



ETAWA State Conference

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What Makes Good Storytelling? An Exploration Through The Senses

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Imaginative Texts – Glossary

Definition

- “Texts whose primary purpose is to entertain or provoke thought through their imaginative use of literary elements. They are recognised for their form, style and artistic and aesthetic value. These texts include novels, traditional tales, poetry, stories, plays, fiction for young adults and children, including picture books, and multimodal texts such as film.”

Syllabus Links – ATAR 11

- “Creative thinking enables students to apply imaginative and inventive capacities in the creation of their original works.”
- “...enjoy creating their own imaginative...responses”
- “Create sustained imaginative...texts”
- “Students consider how language, structure and conventions operate in a variety of imaginative ...texts”
- “Examine the language, structure and features of imaginative ... texts”
- “Analyse and evaluate how and why responses to texts vary through the interplay between imaginative, interpretive and persuasive techniques.”

Syllabus Links – ATAR 12

- “...developing students’... creative, and critical thinking and communication skills in all language modes.”
- “Students refine their skills across all language modes by engaging critically and creatively with texts.”
- “...students apply, extend and refine their repertoire of literacy skills and practices as they examine how meaning is communicated and as they engage in creative response and argument.”
- “Critical and creative thinking is integral to the study and creation of texts in the English ATAR course.”
- “Creative thinking enables students to apply imaginative and inventive capacities in the creation of their original works.”
- “Create a range of texts making innovative and imaginative use of language features.”
- “Students demonstrate understanding of the texts studied through creation of imaginative...responses”
- “Students create sustained imaginative...texts in a range of modes for a variety of purposes and audiences.”

What Makes Good Storytelling?

- “Show, Don’t Tell”
- Writers need to experience to write, so students need to experience to write
- How do we ensure students have experiences?
 - We give them these experiences
- Good writing comes from the five senses
 - Sight
 - Sound
 - Smell
 - Touch
 - Taste

Smell

- “Well it’s – ‘ the wet nurse began, ‘it’s not all that easy to say because... because they don’t smell the same all over, although they smell good all over, Father, you know what I mean? Their feet for instance, they smell like a smooth warm stone – or no, more like curds... or like butter, like fresh butter, that’s it exactly. They smell like fresh butter. And their bodies smell like... like a pancake that’s been soaked in milk. And their heads, up on top, at the back of the head, where the hair makes a cowlick, there, see where I mean, Father, there where you’ve got nothing left...’ and she tapped the bald spot on the head of the monk who, struck speechless for a moment by this flood of detailed inanity, had obediently bent his head down. ‘There, right there, is where they smell best of all. It smells like caramel, it smells so sweet, so wonderful, Father, you have no idea! Once you’ve smelled them there, you love them whether they’re your own or somebody else’s.’ – Perfume by Patrick Süskind.

Smell by Omission

- “The scent had a freshness, but not the freshness of limes or pomegranates, nor the freshness of myrrh or cinnamon bark or curly mint or birch or camphor or pine needles, nor that of a May rain or frosty wind or of well water... and at the same time it had warmth, but not as bergamot, cypress or musk has, or jasmine or narcissi, nor as rosewood has or iris... this scent was a blend of both, of evanescence and substance, not a blend, but a unity, although slight and frail as well, and yet solid and sustaining, like a piece of thin, shimmering silk... and yet again not like silk, but like pastry soaked in honey-sweet milk...” - Perfume by Patrick Süskind.

Sight

- “Short matte black hair, big eyes the way they are in Japanese animation, skin milk thin, buttermilk swallow in her dress with a wallpaper patterns of dark roses, this woman was also in my tuberculosis support group Friday night. She was in my melanoma round table Wednesday night. Monday night she was in my Firm Believers leukemia rap group. The part down the center of her hair is a crooked lightning bolt of white scalp.” - Fight Club by Chuck Palahniuk.

Sight

- “A man sitting on a red weighing machine unstrapped his artificial leg (knee downwards) with a black boot and nice white sock painted on it. The hollow, knobbled calf was pink, like proper calves should be. (When you recreate the image of man, why repeat God’s mistakes?) Inside it he stored his ticket. His towel. His stainless-steel tumbler. His smells. His secrets. His love. His madness. His hope. His ininnate joy. His real foot was bare.” – The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy

Touch

- “She could have touched his body lightly with her fingers, and felt his smooth skin turn to gooseflesh. She could have let her fingers stray to the base of his flat stomach. Carelessly, over those burnished chocolate ridges. And left patterned trails of bumpy gooseflesh on his body, like flat chalk on a chalkboard, like a swathe of breeze in a paddyfield, like jet streaks in a blue church-sky. She could so easily have done that, but she didn’t.”- The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy

Taste

- “Rue contributes a big handful of some sort of starchy root to the meal. Roasted over the fire, they have the sharp sweet taste of a parsnip. She recognises the bird, too, some wild thing they call a groosling in her district. She says sometimes a flock will wander into the orchard and they get a decent lunch that day. For a while, all conversation stops as we fill our stomach. The groosling has delicious meat that’s so fatty, the grease drips down your face when you bite into it.” – The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins

Taste – Reader Reliability

- “He sat and ran his hand around in the works of the gutted machines and in the second one it closed over a cold metal cylinder. He withdrew his hand slowly and sat looking at a Coca Cola.
What is it, Papa?
It’s a treat. For you.
What is it?
Here. Sit down.
He slipped the boy’s knapsack straps loose and set the pack on the floor behind him and he put his thumbnail under the aluminum clip on the top of the can and opened it. He leaned his nose to the slight fizz coming from the can and handed it to the boy. Go ahead, he said.
The boy took the can. It’s bubbly, he said.
Go ahead.
He looked at his father and then tilted the can and drank. He sat there thinking about it. It’s really good, he said.” – The Road by Cormac McCarthy.

Your Turn



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