totter there was a tire dug into the ground to bounce you back up once you hit the ground.

Once we got on the teeter-totter we were joined by about twelve other people. They divided evenly and got on separate sides, and I got pushed to the front. After a few times going back and forth, everyone on the opposite side jumped off. We all flew backwards and then bounced back up once we hit the tire, then we flew forward. As I was soaring through the air, I sliced my chin open on the teeter-totter. I fell to the ground with the crimson blood flowing down my face. The last thing I remember was the sun in my eyes and people asking, “Are you okay?”

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When I finally came to my senses, I was at the doctor’s office. The doctor had started to clean my wound. I felt a sharp sting in my face as the cleaner cleaned my cut. “Ow,” I howled out in pain.

After the cleaning, the doctor put seven stitches in my chin. I flinched at the sight of the needle and thread.
Once the procedure was over I went home, got something to eat and went to bed. That’s the last time I’ll ever go on a teeter-totter, I thought right before my eyes snapped shut.