

# SCHOLARLY







Accelerating SAFELY through  
the HILLS AND MOUNTAINS  
OF SCHOLARSHIP

#STOP SPEEDING STEVE

I GOTCHU FAM



Narrative EXTRAVAGANZA





# THE 'on another level' AGENDA

1. How to analyse a brick wall and describe it like Margaret Atwood
2. Why analysing a brick wall will be the key to all your narrative success
3. Truckloads of magical sentences
4. The keys to Scholarship writing and how to write 'on another level' sentences using the CREVASSE TECHNIQUE and the D.E.S.C.R.I.P.T.I.V.E TECHNIQUE
5. HOW TO WRITE 20/20 INTRODUCTION
6. HOW TO WRITE METAPHORS AND PERSONIFICATION FOR DAYS
7. THE 'ON ANOTHER LEVEL' VOCAB LIST



YOU WILL GET ALL THE  
SLIDES



THE SECRETS TO NARRATIVE WRITING CAN BE  
FOUND IN A BRICK WALL



# CREVASSE

## Step 1: Introducing the Acronym – CREVASSE

The acronym CREVASSE stands for Colourful, Rich, Engaging, Vivid, Aesthetic, Sensory, Sensitive, and Evocative. It's a great way to help students learn how to write sentences with sensory imagery, personification, and metaphor.

## Step 2: Understanding the Elements of CREVASSE

Colourful: Use vivid and descriptive language to create a colorful image in the reader's mind.

Rich: Use language that is full of detail and emotion to create a feeling of richness in the sentence.

Engaging: Make the sentence engaging by using active verbs and interesting adjectives.

Vivid: Make the sentence come alive by using vivid adjectives and adverbs.

# CONTINUED

Aesthetic: Use language that is pleasing to the eye and ear to create an aesthetic appeal.

Sensory: Use sensory language to help the reader experience the scene through their senses.

Sensitive: Use language that is sensitive to the reader's feelings and emotions.

Evocative: Use words that evoke a certain emotion or feeling in the reader.





# WHO'S GETTING LOTS AND LOTS IDEAS

## #BUFFETOFIDEAS- STEAL THESE METAPHORS=

### MAKE THEM EVEN BETTER

1. The brick wall, stained and weathered (fractured, marred, tarnished, barren, cracked) with age (VIVID CONDITION), stood steadfast (stalwart, robust, formidable, stout, rugged) in the breeze (personification), its rough texture radiating a warmth, aura, magic, love, fire that seemed timeless (eternal...) (metaphor-fireplace).

REWRITE AND #BEATSTEVE - The brick wall, marred and tarnished by the straits of time, stood stalwart in the irate gale, dispelling the icy chill with its eternal warmth.

2. The wall was adorned with patches of intricate, delicate ivy (decorated, embellished, ornamental, symbolic) , a lush green (verdant) canopy that climbed (scaled, hobbling, gliding) up the rugged surface (personification , creating a tapestry of life (threads of life woven together, braiding of life's threads, interweaving of nature's treasures) amongst the aged stone. (harmonising of nature's melodies together into a symphony of awe and wonder) chorus chords, harmony, grains of life meshing into a loaf

2. The wall was adorned with patches of intricate, delicate ivy (decorated, embellished, ornamental, symbolic) , a lush green (verdant) canopy that climbed (scaled, hobbling, gliding) up the rugged surface (personification , creating a tapestry of life (threads of life woven together, braiding of life's threads, interweaving of nature's treasures) amongst the aged stone. (harmonising of nature's melodies together into a symphony of awe and wonder) chorus chords, harmony

The wall was embellished with exquisite tendrils of ivy, a lush verdant canopy that soared up the stony, grotesque surface, creating a ravishing tapestry of life's opposing ends; interweaving nature's breathtaking beauty and unforgiving harshness amongst the aged stone.

Harmonious splendour

Venetian BLIND

Garnished, Cascaded

## -CONTINUED-

4. The wall was bordered by a bed of wildflowers, their blooms of red, yellow and orange twinkling in the afternoon light.

5. The aroma of the wall was musky, a scent of the earth, as if its history was giving off a gentle perfume.

Aroma of wall was musky with silky undertones of jasmine and rose, lifted by the crisp green freshness of the dew-soaked jungle air. (#BEATSTEVE)

Crisp punchiness, crisp pang of the cold air, JUXTAPOSITION

Sweet, rich heaviness of cardamom and cinnamon, shattered by the crisp aromatic breath of lavender, rosemary, basil

SMOTHERED IN HONEY SUCKLE, lifted, unchained by the crisp green breath of lavender

40 MIN - have you ever  
learnt this much?



# PERSONIFICATION (YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, YOU DON'T HOW TO DO IT EFFECTIVELY, STRUGGLE WITH IDEAS)

1. The brick wall seemed to whisper its secrets to passersby, its crevasses speaking of the stories it had heard throughout the years. (murmuring of legends, humming lullabies, shout, scream, silently screaming, babbling like a baby, gossiping in hushed tones, thrumming to the magic of the electric air, chanting, praying)
2. The wall was a sentinel, stoic and strong, a guardian of the land that had borne witness to countless tales. (compare to any occupation, guard, soldier, old man, wise sorcerer, alchemist, wizard, shaman telling tales by the fireside)
3. The wall was a character in its own right, a tapestry of marks and cracks that told its own unique story.

# METAPHORS

1. The brick wall was a time capsule, a relic of the past sealed in a single moment of history.- fossil, relic, tomb, tree's lines, museum, heirloom, predecessors, vestige
2. The wall was a fortress, a sturdy shelter that had stood the test of time./ castle, moat, omniscient being
3. The wall was a canvas, its crevasses and weathered patches telling a story of life and love.- painting, artwork, lullaby, song, ballad,



# CRAZY VOCAB LIST- WALL- MAGICAL IMAGERY= 10

## words in a sentence

Forlorn (desolate, depressed, desolate) Crevasses (fissures, cracks, crevices) Stained (soiled, discolored, tarnished) Weathered (worn, aged, antiquated) Steadfast (resolute, determined, firm) Rough (coarse, rugged, jagged) Warmth (comfort, heat, warmth) Adorned (decorated, adorned, embellished) Glinted (sparkled, glittered, shone) Mesmerising (enchancing, captivating, hypnotic) Aroma (scent, fragrance, smell) Musky (earthy, pungent, musty) Whisper (murmur, mutter, mumble) Stoic (unemotional, unmoved, dispassionate) Resilience (endurance, fortitude, toughness) Time capsule (relic, memento, keepsake) Fortress (bastion, stronghold, fastness) Canvas (background, stage, backdrop) Poem (verse, lyric, ode) Map (chart, diagram, guide)

# Writing Your Own CREVASSE Sentences

Describe a tree in your garden.

Describe the view from your bedroom window.

Describe a thunderstorm.





# EXEMPLARS

Describe a tree in your garden.

The old oak tree in my garden stood tall and majestic, its branches stretching to the sky like outstretched arms, its leaves a vibrant green canopy that rustled in the breeze.

Describe the view from your bedroom window.

The view from my bedroom window was breathtaking, a vast landscape stretching out before me, dotted with trees and rolling hills, a kaleidoscope of colour that seemed to stretch on forever.

Describe a thunderstorm.

The thunderstorm was a cacophony of sound, the sky illuminated by streaks of lightning, the air heavy with the smell of rain and the rumble of thunder echoing in the distance.

# DESCRIPTIVE FORMULA

The acronym for this formula is DESCRIPTIVE:

D - Descriptive Adjective

E - Noun describing the object

S - Verb or phrase describing how the object looks, feels, or acts

C - Adjective or phrase creating a vivid image in the reader's mind

R - Metaphor or personification bringing the object to life

I - Imagination to make the sentence come to life

## -continued

P - Powerful language that engages the reader

T - Tone that fits the subject

I - Interesting details that make the sentence unique

V - Vivid imagery that creates a vivid picture in the reader's mind

E - Evocative words that evoke an emotion in the reader.

# EXEMPLAR NARRATIVE ON THE BRICK

## #ONANOTHERLEVEL- BRICK WALL = FORTRESS

The brick wall stood forlornly at the edge of the field, its crevasses telling a story of years gone by. Its face was stained and weathered with age, the rough texture radiating a warmth that seemed timeless. The wall was adorned with patches of ivy, a lush green canopy that climbed up the rugged surface, creating a tapestry of life amongst the aged stone. The sun glinted off the wall, reflecting off its worn edges, creating a mesmerising light show that illuminated its craggy face. The aroma of the wall was musky, a scent of the earth, as if its history was giving off a gentle perfume. The brick wall seemed to whisper its secrets to passersby, its crevasses speaking of the stories it had heard throughout the years. It was a sentinel, stoic and strong, a guardian of the land that had borne witness to countless tales. The wall was a character in its own right, a tapestry of marks and cracks that told its own unique story.



The wall was alive with character, its crevasses and weathered patches serving as its very own fingerprints. It seemed to stand tall and proud, its strength and resilience showing no sign of crumbling despite the passage of time. The wall was a time capsule, a relic of the past sealed in a single moment of history. It was a fortress, a sturdy shelter that had stood the test of time.

The wall was a canvas, its crevasses and weathered patches telling a story of life and love. It was a poem, its crevasses like stanzas of a story, its weathered patches like words that told of its tale. The wall was a map, its crevasses and weathered patches like roads and rivers, leading the way through its story of time.

The brick wall had stood at the edge of the field for many years, its crevasses and weathered patches bearing witness to the passage of time. It was a silent sentinel, a guardian of the land, its secrets hidden in its crevasses, only to be revealed to those who stopped to listen.



# BLACK HOLE OF WALLS

EVERY SINGLE TECHNIQUE

EVERY ADJECTIVE

EVERY SINGLE METAPHOR

Can be reused

GREATEST RECYCLING BIN



**Wax on. Wax off.**

BRICK=  
OCEAN=TREES=FORTRESS  
=EVERYTHING

MOST MAGICAL EQUATION OF WORLD= WEEK 2  
STEVEagoras THEOREM for why walls= everything

STEVE IS RIGHT  
STEVE IS LYING

# FORTRESS LOL (MEMORISE WHAT YOU WROTE LAST WEEK and PRACTISE ADAPTING TO DIFFERENT STORIES)

The fortress stood tall and proud, its walls a symbol of strength and resilience. Its stone walls were stained and weathered with age, the rough texture radiating a warmth that seemed timeless. The fortress was adorned with patches of ivy, a lush green canopy that climbed up the rugged surface, creating a tapestry of life amongst the aged stone.

The sun glinted off the walls, reflecting off its worn edges, creating a mesmerising light show that illuminated its craggy face. The aroma of the fortress was musky, a scent of the earth, as if its history was giving off a gentle perfume.

The fortress seemed to whisper its secrets to passersby, its crevasses speaking of the stories it had heard throughout the years. It was a sentinel, stoic and strong, a guardian of the land that had borne witness to countless tales. The fortress was a character in its own right, a tapestry of marks and cracks that told its own unique story.

# MORE EXEMPLARS- ON ANOTHER LEVEL THE BEST WRITING TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD

Trees: The trees were sentinels, standing tall and proud, their branches reaching up to the sky like outstretched arms. The trees were a vibrant canvas, their leaves of green and gold creating a kaleidoscope of colour. The trees were a choir, their leaves rustling in the breeze like a chorus of song. (WAVES, MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS, CANOPIES, ELEPHANTS)

Graves: The graves were a silent reminder, their stones a tribute to those who had gone before. The graves were a solemn library, their headstones a record of those who had lived and died. The graves were a weeping willow, their stones like tears that had been shed for those who had been lost. (HOUSE, CRACKED MOMENTO, GRANDFATHER CLOCK, DILAPIDATED HUT, broken watch, abandoned park)

Air: The air was a blanket of stillness, a calming presence that seemed to envelop all who breathed it in. The air was a gentle caress, a soft touch that soothed the soul. The air was a whisper, a voice that seemed to carry on the breeze.

SOFA, SOUP, Mother's voice, breeze, tendrils, wisps of cloud







Room: The room was a cocoon, a comforting embrace that seemed to envelop all who entered. The room was a palace, its walls adorned with tapestries that told of stories both old and new. The room was a sanctuary, a place of respite and refuge from the outside world.

Couch: The couch was a throne, its cushions a luxurious haven for those who sought comfort. The couch was a time machine, its softness a portal to a world of dreams. The couch was a library, its cushions a repository of secrets and stories.

Fields: The fields were a sea of green, a vast expanse that seemed to stretch on forever. The fields were a quilt of life, a patchwork of colors and textures that seemed to come alive with the rising sun. The fields were a symphony, their music a gentle melody that echoed in the wind.

House: The house was a castle, its walls a fortress that sheltered those within. The house was a home, its walls a shelter of warmth and love. The house was a storybook, its windows telling tales of a life that had been lived.



Write a 400 word description including all the magic in the world on the picture

STEVEAGORAS AWARD FOR DA VINCI DESCRIPTIONS =finish this in the next 30 min= 7:40