

You are welcome!



**Lesson 3**  
**Review**

# Orchestral Background introductions

## **Lesson objective:**

In this lesson, you will gain a skill of writing a composition starting with an orchestral introduction. You will also learn how to copy such from books

## **SC**

**D/W will exhibit a skill to write at least 3 paragraphs of an orchestral introduction - can include other aspects like setting**

**C/W will be at least two paragraphs of an orchestral introduction**

**P/W be at least one paragraph of an orchestral introduction**

## **Key voc**

- **Character Orchestration –**
- **Setting – place or time**

# Creative writing – ingredients of an intriguing story

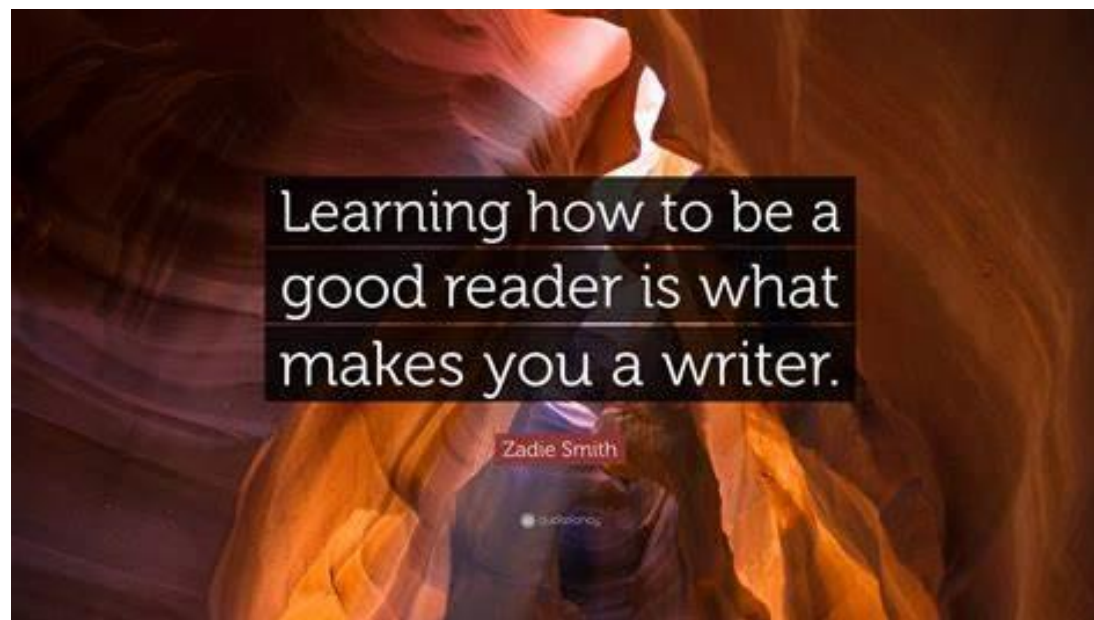
Our expectations of all stories

- A minimum of two pages and well planned
- Proper paragraphing
- Lucrative use of rare vocabulary
- Correct and conscious use of figurative language- idioms, proverbs, descriptions, etc

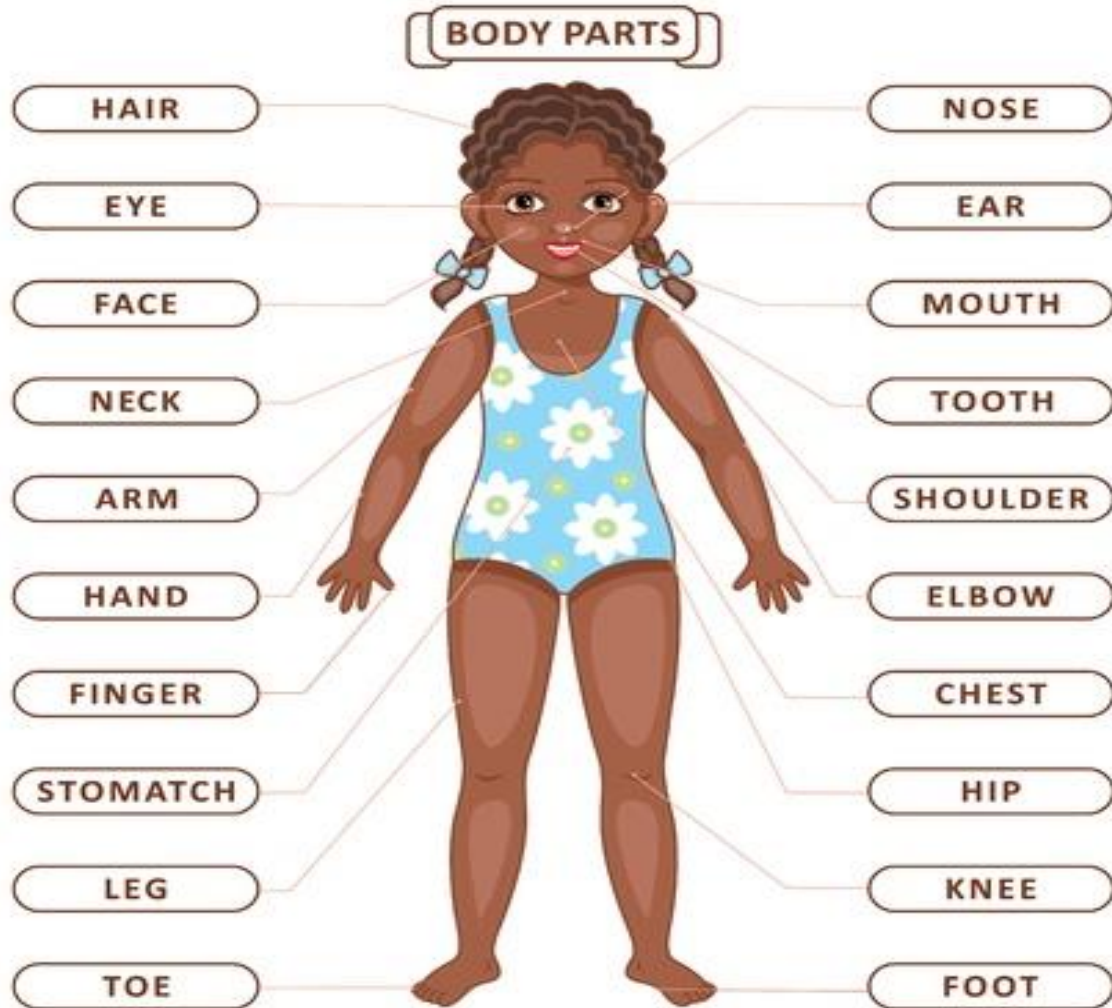
# Creative writing – ingredients of an intriguing story

How to achieve that

- Preparation far before the writing task
- Vocabulary collection and practice
- Sharing experiences and learning from them
- Continuous writing- make it a hobby
- Share your written stories with others for positive criticism
- Do research, enjoy reading. A great writer is a great reader.



# What should be considered to write a good orchestral introduction



- Look at all the physical parts of the character:
  - ✓ **Head** - eyes, nose, eyebrows, lips, teeth, neck, hair, ears, chin, etc
  - ✓ **Hands** – elbow, palms, fingers, fingernails, veins, etc
  - ✓ **chest and stomach** – breasts, ribs, umbilical cord,
  - ✓ **Legs** -

Samples- where else can we get them?

# A sample from **The Alien Woman**

## The campus queen

This lady who had just entered was a **queen**, she was a **real goddess**. Obina got the opportunity to look at her critically in the brief moment when there was a chorus of talking. She was broadly shaped and her face revealed a **beauty of superlative attractiveness**. Obina thought that her **brown yellowish complexion** could light a dark room. The **magnificent silvery rings in her ears** made her excessively **pretty**. When he shook her palm, Obina thought he had shaken the **hand of a baby**; It was without any feeling of **protruding veins** and **cool like young banana** shoot. She was wearing some **bluish** linen dress and a strip of the same material was tied around her forehead.

She was seated opposite him, and once in a while when he picked up courage to look at her in the face, he would discover a forcefully **attractive quality of beauty**. She had **light flushed** lips, her **dark** eyebrows looked **beautifully crescent** which at first he thought were **artificially** curved, but no-hers were **natural....**

(**The Alien Woman- Laury Lawrence Ocen 1999**)

# More samples

## **The breath taker**

That morning would be unforgotten. The morning I met Angel; the **real angel** she was indeed. The girl I loved with all my soul that she had become the only thing I woke up every day for. She was the **only honey and a drop of water** in the Sahara. Angel was often the only thing that **brightened my days with her sparkling eyes and ear to ear smiles**. She became my **burden** that I would never do any other work but ponder around her all days; I could never stand on my own anymore that I even preferred death to failing to surround myself with the **security in her soft hands and laps**. Her **sizable pointed nose** that neighboured her **luscious and honey dripping lips** in company with the **round and shining cheeks** left no stone unturned in the small already captured heart of mine. Doing away without this girl meant doing away with my brain...

## A NARROW ESCAPE

The day was as **silent as a deserted cemetery** and the only sound that could be heard was the **hooting of owls** and **chattering of monkeys**. I had been left home to take care of the house as my parents had gone for a journey. I was seated in our **cosy** living room when I heard somebody **fumbling** with the door in **haste**. **My heart skipped a mighty beat** and **frigid sweat trickled down my face and armpits**. I was too scared, almost to death. I **tiptoed** and went closer to the door and **peeped** through the keyhole and what I saw almost **jerked me out of my skin**. I was **petrified** and almost **tongue-tied** when I saw two **gigantic** men at the door way. One of them had **projecting teeth** and a **bulging nose** and the **wrinkles on his face pronounced his age**. The other one had dreadlocks and scattered beards. With these **disgusting** features I saw I was made to feel and understand that the men were **up to no good**. I held the door tightly but due to fear I loosened the grip and the door flung open. My **heart started beating at a high rate like a leaking pot** and I tried to open my mouth so I could scream for help I felt a strong grip on my neck followed by a **hot resounding smack**.

After a while I was followed by flying kicks which left my head **swirling**. This made me to think that the world was coming to an end but I **persevered** the **tenacious** pain. **In the twinkling of an eye**, my mind was struck by a bright wave of ideas and I formulated a plan. **As eager as a bridegroom**, I folded my big fingers to form a fist and aimed directly at one of the men's wide

---

## Unlikeable characters- do I have to mention it – no, describe them

- Who are the unlikeable characters? Give examples; not names
- Should we include them in our compositions?
- Why is it important?
- How should we present them?

# A sample from Devil on the Cross

The following are things that were revealed by Gītutu wa Gataangūrū concerning modern theft and robbery. Gītutu had a belly that protruded so far that it would have touched the ground had it not been supported by the braces that held up his trousers. It seemed as if his belly had absorbed all his limbs and all the other organs of his body. Gītutu had no neck – at least, his neck was not visible. His arms and legs were short stumps. His head had shrunk to the size of a fist.

That day Gītutu wa Gataangūrū was sporting a dark suit and a white shirt with frills. A black bow tie, which looked as if it had been stuck to his chin, stood where his neck should have been. His walking stick was decorated with pure gold. While he talked, Gītutu stroked the side of his belly with his left hand and swung his walking stick with his right hand. He panted as he talked, like a person carrying a heavy load.

---

Underline all  
words that bring  
out the vivid  
picture of the  
person here

# A sample from Devil on the Cross

Kīhaahu was a tall, slim fellow: he had long legs, long arms, long fingers, a long neck and a long mouth. His mouth was shaped like the beak of the kingstock: long, thin and sharp. His chin, his face, his head formed a cone. Everything about him indicated leanness and sharp cunning.

That day, Kīhaahu was dressed in black-and-grey striped trousers, a black tail coat, a white shirt and a black tie. Standing on the platform, he looked like a 6-foot praying mantis or mosquito.

Kīhaahu started by clearing his throat, and then he spoke the following words.

Underline all  
words that  
bring out the  
vivid picture of  
the person here

# A sample from Devil on the Cross

Nditika wa Ngũũnji was very fat. His head was huge, like a mountain. His belly hung over his belt, big and arrogant. His eyes were the size of two large red electric bulbs, and it looked as if they had been placed on his face by a Creator impatient to get on with another job. His hair was parted in the middle, so that the hair on either side of the parting looked like two ridges facing each other on either side of a tarmac road. He had on a black suit. The jacket had tails cut in the shape of the wings of the big green and blue flies that are normally found in pit latrines or among rotting rubbish. His shirt had frills all down the front. He was wearing a black bow tie. His eyes rolled in time to his words. His hands rested on his stomach and he patted it gently, as if beseeching it not to stick out towards the people with such arrogance.

Underline all words that bring out the vivid picture of the person here



You must be having some characters you do not find peace with emotionally. It may not be that you hate them. It could be fear or dislike for what they do; their behaviour. It may also be due to what other people think about them.

You may also just imagine this character that you would put in your story.

Write at most two paragraphs describing the person.

- **Any question?**