

Global Revision of the Model

Peer evaluation comments to global issues suggested that the writer should make a better ending, could add interesting details, and could add ideas in one spot in particular: when she sat down to consider possibilities. With these suggestions, the writer created the following draft as a global revision:

Rapunzel was pretty sick of long hair. She had had it long ever since she could remember. Even her baby pictures showed her with long hair! Her parents liked it long. Her dad said it was beautiful and her mom said it just might come in handy some day. It just seemed like guys went for the more modern short hair look. Rapunzel decided she wanted to do something about it, hunted around for some scissors, and hacked it all off. Really short. Whew! Did she ever feel lightheaded. Just as she was getting used to having short hair, an ogre with a grudge against her dad (it seems the dad was a barber who'd cut the ogre's hair in a style he didn't like) broke down her door and grabbed her, carrying her to his cave at the top of a mountain. What a mess. How was she supposed to get down? She figured dad would send help since he couldn't miss the broken door and the ransom letter the ogre had left (he wanted a wig made that would restore his looks until his hair grew back). It took a while to make a wig, and Rapunzel didn't really want to stay there that long. Maybe her dad would send the prince, her boyfriend, to rescue her before the wig was made. But maybe the prince was busy. So she sat down and considered possibilities for getting herself out of the situation. She

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could weave a parachute out of the cobwebs and moss in the cave, then jump and float down from the mountain. She could trick the ogre when he came to feed her, pretending to be sick and then when he was off guard, rushing by him (ogres weren't very fast, after all, only very strong). While she was thinking of ideas, she heard some noise down the mountain that made her think rescue was coming. When she heard the voice call "Rapunzel let down your hair" she remembered her mom's words. She looked out. It was the prince, come to rescue her. She called back, "You're going to have to find another solution, Buddy." The prince looked bewildered. He only had one plan and without that he couldn't see another way to rescue her. She was obviously going to have to do it herself—at least the thinking part. She called down—do you have any rope? Yes, he said. Toss it up. I'll tie it to a rock and you can come up and save me. So he did and she did and he climbed on up. "What happened to your hair?" he whined when he saw her. I cut it, she answered. Don't you think we should be getting out of here? "It seems like if you are going for a modern look—you cut your hair, after all—you don't really need me. Modern girls take care of themselves." You're right. I can, she said. And she proceeded to climb down the rope herself.