

## Symbol Stories

Draw one person and one object from the bucket in class today. Write a story in which you use the object as a symbol for the person. Be sure that both the person and the object are present in the story. Think how characteristics of the object could apply to the person.

The story should be about one page (double-spaced typed or single-spaced handwritten). It can be any genre.

See the example below to get a better idea of what we're talking about.

My person\_\_\_\_\_

My object\_\_\_\_\_

### Sample:

#### A Librarian and a Kite

The librarian looked out the window of his office. A half-dozen kids scurried about on the lawn, revolving around a single boy, who was staring, agape, at the sky. He followed the boy's gaze and caught the glimmer of color flashing against the grey-blue clouds. It was a kite, shaped like a phoenix, flapping and floundering against invisible currents of wind.

He pressed his face against the window and followed the kite's undulating path, piggybacking on one wave only to buckle under another. Up and down and around it danced, a red and yellow blade.

*Go higher, the librarian silently urged, forgetting his job for a moment. Find the current that will carry you away, away from everything that holds you down.*

As a child, the librarian wasn't one to fly kites. He had been too absorbed in his books. The library was his sanctuary, his favorite haunt, during those tumultuous childhood and adolescent years. His imagination had driven him there, and it was those fascinating stories that ensnared him. All of the things that worried him—the bullies, the divorce, the hitting—waited on the steps outside the city library, waited for him to come out, but while he was inside, nothing ever bothered him. He traveled to other countries within those walls, put on the skins of other people, *better* people who had no limits. The sky was the limit inside the library.

He sighed as the kite dipped dangerously close to the walls. A kite couldn't break free of its string. Inevitably it would be pulled down to sprawl on the lawn, if it didn't crash into something before that. Imaginations and books might lift him up, but only as far as the chains of his past allowed. One of these days he would have to cut the strings that tied him down, and hand his trust over to the mercy of the wind.