

## Texts<sup>1</sup> for comparison

### Memoir text 1

### Memoir text 2

“Rainbow, come on girl, come back! Please, please come back!” I knew my screams were useless, as she flew out the window and into the night.

“Honey”, my mom leaned in quietly to speak in my ear, “I’m sorry but she’s gone.”

And even though in my heart I knew it was true, I just couldn’t accept it. “Please come back,” I whispered sadly, wishing she could hear.

That Thanksgiving had started out as a great day, my extended family were visiting and enjoying a good time. My dad was in the process of assembling a wooden cabinet, perspiration glistening on his forehead. “Keara, open the window, it’s boiling in here!” he finally cried.

“Sure thing Dad!” as I leaped to let some fresh air in.

“I’m just going to find some more bird seed,” my mom called as she marched out of the room. But no one noticed that she had accidentally left the cage door ajar.

“Let’s get some music going in here!” one of my cousins sang out. I turned the radio on to my favourite station and let the music pound in our ears. As the chorus to one of my favourite Bruce Guthro songs came to the lines, “And she flew out the open window,” as if on cue, a small white blur zoomed around our heads and soared into the sky.

“Oh!” I screamed startled.

“Do you think she will come back?” Dad wondered questioningly.

“They said she’ll come back. I said sorry, I don’t think so.” Bruce sang out of our stereo, answering our questions without knowing.

Quietly we finished the day, with each of us lost in our own thoughts and memories of that unforgettable Thanksgiving.

The battle lines were drawn, who would be the keeper of the bracelet?

I secretly handed the bracelet to my team mate Miriam with hopes that she would keep it safe.

I rush out onto the volleyball court to begin the match. I felt sure that Miriam would keep the bracelet safe and away from Brittany. As we shook hands with the opposing team, thoughts of last year’s Remembrance Day Assembly flashed through my mind. I was suddenly beside Brittany on the gym floor while war brides sang to us. I was examining the bracelet that I had just removed from Brittany’s wrist.

In an instant, the referee blew her whistle for me to serve the volleyball and all my memories were gone like water rushing down the drain in a whirlpool.

After a well played match, I walked off the court, sweaty and exhausted. I slapped my team mate’s hands and praised their hard work. All of a sudden, the bracelet I had confidently left with Miriam was now wound around Brittany’s wrist. I snatched it away as fast as possible. Worried that she would immediately grab the bracelet back from me, I un-wove the laces of my sneaker and slid the bracelet onto the shoe. I nervously re-strung my sneaker and continued the game.

The next day, I was coming back to homeroom from lunch options when Brittany turned the corner in a giggling fit. I was curious to find out what was so funny, but she slipped into her classroom before I had the chance to ask. I proceeded in my daily walk to my classroom and stopped once I had reached my locker.

“CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, SNAP...”

“ERGAHH!” I hollered.

I couldn’t believe how she had done it. A smile made its way to my mouth. I was already plotting how I could get the bracelet back.

Even now, I can still picture my locker, half full of clothes and junk with my sneaker lying on the top of it – untied and bracelet – less.

<sup>1</sup> Texts written by grade seven students.