

BLOOD DON'T LIE **BY AARON LEVY** **WRITING PROCESS**

Storytelling as a Teaching & Writing Tool



by Aaron Levy



ABOUT ME: YO! I USED TO LIVE HERE!



ABOUT ME: PHD AND MFA DEGREES



ABOUT ME: CREATIVE WRITING & TEACH TEACHERS



ABOUT ME: GEORGIA FILM ACADEMY



ABOUT ME: GEORGIA FILM ACADEMY

- EXHILARATING/AWE-INSPIRING

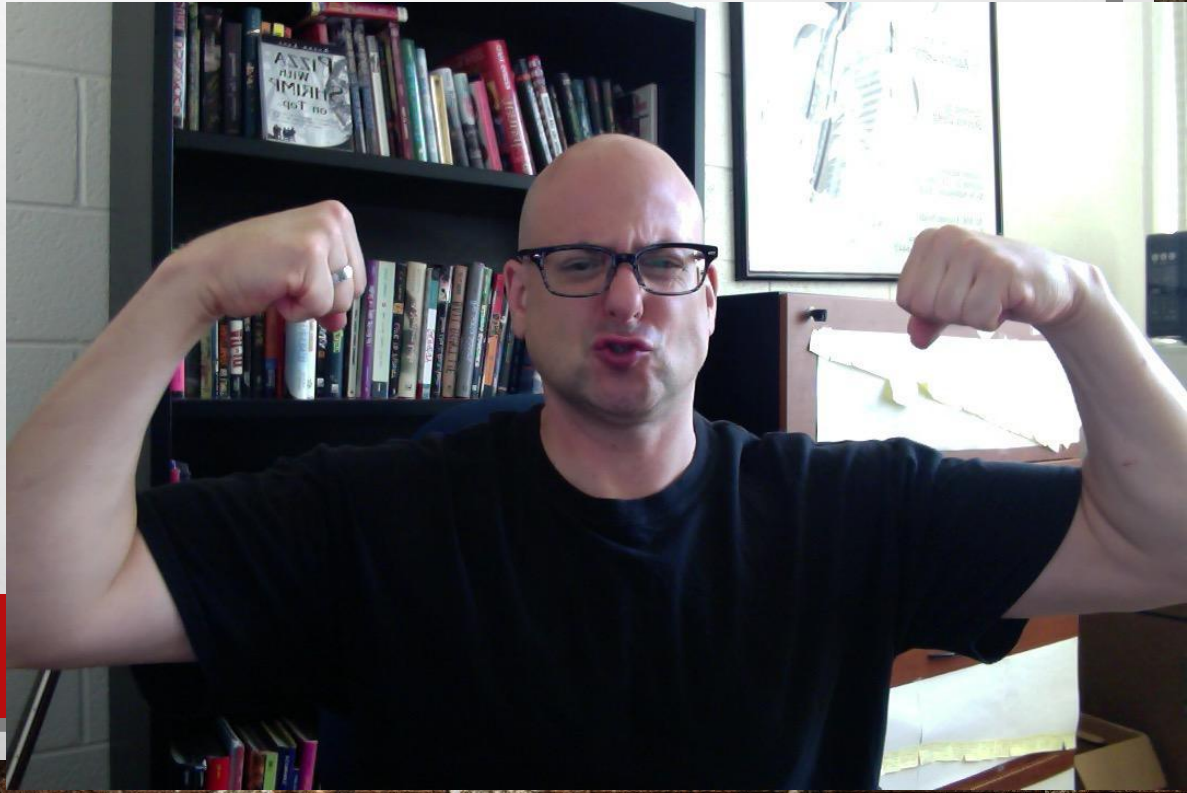
JOB TITLE:

- DIRECTOR OF ACADEMICS



WRITING PROCESS: THIS IS ME NOW!

• THIS ONE GOT PERSONAL



BUT BACK THEN I WAS...

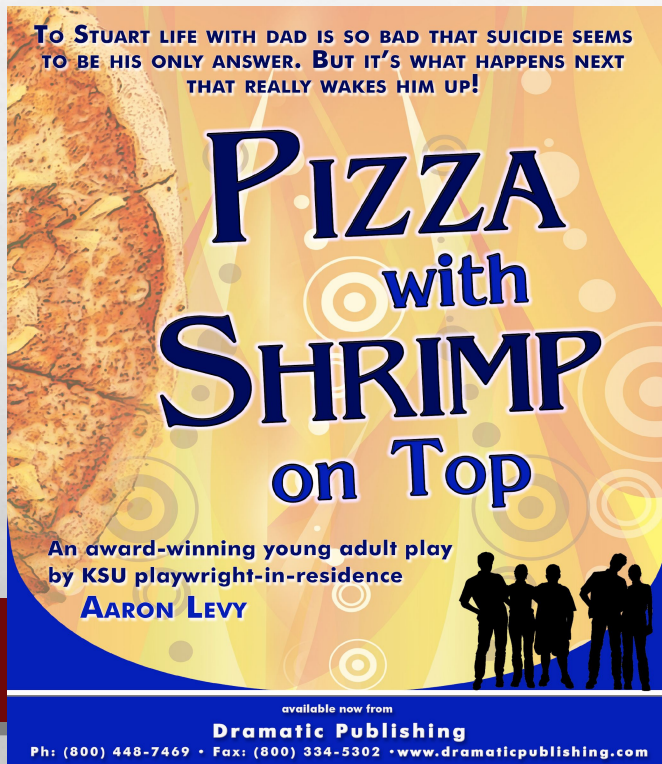
• **SHORT!**



AH...SHORT



I HAD NEVER WRITTEN A NOVEL BEFORE



**BUT THIS ONE FELT LIKE A BOOK
AND NOT A PLAY**

WRITING FORMULA:

Formulaic Writing

Characteristics of A Formulaic Paper

1. The writer announces his or her thesis and three supporting ideas in the opening paragraph.
2. The writer restates one supporting idea to begin each of the three body paragraphs.
3. The writer repeats or restates his/her controlling idea and supporting points in the final paragraph.
4. Entire sentences may be repeated verbatim from the introduction, used as topic sentences in each of the body paragraphs, and repeated in the conclusion.

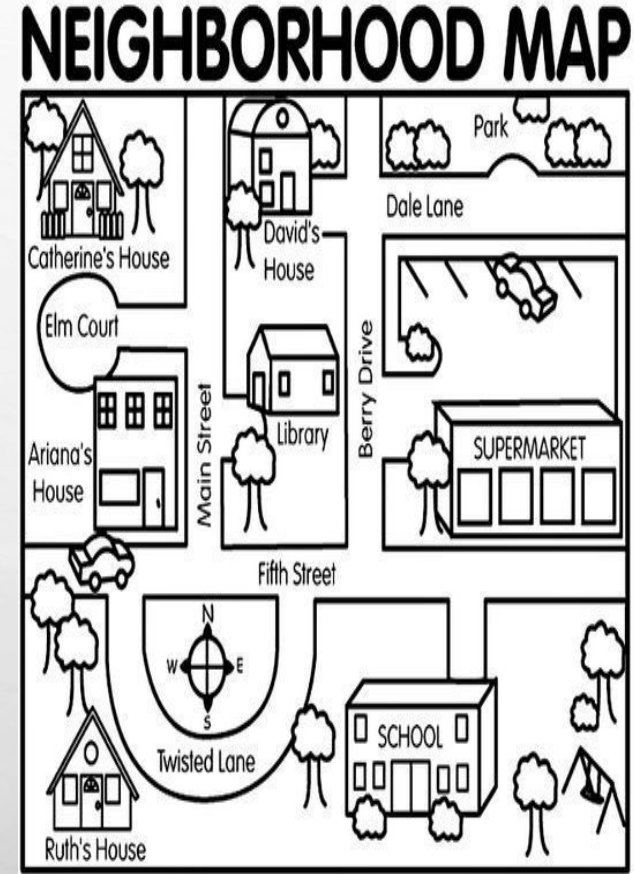
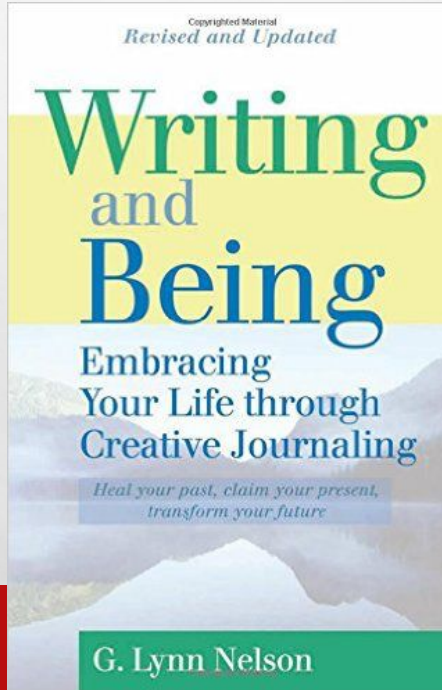
IDEA + FORCE + FORM = IDEA REALIZED

BLOOD DON'T LIE

- **TEACHING FUTURE TEACHERS HOW TO TEACH WRITING**
- **BEST PRACTICES – WRITE ALONGSIDE YOUR STUDENTS**
- **SO I DID**



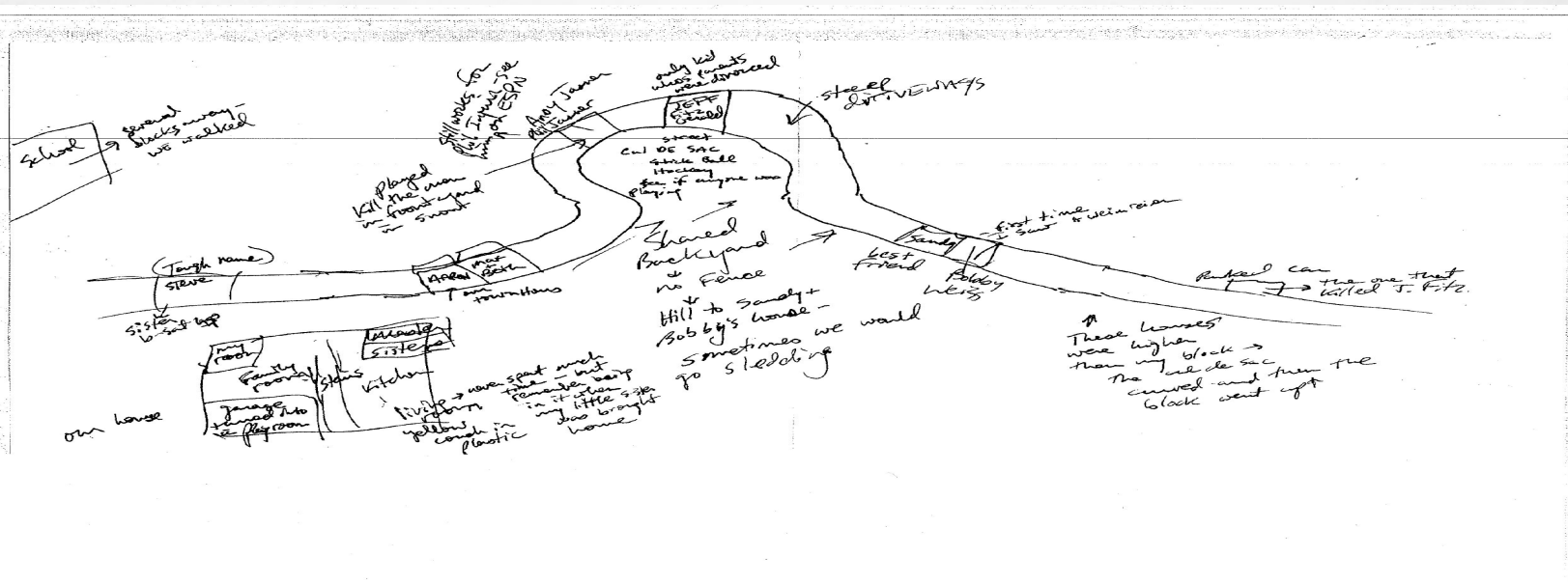
MEMORY MAP ASSIGNMENT



MEMORY MAP ASSIGNMENT

- **THINK ABOUT YOUR HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD FROM WHEN YOU WERE AROUND 9-13 YEARS OLD. DRAW A MAP OF THAT HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ART HERE.**
- **MAKE AT LEAST 20 ANNOTATIONS ON THE MAP. THESE ARE JUST BRIEF DESCRIPTIONS OF "EPISODES" OR "STORIES" THAT HAPPENED DURING YOUR TIME IN THIS HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD.**

AARON LEVY'S MEMORY MAP



MEMORY MAP I REMEMBER JOURNAL PROMPT

- **IN YOUR JOURNAL, PICK ONE OF YOUR EPISODES FROM YOUR MAP.**

- **WRITE ABOUT IT USING THIS TEMPLATE :**

- **I REMEMBER...**

- **I REMEMBER...**

- **I REMEMBER...**

- **BUT MOSTLY I REMEMBER**

LEVY'S JOURNAL ENTRY

[From Journal]

I remember Jeff who, ~~was~~ saw Harry Mudd from Star Trek in the clouds, used
Kill the Man (w the Bee)

- I remember Jeff Fitzgerald, one of my best friends - I had two officially - was so lucky because his parents were the only one on the block who were divorced and so he could play outside after dark.

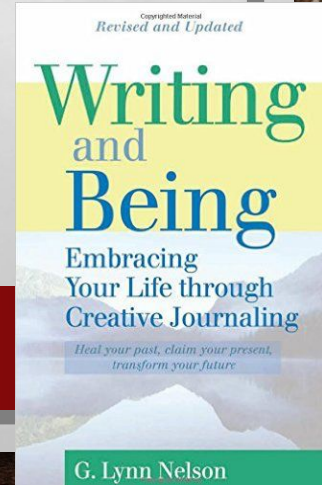
- I remember Jeff was sort of slinky when it came to playing "Kill the Man" and he would toss the ball away before you could swear him; ~~and~~ but don't try and beat him at Risk and don't try and make him join the Kiss Fan Club like my other best friend Sandy Wallace and I did. He was Gene Simmons ~~at the time~~ ~~because he could spit blood and/or fire~~ because he could spit blood and/or fire.

~~at~~ the night before track and field day well,
- I remember ~~it~~, it was in the station wagon, "Dad, what were all those sirens last night?" ~~Jeff~~ ~~said~~ "Those were for Jeff." "Oh I said." "Best thing you can do to pray for him." "Oh I said again."

- But most of all I remember being gathered on the theatre stage ~~the~~ on Track + Field Day when Mr Marchbanks who was very hairy, made us sit in a circle + hold hands + ~~at~~ ~~the~~ time I saw a grown man

I REMEMBER – FOR PUBLIC

- **TAKE YOUR JOURNAL ENTRY AND CREATE/CRAFT A PIECE FOR PUBLIC.**
- **REMEMBER, IT'S A STORY, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH**
- **POINTS OF DEPARTURE!**
- **"IT'S THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN..." G. LYNN NELSON**



LEVY'S FIRST DRAFT

• WORKSHOPPED BY MY STUDENTS

DRAFT #1
workshopped
Aaron Levy

father saw time!

Right driveway

Kill the Man with the Ball

I remember Jeffrey Fitzgerald because when he looked up at the sky he would see Harry Mudd, the guy from Star Trek with the Rottie Fingers mustache, in the clouds. He would see a switchblade, a steering wheel and sometimes a birthday up there. One time he showed me a planet (he was my best friend, I had two), I said that outloud many times I remember. And that's not including Snowball, my dog, who could talk.

I remember I always thought Jeff was lucky because his parents were the only divorced parents on our block, my world, and so he could play outside after dark. And who could forget Jeff's driveway—the tallest, deepest in the land—and if you weren't a pussy, you'd take your skateboard to the top, say somethin' to Jesus, and then jump the curb. If you weren't such a pussy you'd collect whatever body parts fell out of you and you'd get back up there, to the top, where if you wanted to you could see the whole next block, another world. *13*

I remember wanting to go back with my parents to visit the old neighborhood and go knock on Mrs. Fitzgerald's door. I told my dad I didn't know why I wanted to do that and he said, "Weird boy." And it's not hard to forget that my mom spit, "Young man! He's a young man, not a boy, and why don't you be quiet and pay attention to the road. If he wants to go see her, what do you care? Let him do what he wants." I remember my dad saying then and for the rest of his life, "Right you are, woman." *begin?* *end?*

And I remember playing "kill the man" in the snow on Andy Jassner's front yard. You know, "kill the man," the best game in the whole world—throw a football in the air, and whoever catches it everybody else smears. If the guy is still breathing, he throws the football up again, and the whole thing starts all over until there are no more men to kill. A simple game. Perfect for putting holes in your jeans. Jeff was sort of slinky when it came to playing "Kill the Man" because he would toss the ball away right before the impact, before the smear. But don't try and beat him at Risk.

I didn't remember it then, how could I, but Andy Jassner's dad would eventually be a sports reporter for ESPN. Like a big shot on TV. If you ask me I'd rather just play kill the man till I have to go to the bathroom or somebody started to cry.

I try not to forget how my second best friend, Bobby Weiss, who had two Whymreiners that would try and enter you if you were the right size, and we were — butt to snout ratio. These days, I try not to forget that sometimes, if I were in the mood, I would kick Bobby Weiss' ass in his own front yard cause I always knew I could and that his father would watch. I guess he wanted to see somethin'. I remember I quit fighting by the 6th grade because it started to hurt. *at the end?* *?*

I really remember this conversation now because for many years I colored it grey and stuck it in my back pocket:

"Dad, what happened last night? Was there a fire or something? I heard sirens."

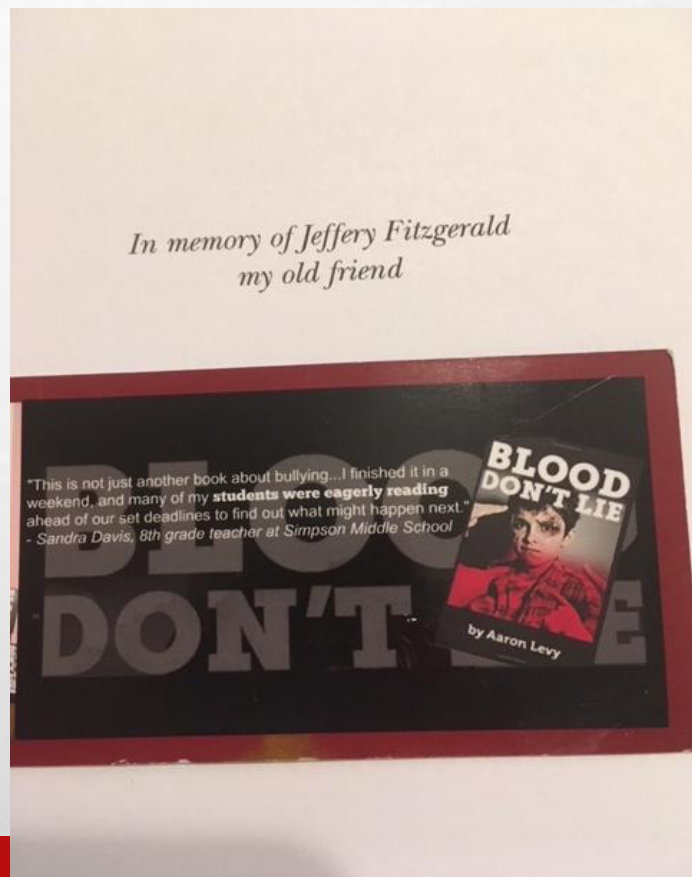
My mom was there, in the station wagon, we were going to the Neshaminy mall to watch time specifically disappear over summer pants, and she gave my dad one of those mom looks.

"Actually, Jeff got hurt," he said, talking real slow, and he wouldn't look at me in the rear view mirror.

Bully? *Macho?*

INSPIRED BLOOD

- I REMEMBER
- WORD PHOTOS
- WHERE I'M FROM
- METAPHOR PROMPT



ANOTHER I REMEMBER PROMPT

- I WROTE ABOUT GOING TO THE MALL WITH MY FAMILY
- THE SHORT STORY WAS PUBLISHED BY BLACK HEART MAGAZINE
- AND THEN BECAME CHAPTER 4 IN BLOOD DON'T LIE

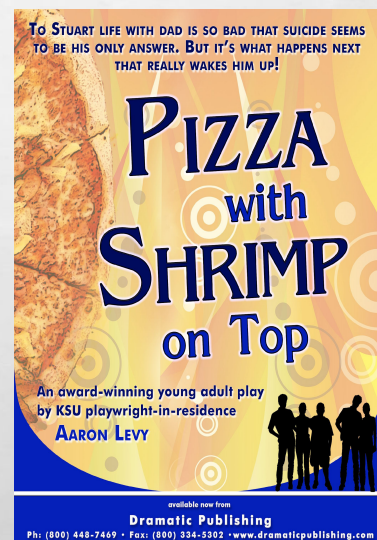
QUICK WRITING TIPS for students

- **WRITING IS ORGANIC**
- **YOU CAN START WITH PERSONAL.**
- **MOVE TO POINTS OF DEPARTURE FOR A BETTER STORY. WHAT IF?**
- **IT'S THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN – EMOTIONAL TRUTH IS THE TICKET – ALWAYS WRITE REAL**
- **HAVE A PLAN BUT DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR PLAN**
- **WORKSHOP YOUR DRAFTS - READ OUT LOUD**
- **DON'T BE BORING!**



AARON LEVY

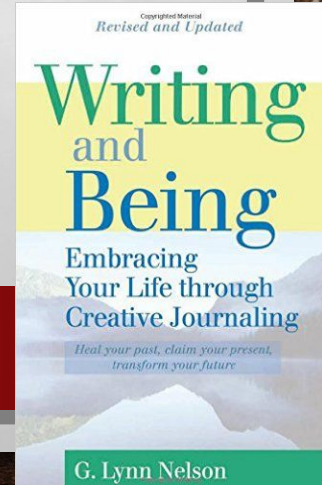
- FIND **BLOOD DON'T LIE ON AMAZON.COM**
- FIND **PIZZA WITH SHRIMP ON TOP**
 - AT **WWW.DRAMATICPUBLISHING.COM**
- VISIT MY WEBSITE AT **WWW.AARONLEVY.ORG**
- EMAIL AT **ALEVY2@KENNESAW.EDU**
- ALSO FIND ME AT **THE GA FILM ACADEMY**
- PODCAST **THE FARM (PODCAST RECORDING)**



available now from
Dramatic Publishing
Ph: (800) 448-7469 • Fax: (800) 334-5302 • www.dramaticpublishing.com

I REMEMBER – FOR PUBLIC

- **TAKE YOUR JOURNAL ENTRY AND CREATE/CRAFT A PIECE FOR PUBLIC.**
- **REMEMBER, IT'S A STORY, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH**
- **POINTS OF DEPARTURE!**
- **"IT'S THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN..." G. LYNN NELSON**



LEVY'S FIRST DRAFT

• WORKSHOPPED BY MY STUDENTS

DRAFT #1
workshopped
Aaron Levy

father saw time!

Right driveway

Kill the Man with the Ball

I remember Jeffrey Fitzgerald because when he looked up at the sky he would see Harry Mudd, the guy from Star Trek with the Rottie Fingers mustache, in the clouds. He would see a switchblade, a steering wheel and sometimes a birthday up there. One time he showed me a planet (he was my best friend, I had two), I said that outloud many times I remember. And that's not including Snowball, my dog, who could talk.

I remember I always thought Jeff was lucky because his parents were the only divorced parents on our block, my world, and so he could play outside after dark. And who could forget Jeff's driveway—the tallest, deepest in the land—and if you weren't a pussy, you'd take your skateboard to the top, say somethin' to Jesus, and then jump the curb. If you weren't such a pussy you'd collect whatever body parts fell out of you and you'd get back up there, to the top, where if you wanted to you could see the whole next block, another world. *13*

I remember wanting to go back with my parents to visit the old neighborhood and go knock on Mrs. Fitzgerald's door. I told my dad I didn't know why I wanted to do that and he said, "Weird boy." And it's not hard to forget that my mom spit, "Young man! He's a young man, not a boy, and why don't you be quiet and pay attention to the road. If he wants to go see her, what do you care? Let him do what he wants." I remember my dad saying then and for the rest of his life, "Right you are, woman." *begin?* *end?*

And I remember playing "kill the man" in the snow on Andy Jassner's front yard. You know, "kill the man," the best game in the whole world—throw a football in the air, and whoever catches it everybody else smears. If the guy is still breathing, he throws the football up again, and the whole thing starts all over until there are no more men to kill. A simple game. Perfect for putting holes in your jeans. Jeff was sort of slinky when it came to playing "Kill the Man" because he would toss the ball away right before the impact, before the smear. But don't try and beat him at Risk.

I didn't remember it then, how could I, but Andy Jassner's dad would eventually be a sports reporter for ESPN. Like a big shot on TV. If you ask me I'd rather just play kill the man till I have to go to the bathroom or somebody started to cry.

I try not to forget how my second best friend, Bobby Weiss, who had two Whymreiners that would try and enter you if you were the right size, and we were — butt to snout ratio. These days, I try not to forget that sometimes, if I were in the mood, I would kick Bobby Weiss' ass in his own front yard cause I always knew I could and that his father would watch. I guess he wanted to see somethin'. I remember I quit fighting by the 6th grade because it started to hurt. *at the end?* *?*

I really remember this conversation now because for many years I colored it grey and stuck it in my back pocket:

"Dad, what happened last night? Was there a fire or something? I heard sirens."

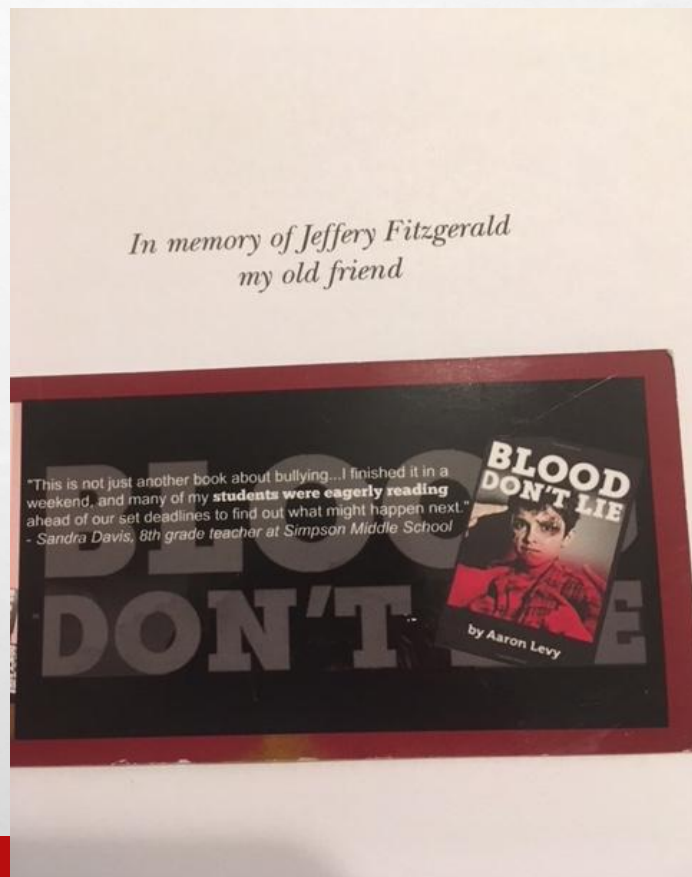
My mom was there, in the station wagon, we were going to the Neshaminy mall to watch time specifically disappear over summer pants, and she gave my dad one of those mom looks.

"Actually, Jeff got hurt," he said, talking real slow, and he wouldn't look at me in the rear view mirror.

Bully? *Macho?*

INSPIRED BLOOD

- I REMEMBER
- WORD PHOTOS
- WHERE I'M FROM
- METAPHOR PROMPT



ANOTHER I REMEMBER PROMPT

- I WROTE ABOUT GOING TO THE MALL WITH MY FAMILY
- THE SHORT STORY WAS PUBLISHED BY BLACK HEART MAGAZINE
- AND THEN BECAME CHAPTER 4 IN BLOOD DON'T LIE

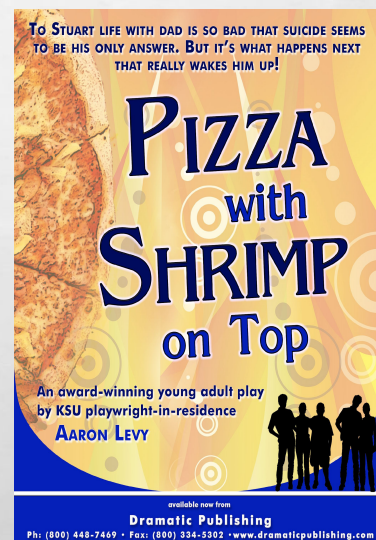
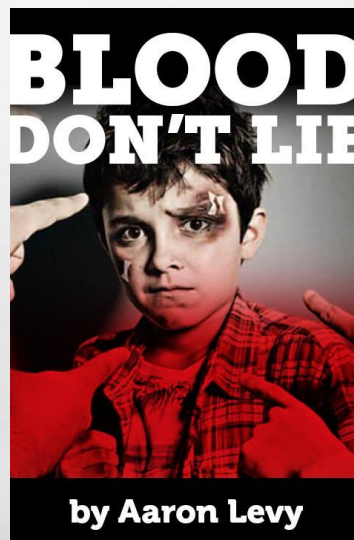
QUICK WRITING TIPS for students

- **WRITING IS ORGANIC**
- **YOU CAN START WITH PERSONAL.**
- **MOVE TO POINTS OF DEPARTURE FOR A BETTER STORY. WHAT IF?**
- **IT'S THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT DIDN'T HAPPEN – EMOTIONAL TRUTH IS THE TICKET – ALWAYS WRITE REAL**
- **HAVE A PLAN BUT DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR PLAN**
- **WORKSHOP YOUR DRAFTS - READ OUT LOUD**
- **DON'T BE BORING!**



AARON LEVY

- FIND **BLOOD DON'T LIE ON AMAZON.COM**
- FIND **PIZZA WITH SHRIMP ON TOP**
 - AT **WWW.DRAMATICPUBLISHING.COM**
- VISIT MY WEBSITE AT **WWW.AARONLEVY.ORG**
- EMAIL AT **ALEVY2@KENNESAW.EDU**
- ALSO FIND ME AT **THE GA FILM ACADEMY**
- PODCAST **THE FARM (PODCAST RECORDING)**



available now from
Dramatic Publishing
Ph: (800) 448-7469 • Fax: (800) 334-5302 • www.dramaticpublishing.com