



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

Brainstorming sheet

# The home's point of view

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**DIRECTIONS:** Write a free-form poem or descriptive paragraph about your home, from the point of view of the home (so the poem should be in first person). Make sure you describe the different characteristics of your home—the dents, scratches, and drawings! Think about how old (or new) your home is; would it speak in the voice of an old person, or in the voice of a youngster? Start by doing some brainstorming.

I'm picking the following home (it could be the one you currently live in, or could it be a past home). List the city and/or neighborhood it was in and how old you were when you lived there.

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Any dents, scratches, marks? How did they get there?

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Any drawings or paintings on the walls? Who did them?

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Any doors, steps, or windows that creak? How about taps that are sticky or leaky?

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Any other "special" characteristics about your home?

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Here's an example poem:

*The House with the Secret Cellar*  
By Lee Edward Födi

I am so very old.  
Some would say ancient.  
The skin is hanging  
from my bones,  
peeling, sliding away.  
I creak and bend towards the ground.

My eyes are weary  
and bleary;  
I can barely gaze through them  
to see the chickens pecking  
at my doorstep  
where the weeds are overgrown.

My insides are deteriorating;  
you can whiff the pungent odour,  
for my ribs are dripping  
rancid ooze and poison spores;  
The walls of my stomach are  
curling, peeling, rotting.

I bear many scars,  
earned from all my years.  
Here's a dent—  
a dog once crashed into my frame;  
there's a scratch—  
a child poked me with a fork;  
this is a burn—  
A candle held against my joint;  
and this tattoo,  
I tell you, is permanent—  
Auntie painted me with flowers.

But all those things  
happened long ago.  
Now I brood in somber silence,  
alone and abandoned.

But while, on the surface,  
I am frail and falling to pieces,  
there is one thing that remains strong;  
the secret place that dwells deep within,  
one long forgotten  
by everyone . . .  
everyone except for me.

No one knows about the hatch,  
the hidden handle that leads below  
to a realm of damp and darkness,  
where I harbor a trove of treasure,  
curios and charms,  
relics and remnants,  
memories from distant times.

The place is dusty now,  
sagging, draped with cobwebs,  
creatures scurrying and scuttling  
between the artifacts of time.  
Soon I shall collapse,  
and they will haul me away.  
Only then,  
you might discover  
my secrets.

And then I know what will happen;  
I will be dwelled upon no more,  
except, perhaps,  
when someone  
chances upon my brooding countenance  
in a photograph,  
old, discoloured, and faint.