

Fictional Narrative: Score Point 4

Read the student model below. With the Framework as a guide, write an evaluation of the model in the commentary box, explaining why the model received the score shown above.

Model	Commentary
<p>Today started off crazy, like any other day. As I was running out the door on my way to school, my mom yelled, “Don’t forget to feed Buster!” I ran back into my bedroom, and as I dumped food into Buster’s dish, I thought about the math test Mr. Wheeler was giving this morning.</p>	
<p>I ran the whole four blocks to school, and slid into my seat just as the second bell was ringing. I opened up my backpack and began searching for a pencil. My fingers grazed something soft. I peered into the darkness of my backpack and saw two tiny eyes staring at me. Buster was in my backpack! Before I could do or say anything, the tiny rodent shot out of the backpack.</p>	
<p>Suddenly the room was in complete chaos. Girls were screeching. Boys were running around the room. Poor Buster was trying to find someplace to hide. And Mr. Wheeler was trying to get control of twenty-four screaming, running twelve-year-olds.</p>	
<p>I sat in my chair too stunned to move, trying to figure out how I was going to get Buster back in my backpack.</p>	
<p>“WHAT IS GOING ON IN HERE?” The principal, Mrs. Lopez, stood in the doorway. Everybody froze. It would have been funny if it weren’t my fault. Girls were standing on desks; boys were crawling under tables; books, papers, and pencils were strewn about the room.</p>	
<p>Slowly I stood from my seat. Twenty-six pairs of eyes were on me. “It’s my hamster,” I mumbled, averting my eyes. “He must have gotten into my backpack this morning when I opened his cage to feed him. I didn’t mean to bring him to school.”</p>	
<p>Very quietly, Mrs. Lopez said. “Mr. Simms, look at me.”</p>	
<p>I looked up. Mrs. Lopez was standing very still. A small, furry creature was making its way up the leg of her pants.</p>	
<p>“Please come get your hamster,” she said calmly. “We will find a cage for him for today, but please make sure he doesn’t come to school again.”</p>	
<p>Smiling, I gently peeled Buster off Mrs. Lopez’s pants and held him in my hands. His little heart was beating a mile a minute, but when he recognized my scent, he curled up in a little ball and went to sleep.</p>	

Fictional Narrative: Score Point 3

Read the student model below. With the Framework as a guide, write an evaluation of the model in the commentary box, explaining why the model received the score shown above.

Model	Commentary
<p>Today started off like any other day. As I was running out the door on my way to school, my mom yelled, “Don’t forget to feed Buster!” I ran back into my bedroom, and as I dumped food into Buster’s dish, I thought about the math test I was going to have this morning.</p>	
<p>I ran the whole way to school and made it to class just in time. I opened up my backpack and began searching for a pencil. My fingers touched something soft. I looked in my backpack and saw two tiny eyes staring at me. Buster was in my backpack! Before I could do or say anything, he jumped out.</p>	
<p>Suddenly the room was in chaos. Girls were screaming, boys were running around the room, Buster was trying to find someplace to hide, and Mr. Wheeler was trying to get control of the class.</p>	
<p>“What is going on in here?” The principal stood in the doorway and everyone stopped what they were doing. Girls were standing on desks, boys were crawling under tables, and the room was a mess. Slowly I stood up. Everyone’s eyes were on me. “It’s my hamster,” I said. “He must have got in my backpack this morning when I opened his cage to feed him. I didn’t mean to bring him to school.”</p>	
<p>Very quietly, Mrs. Lopez said “Mr. Simms look at me.” I looked up. Buster was crawling on her pants. “Please come get your hamster,” she said. “We will find a cage for him for today, but please make sure he doesn’t come to school again.”</p>	
<p>Smiling, I gently picked up Buster and held him in my hands. His heart was beating fast, but when he realized it was me he curled up in a little ball and went to sleep.</p>	

Name: _____ Subject: _____

Date: _____ Period: _____

Six Ways to Start a Narrative

Directions: All of the examples below could have been used for the same story. Experiment when you write a narrative. Try several different methods, and then choose the best.

Where	Maya headed to the kitchen. There was no time to waste. The cake had to be done in two hours.
When	The clock read 3:00 p.m. "How did it get so late?" thought Maya. "That birthday cake has to be on the table in two hours!"
Action Verb	Maya opened the oven door. Something just wasn't right. No sweet smell of cake drifted from the oven. In fact, her cake, still a blobby mess, sat stone cold on the oven rack.
Introduce a Character	Maya was the queen of procrastination. She didn't put things off intentionally. Rather she drifted along, lost in her own world, until time smacked her in the face.
Interesting Comment	There's more than one way to bake a birthday cake. It's something you might not consider until you are faced with a broken oven and little time.
Dialogue	"Turn it on high, it just has to work!" screeched Maya above the whirring of the blow dryer. "There has got to be a better way," said her brother James. "How about the heat lamp on my lizard's cage?" The look on Maya's face was a mix of disbelief, disgust, and a pinch of possibility.

Name: _____ Subject: _____

Date: _____ Period: _____

Practicing Starting a Narrative

Where	
When	
Action Verb	
Introduce a Character	
Interesting Comment	
Dialogue	