

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

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

Period: \_\_\_\_\_

## THEME PRACTICE

### The Internet (Whole Class)

One day, Sandra Krewsky lost her mind. Nobody now knows why, but it happened - and when it did, Sandra decided to look at every page on the Internet, insisting that she wouldn't eat, drink, sleep or even use the washroom until the job was done. She set traps in her house to stop people from bothering her, which worried family members. By the time they fought off the alligator guarding her bedroom door - which managed to snap her neighbor's finger clean off before going down - they found Sandra frozen, transfixed, staring blankly into space... A look of despair was carved in her waxen features, and the cat video running repeat on her flickering computer screen told them everything they needed to know. She'd seen too much.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### The Robot (Whole Class)

The engineer watched his robot working, admiring its sense of purpose. It knew what it was, and what it had to do. It was designed to lift crates at one end of the warehouse and take them to the opposite end. It would always do this, never once complaining about its place in the world. It would never have to agonize over its identity, never spend empty nights wondering if it had been wrong to leave a soul-fulfilling music career just to collect a bigger paycheck. Yet watching his robot, the engineer decided that the next big revolution in the robotics industry would be to program robots with a capacity for friendship. The engineer needed some company.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### The Driver (Small Group)

Harold was just a bus driver. He had been for twenty years, and was looking forward to another twenty years of blissful, carefree driving in a small rural community. The masked man didn't care for that, however, and when he leaped onto Harold's bus and told him to 'Drive! Drive! Drive!', Harold didn't argue - he just drove, following the crazy man's directions as though a gun was at his temple. When they arrived at the lake, overlooked by a rim of cliffs, Harold didn't argue over being forced out of the bus. He got out, watching as the man calmly took the wheel and drove over the cliffs, into the lake below. And Harold knew, he KNEW, that the next day he would find pictures of his bus careening gracefully into the waters, its yellow hood shot in a series of thought-provoking angles and posted online for all to see.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Pajama Bottoms (Small Group)**

When Derek was three, he received his first pair of pajama bottoms. When he was five, he loudly declared that he would never take them off. When he reached eight, his parents realized that Derek wasn't lying. At twelve he was bullied; at fifteen he was ignored; at seventeen, Derek briefly became a fashion icon. Now, Derek works at home, and he and his pajama bottoms never have to be apart. Theirs is the healthiest relationship Derek will ever have.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**HOMEWORK: INDEPENDENT**

**The Calamity**

Raj had always known that he should shut down his computer properly. Today, though, he was too busy - he had reports to finish, a meeting to attend, Christmas presents to buy - and he just wanted to get out of the office. So instead, he hit the master switch and watched as the computer screen went dark. And then, to his surprise, so did the lights above...and the lights down the hall from his office. The street lamps dimmed and exploded, cars swerved out of control and smashed, people knelt, clutched their heads and screamed, the earth rose and fell, storms erupted to life and tormented the planet. Then, in a moment of absolute destruction, the universe reached out its invisible hand and squeezed, popping the Earth in two and all at once, there was nothing.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**The Fight**

The stare down continued, and Tom refused to budge. How could he do otherwise? Looking away would destroy his principles, would be giving up on everything he was as a person. He couldn't let this injustice stand. She knew better! How long had they known each other now? How could she do this to him?! With a powerful swipe, he pulled out a chair and threw his body into it, crossing his arms. He then grunted, still staring, still fuming. Tonight, they would have words. Tonight, he would tell his mom how he really felt. Tonight, Tom would make it plain that nobody - NOBODY - puts mustard on his ham sandwich.

THEME: \_\_\_\_\_

EVIDENCE: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_