

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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## IDENTIFYING COMPONENTS OF A SCENE [AGAIN]

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### Writing Workshop #1

DIRECTIONS: WE WILL BE IDENTIFYING THE COMPONENTS OF DIALOGUE WITHIN THIS TEXT EXCERPT BY COMPLETING THE FOLLOWING STEPS:

- CIRCLE all speaker tags.
- PUT A BOX AROUND all descriptive speaker tags.
- UNDERLINE all dialogue.
- HIGHLIGHT/COLOR PENCIL #1 all snapshots.
- HIGHLIGHT/COLOR PENCIL #2 all thoughtshots.

“What are you smiling about?” Xander wonders as I smooth the folds of my green silk dress down neat.

“Everything,” I tell him, and it’s true. I’ve waited so long for this: for my Match Banquet where I’ll see for the first time, the face of the boy who will be my Match. It will be the first time I hear his name.

I can’t wait. As quickly as the air train moves, it still isn’t fast enough. It hushes through the night, its sound a background for the low rain of our parents’ voices, the lightning-quick beats of my heart.

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Perhaps Xander can hear my heart pounding, too, because he asks, "Are you nervous?" In the seat next to him, Xander's older brother begins to tell my mother the story of his Match Banquet. It won't be long now until Xander and I have our own stories to tell.

"No," I say. But Xander's my best friend. He knows me too well.

"You lie," he says, teasing. "You are nervous."

"Aren't you?"

"Not me. I'm ready." He says it without hesitation, and I believe him. Xander is the kind of person who is sure about what he wants.

"It doesn't matter if you're nervous, Cassia," he says gently. "Almost ninety-three percent of those attending their Match Banquet exhibit some signs of nervousness."

I have to laugh. "Did you memorize all of the official Matching material?"

"Almost," Xander says, grinning. He holds his hands out as if to say, What did you expect?

The gesture makes me laugh, and besides, I memorized all of the material, too. It's easy to do when you read it so many times, when the decision is so important. "So you're in the minority," I say.

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