

Name _____ Date _____

11th Grade English

Character Traits Project

YOU Are the Protagonist

Part I

- Imagine you are a character in a novel. How would a reader describe you? Think about all the vivid adjectives that may best describe your **personality**. Then use techniques of character analysis to write a multi paragraph essay that describes who you are, not physically, but mentally, emotionally, spiritually, etc.
 - You will write your essay using third person point of view. Describe yourself as if you were looking at yourself from another person's perspective.
 - Provide **evidence** of the character traits you describe. Evidence may be in the form of **actions**, or indirectly through quoting others who know you and who have voiced an opinion about you.
 - You should provide a **minimum** of three character traits and support them with evidence, but for a higher grade you may want to include four to five strong character traits.
 - This essay should be typed and follow MLA formatting
- **Remember the elements of a good essay:**
 1. A strong introduction that captures the reader's attention
 2. Body paragraphs that develop the central idea of your essay, and provide evidence of the character traits you are describing.
 3. Transition words and terms that allow your writing to flow.
 4. A concluding paragraph that provides a feeling of closure.

Part 2

1. On the head silhouette provided, draw **symbols** that represent your adjectives. Don't draw a face.
2. Color and decorate your silhouette; be artistic and creative.
3. The background must be fully colored, without overpowering the content.

Grading Rubric

- My essay is well organized, following the structure above. My essay is at least five paragraphs long, with an introductory paragraph, three body paragraphs, and a concluding paragraph. (8 points)
- My essay includes at least three adjectives that describe a person, and provides descriptive and detailed evidence to support the character traits. I gave specific examples of things the person has said or done, or what other people have said about the person I chose. (10 points)
- My essay is properly indented and follows MLA formatting. My essay is free of spelling and grammar errors.
(7 points)

Total ___/25

Model Character Analysis Essay

As Gilberto was packing his belongings in preparation to going away to college, he started to reflect on the journey that had brought him to this moment. He sat down on his bed, and closing his eyes, he could not help but reminisce about his childhood and adolescence. All the experiences that had brought him to this very moment. How had he achieved this particular goal?

His mother, who happened to be a teacher, had always encouraged him to become the best person he possibly could. Thanks to her influence, he loved reading, and that love had helped him develop into a strong student, a learner, always hungry for knowledge. Gilberto loved a well told story. Since he was in the first grade, he would hungrily devour every book that came his way. He developed a peculiar taste for stories of the supernatural when he discovered the "Goosebumps" series in the third grade, to the point where his mother started to get worried he would never read anything else. "Ay, Gilberto!" She would exclaim, "There are so many other books out there, don't you get nightmares?" Eventually, Gilberto did indeed discover other authors and series. He happily read through the whole Roald Dahl collection, and from there on his imagination soared with Harry Potter, Eragon, the Tolkien saga, Ender and his posse, Darren Shaw and his "Cirque du Freak" series, and many, many more.

But it was really his focus and his drive that enabled him to become an excellent student. His school career, however, had not started on a very positive note. You see, his mother decided that Gilberto was perfectly able to learn how to read in kindergarten, and she was right. Unfortunately for his poor kindergarten teacher, however, she had to deal with a very rambunctious, squirrely and extremely bored little boy who just couldn't sit through a phonic lesson. He would shout out the answers, ignore the teacher's admonitions to "criss cross apple sauce", get up when he felt like it, and proceeded to plop

himself next to the classroom library and read in order to escape the tedium of short little vowels that joined hands with other little stupid vowels and some equally stupid consonants...you get the picture. Oh, if the unfortunate woman tried to correct his writing, she was subjected to Gilberto's wrath, who would stare at her with intense black, burning eyes that were rather curious in a child so young, and he would flatly refuse to do anything more.

Yes, Gilberto was certainly a bright child, but he was also one headstrong, cantankerous, ornery and obdurate individual. Before being dropped off at his child care center, his poor, frazzled mother would attempt to slip an unwanted apple in his lunchbox. "I...do...not..want..an APPLE!" Gilberto would roar in his big-boy-voice-in-a tiny-body, while his bulging dark eyes seemed ready to pop out of its sockets. Gilberto's mother would stare at him with disbelief after such episodes, shake her head and sadly say, "I fear for you, 'mijito,' you are way too young to be so bitter. Oh you will see, life will be too hard if you don't soften that temper."

Fortunately for him and everyone involved, Gilberto did "soften his temper" and as he grew, stopped torturing his poor teachers with his stubbornness and attitude of disengagement. He had opportunities to be challenged through elementary, middle, and finally high school. Early on in his school career he discovered another love besides reading: the love of math. His astute, rational mind relished the idea of variables, finite and infinite numerals, quadratic equations and algebraic functions. He took advanced placement calculus in his senior year in high school, and he was now on his way to a prestigious engineering school.

Not all classes were easy; he struggled with advanced placement biology; chemistry was not always his friend. But he was determined. He would sit through lectures listening attentively, taking notes. He attended tutorials, studied with friends, gave up parties, gave up sleep, always looking to

achieve the highest grade he could muster. "I feel like a juggler," he often lamented, "with one ball too many". One ball which could at any time fall and destroy his delicately achieved balance.

In his college application essay, which he showed to his mother, he explained how her example, love and support, -in addition to the joy derived from a large, warm family who had his back- and friends who were as brilliant and inquisitive as him, had transformed him from an angry, inflexible, slightly obsessive- compulsive little kid to a friendly, warm, helpful and genuinely nice person who cared very much for his family and his community. A young man who had a sardonic sense of humor that was much appreciated by his friends, classmates and (most) teachers. But most importantly, he had acquired an understanding of the sacrifices his mother had made for him, and he expressed gratitude and admiration for the woman who had inspired him most to become who he is today. His mother could not stop the tears from running down her cheeks as she read the essay. Sniffing, she hugged her youngest, and softly murmured..."Ay mijito, I always knew you could do it..."