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Gary soto ode to family photographs

Back on the HomePage of Gary Soto Orange The first time I dated a girl, I was twelve, cold, and weighted with two oranges in my jacket. December. Frost shoots beneath my footsteps, my breath Before me, and then gone, as I walked towards her house, the one whose porch light burned yellow Night and Day, in any weather. The dog barked at me, until she came out pulling on gloves, face bright with rouge. I smiled, touched her shoulder and took her down the street, across the parking lot of used cars and a line of newly planted trees, until we breathed before the drugstores. We entered, a tiny bell bringing saleslady down a narrow aisle of merchandise. I turned to the candids of the floor like bleachers, and asked what she wanted - Light in her eyes, smile Starting at the corners of her mouth. I fingered in my pocket, and when she picked up a chocolate that cost a cent, I didn't say anything. I took a coin out of my pocket, then an orange, and quietly placed them on the counter. When I looked up, the dams met mine, and held them, knowing very well what it was all about. Outside, a few cars hiss past, fog hanging like old coats between trees. I took my girlfriend by the hand in my two blocks, then let her unwrap the chocolate. I peeled an orange that was so bright against the December gray that, from some distance, someone might have thought I was making fire in my hands.   Ode to Gary Soto's family photos This is a pond, and these are my feet. This is a rooster, and this is more my feet. Mom was never good at paintings. This is a statue of a famous general who lost an arm, and this is me with my head cut off. This is a garbage can chained to a door, this is my father with half-closed eyes. This is a photo of my sister and a giraffe looking over her shoulder. This is the front bumper of our car. This is a bird with a pretzel in its beak. This is my brother Pedro standing on one leg on a rock, with a smudge of chocolate on his face. Mom sneezed when she looked behind the camera: the footage is blurry, the angles spinning like spin on a merry-go-away. But we had fun when Mom caught the camera. How can I say it? Each of us laughs a lot. Do you see it? I have candy in my mouth. Ode to family photos Gary SotoMama has never been good at paintings. This is a statue of a famous general who lost an arm, and this is me without a head. This trash can chained to the door, this is my father with half-closed eyes. This is a photo of my sister and a giraffe looking over her shoulder. This is the front bumper of our car. This is a bird with a pretzel in its beak. This is my brother Pedro standing on one leg on a rock. With a chocolate stain on his face. Mom sneezed when she looked atBehind's camera: the footage is blurry,The corners dizzying as spin on the merry-go-round. But we had fun when Mom picked up. Can I say? Each of us laughs a lot. You see, I have candy in my mouth. Topics, Questions, ConceptsLatino poetfamilymemoriesritualLiterary TermsimagesmoodpatternsstructureWrite About It They bring a few photos of yourself and your family when you were younger, taken in places and events you fondly remember. Using Ode to family photos as a model, attach a song from the list based on these photos. You name a song doesn't have to be as funny as Soto's. Perhaps you should try more songs from the documentary list. Visual Images AlbumPatterns/ Repetitions in Ode to Family Photographs Read the song again and see if you notice any patterns, such as words and phrases that are repeated throughout the song. Patterns do not have to appear in each line.   What words begin many of the first twelve lines? Many of the first twelve rows follow these patterns:This is (noun) (modifier/description/action). For example, This is a pond in the front line. Write lines and sections of lines in the song that follow this pattern:Page 2 In this section, we will describe how the narrator or speaker view affects the events described. We'll notice the mood in Gary Soto's ode to family photos, examining family photos as a window into family life. The figurative language will be seen in paul janeczk's hood song. We will explore how the figurative language of the narrator conveys his point of view. Start ode to family photosSe Hoods Page 3 Page 4 In this section we will explain how a series of chapters, scenes or stanzas fit together to provide the overall structure of a particular story, drama or song. We'll revisit A Poison Tree using the notiing plot organizers where you'll fill the plot boxes to identify parts of the song's narrative. In Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's The Wreck of the Hesperus, we'll use The Notic Conspiracy Organizer to fill in the blocks of episodes to outline the narrative arc of the ballad. Click here to start the Poison Tree. Click here to start Hesperus Hesperus wreckage

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