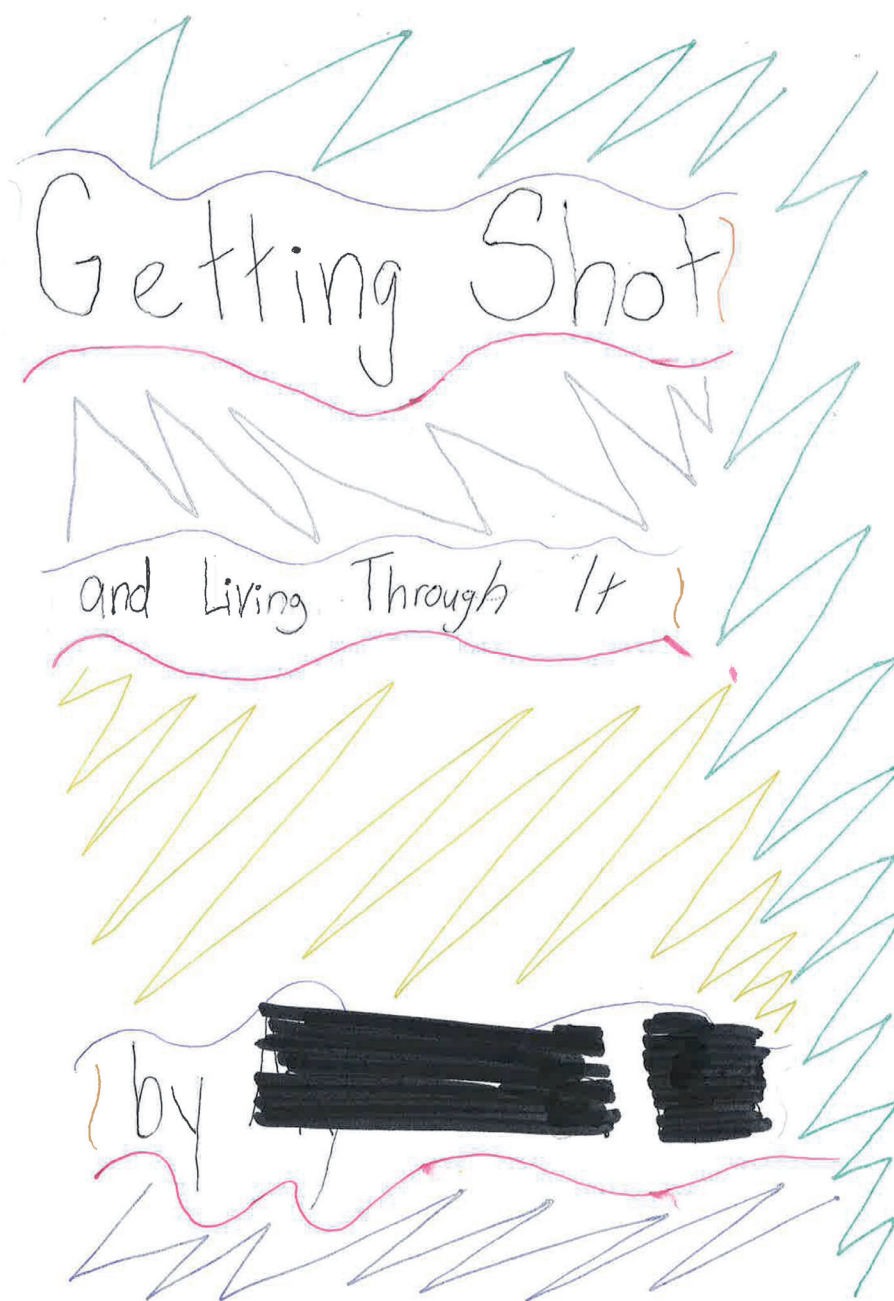


Student Sample: Grade 5, Narrative

This narrative was produced in class, and the writer likely received feedback from her teacher and peers.



We were in the darkness filled, mountain-top cold, waiting room. We were preparing for the shots of our lives. Getting shots for malaria and more.

There were many benches all shoved to the right. It was hard to see the color in the murky dark but it seemed to be some sort of faded brown. The room was big, no, huge which gave it all the more reason to be terror bringing. Who knew what would be lurking in the corner: Rats, monsters, anything! There were also doors. Three doors, which were also brown and also faded. One was the way in. Not the way out unfortunately. Another was the way to the other evil places. With the evil hallway and the evil office. The last door was the most evil, The Shot Room.

The rest of the room was filled with families. Including my family of five. My five year old self,

my three year old brother, and my one year old sister. Then there was my mom and dad. Some of the other children were screeching or crying or not knowing what would happen to them. So they would just be playing. I was in the middle of both. I was playing with fear, playing, knowing what would happen, knowing that the worst moment of my life was coming ever closer. It was like knowing you would be put to sleep, sent to the clementers, waiting to take a ride in the Electric Chair.

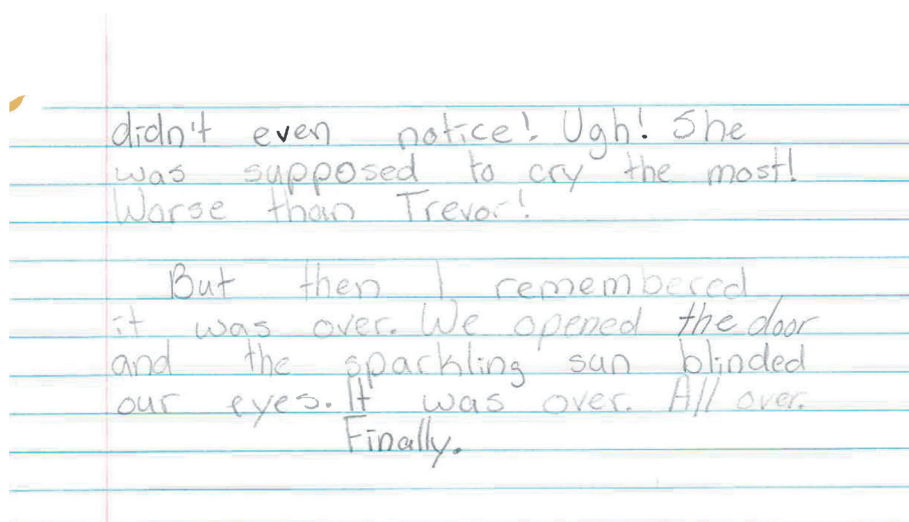
I had had shots before. They were not your best friend. After a long while a nurse said, "Alyssa, Trevor, and Taryn, your turn." It was our turn. I got half dragged and half walked. The door creaked open. It was the room of no return. The door slammed shut. There was no way out. Grown-ups guarding every outway, making sure we couldn't escape. Seeing there was no way out we gave up and went for it.

Trevor went first. Before the shot was even touching him he was already howling. When it did hit him he was yelling loud enough to deafen you. He was done. It was my turn (he was still crying so a nurse tried to calm him down).

I was paralyzed with fear, I was death-defyed, I was scared. My mom and dad told me to "just be brave."
 "Just be brave?!" How could I "just be brave?!" But I had no time to think. It was coming. Just waiting to pounce, just waiting to penetrate my skin! I saw why Trevor had screamed so loud. I couldn't hear anything, I could just see it coming, closer, closer!

It touched, entered my flesh, and fulfilled its job. I started with a whimper then, BOOM! + a blast cry.

When Taryn had her turn she



Annotation

The writer of this piece

- **orients the reader by establishing a situation and introducing the narrator.**
 - *We were in the darkness filled, mountain-top cold, waiting room. We were preparing for the shots of our lives.*
- **organizes an event sequence that unfolds naturally and uses a variety of transitional words, phrases, and clauses to manage the sequence of events.**
 - *Trevor went first. . . . It was my turn. . . . When Taryn had her turn . . .*
- **uses narrative techniques to develop experiences and events or show the responses of characters to situations.**
 - Humor through exaggeration: *Before the shot was even touching him he was already howling. When it did hit him he was yelling loud enough to deafen you.*
 - Reporting a character's thoughts: *I was paralyzed with fear, I was death-defyed, I was scared.*
 - Pacing: *It touched, entered my flesh, and fulfilled it's job. I started with a whimper the, BOOM! full blast cry.*
- **uses concrete words and phrases and sensory details to convey experiences and events precisely.**
 - *We were in the darkness filled, mountain-top cold, waiting room. We were preparing for the shots of our lives.*
 - *There were also doors. Three doors, which were also brown and also faded. One was the way in. Not the way out unfortunately.*
 - *The rest of the room was filled with families. Including my family of five. My five year old self, my three year old bother, and my one year old sister.*
- **provides a conclusion that follows from the narrated experiences or events (emphasizing closure by the use of sentence fragments).**
 - *We opened the door and the sparkling sun blinded our eyes. It was over. All over. Finally.*
- **demonstrates good command of the conventions of standard written English (with occasional errors that do not interfere materially with the underlying message).**