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Date 9-15-16

Period 4th

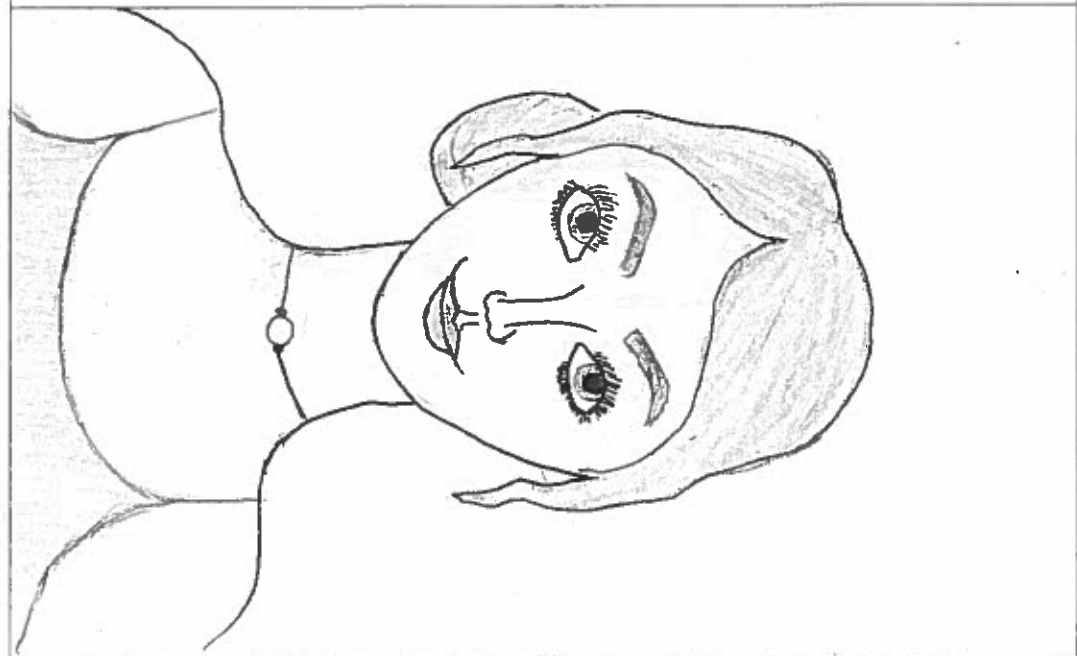
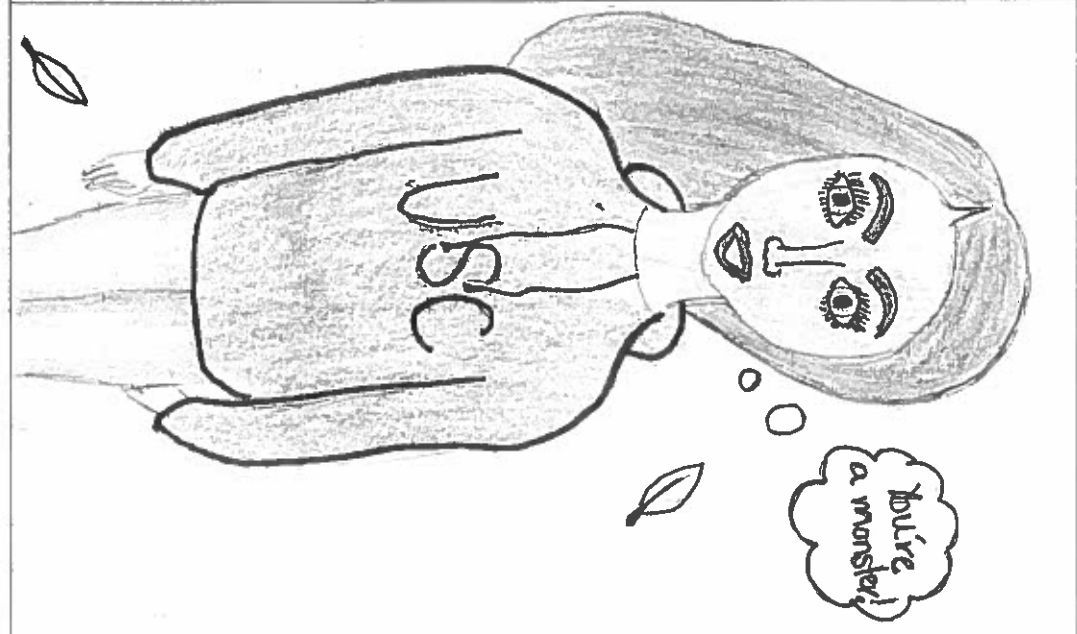
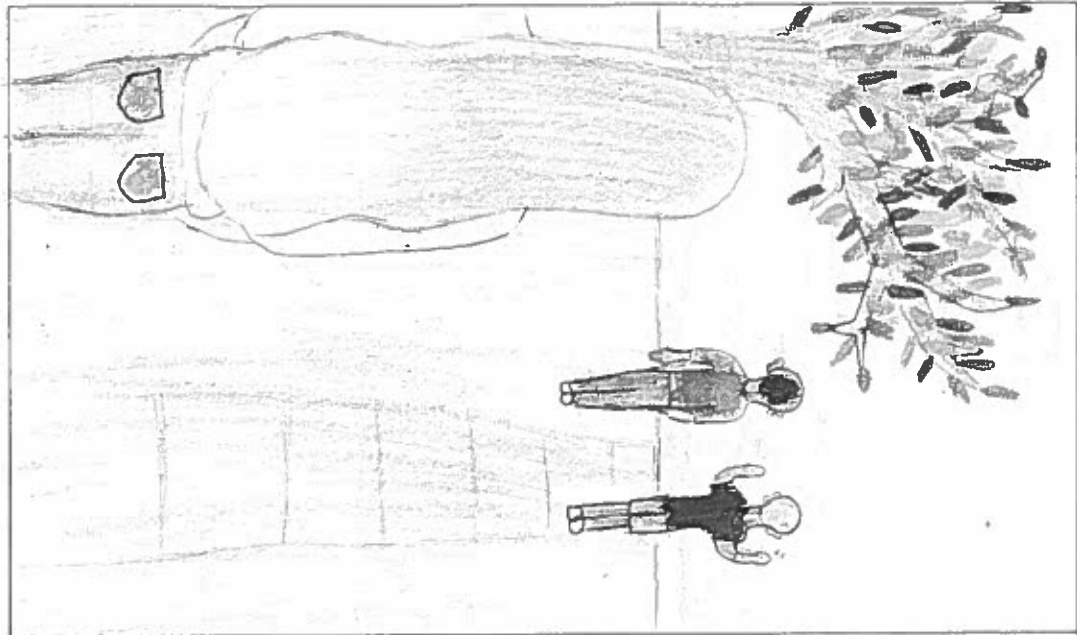
Illustrations for the Departure Phase (Embedded Assessment 1/Test)


Directions: Develop illustrations for each part of the DEPARTURE PHASE of the hero's journey for the hero you created for embedded assessment 1. Each graphic should represent the state of the hero and the events surrounding that particular part of the DEPARTURE. This assignment represents the ILLUSTRATED portion of the ILLUSTRATED NARRATIVE.

The Call to Adventure

The Refusal of the Call

The Beginning of the Adventure




Ms. Barnes, 6th period

The Departure

Just like yesterday, I woke up to my blaring iPod alarm at 6:00am. It was a normal day from everything that I could tell. I could hear the noises from the busy street below our downtown apartment. From the kitchen I could hear the TV news anchor say, "Good Morning, St. Louis" and Grandma and mom were getting their first cup of coffee. As with most mornings, I am sluggish to get moving. I know just how long I can lay in bed before I hear mom heading down the hallway to get me going.

I am out the door by 6:40am every day. This ensures that I can arrive to school before the take in bell. My high school is just walking distance from my apartment building. When I get to school, I see my best friend, Adam, hanging out waiting for me. He quickly notices when I come around the corner and joins me on the way to the cafeteria for breakfast. The first thing he says today is, "Hey, Paul, ready for an exciting day?" I am sure that he saw the confused expression on my face because he continued with, "Today is our field trip with Mrs. Hinton's class to the museum. This is going to be a blast!"

"If you say so. It sounds pretty hum drum to me", I responded with a slight grin because Adam knows that I secretly love to explore the past and look for new tidbits of information in history.

"We will be called out of class right after homeroom. I will see you then", Adam yelled as he walked off toward his locker.

"Save me a seat!" I shouted back but he had already turned the corner.

What appeared to be just another day at school suddenly took a sharp turn and I was anxious to get going. A trip to the museum might not sound like fun to most high schoolers, but I find it fascinating. Homeroom seemed to drag on forever. I was starting to daydream of what I might get to discover today, when the teacher came right over to my desk with an envelope addressed to my mother. She spoke quite sharply, "Paul, make sure your mother gets this letter and I will be looking for her reply."

"What is this about?" I questioned.

"I will leave that up to her if she wants to discuss this with you. I just need you to make sure that she gets this tonight. Do you understand?" asked my teacher.

"Yes. I got it!" I responded but was very confused as to what this letter could contain that was so important. Just as I considered opening the letter to end my curiosity, the call for the field trip interrupted my thoughts. I stuffed the letter in my backpack and quickly made my way to the meeting area. When I met Adam and my other classmates, the letter became the last thing on my mind.

Mrs. Hinton gave us our instructions as we arrived at the museum. I tried to pay attention because I knew we would have to do a project for a major grade about one of the exhibits. The museum had a few rules that we had to abide by, but other than that we were on our own to explore. Grandma had just mentioned last night that there was a new exhibit on Greek mythology that opened two days ago. I told Adam that I was going there first.

"I will come with you and maybe we can do our project together," Adam suggested.

As we neared the exhibit, I felt a strange feeling that was drawing me toward the statue of the Greek god Mercury. The closer I got, I became wobbly and light-headed. I looked at Adam to see if he was experiencing any dizziness. I heard a voice calling to me but it was not Adam's voice. I looked back at the statue and his mouth was moving. He whispered, "Paul, today is your day. You have special powers that you will be able to use now. Use this new skill wisely."

Adam saw me fall to the ground and he came immediately to my side. I had passed out. He called out for help. When I woke up I was surrounded by the security guards, Mrs. Hinton and other classmates. Everyone was asking, "What happened?"

"I am not sure. I felt dizzy and then everything went dark," I explained. I was not going to tell anyone that the statue spoke to me and what I thought I heard him say.

"You will be fine. I will call your mother and tell her that I think you got too overheated and that maybe she should take you to the doctor to get checked out" Mrs. Hinton said.

"I am fine. I think you are right. I just got light-headed and fainted. I am sure that I am fine," I responded quickly not wanting any more attention. Secretly, I knew something was unusual. I did not just faint. I heard that statue speak to me.

That night was hard for me. I was trying to remember every detail from the visit to the museum. Was I having a mental breakdown? Am I crazy? Why am I seeing and hearing things? These were questions that kept me up most of the night. I am not sure what time it was when I finally fell asleep, but it was so late that the next morning I did not hear my alarm. When I woke up and looked at the clock, it was already 6:45am. "Why haven't you come in to wake me up?" I screamed at mom.

I immediately jumped out of bed not even listening to see if she responded. Out of nowhere I was able to get ready faster than ever. I was able to leave the building at about 6:50am which I thought was weird because that's just five minutes and usually it takes me forty minutes to get ready. I just shook it off and ran to school going so fast I was at school way before the take in bell. I walked straight to homeroom not even thinking about breakfast, Adam, or where mom was. I was so confused. My school is an easy fifteen minute walk and I am guessing around a seven minute run yet I arrived before half the other people in my homeroom.

All day I wondered how I was able to get to school so fast. After school, I decided to test my speed. I ran home just to see how fast I could get there. When I opened the door to drop my backpack, my grandma gasped knowing that school had just let out.

"How did you get home so quickly today?" she asked curiously.

I ignored her question and ran back out. I had just made it home in under a minute. How was that possible? Could I truly have a gift? Was the statue really talking to me? Without another thought crossing my mind, I took off for another location. Again, I was able to reach my destination in record time. If I can really go that fast, I would be unstoppable. At this moment, I decided to see if I could catch the train that I heard in the distance. Before I was able to consider my thoughts, I was running alongside the train. I was not even breathing hard. I felt like I was dreaming, but the loud whistle reminded me that this was all real.

That night at dinner, Grandma questioned me again about how I had gotten home so quickly and then where I disappeared to for the rest of the afternoon. I am not exactly sure what story I made up, but I just couldn't believe it. Maybe it was a short-lived special gift. I am not sure that I could even explain what had happened. Grandma watched me closely for the remainder of the evening. She looked at me with very suspicious eyes. Could she see that there was something different?

The next day, I tested my new skills again. I decided to run across the never ending Eads Bridge to see my quickness versus various cars. I beat every car I raced by more than half the bridge. As I was racing the sixteenth car, I realized that I had not told anyone where I was going or when I was coming back. As I was thinking about this I started on my short journey back to my apartment fearing Grandma would be furious with me for not telling her where I was going.

I arrived back at my building in a blink of an eye. My grandma was waiting for me in the lobby. "So, where have you been?" said grandma without even turning around.

"Uh...just around town," I stuttered starting to click the elevator button and avoiding all eye contact.

"Are you sure?" grandma questioned getting up to come with me in the elevator.

"Ok. Fine. You got me. I cannot get anything past you. I took a little stroll on the way home today. Let's get to our apartment and I will tell you everything", I said feeling relieved. I had to talk about what I was experiencing.

She nodded and we rode the elevator in complete silence all the way to the fourteen floor. When we got there mom was not home and it seemed strangely quiet. I told grandma that if I told her this then she could not tell another living soul. I was nervous, but knew that I could trust her. Slowly I told her the story from the start with the talking statue to the part about racing cars across the Eads Bridge.

Grandma got real quiet. I did not know what I had said that would have caused this reaction. Very slowly, she looked at me with tears in her eyes, and told me that she had something important that she needed to tell me. Obviously, I was not the only one with a secret. Grandma said, "There is something that you should know about your father. I know that you do not remember much about him, however, he had amazing speed that he was able to use to help others. In fact, it is actually the reason that he is not around with us now."

Neither mom nor grandma ever talked about my father. This conversation caught me off guard and I did not know what to say. I have just discovered that I have amazing speed just like my father. This is a lot to take in all at one time. "Grandma, will you tell me more?" I asked.

Before she could respond my mom came through the door and I remembered the letter that my teacher had asked me to give to her. To offer me some time to absorb this new information, I jumped up to retrieve the letter from my backpack. "Hey, mom. How was your day?" I said with a slight smile. "My teacher instructed me to give this letter to you. I asked her what it was pertaining to, but she would not tell me. She told me that she would let you decide if I should know what this is about. She is expecting a reply."

Mom reads the note slowly. Since my homeroom teacher has some of the best hand writing I have ever seen, I knew the letter must have confused her in some way. She then stopped, looked up at me, then stated that my teacher knew my father because they went to the same college. She also would like to say that she is sorry about him dying.

Grandma nudges me and encourages me to share my new found skills with my mom but there is no way I am telling anyone else about it. Thankfully mom left the room and grandma realized I was not going to tell her. Then she slowly turned around disappearing into her room and returns with a box that she kept in her closet. When I opened the box, I could not believe what I was looking at. It was my father's suit. The very suit that would fit me perfectly. I wonder if there are other secrets. What will I discover next?