BLOOD DON’T LIE
BY AARON LEVY
WRITING PROCESS

Storytelling as a Teaching & Writing Tool
ABOUT ME: YO! I USED TO LIVE HERE!
ABOUT ME: PHD AND MFA DEGREES

GO Sun Devils!
ABOUT ME: CREATIVE WRITING & TEACH TEACHERS
ABOUT ME: GEORGIA FILM ACADEMY

Meeting the needs of the state's growing film industry by providing hands-on experience on major film and
ABOUT ME: GEORGIA FILM ACADEMY

• EXHILARATING/AWE-INSPIRING

JOB TITLE:

• DIRECTOR OF ACADEMICS
WRITING PROCESS: THIS IS ME NOW!

• THIS ONE GOT PERSONAL
BUT BACK THEN I WAS...

• SHORT!
AH...SHORT
I HAD NEVER WRITTEN A NOVEL BEFORE

BUT THIS ONE FELT LIKE A BOOK
AND NOT A PLAY
WRITING FORMULA:

IDEA + FORCE + FORM = IDEA REALIZED
BLOOD DON’T LIE

• TEACHING FUTURE TEACHERS HOW TO TEACH WRITING
• BEST PRACTICES – WRITE ALONGSIDE YOUR STUDENTS
• SO I DID

by Aaron Levy
MEMORY MAP ASSIGNMENT
MEMORY MAP ASSIGNMENT

• THINK ABOUT YOUR HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD FROM WHEN YOU WERE AROUND 9-13 YEARS OLD. DRAW A MAP OF THAT HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD. DON’T WORRY ABOUT THE ART HERE.

• MAKE AT LEAST 20 ANNOTATIONS ON THE MAP. THESE ARE JUST BRIEF DESCRIPTIONS OF “EPISODES” OR “STORIES” THAT HAPPENED DURING YOUR TIME IN THIS HOUSE AND NEIGHBORHOOD.
AARON LEVY’S MEMORY MAP
MEMORY MAP I REMEMBER JOURNAL PROMPT

• IN YOUR JOURNAL, PICK ONE OF YOUR EPISODES FROM YOUR MAP.

• WRITE ABOUT IT USING THIS TEMPLATE:

  • I REMEMBER...
  • I REMEMBER...
  • I REMEMBER...
  • BUT MOSTLY I REMEMBER
I remember Jeff, one of my best friends. I had two officially - we were lucky because his parents were the only ones on the block who were divorced and so he could play outside after dark.

I remember Jeff was sort of sickly when it came to playing "Kill the Man" and he would throw the ball every time before you could even try.

But don't try and make him sit down, either. He just likes to run around with his other best friend, Sandy Gilbert, and I did. He was called Smokey because he could spit blood and/or fire.

I remember, it was in the kitchen. "And what were all those strange lights?"

"They were for Jeff," I said.

"Oh, I said," "Best thing you can do is pray for him."

But most of all, I remember he gathered on the theatre stage at the Marching, too. And he was very field day when the Marching. Too...
I REMEMBER – FOR PUBLIC

• TAKE YOUR JOURNAL ENTRY AND CREATE/CRAFT A PIECE FOR PUBLIC.

• REMEMBER, IT’S A STORY, SO YOU DON’T HAVE TO TELL THE TRUTH

• POINTS OF DEPARTURE!

• "IT’S THE TRUTH EVEN IF IT DIDN’T HAPPEN...” G. LYNN NELSON
I remember Jeffrey Fitzgerald because when he looked at the sky he would see Harry Mudd, the guy from Star Trek, with the Rolllie Finger mustache, in the clouds. He would see a skateboard, a steering wheel, and sometimes a birthday cake there. One time he showed me a planet. He was my best friend. I had two. I said that instead many times I remember. And that’s not including Snowbell, my dog who could talk.

I remember Lainey thought Jeff was lucky because his parents were the only divorced parents on our block, my world, and so he could play outside after dark. And who could forget Jeff’s driveway—the tallest, deepest in the land—and if you weren’t a puppy, you’d take your skateboard to the top, say something to Jesus, and then jump the ditch. If you weren’t such a puppy you’d collect whatever body parts fell out of you and you’d get back up there, to the top, where if you wanted you to could see the whole next block, another world.

I remember wanting to go back with my parents to visit the old neighborhood and go knock on Mrs. Fitzgerald’s door. I told my dad I didn’t know why I wanted to do that and he said, “Weird boy.” And it’s not hard to forget that my mom spit, “Young man! He’s a young man, not a boy, and why don’t you be quiet and pay attention to the road. If he wants to go see him, what do you care? Let him do what he wants.” I remember my dad saying then and for the rest of his life, “Right you are, woman.”

And I remember playing “kill the man” in the snow on Andy Jasner’s front yard. You know, “kill the man,” the best game in the whole world—throw a football in the air, and whoever catches it everybody else screams. If the guy is still breathing, he throws the football up again, and the whole thing starts all over until there are no more men to kill. A simple game. Perfect for putting holes in your jeans. Jeff was sort of slinky when it came to playing “Kill the Man” because he would toss the ball away right before the impact, before the impact. But don’t try and beat him at Risk.

I didn’t remember it then, how could I, but Andy Jasner’s dad would eventually be a sports reporter for ESPN. Like a big deal on TV. If you ask me I’d rather just play kill the man. I have to go to the bathroom or somebody starts to cry.

I try not to forget how my second best friend, Bobby Weiss, who had two Whynoters that would try and unite if you were the right size, and we were—both to start rules. These days, I try not to forget that sometimes, if I were in the mood, I would kick Bobby Weiss’ ass in his own front yard cause I always knew I could and that his father would watch. I guess he wanted to see something. I remember I quit fighting by the 5th grade because it started to hurt.

I really remember this conversation now because for many years I colored it grey and stuck it in my back pocket: “Dad, what happened last night? Was there a fire or something? I heard sirens.”

My mom was there, in the station wagon, we were going to the Nantahala mall to watch time specifically disappear over summer pants, and she gave my dad one of those mom looks.

“Actually, Jeff got hurt,” he said, talking real slow, and he wouldn’t look at me in the rear view mirror.
INSPIRED BLOOD

• I REMEMBER

• WORD PHOTOS

• WHERE I’M FROM

• METAPHOR PROMPT
ANOTHER I REMEMBER PROMPT

• I WROTE ABOUT GOING TO THE MALL WITH MY FAMILY

• THE SHORT STORY WAS PUBLISHED BY BLACK HEART MAGAZINE

• AND THEN BECAME CHAPTER 4 IN BLOOD DON’T LIE
QUICK WRITING TIPS for students

- Writing is organic
- You can start with personal.
- Move to points of departure for a better story. What if?
- It’s the truth even if it didn’t happen – emotional truth is the ticket – always write real
- Have a plan but don’t fall in love with your plan
- Workshop your drafts - read out loud
- Don’t be boring!
AARON LEVY

• FIND BLOOD DON’T LIE ON AMAZON.COM

• FIND PIZZA WITH SHRIMP ON TOP
  • AT WWW.DRAMATICPUBLISHING.COM

• VISIT MY WEBSITE AT WWW.AARONLEYV.ORG

• EMAIL AT ALEY2@KENNESAW.EDU

• ALSO FIND ME AT THE GA FILM ACADEMY

• PODCAST THE FARM (PODCAST RECORDING)
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"Dad, what happened last night? Was there a fire or something?" I heard sirens.

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- WORKSHOP YOUR DRAFTS - READ OUT LOUD
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