

Building Our Future



Isabella Sanchez sketched in her notebook as her mom drove her to school. She had barely finished her homework that morning before breakfast, and now she had a few minutes to do what she really loved—drawing.

"What are you drawing?" Mom asked.

"A skyscraper," Isabella replied. She wanted to be an architect one day. Of course, that meant lots of schooling. She would need to take advanced math and science courses, but she didn't mind that. Creating wonderful buildings for cities around the world sounded very exciting to Isabella.

"It looks great," Mom said with a smile.

At school, Isabella bid her mom goodbye, and then she hurried inside to her first class. Mr. McDonald stood at the white board, writing out instructions. It looked like some kind of group assignment.

Isabella studied the board as she settled into her desk. Other students arrived, and the bell rang. Mr. McDonald turned to face them.

"Today we're going to be learning about metaphors," he said. "Group up in threes. You will work together to create a metaphorical picture to show how you feel about your future. Remember, a metaphor is a word or phrase applied to something in order to suggest a resemblance."

Isabella knew about metaphors. She jotted down her first thought.

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Sometimes English class is a maze that I get lost in. This is a metaphor.

Isabella grinned at her cleverness. She stopped jotting in order to choose a group. She ended up sitting beside two other girls.

"What should we draw?" Isabella asked.

Madeline, one of her partners, shrugged. "Maybe we can draw a forest."

"Right," said Isabella. "Our future is a forest in that it feels overwhelming and scary."

"Well," Madeline said, "I'm good at drawing trees."

Katy was the other girl. She said, "Isabella is good at drawing everything. We don't have to choose a forest. What about a city full of tall buildings?"

Isabella smiled. "The concrete jungle, that's what my mom calls the city."

Madeline nodded. "That sounds good. Our future is kind of scary, but it is also full of possibilities."

"Exactly," Isabella said.

"That sounds perfect!" Katy agreed.

Isabella got to work drawing. The other girls gave their input here and there.

When time was up, Isabella passed up their class project. She felt good about their submission. She also felt good about her future. She was building it little by little, and she liked it.

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1) Write two metaphors used in the text.

2) The city is a concrete jungle. Explain this metaphor.

3) What is metaphorical about a city full of tall buildings?

4) Why did Isabella want to be an architect although she knew she will have to take advanced math and science courses?

5) According to the last paragraph, what two things did Isabella feel good about?
