

Telling a Story	"Showing" a Story with WORDS	"Showing" a Story with VISUALS
I was sad.	I choked back the tears, finding it hard to even breathe, let alone speak so that I could tell her what was wrong with me.	
I felt nervous	The thoughts kept spinning through my mind: "Should I go? Should I not go? What if I get caught? What if I don't go and I miss out on the biggest event of the year? What if my ex is there?"	
She really didn't want to go on the date.	She responded to his question in a voice that tried to sound excited but really was just awkward. "Wow! That's so nice of you to ask! Unfortunately, I promised my mom I'd wash the dog that night. And then dry the dog. And then brush her hair. And I think I have homework I have to do that night too."	
He felt really embarrassed.	He felt the blood rush to his face, which only made the situation worse. Now even if he tried to play it cool everyone would know he was embarrassed because he had a face that now resembled a tomato.	

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The teacher was really angry.	Ms. Miller turned off the lights, walked slowly to the front of the room, and stood there, unmoving, for what seemed like an hour but was probably only 20 seconds. Her eyes scanned the room, shooting invisible daggers into the brave students’ eyes who dared to meet her stare. In a voice not much louder than a whisper, she asked again slowly, pronouncing each word with a vengeance, “Who stole my favorite tape dispenser?!?!”	
The student was incredibly bored.	He tried to stay awake, he really did, but once again he found his head resting on the desk, a thin thread of drool reaching from his lower lip to the table. He just could not stay awake when his teacher was giving yet another lesson about how to make a graphic novel.	