***Great Expectations***

**Pre-Writing**

Now after reading *Great Expectations*, consider what truly shapes Pip. What actually shapes the Pip’s character? Did his personal expectations and perceived outside expectations actually define who he is? His parents’ death? Joe’s kindness? Magwitch’s selflessness? Herbert’s friendship?

**The Prompt**

Rather than being directed by outside expectations and stereotypes, what has shaped your character? Write an essay that reveals how your character has been shaped.

**Exercises for Reflecting on Character**

You do not need to complete each of these, but they may help you generate a high quality idea. It’s also okay (and probably best) to generate many ideas that you can then narrow your focus from.

1. Brainstorm individuals who have impacted you. Did you grandfather affect your outlook on life? Did your mother teach you about responsibility?
2. Brainstorm events that have affected who you are. Events can be large such as deaths, divorces, moves, and switching schools. They can also be smaller such as fishing with your father, competing with a sibling, or even failing to achieve a goal. How did that event shape you?
3. Take an inventory of your characteristics. Are you responsible, thoughtful, introspective, or competitive? Do you appreciate life? Are you firm in your beliefs? Then, consider how or when you learned this or demonstrated this.

**The Rubric**

**You are limited to the following:**

450 Word Max Size 11-12 Font Double Space 1”-1.25” margin

Times New Roman/Calibri/Arial

**Rubric**

Ideas (50pts)

* The student writes clearly informs the reader how a specific moment or individual has shaped his or her character.

Craft (50pts)

* Strong Nouns and Verbs are used.
* A strong and effective introduction captures the reader’s attention. Perhaps try an anecdote.
* Transitions are used to connect ideas and show movement through time.
* A conclusion effectively reveals the message of the piece or the character that’s been learned.

Name

Class

Date

Family Fishing

“I got one, Dad!” I shouted as set the hook in what would become our twentieth walleye of the morning. My dad and I had only been on the water for a few hours, but we were already well into an experience ingrained into the minds of the third generation of Feicks, the Canadian Fishing Trip.

In the 1950s, my grandfather, who had been diagnosed with polio when he was a young child, began traveling to Canada with his family to go fishing, a sport in which he could bond with his four sons and daughter. I have heard stories of his aluminum boat scraping the side of a rocky shoreline while his sons prepared walleye lunches over gas grills, his prop embedding itself into the soft stomach of a manhole sized snapping turtle, and dangerous night boat rides weaving in and out of rocky islands, buoys, and floating natural debris. Places like Ken Whitey’s, Ash Bay Rapids, Dogtooth, Sioux Narrows, and Angle Outpost, all resorts lining Canada’s Lake of the Woods, frequently litter conversations between fathers and sons, grandfather and grandsons, husbands and wives.

In more recent years, Gustafson’s Resort and the Lake of the Woods has become a Mecca of sorts, a destination annually drawing family members from Indiana and Wyoming to Wisconsin and California. While there are three fishing boats suited with depth charts, fish finders, multiple trolling motors, and rod holders, the trip is about more than the number of fish caught, the quality of the weather, and the amount of time spent on the water. Rather, these fishing trips into the Canadian wilderness are filled with memories of tossing fully clothed younger cousins off the yellow diving board, enjoying the all-camp fish fry the night prior to leaving, sitting on the dock watching the sun slip silently below the horizon, playing Texas Hold ‘em on a rainy day, and catching up on lost years with relatives, young and old.

Some families spend Christmas or Thanksgiving or even Easter together, but ours spends one week together in Canada. Some don’t enjoy leaches or worms. Others get motion sick. Grandma hasn’t fished in years, and Grandpa finds it increasingly difficult to get into his sons’ boats. Yet, we continue our annual journey to Canada to hear a son or daughter cry out “I got one!” and because that’s when we feel the value of family.

Word Count: 398