

How Lois Lowry Uses "Show, Don't Tell"

Telling:

My father could tell that I really wanted that flannel shirt, so even though it was not appropriate for me, he bought it anyway.

Showing (from *Crow Call*):

My father had bought the shirt for me. In town to buy groceries, he had noticed my hesitating in front of Kronenberg's window. The plaid hunting shirts had been in the store window for a month—the popular red-and-black and green-and-black ones toward the front, clothing mannequins holding duck decoys; but my shirt, the rainbow plaid, hung separately on a wooden hanger toward the back of the display. (*Snapshot*) I had lingered in front of Kronenberg's window every chance I had since the hunting shirts had appeared.

My sister had rolled her eyes in disdain. "Daddy," she pointed out to him as we entered Kronenberg's, "that's a *man's* shirt." (*Slo-mo*)

The salesman had smiled and said dubiously, "I don't quite think . . ."

"You know, Lizzie," my father had said to me as the salesman wrapped the shirt, "buying this shirt is probably a very practical thing to do. You will never *ever* outgrow this shirt." (*Dialogue*)